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**MARTHA'S VINEYARD.**

The Island of Martha's Vineyard, lying within twelve hours' sail of New York and four of Boston, is as little known and understood by the body of Americans outside of a certain limited circle, as any one of the islands of the South Seas. That limited circle is composed of (1) the body of camp-meeting goers who have during past years visited the island from New Bedford annually at the close of August, and (2) the yachtmen of the different clubs who have been in the habit of touching at it on the way from Greenport or Newport to their more easterly places of rendezvous. Outside of these circles, and a limited additional clientele of curious pleasure-seekers, Martha's Vineyard has been, and re-

mains, as truly a *terra incognita* as one of the upper Hebrides or a sealing resort at the South Pole.

Geographically, those of us who did not play truant too constantly from school, know that Martha's Vineyard is an island of some twenty miles in length eastward and westward, by perhaps twelve to fifteen northward and southward, lying off the south coast of Massachusetts at about one-third of the distance to the extreme Island of Nantucket—separated by a broken chain of islands from Buzzard's Bay, which so deeply pierces the southern portion of the State; and forming between those islands and itself Vineyard Sound, the favorite passage of all vessels



A HOUSEHOLD AS SEEN FROM THE STREET.

Digitized by





sea, as blue as the heaven itself—how far is this, really, from filling the sense of satisfaction?

Of course the island has a capital, by no means the accredited one, though rapidly coming to be recognized as the one spot to which all others in the island must be tributary. This is Oak Bluffs, at the northeast point of Tisbury and the island, lying high, as its name indicates, over that part of the ocean which is properly Nantucket Sound, and with a magnificent outlook seaward, which takes in literally all the vessels passing the Sound eastward or westward. Without question, Oak Bluffs may be said to have had its origin in the annual camp-meetings located so near it, and in the cottage-growth springing from the necessities of that occupation; but no ordinary care and taste have been necessary to make what might have been a mere aggregation of incongruous and unpleasant buildings, with sandy thoroughfares and all the *désagrémens* of the half-fledged village, an absolute "thing of beauty," as characteristic and almost as Oriental as Constantinople or Damascus.

All over New England Oak Bluffs is known, or beginning to be known, to-day, as the "City of Cottages"; and while the application of such a phrase to most places could be only a burlesque, no such feeling of incongruity is awakened by its application here. Not that the extent of the town or the number of its inhabitants is such as to justify the epithet "city"; but that there is a certain sense of finish connected with it—a certain absence of all those details of squalor common to the nascent town or budding village—lifting it at once from either unpleasant category, and placing it at an advantage not warranted by its size or age, and not to be accounted for entirely even by its location. Some benevolent genius certainly watched over the laying out of this little embodied lesson in village-building, and whispered good counsels into the ears of those who constructed and managed it. Fronting on the Bluffs proper, and with an outlook seaward of Edgartown, at Cape Pogue, to the far-away headlands of Hyannis and Harwich on the main Massachusetts coast—it carries backward from the sea and keeps throughout its extent that characteristic of "all front" upon which Jack insisted when he determined to have a gold-laced back to his waistcoat.

For a mile from the landing-point at the Sea View House, southeastward, a broad planked esplanade borders the top of the bluffs, the entire distance, with substantial seats running parallel throughout, with convenient shelter-houses against the possible sun, and with well-arranged bridges in the English fashion, affording safe transit over the railway to the bathing-houses and the beach below. Backward from the esplanade, at right angles, extend the row of principal streets, themselves crossed at intervals by other streets running parallel to the sea, and all as carefully laid down in asphalt or concrete as were the roads leading out of Paris in the palmy days of the Emperor. Of course, with such roadways, the drives, though of limited length, are irreproachable; and of course dust, to any any extent, either in or from those drives, is a thing unknown.

But this is only the substructure, so to speak. What may be the number of buildings crowning these bluffs, and peeping out from amid the oak groves, there is at present no data at hand to compute; they certainly number many hundreds, and perhaps extend to thousands. Memory fails to recognize, in all that number, any two strongly alike in appearance; and there are certainly not more than five embraced within the whole number and amenable to the charge of ugliness. They are all wooden cottages (giving rise to a fear that some day a fire and a

rough wind may lay the whole in ashes); and they are all in general character the *cottages ornées*; while an amount of ingenuity has been expended in varying the elaborate but inexpensive ornamentation, capable, if correspondingly directed, of having made beauty out of some of our aggregated deformities. The effect at any portion of the town is markedly Oriental; and on approach from the sea, from any direction, it is scarcely less so. It is no easy task, indeed, for the dweller on any part of the American continent, suddenly set down in the midst of this collective departure from all to which he has been accustomed, to believe that he is elsewhere than in some undescribed portion of the Orient, or in some bit of fairyland suddenly rendered substantial. A pleasant relief from what might be otherwise angular sameness, is secured at one point by the curving around of one of the principle avenues—Ocean—holding within its curve a grove of the dwarf oaks, and supplying a miniature park, looking out over the sea, and protected by ordinance against the obstruction of future erections.

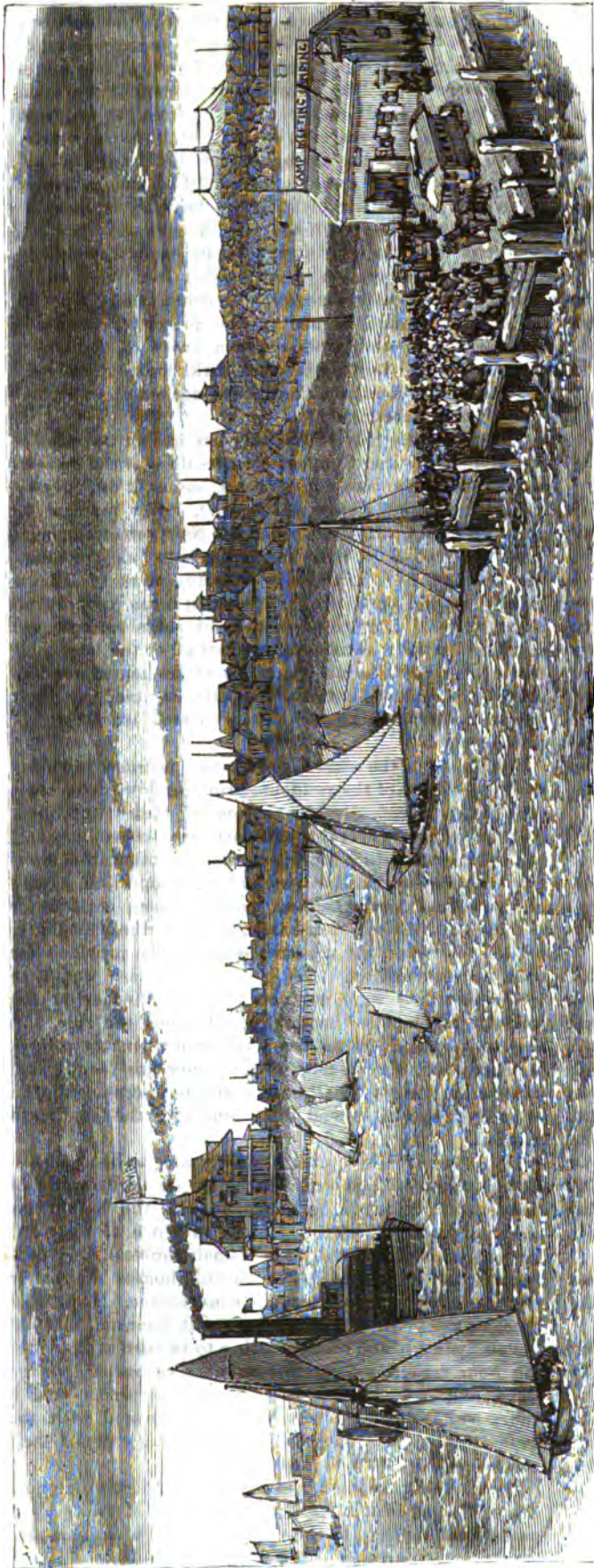
Obviously this array of building has had an intention—that of inaugurating Summer cottage-life as it can be seen at all in but few places in America, and as it can only be limitedly seen at Newport. Indeed, for a moment to change a figure, it may be called the Newport of the commons, the cost of building and living here being so much less than at the fashionable watering-place of Rhode Island, and the number of participants being proportionately greater. A large percentage of these cottages are occupied by their owners throughout all or the later portion of the hot season; many others are rented for like purposes; and still others, partially occupied by their owners, afford lodging to those who seek temporary retreat by the sea.

Something of the same variety is also manifest in modes of living—many of the residents bringing down from their city homes a considerable portion of their "establishments," including servants and carriages—others contenting themselves with a more moderate selection from their city luxuries—and still others, in large proportion, having no household care whatever, merely taking cottages or lodgings, and finding their meals, and even due attendance, at the very excellent restaurants especially provided for such accommodation. Yet the local picture would be incomplete if it were not noted that confidence in the willing or compelled honesty of all seems the rule, and that wide-open doors all day long, even when the cottage is temporarily abandoned, at once show this feeling and exhibit the almost baby-house neatness in ornamentation of many interiors, so well in keeping with the fairy grace without.

One other feature of Oak Bluffs remains to be noticed—though one shared in common by all seashore resorts of prominence. Though in the open sea, the bathing is singularly safe, and except for the presence of what our English cousins call "shingle" (small pebbles), very convenient and agreeable. The bathing-houses are better than the average as to extent and convenience. Meanwhile much of the bathing is effected without their aid, many of the occupants of the cottages being to be seen at the bathing hour trooping down the avenues *en costume* for the wave, and covered with voluminous waterproofs—and a short while afterward returning, still covered with the waterproofs, but giving evidence of having enjoyed their covered conflict with Neptune.

Such, hastily sketched, and necessarily defective in many details, is Oak Bluffs, the virtual capital of Martha's Vineyard, whatever may be the political claims of Edgartown. To its wharves come the steamers from New Bedford,





OAK BLUFFS, LOOKING SOUTH.

Wood's Hole and Nantucket, as well as transient excursions and yachting parties without number. From it an admirably managed narrow-gauge railway, with the most accommodating of conductors, runs down the coast to Edgartown, and the budding watering-place of the south end, Katama; while excursions by carriage to the South Beach, to Vineyard Haven, Lagoon Heights, Vineyard Highlands, and other watering-places destined to grow to importance in the future, are things of every hour and of cheap convenience.

This, of which necessarily only a few salient features have been presented, is a Summer resort—little known, as already said, as many islands lying thousands of miles away. Many a sea voyage has been made by the writer and others, in search of the very qualities for Summer refuge here lying almost at the door of every American of the North. Some hesitation is felt in recording a fact of the past Summer—that on the death of a child at the Vineyard, no undertaker could be found, and the explanation followed, that only two persons having died there within the present generation, no undertaker could be expected to make it his abode; but something only a little less exaggerated may well be asserted, even without attributing any portion of this immunity to the Summer residence here of one of the most successful of metropolitan physicians, or to any of the occult arts which he may practice. A blue-skied, gentle-aired, soft-breezed, cool and pleasant little island in the sea, accessible from New York by Portland steamer, by New Bedford or Fall River boat, Martha's Vineyard certainly presents attractions as a hot-weather resort far too little understood by residents of the Middle States, and only measurably so by those of the Eastern, entitling it to even more than its present rapid growth as a place of visit and sojourn.

Martha's Vineyard was discovered in 1602 by one Bartholomew Gosnold, "a righte sturdie" mariner who might have served in the destruction of the Armada under good Queen Bess. To him is due the fame, name and distinction of building the first house and commencing the first settlement in New England. Captain Gosnold's good ship, *Concord*, sailed from England on Friday, March 26th, 1602, and with him, thirty-two persons, eight of whom were versed in the mysteries of reefing and steering. He had sailed with Sir Walter Raleigh, and resolved upon essaying a straight course across the Atlantic. He made land on Friday, May 10th, having sailed "the better part of a thousand leagues," and upon Saturday, the 11th, cast anchor in fifteen fathoms, "took a great store of codfish," and gratefully named the headland Cape Cod, a name which it retains unto the present day. Again, on Friday, May 21st, Gosnold beheld a "disinhabited island," which he named Martha's Vineyard, a name subsequently applied to the larger island. Upon Friday—always Friday—May 28th, he took up his "abode and plantation" upon "a rocky islet containing near an acre of ground full of wood," where "we built our house and covered it with sedge, in building which we spent three weeks and more." On Friday—evidently the intrepid mariner's lucky day—June 18th, he, with his entire company, sailed for England, where





TENT PEOPLE.

habited by them in the great and glorious days of Queen Bess."

In 1797 the Rev. Dr. Belknap visited the islet and writes: "We had the supreme satisfaction to find the cellar of Gosnold's storehouse." In 1817, the Hon. Francis Gray, Judge Davis and five others, spent some time in exploring the remains of the house and fort, and in 1848 another party "examined the locality described with minute exactness in the journal of Gosnold's voyage, and the outlines of their works were distinctly visible." The *North American Review* of September, 1817, says, in recording the doings of the expedition, "Every feature of the scene reminded us of the narrative of its discoverers. The trees, indeed, have fallen and left

no trace of their existence, except the term 'Copicut' (shady), the appellation of a lofty promontory extending from the centre of the island toward the north, but the soil is still fertile; the beach, the lake, the islet, are unaltered, and are rendered by their natural beauties, no less than by the recollections with which they are associated, well worthy the attention of a poet. The gigantic rocks near the western coast of the island, against which

the waves dash with the foam and the fury, and the deafening noise of a cataract, would form as grand a picture, in an epic poem, as Acroceraunia or Charybdis."

In 1641, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands were purchased by Thomas Mayhew, whose son was the first who undertook to evangelize the natives. In 1664, King Charles II., by charter, caused these islands to become a part of New York, and thus they remained until William and Mary, in 1692, enrolled them within the limits of the province of Massachusetts Bay.

Martha's Vineyard is, as has been said, the largest island of the group. It boasts a range of hills, the highest of which is two hundred and ninety-eight feet in height. From this point the view fills the mind to satisfaction. Around and beneath stretch plains clad in green that vie with the fern for hue and freshness. White farmhouses peep from behind luxurious foliage, and gray granite boulders break this ocean of emerald-like islands. Lakes glitter as mirrors, and on the south a great fringe of golden sand is flecked by the ever-pulsating surf. The woods in the Vineyard are miniature alge—little mimic trees of exquisite variety, with leaves of a deep rich hue, and possessing a polished gloss rarely to be met with elsewhere. The island has been compared to the garden isle of England—the Isle of Wight—the details being strangely similar, the rainbow-tinted cliffs of Gay's Head closely resembling the yellow, red and white sands a Olive Bay.

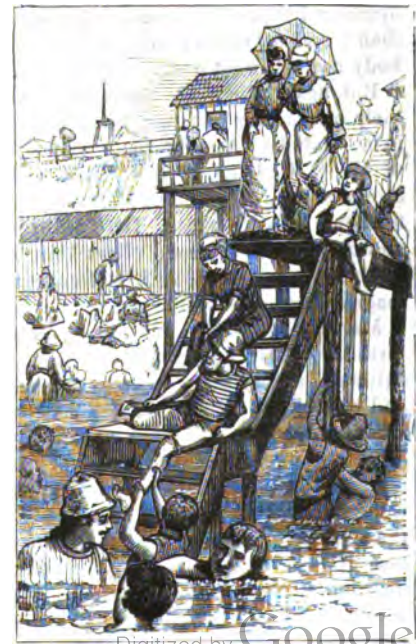
The hand of Time will doubtless produce a replica of the older and more finished picture. Edgarton is the metropolis of the island. Within its bailiwick are the camp-ground, and the Summer resorts of Oak Bluffs, Katerna



A STREET SCENE.



A DWARF LAMPOST.



THE BATHING STAIRS.

and the Vineyard Highland. Here are three churches, a bank, a Masonic lodge, a custom-house, a court-house and a jail. Here is published the *Vineyard Gazette*, which is approaching its fortieth volume. Tisbury is famous for its woodland rambles, Chilmark for its rocking-stone, and Gay's Head for its superb sea-views. Gosnold, which was incorporated as a town in 1874, consists of thirteen islands, Naushon being one of them, celebrated for its gigantic beeches and its annual deer-hunt. On Naushon Island is the residence of the Hon. J. M. Forbes, beneath the portals of which President Grant in 1874 spent a long and lovely Summer day. In the Sound the view is perfectly entrancing, and all that the most ardent lover of the poetry of sea, sky and land could exact. The Vineyard hills form the background, sloping gently to the shore and stretching away to the west, the rainbow-tinted cliffs of Gay's Head while the vista discloses an endless billow plain of the deep and dark-blue ocean, speckled with sails as white as the driven snow. On the left stands the old town of Falmouth, east of which lie the Falmouth Heights, and further east still is the young watering-place, Menauhant, while away in the dim distance, the "heel" of Cape Cod can be distinctly traced against the sky line.

Martha's Vineyard has been termed a "pleasant, healthful, Christian watering-place," and one "not wholly fallen from grace." The first camp-meeting was held in August, 1835, and with the exception of the year 1845, meetings have been held annually ever since. The first year nine tents represented the week's residences of the followers; in 1857 the tents numbered 320. When the cottages burst into existence a new order of things commenced, and families began to anticipate the camp-meeting by a month or six weeks, and to remain after it had terminated about the same length of time. Gradually a "season" came into being which is now supposed to last until the middle of September. The first cottage was rented in 1859. They are now very numerous, and may be erected for the season from \$150 to \$500, according to size and location. They are mostly uniform in shape: a gaping entrance, wide as a church-door, and Gothic in form, a railed balcony and a pointed window over the door. The inhabitants dwell on the floor or piazza. It is no figure of speech to say they keep open house in the Vineyard; the door yawns, exhibiting the interior in its entirety, the whole front opening like a doll's house. The cottages are little better than wooden booths; privacy is unknown; indeed everybody can tell what everybody else is doing.

But, again, there are some handsome villas, erected by their owners for Summer residences, which are complete in all details. Among these may be mentioned the villa of Mr. C. C. Hine, of New York, and the very handsome Summer residence of Dr. Harrison A. Tucker, whose Winter home is in Brooklyn. Dr. Tucker is one of the brightest and most genial of men. Last March, at a congratulatory birthday celebration, at his Brooklyn residence, Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:

March 18th, 1882.—We are assembled to celebrate the birthday of Dr. Harrison A. Tucker. March 18th was an agitated day in American history, because on it the famous and outrageous Stamp Act was repealed in 1766; but it is a happy day to us, because on that day fifty years ago our friend, who is the chief subject of interest in this gathering, was the chief object of interest then. Being at that time only nine weeks old, I did not properly appreciate the arrival of my young friend. But that year 1839 must bear the crushing responsibility of these two advents. I mention this priority of arrival on this coast only that I may get the advantage of that reverence which juniors must always pay to seniors.

The doctor may boast that his hair is a little silvered, while mine is not. But on my side I have to boast that I am a little bald, while he is not. Let him remember what the bears had to eat that day when the youngsters did not show deference to the bald-headed prophet.

Congratulation is the word to-day, that our friend has lived a half-century. Through from many cares and toils and anxieties and struggles he came like all other successful men. Neither the winds, nor the frosts, nor the fires, nor the tempests have done him any harm. The fifty Winters have not left on him any chill, while the fifty Summers have tarried in the warmth and brightness of his disposition. Let congratulation be mingled with gratitude to God.

Congratulation at professional success. In all our round of acquaintanceships in all the cities, we know of no one who has more cause for satisfaction at good results achieved. It is no small advantage to be able to spend one's life in alleviating the pains and aches and misfortunes of the world. One of the highest encomiums of the Great Day will be, "I was sick and ye visited me."

Congratulation that long hovering sickness seems departing from his household. This world bright with the faces of many friends, and the next with glorified kindred, among them a child at the gate waiting. In this beautiful and magnetic home on earth may all blessings make their residence! Having come near to the top of the hill, we wish for the doctor a long journey on the level table-lands of life before he comes to the descent of the hill. Plenty of health, plenty of friends, plenty of all kinds of worldly prosperity. When he comes to the descent may he find it like hills sloping to the South—warm and beautiful, full of vineyards and gardens. Amid the salutations of this hour I must make acknowledgment of Dr. Tucker's services to the Church of God. They have been constant and unwearied. Through his efforts, in association with many other faithful ones, the church over which I preside as pastor has come into great prosperity. Fellow-laborers in the great harvest-fields of Christian work, we give him happy greeting on this, the anniversary of his fiftieth birthday. Peace be within these walls and prosperity in these palaces. Some drink the health of friends in wine and highly-flavored intoxicants; we drink in cold, bright water, or fragrant mocha, or the beverage which cheers but not inebriates, the following toast:

"Dr. Harrison A. Tucker. May he live to see his centennial, and may we all be present at the celebration!"

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## THE LOST AND FOUND VIOLIN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE NEUMARK, HYMN-WRITER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE Thirty Years' War was over, and Germany rested from her work of blood. It was about the year 1650, two years after the conclusion of peace, that there lived a young man in one of the dirtiest and narrowest streets of Hamburg. He had no visitors, and all that the people in the house knew of him was, that during the greater part of the day he played upon his violin with such taste and feeling that crowds of listeners stood before the door to enjoy his playing. It was his habit at midday to go out for his meals to a miserable eating-house which was chiefly patronized by beggars. Sometimes he would leave the house at twilight with a mysterious bundle under his threadbare, shiny black cloak, and it was noticed that on the following day he was always ready to pay his bill. His observant landlady, Frau Johanssen, took note of all this. Full of curiosity, she followed him unobserved one even-

ing, and found, to her sorrow, that he went into a well-known pawn-shop. At length all was clear to her, and the kind-hearted woman determined to help him, if she could. After a few days she ventured to knock at his door. It grieved her to the heart, when she entered, to see nothing but her own well-used furniture; everything belonging to the young man had disappeared except his shabby old violin, which stood in one corner, while the poor fellow sat in the other, his face buried in his hands.

"Herr Neumark," said the landlady, "do not take it ill of me that I have used the liberty of coming to see you, but as for two days now you have not gone out, and we have heard scarcely any music, I thought you might be ill. If I could do anything for you——"

"Thanks, thanks, my good friend," answered he, in a feeble voice, and with a piteous tone of gratitude. "I am not confined to my bed, as you see, and have no fever, but I am unwell—very unwell."

"Then you should by all means go to bed."

"No," answered he, quickly, and blushed deeply.

"But you must," cried Frau Johansen, confidently. "Now let me help you; I am an old woman, old enough to be your mother, and I will just now go and set your bed straight."

"I beg you not to trouble yourself," he answered, and sprang quickly before the door of the bedroom. It was too late; the good woman had already seen there was nothing there but a sack of straw and the old oak which he threw round him in the evening when he went out.

"My good woman," said Neumark, eagerly, "you are perhaps troubled for fear I should not be able to pay my next rent; but be comforted. I am poor, but honest. It is often hard enough, but up to this I have not been wholly without means."

"Herr Neumark," answered she, with some emotion, "we ourselves have not much, but sometimes more than enough—as, for example, to-day; and if you will allow me, as I know you have not been able to go out——"

The young man crimsoned; he stood up, walked up and down the room, then turning to her said, with evident exertion, "You are right; I have eaten nothing to-day. I——"

Without waiting for another word the good woman left the room, and soon returned with a modest little repast.

"Now, it is not for the sake of aking," said she, when the meal was over, "but you are surely not of this town. Do you know any one here?"

"No, nobody; I am a stranger here, and you are the first who has spoken to me in a friendly manner; God reward you for it."

"Very good. Now, if it is not impolite, I would willingly ask you something else. Who are you? What do you call yourself? Why are you here? What is your calling? Are you a musician? Are your parents living? What are you doing in Hamburg?" Here she stopped for breath.

The young man smiled at his good-natured examiner, and began:

"My name is George Neumark. My parents were townspeople of Mulhausen, and are both dead. I was born there twenty-nine years ago, on the 16th of March, 1621. We have had hard times there since then, and I have eaten my daily bread with tears; yes, I have often had to seek it with bitter tears. But I dared not become impatient, nor murmur against the Lord my God. I know now He will help me."

"But how do you expect to find the means of support?" interrupted the good woman.

"I have studied law," he answered; "but it has yielded me nothing. I am by nature a man of peace, and have little taste for lawsuits and quarrels. My profession was a fatal mistake; it would have been better for me—— But I will continue my story. Ten long years I suffered want and hunger at the Latin school near my birthplace, where I learned that the wisdom of the world would not give me bread. At twenty-two I went to study law at Konigsberg. It was far to travel, but I fled from the cruel conflicts which were destroying my country. I escaped from the horrors of war only to be exposed to the equally great horror of fire; I lost in the flames all my worldly goods to the last dollar, and had now become a beggar."

"Poor man! did not this make you despair?"

"I must not appear better than I was. When I strove in the great city alone for my daily bread without friend or assistance, my heart failed me sometimes; but the good God had pity, and I learned to bear my cross, and was well in mind and body."

"But by what means did you live?"

"By the gift of God you must know that I am somewhat of a poet, and, as you already know, I have some skill in playing on the violoncello, and thus by degrees I found friends and benefactors who helped, sparingly enough, though."

"And did you stay in Konigsberg until you came here?"

"No," answered he, with a deep sigh. "After three years I went to Dantzic, hoping to earn my bread there, and when I was deceived in this I went further on to Thoon, where I was rewarded for waiting. God led to me many dear souls, who took me up as a friend and brother. In spite of all this, however, I could find no appointment, and at length I determined to seek in my own town what had been denied me elsewhere. When I arrived here it seemed to me as if God said 'Stop,' but it must have been the voice of my own will, for you know things have not gone very brilliantly with me."

"But tell me, then," said the landlady, "what kind of appointment are you wanting?"

"If it were God's will, I could support myself as secretary to some one."

"Then you are not a musician?"

"Yes, and no. I can play a little for my own pleasure, but not enough to earn my bread. My good woman, I could go on and tell you much of the wonderful mercy of God to me in my misery, as I have wandered with my dear old violin—my last and only friend in this world now. But will you not excuse me?" said he, as a faint smile crossed his countenance; "this is just the hour in which I should speak with a gentleman to whom I have applied for a situation."

\* \* \* \* \*

Nathan Hirsch, the Jew pawnbroker, lived in a narrow, dirty street which led to the port. Late in the evening, a young man in shabby attire entered the dark, close shop.

"Good evening, Herr Neumark," said the Jew. "What brings you here so late? Have you no patience until to-morrow?"

"No, Nathan; if I had waited until to-morrow I would never have come, perhaps. What will you give me for this violoncello?"

"Now, what should I do with that great fiddle?" whined the Jew.

"That you know well enough, Nathan. Here, put it up in the corner behind those things, and tell me what you will give me."

Nathan took the instrument, looked at it on all sides, and said, as he laid it down:





MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—A CAMP-MEETING SCENE—RELATING AN EXPERIENCE.—SEE PAGE 1.

"What will I give you for a great bit of wood and a pair of old strings? I have seen violins with silver and mother-of-pearl, but here is nothing but wood."

"Listen," said Neumark; "five long years did I lay by dollar after dollar, suffering want and hunger, until I had saved five crowns to buy this instrument. Lend me two crowns upon it. I will give you three when I come to redeem it."

The Jew threw up his hands and clasped them over his head. "Two crowns, did you say? What shall I do if you are not able to redeem it?"

"Nathan," answered the young man, in a low but firm voice, "you know not how my whole soul is bound up in this violin. It is my only earthly property, my only friend now in this world. Would you take my very soul?"

"Why not?—and if you were not able to redeem that, it would be mine, too. But what would the Jew do with your soul?"

"Hush, Jew. But it was my own fault. That Saviour whom thy people crucified has already redeemed my soul with a costly sum. Thy want of faith has led thee to speak thus. But His I am, and He will never leave me in my need. It is hard that I must sacrifice the dearest now; but He will help me. I tell thee, Nathan, I will pay thee."

"You cannot deceive me with such foolish hopes, young man. Did you not tell me a rich merchant was about to help you?"

"Herr Siebert? yes, I went to him to-day, but the place had been filled up; he said I was too late."

"Well, I am dealing with you, and you only. Take your old fiddle away."

"Nathan, I am a stranger here. Bethink you of the time when you were a stranger, and the God of Israel helped you."

"I am dealing with you only."

"Give me at least a crown and a half."

"A crown and a half! Have I not already told you no one would give you a crown and a half for a bit of wood worth only a few pence?"

"You are a hard, cruel man!" With these words the young man seized his beloved violin, and rushed out of the shop.

"Hold, young man; business is business. I will give you a crown."

"A crown and a half, Nathan; to-morrow I must pay out a crown, and what will I have left to live on? Have mercy!"

"I have said one crown, but for friendship's sake I will give you one and a quarter; but understand with six per cent. interest on every gulden for eight days, and more for the next week, and if then you cannot redeem it the instrument will be mine."

"It is hard, but I must submit. God help me!"

"He is good and faithful, the God of my fathers, and has helped me," whined the Jew, "otherwise I could not possibly have lost as I do by this bargain. I will make but small profits. It must stand as it is; you need not come back again."

Neumark answered nothing; he fixed his eyes upon his beloved violin, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Nathan, I have only one request to make. You cannot know how hard it is for me to part with this old friend. Ten years long have we held to one another. In my greatest misery it has always sung back hope and courage to me. I would almost as soon have given you my heart's blood as this beloved comforter. Among all the heavy hearts that have ever left your shop, none have been sadder than mine is this day." His voice trembled, and he stood silent for a moment. "Only this one favor you must do me, Nathan; let me play once more on my violin." And without waiting for an answer, he turned to the place where it stood.

"Stop!" cried the Jew, in an angry tone. "My shop would have been closed an hour since had it not been for you and your old fiddle. Come to-morrow—or, better still, do not come at all."

"No! to-day—now!" cried Neumark, "I must say farewell." And while he held and half-embraced the instrument, he seated himself on an old chest in the middle of the shop, and began to play with such singular feeling and softness that the Jew, in spite of himself, was compelled to listen. After several touches of the bow, Neumark began to sing, to a melody of his own, two verses from the hymn: "It is enough; now lift my spirit hence,  
To Zion's heights, O Lord!"

"It is enough," broke in the Jew. "What is the use of this lament? You have a crown and a quarter in your pocket." But the singer was deaf. Buried in his own thoughts, he played on. Suddenly the strain changed; a few long-drawn touches, and the melody poured forth anew like a stream that comes glancing into sunshine out from the shadow of overhanging trees.

He sang louder and louder, and his countenance became almost radiant with a happy smile.

"But who knows, how precious is the cross?"

"This is better; stop there!" croaked the Jew, "and do not forget that you have a crown and a quarter in your pocket. Also, in fourteen days the thing is mine if you have not redeemed it." Hereupon he turned away, muttering thoughtfully to himself, "What shall I do with this great bit of wood?"

Neumark put his violin carefully back into the corner, saying, softly, "As God wills: I am content," and left the shop without another word. As he rushed out into the darkness he stumbled against a man who appeared to have been standing in the doorway to listen to the music.

"Your pardon, sir, but may I ask if you are the person who has been making such sweet music?"

"Yes," answered Neumark, and pushed forward.

The stranger seized him by the coat. "Pardon me; I am only a poor man, but the hymn you have just sung has gone to my soul. Could you not tell me where I could get it? I am only a servant, but I would give a gulden for a copy. It seems to me it was written expressly for me."

"My good friend," answered Neumark, "I will gladly fulfill your wish without the gulden. May I ask who you are?"

"At your service, sir, John Gutig, servant to the Swedish Ambassador, Baron von Rosenkranz."

"Well, come to me to-morrow, early. You will find me at Frau Johannsen's, in the next street. Good-night."

A week after this, Gutig appeared for the second time at Neumark's door. "I beg your pardon, sir; you will perhaps think me too forward, but I have prayed over this thing the whole night, and I hope you will——"

"How, a second copy of the hymn? Certainly, with all my heart," said Neumark, in a friendly tone.

"Oh no, sir, not that. I have my copy safe in my Bible, and even if it were lost, I know it now as well as I do the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. You see, yesterday—but I hope you will not take it amiss."

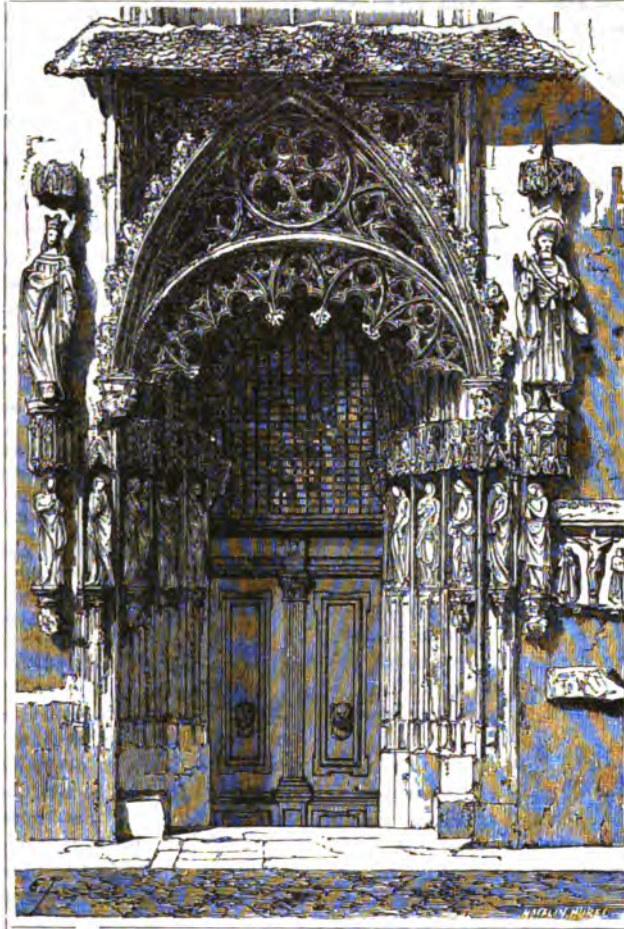
"Don't trouble yourself, my good fellow, only go on."

"Well, then, you see, sir, the Ambassador has a secretary; yesterday he suddenly disappeared, no one knows where, but we suppose our master has dismissed him for embezzling. As I was waiting upon his excellency at bed-

time last night, he said to me, 'My secretary is gone, and I do not know where to find another as experienced.' I felt I cannot tell you how. Your name came at once into my head. You must know, sir, the secretary sleeps in the house, eats at my master's table, and has a hundred crowns a year. I said at once, 'Your Excellency, I know some one.' 'I trow,' said he, laughing, 'hast thou a secretary among thy friends?' 'No, Excellency,' said I, 'I am not so presumptuous as to reckon him among my acquaintance, but I know him.' In short, sir, I told my master all."

"All?" interrupted Neumark. "Even how you met me first in Nathan's pawnshop?"

"Yes, all that," answered Gutig; "and if I have done wrong, I am sorry; but my heart was so full. My master took no notice of that, but made me fetch your hymn,



THE MAID'S DOOR IN THE ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH, NUREMBERG, GERMANY.—SEE PAGE 11.

that he might see your handwriting. 'Handwriting and poetry both out of the common,' said he, as he laid it down. 'If the young man will come to see me, I will think over it; perhaps he may suit me.' I felt then a little uneasy at the thought you might be offended, and between this fear and the wish you might get the place, I could scarcely wait for the dawn. The Ambassador likes early visits, and if you will not think me rude, I would advise your coming at once."

Neumark, without replying, walked up and down the room.

"Yes," said he. "The ways of the Lord are wonderful. They who trust in Him shall want no good thing." Then turning to the servant, he said, "God reward you for what you have done; I will go with you."

The Ambassador received him kindly. "You are a poet, I perceive," said he, "by these verses. Do you only write hymns?"

"I do not call myself a poet, sir. It is the burden of the Cross which has drawn from me whatever may be called poetry. And such a gift belongs only to the poor of this world."

"You are mistaken, young man," said the Ambassador, "and your experience is limited. Our King, Gustavus Adolphus, in the glory and glitter of the throne, has composed and sung many a noble Christian song. You are poor, very poor, if my servant's account is correct. Has poverty ever driven you to doubt God's goodness?"

"God be praised, never; although I have sometimes been near it, He has always restored my faith and given me an inner peace. Has He not said, 'The poor ye have always with you'? and in another place He calls us 'Blessed.' He Himself became poor for our sakes, and He commanded the Gospel to be preached to the poor, and even 'the poor,' says the Apostle, 'make many rich.' When one thinks of all this, it is in the end not so hard to submit to poverty."

"Bravely answered like a Christian man," said the Ambassador. "Some day we may have an opportunity of returning to this subject. I hear you have studied law. Do you think you could arrange some papers which require a knowledge of law and diplomatic matters?"

"If your Excellency would entrust them to me, I could very well try."

"Good; take these papers and read them through. They contain inquiries from the Chancellor Okjenstierna, and the answers I will take up as soon as I am able. Bring me a summary of the whole; you can take your own time, and as soon as you are ready, knock at the next door."

The next evening Neumark, with a radiant countenance, left the house of the Ambassador, and as he hurried through the streets he murmured to himself, a smile playing about his lips, "Yes, yes,

"He whom the God of love and power  
Hath chosen for His own."

His way led him by the shop of the Jew.

"Give me my violoncello, Nathan," cried he. "Here is a crown and a quarter, and one gulden to boot. Do not look so astonished; you traded on my need, and had I been one single hour beyond the two weeks, you would have put five crowns in your pocket. Still I am thankful for what you have lent me, without which I must have left Hamburg as a beggar. Moreover, I do not think you have done this yourself; you have been an instrument in God's hand. You know nothing of the joy of a Christian when he delivers a brother from trouble; therefore I will reward you in your beloved coin: here is an extra golden gulden—and one thing mark you,

"Who trust in God's Almighty Hand  
Will find he has not built on sand."

Saying this, Neumark seized his dear violin triumphantly, and hastened with rapid steps to his lodging. He did not stop until he found himself in his own room; there seating himself, he began to play in such a heavenly manner that the good woman of the house ran in and besieged him with questions. He listened, continuing to play and sing, until the landlady scarcely knew herself whether she was in heaven or on earth. "Are you still here?" said he, pausing at last. "Well, my good friend, do me the favor to gather together all the people in the house, and all who are standing round the door in the street. Bring them all in, and I will sing them a song they have never heard before, for I am the most blessed man in Hamburg. Go, go, good woman, and gather me a congregation to whom I will preach a sermon by my violin."

In a few moments the room was filled. Neumark drew a few soft touches, and in a clear voice sang these words:

"He whom the God of love and power  
Hath chosen for His own,  
Will comfort find in each dark hour,  
And light to lead him on.

"Of what avail our heavy cares?  
Of what avail our sighs and tears?  
In vain as each day comes and goes,  
We murmur o'er our pains and woes;  
Alas! we heavier make the cross  
Which God ordains for gain, not loss.

"In quietness and confidence,  
Await we still the appointed hour,  
And watch our gracious God fulfill  
His wondrous work of grace and power.  
God who on us has laid His choice,  
Knows what will make each heart rejoice.

"God orders each sweet hour of joy,  
Unerring knows the best for all;  
His piercing glance sinks deep within,  
And searches out each darling sin;  
But to the servant faithful found  
The blessings of the Lord abound."

Here the singer's voice failed; he trembled, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The little assemblage stood spellbound, tears in every eye. At length Fran Johannsen, no longer able to contain herself, burst forth. "Beloved, worthy sir!" she began, drying her eyes with the corner of her apron, "that sounds exactly as if we were in church, where I sometimes sit and forget all my cares, and think on God in heaven and the Lord Christ on the cross!"

"Yes," cried Neumark, "all this has God done for me. Only think of it: I am now secretary to the Swedish Ambassador here in Hamburg, and have a hundred crowns a year; and to make my joy full, his Excellency has given me twenty-five in advance, that I might be able to redeem my beloved violin. Is the Lord not a wonderful and merciful God? Yes, yes, dear people, be sure of this:

"Who leans on God's Almighty Hand  
Will find he has not built on sand."

"But this beautiful hymn, sir, where did you get it? I know the whole hymn-book by heart, but this hymn I do not remember. Did you compose it?"

"I?—yes. Yes, I am the instrument, the harp, but God touched the strings. 'Who leans on God's Almighty Hand'—these words lay like a soft burden on my heart. I thought of them over and over until they formed themselves into a song of praise. You say, How? That I



cannot tell. I began to play and sing for joy, and my heart lifted itself up to the Lord, and word for word came forth like water from a spring. Enough now, though. Listen once more:

"And think not thou when sore oppressed  
That thou by God forgotten art,  
Or that the man who seems more blessed  
Is held more closely to His heart,  
Wait thou the end—things alter much,  
God will the true awards adjust.

"All things are easy to our God,  
To Him alike both great and small;  
He can the rich man's treasure take.  
The poor man rich and great to make.  
Our God with wonder-working power  
Exalts and casts down in an hour.

"Sing, pray, and go in God's own way,  
Be faithful through the live-long day,  
Watch for the promised heavenly blessing,  
Soon will it come all woes redressing.  
For those who on God's love depend  
Will find Him ready to defend."

As he ceased for the last time, he was so moved that he was obliged to put his violin aside, and the little congregation went silently out.

This is the history of the most comforting of all the German hymns, one which contains the best sermon for troubled, sorrowing hearts.\*

Year by year the tune has grown more and more in the hearts of all Christian people, and during the first one hundred years, nearly four hundred hymns were especially written to be sung to it. John Sebastian Bach harmonized it several times. Mendelssohn introduced it in his "St. Paul," with the words, "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit."

No collection of tunes in England is considered to be complete without it. In the "Chorale Book for England," it is No. 134. In "Hymns Ancient and Modern," in "The Hymnary," in "The Irish Church Hymnal," in "The Christian Hymnal," in "The New Church Hymn Book," what La Trobe, in his "Hymns for the United Brethren," calls the "Æolian Hymn of George Neumark," it is found under the name "Bremen." Sometimes it is given with a different title, such as "Moravia," in "The Congregational Psalmist." It is also found in many of our American collections.

Two years later, Baron von Rosenkranz procured the post of librarian and keeper of the archives at Weimar for his secretary, and thence Neumark went happily home in his eighty-sixth year. He wrote many hymns, but the most valuable he left to the Church was the one which he sang in the simplicity of his heart, when the good God gave him back his violin.

\* The music of this hymn will be found on page 112.

## THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

THE Church of St. Lawrence, the largest and finest in Nuremberg, is of noble Gothic architecture, built at the instigation of the Emperor Adolphus of Nassau (1274-80). The towers terminate with an elegant octagonal story and spire; the highest stories of the square portion contain wide openings, divided by many mullions, to represent the gridiron on which the Spanish saint, to whom the church is dedicated, was broiled by Valentinian. In the richness of its decorations, the portal at the west end, between the towers, is not to be surpassed by any Gothic building. The actual doors are on each side of a central pillar, bear-

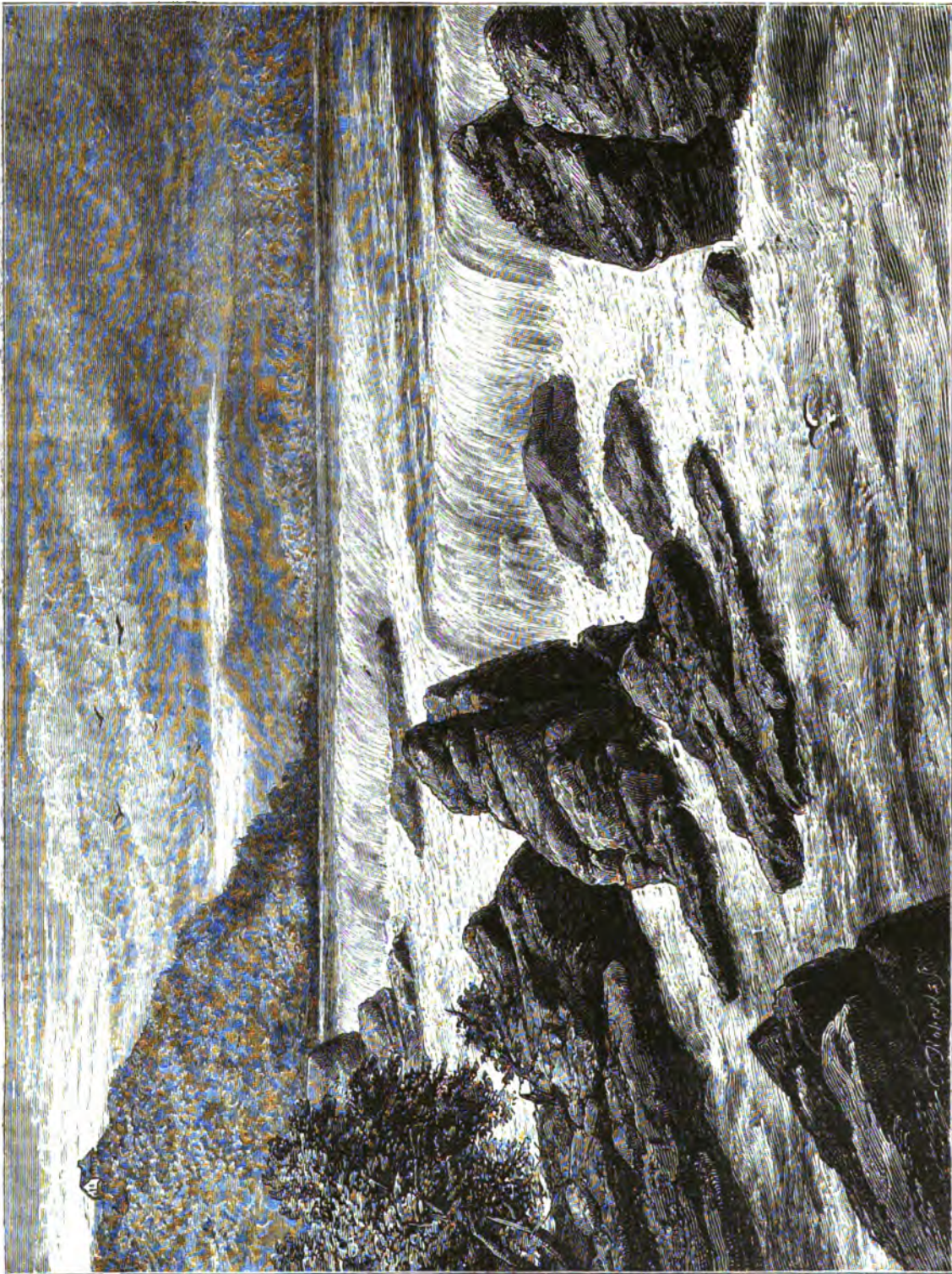
ing a statue of the Virgin and Child; in the small arches above these are represented the Birth of Christ, the Adoration of the Magi, the Murder of the Innocents, the Flight into Egypt. In the spandrels are four prophets. In the tympanum, above the transom, the lower row of sculpture represents the sufferings, burial and resurrection of Christ; and the two upper rows, the Last Judgment. The Judge is surrounded by angels and the instruments of his passion; his feet rest on the sun and moon, which have human countenances. The inner curve of the arch contains the Twelve Apostles; the outer the Twelve Prophets; below, of life-size, are statues of Adam and Eve. This portal is surmounted by a magnificent rose window, thirty and one-third feet in diameter. *The Bride's Door* on the north side is also very elegant. The central vault is seventy feet above the pavement. The aisles are of half the height and width of the nave. The choir, built in 1459-1477, is loftier than the nave, and contains splendid painted glass windows, gifts of the patrician families of Nuremberg, whose richly emblazoned coats-of-arms they bear. The finest of all is the Volkamer window, which, for the depth and brightness of its colors and the excellence of the design, is esteemed one of the finest specimens of glass-painting (an art for which Nuremberg was celebrated) to be found in Europe; on it is represented the pedigree of Christ. In one window the four Evangelists are represented with the heads of the symbolical animals allotted to them. One of the chief ornaments of the interior is the *Sacramentshäuslein*, or repository for the sacramental wafer, a tapering stone spire of florid Gothic open work, sixty and one-half feet high, executed with a minuteness not commonly bestowed on stone. The elegance of the design, and beautiful sharpness of the carved ornaments, are wonderful; and so slender and graceful is the structure, reaching nearly to the roof of the church, that the top, which bends over, has the air of a plant which is checked in its further growth. Above the ciborium the principal events of the Passion are represented. Here are, in relief—Christ taking leave of His Mother; the Last Supper; the Agony in the Garden; Christ before Caiaphas; the Crowning with Thorns, and the Scourging; the Crucifixion; and, at the top, the Resurrection. The last is in round sculpture. These compositions show the influence of A. Dürer's works. The whole is supported on the shoulders of three kneeling figures, portraits of Adam Kraft, (the sculptor who executed it), and his two apprentices, who helped. It cost him five years of hard labor, and was finished 1500. He received from one Imhof, for whom this work was executed, 770 gulden. It is recorded that this eminent artist, who has left behind so many proofs of his skill in his native city, died in 1507, at a great age, in the deepest distress, in an hospital at Schwabach.

A curious carving in wood, by Veit Stoss (1518), representing the Salutation of the Virgin by the Angel, is suspended from the roof of this church, before the altar. The group is surrounded by a chaplet of roses, in which are introduced reliefs depicting the seven Joys of the Virgin. Above is God the Father, below hangs the Serpent. This work fell down in 1817, and was much broken, but has been most skillfully restored. On the high altar is a crucifix in wood gilt, by the same artist, of even finer workmanship. In the choir is some tapestry, on which are figures of saints, in the style of the end of the thirteenth century. In the north aisle is an early picture of great merit, representing the Virgin and Child and four cherubim; the head of the Virgin is very graceful; below is the portrait of the founder, with the arms of the Imhof family. The stone pulpit, of good workmanship, is



modern, designed by Heideloff. The iron gates, dated 1649, of the south porch are among the best pieces of ironwork in Nuremberg; as also are the bronze knockers on almost all the doors.

which for the first time interrupts its navigation. He was a native of Hainaut, in Belgium, one of the provinces which Louis XIV. wrested from the Spaniards. He was vivacious, more fond of travel than the cloister, with an



THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY, ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

#### THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

JULY 3d is the anniversary of the discovery of the Falls of St. Anthony by the adventurous Franciscan friar, Louis Hennepin, the first of the white men known to have navigated the upper waters of the Mississippi to the cataract

observing eye, courage and a spirit of adventure. An offer to serve as a missionary was readily accepted, and in 1678 he was attached to the expedition of Robert Cavalier de la Salle. That ambitious man, hoping to find a river running to the Pacific, if the Mississippi did not, and thus open a



way to enrich himself by capturing some rich Spanish mines, had rebuilt Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, and built a little vessel, the *Griffin*, above the Falls of Niagara,



SMILAX.

to convey his party westward, and began a direct trade with Canada. Leaving his vessel at Green Bay, he went on in canoes through the St. Joseph's to the Illinois River. Here he waited for news of the *Griffin*, which he had sent back to Niagara with a load of furs. When time passed and fears were entertained that she had been wrecked, he set out for Niagara and Frontenac, and dispatched Father Hennepin down the Illinois in a canoe with two companions, to visit the Sioux who had sent him messengers, and explore the river. For a month the canoe loitered on the Mississippi, making its way slowly up, when one day they saw an immense flotilla of Sioux canoes bearing down on them. They tried to elude observation, but were discovered, and were soon surrounded by yelling savages.

Little respect was paid to any right of property. The goods La Salle had given the party to trade with soon found their way to Indian hands; but no equivalent found its way to the hands of Hennepin and his companions, whom their captors carried back in triumph to their country. In this way Hennepin reached the Falls, which he named in honor of St. Anthony of Padua, next to St. Francis himself the most honored saint of his Order. Two centuries have respected the name he bestowed, and it is still retained.

No cruelties were inflicted on the prisoners, but their position was irksome and humiliating, Hennepin, with ready cheerfulness, making the best of the situation and studying the country, the buffalo and other game, and testing the fertility of the soil by planting European seeds.

Fortunately, aid was at hand. Greysolon du Lhut, a French officer, with a party, had reached the Sioux country from Lake Superior, and had wintered in or near it. Hearing of the position of his countrymen, he struck across by river and portage, and, descending the Mississippi to the hunting-grounds of the tribe, found Hennepin and one of his companions, whom he took away with him, and, following the Wisconsin to its head, reached the French post at Green Bay in safety.

Hennepin published in 1683 an account of his experiences in America, a book full of life, and movement, and picturesque in its description of the West.

—♦♦♦—  
TELL THE TRUTH.—A wise man of Greece being asked what any one could gain by telling falsehoods, replied at once, "Not to be believed, even when he tells the truth."

## SMILAX AND HARTFORD FERN.

THESE two well-known and beautiful plants seem at present to be competing with each other for public favor. And we are quite disposed to say that the latter will gain the victory, if, indeed, it has not done so already. Only a few years ago smilax was the rage. Men sold it at the street-corners, and the supply could scarcely equal the demand. It is a most exquisite growth, and it is not to be wondered at that florists rushed into its cultivation.

Our readers will all recognize this delicate, thriving vine from our illustration, in which the character of the growth, and as well a separate leaf, is given. So popular has this plant become, that a bouquet or floral decoration is incomplete without it, its graceful habit adding remarkably to the general effect, giving lightness and delicacy to what would otherwise be heavy and inartistic. It is truly one of the greatest acquisitions which our florists have introduced.

Beautiful as it is, however, it has been almost thrown in the background of public favor by the introduction of the charming Hartford fern. Who does not know it, with its delicate wiry stems and waving palmate leaves? Who has not seen it hanging for sale in thrifty bundles at the street-corners, or perhaps exposed in flat masses beautifully pressed and ready for home decoration during the Winter-months? Who would ever imagine it to be a fern? It is certainly so unlike others of our native ferns, that none but a botanist would, at first sight, think of classing it with them. Its peculiar climbing habit and palmate leaf or frond are given in our illustration; the lower leaf in the picture being that of another variety of fern to which we shall allude hereafter. The central stalk of the fern is very slender, and of a beautiful light-green color. In growing it twines closely about low shrubs and hedges, seldom attaining a length of more than forty inches. The fronds are arranged in two's alternately on the main stem, the tip of the fern consisting of the fertile fronds. These are very finely cut, and are not reached by any regular gradation in the size of the leaves. Upon the under side of these tiny fronds, the spore-cases, or what correspond to seed-vessels in other plants, are borne.

This fern is among the very rare plants of this country, being almost exclusively found in Hartford and vicinity, whence its name. It is also known very extensively as the "climbing fern," but as there are other varieties which possess that same habit, the former name is, perhaps, to be preferred. The towns of South and East Windsor, Conn., furnish the most abundant supply to our markets, and the traffic in this pretty plant has reached very



HARTFORD FERN.

extensive proportions. It is said that the transactions of Hartford dealers this season will amount to fully ten thousand bunches, and the various large cities of New York, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Chicago, and others, are weekly supplied with heavy shipments of the plant, which always find a ready sale.

The striking delicacy and beauty of this fern have won it great appreciation for decorative purposes, and on account of its being much cheaper than smilax, it is being greatly substituted for it. The character of both plants is quite similar, and florists generally are considering the question of cultivating the fern in their hot-houses.

When pressed and dried, the fern retains its color remarkably, and it is principally used in this condition for home decoration. When twined about picture-cords, artistically arranged on lace curtains, or hung in festoons or wreaths in the wall, it presents a most charming appearance. Until recently the ladies themselves were obliged to press the ferns; and as this part of the work was anything but pleasant, it was little resorted to after the first attempt. Still the dealers in the article seemed to become aware of this drawback, and now it may be bought, already pressed and fit for use, at a trifling additional expense.

The pressing is very simple, if people will only go about it in the right way; and, as some of our readers might desire to experiment on the work, and as the same directions will apply to the pressing of all delicate plants, we will give a few brief instructions here.

A large book, with absorbent, uncalendered paper, should be selected. It should be laid flatly on the table, with the front cover supported to an almost upright angle.

Commence with the back of the book, laying all the leaves against the first cover. Place the tip of the fan in the crevice of the binding. Fold up a number of the leaves of the book in the shape of a roll, holding it in the left hand. By now gradually unfolding the roll over the fern, adjusting each frond in succession beneath it as the roll advances, the pressing will come very easy, and may be done very rapidly.

When one fern is thus pressed, a few leaves of the book should be allowed to rest over it, when the next plant may be likewise disposed of. In this way the whole book may be completely filled without any disarrangement; after which it should be placed under a weight and left for several days, when the plants will be sufficiently dry to be ready for use.

The botanical name of the climbing-fern is *Lygodium palmatum*, and there is still another variety somewhat resembling it which is now being introduced into the market as its rival. This variety is known as the *Lygodium scandens*, a single frond of which we give in the lower part of our illustration. This species is far more luxuriant in its growth than the Hartford fern, and is said to be of very easy culture, even for the household fernery. Of this latter kind little is yet known to the public, but in all probability it will be a universal favorite, like its companion, before many years.

What with our smilax and two species of climbing ferns, we bid fair for an admirable supply of delicate "greenery" for our bouquets for all time to come.

The smilax rejoices in the botanical title *Myrsiphillum asparagoides*, and the name is certainly in keeping with the character of the plant, as the latter frequently attains the length of twenty-five feet. The smilax is a charming plant for parlor gardening, growing very rapidly and enlivening the interior with its delicate tracery and smiling green. It requires an abundance of light, and a rich,

warm soil, with liquid stimulants. With these, it will soon cover a light trellis with its most graceful twining. Its flowers are small and insignificant, and are followed by little berries. The plant is a native of Africa.

#### A SUMMER'S EVENING.

THE tranquil hour that falleth with the dew,  
When Summer's glare has died from off the hills  
And fragrant coolness breathes from dusky meads.  
Drops soothing balm upon his heated brow  
Who plods with heavy feet on dust-soft roads.  
He marks the calm effulgence of the time,  
The mellow haze of sweet attempred day  
Which lingers fondly o'er the glooming verge;  
The sidelong glint of sun beneath the trees,  
Pouring the tender radiance of green light  
With golden checkers on their rugged boles  
That make the old oaks warm. Tall plumes of fern  
Stand rapt amid the glow. A sunny dream  
Of joy, bright with the glories of an eve  
In June, wherein the slum'ring woodland seems  
To bask itself and smile. But soon a change!  
The light grows dim, the shadows deep and cold;  
A misty veil lies close along the grass,  
And one by one thin bars of coming night  
Steal wide across the sky. The trees, as blots,  
Rise grimly black against the fading west,  
While silent sadness settles o'er the land,  
And all the ways grow dark. So Life, so Hope—  
So Man's hot noon cools downward to the dust;  
Its golden glamour vanishes ere death,  
And sobers to the gray of dreary old.

#### BIRD MYTHS.

ABOUT birds many interesting stories are told in Roland's "Faune Populaire de la France." The owl has everywhere acquired an evil reputation, for which many legends account. Thus it is said that when the wren had brought down fire from heaven, the grateful birds, with one exception, contributed a feather apiece to replace its scorched plumage. Only the owl refused to do as the others did, saying that it would require all its feathers during the approaching Winter; on which account it was condemned to eternal seclusion during the warm day, and to perpetual suffering from cold during the night. That is the reason why "the owl, for all its feathers, was a-cold" on St. Agnes's Eve, and why the other birds pester it if it makes its appearance in sunshine. It may be true, we may observe, that an omelet made of owl's eggs is a cure for drunkenness. But it is false etymology to connect the owl's name of *Chat-huant* with its supposed likeness to an *chat qui hua*. The name is really a corruption of its old designations of *chawan*, *cawan* or *cathouant*. Equally incorrect is the explanation of its name of *effrais* as meaning *celle qui effraie*. The term is a corruption of the word *frescaie*, which is connected with the Latin *præsaga*, the predictor of misfortune.

The woodpecker is a bird which has fared ill in popular fiction. It is supposed to have been the only bird which refused to help when the water-courses of the earth were being made. As it would not join in digging the ground at that time, it was condemned to dig into wood for ever, and to be externally prevented from drinking any water except such raindrops as it can catch in its bill. That is why it usually maintains a vertical position, and frequently utters a plaintive cry of *pluis-pluis*.

The kingfisher's blue coat and rosy waistcoat, and its habit of flying swiftly along rivers, are accounted for by the following tale: When Noah sent forth the dove from

the ark, he sent out the kingfisher also, knowing it to be a bird familiar with water. It flew up in the air so high that the sky turned its back blue, and the sun scorched the lower part of its body, which became red. By the time it returned, the earth had begun to appear, but the ark had vanished. Since that time it has been ever looking for its lost home, seeking it with plaintive cries along the rivers where it thinks it may possibly find it.

The nightingale's habit of singing at night, and the imaginary sadness of its song, are accounted for by a legend to the effect that in ancient days the nightingale and the blindworm had only one eye a piece. The bird borrowed the reptile's eye in order to go with two eyes to a feast, and afterward refused to restore it. The blindworm vowed vengeance on its perfidious friend. Consequently, the nightingale is afraid to go to sleep at night, lest the blindworm should attack it during its slumber. And in order to keep itself awake it sings, resting its breast against a thorn, the pain caused by which renders its singing sad.

The blackbird was originally, it seems, completely white, its bill included. But it offended the Prince of Riches one day by taking up in its beak some of the gold-dust it found in his palace without previously asking his permission. The Prince exhaled his wrath against the bird in fire and smoke, and was on the point of putting it to death, when it pleaded so piteously for its life that he forgave it. But the fire and smoke gave to it plumage the sombre hue from which it derives its present name, and the gold-dust it stole has given to its beak a yellow tinge. It is probably the blackness of the crow's coat which has given rise to the idea that bad priests turn into crows after death.—  
*From the London Saturday Review.*

### TIGHT SHOES.

THE wearing of shoes which compress and distort the feet is a singularly injurious custom. Suppose it is said that nine-tenths of the feet were rendered misshapen by the boots and shoes worn, the statement would seem extreme, but it would be within the truth. The pointed shoe or boot is the most signal instance of a mischievous instrument designed for the torture of feet. In this shoe the great toe is forced out of its natural line toward the other toes, giving a reverse curve from what is natural to the terminal part of the inner side of the foot, while all the other toes are compressed together toward the great toe, the whole producing a wedge-like form of foot which is altogether apart from the natural. Such a foot has lost its expanse of tread; such a foot has lost its elastic resistance; such a foot has lost the strength of its arch to a very considerable degree; such a foot, by the irregular and unusual pressure on certain points of its surface, has become hard at those points, and is easily affected with corns and bunions. Lastly, such a foot becomes badly nourished, and the pressure exerted upon it interferes with its circulation and nutrition. It ceases to be an instrument upon which the body can sustain itself with grace and with easiness of movement, even in early life; while in mature life and in old age it becomes a foot which is absolutely unsafe, and which causes much of that irregular, hobbling tread which often renders so peculiar the gait of persons who have passed their meridian.

It sometimes happens for a time that these mistakes in regard to the boot and shoe are increased by the plan of raising the heel, and letting it rest on a raised impediment of a pointed shape. Anything more barbarous can scarcely be conceived. By this means the body, which should naturally be balanced on a most beautiful arch, is

placed on an inclined plane, and is only prevented from falling forward by the action of the muscles which counter-balance the mechanical error. But all this is at the expense of lost muscular effort along the whole line of the muscular track, from the heels actually to the back of the head—a loss of force which is absolutely useless, and exhausting and painful. In addition to these evils arising from the pointed heel-boot, there are yet two more. In the first place, the elastic spring of the arch being broken by the heel, the vibration produced by its contact with the earth at every step causes a concussion which extends along the whole of the spinal column, and is sometimes very acutely felt. In the second place, the expanse of the foot being limited, the seizure of the earth by the foot is incomplete both in standing and in walking, so that it becomes a new art to learn how to stand erect or to walk with safety.

### FA WEDDING.

THE happy morn has smiling come,  
Before God's altar man and wife,  
Hand clasped in hand, all silent stand,  
One flesh, one life:  
Ah me! ah me!  
Is it for joy or misery?

The parting words with friends are said,  
The slippers and the rice are cast,  
And to new life new man and wife  
Have gayly passed:  
Ah me! ah me!  
Is it to joy or misery!

Is it to live as God has willed,  
In bonds of love and sympathy?  
Is it to share of joy or care  
Co-equally?  
Is life to be  
One grand soul-stirring harmony?

Or is it rather day by day  
To waken to their cruel fate?  
With joy heart to drift apart,  
And learn too late  
That life must be  
A dull, dead waste of misery?

Nay, God forbid! but let them go  
To such sweet life of perfect love,  
That hand in hand at length they'll stand  
In heaven above,  
And so may be,  
One life through all eternity.

### BISHOP J. W. HOOD, D.D., OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In the long list of men of mark whom God in His providence is raising up from amongst the colored races in the Southern States, Bishop Hood deserves to hold a most honorable position. In 1867 he was elected a delegate to represent the County of Cumberland in the State Convention which formed the Constitution under which the State was reconstructed. Great was the astonishment of the white delegates on hearing the powerful eloquence of the colored delegate when pleading for the rights of the oppressed. So high did he rise in public opinion that in 1868 he was, although a minister of religion, appointed by the Governor as Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State. The object of this unusual appointment was to secure to the colored people the full benefits of the public school system. In 1873 he was consecrated one of the bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal

Church, and he has nobly taken part in every effort made by the colored people to elevate themselves. He has zealously used his influence in promoting the cause of temperance amongst the freedmen, and he has been favored to see rich fruit resulting from his labors.

For eight years Bishop Hood held the position of Grand Master of Colored Masons, having been usually re-elected by acclamation. Long may he be spared to labor for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the colored races.

### THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER.

Forty years ago there was assuredly no spot of ground, out of Palestine, in all the round world, on which if you knew, even but a little, the true course of that world's history, you saw with so much joyful reverence the dawn of morning, as at the foot of the Tower of Giotto. For there the traditions of faith and hope, of both the Gentile and Jewish races, met for their beautiful labor. The Baptistery of Florence is the last building raised on the earth by the descendants of the workmen taught by Dædalus; and the Tower of Giotto is the loveliest of those raised on earth under the inspiration of the men who lifted up the tabernacle in the wilderness. Of living Greek work there is none after the Florentine Baptistery; of living Christian work, none so perfect as the Tower of Giotto; and under the gleam and shadow of their marbles, the morning light was haunted by the ghosts of the Father of Natural Science, Galileo; of Sacred Art, Angelico; and of the Master of Sacred Song—which spot of ground the modern Florentine has made his principal hackney-coach stand and omnibus station. The hackney coaches, with their more or less farmyard-like litter of occasional hay, and smell of variously mixed horse manure, are yet in more permissible harmony with the place than the ordinary populace of a fashionable promen-

ade would be, with its cigars, spitting and harlot-planned fineries; but the omnibus place of call being in front of the door of the tower, renders it impossible to stand for a moment near it, to look at the sculptures either of the eastern or southern side; while the north side is inclosed with an iron railing, and usually incumbered with lumber as well; not a soul in Florence ever caring now for a sight of any piece of its old artists' work; and the mass of strangers being on the whole intent on nothing but getting the omnibus to go by steam; and on seeing the cathedral in one swift circuit, by glimpses between the puffs of it.

ALTHOUGH the late Ozarina regarded strict religious training as the most important element in the education

of youth, she never hesitated to express her disapprobation of the narrow-minded bigotry only too prevalent in Russian schools, which tended toward developing fanatical faith in church dogmas and traditions at the expense of human sympathies and affections. Some years ago her majesty was inspecting the Smolnoje Institute for Girls then under the direction of Madame Leontieff, a pious dame of the old orthodox pattern. During the examination of the pupils the Empress, singling out one of the elder girls, asked her, "What is love?" to which unexpected question the young lady returned no answer. Madame Leontieff craved permission to inform her majesty "that in her



BISHOP J. W. HOOD, D.D., OF NORTH CAROLINA.

school no instruction was imparted to the pupils on this particular subject." "That is much to be regretted," said the Empress, "for woman's life is naught but love—love for her parents, love for her husband, and love for her children. If these girls have acquired no just comprehension of love, they have been very badly prepared for the duties of life." The Empress left in manifest displeasure; and a few days later Madame Leontieff received her dismissal from the Imperial Ministry of Education and Public Worship.





1862-1882.—"ALECK'S NOOK," MY SISTER CALLED IT.—SEE PAGE 18. Digitized by Google



## 1862-1882.

BY MARION HARLAND.

HAVE you ever been to Fredericksburg? Only as you passed through it in the cars? Then you do not know what a pleasant place it was before the war. I dare say you would have seen in it merely a straggling, untidy country town, sadly in need of municipal regulations and paint. But there was no more delightful society in Virginia than we enjoyed in that inland village. That is saying much to one who knew Virginia at that time.

We—father, mother, three brothers and two sisters—lived in one of the old brick houses on the hill overlooking the river. If you knew the place you would understand just where the homestead was. You see nothing from the cars and at the station but black warehouses and negro quarters, mean railway buildings, streets muddy in Winter and dusty in Summer, a crowd of shabby hacks and colored drivers yelling themselves hoarse and you deaf. All seems squalid and depressing and hopeless. There is a story that Dickens declared Fredericksburg to be the "one finished town he saw in America"; but we never believed he said it. We desired nothing better—before the war. We were proud, in a quiet way, of the traditions of our town.

Yes, Mary, the mother of Washington, lived and died there. Her house is still shown to visitors—or was when I was last at home. As a native of Fredericksburg, I cannot help smiling when questioned about that venerable virago. I don't mean to be uncharitable, but she was a hard woman, severe of visage and speech, and heavy of hand. No mistress in the State was more despotic in her rule, more unsparring in punishment. Countless stories to that effect are related on the authority of eye-witnesses. Nevertheless, her unfinished tomb—begun by a Northern man—is a disgrace to the nation.

Our house was an ancient family residence, as I have said, two-storied and square, and in color the gray red-brown that mellows and deepens with age. There was a roomy porch over the front door and a wide portico at the back. Both were overrun with vines—multiflora roses, Virginia creeper, English ivy, yellow jasmine and what we used to call "Virgin's Bower." You know it as "wistaria." It was in full bloom on the 14th of April, 1861. The day was still and warm, even for a Southern Spring. I was walking up and down the piazza floor, thinking (Southern women had much to ponder just then), yet noticing how full of golden and lilac clusters were the mingling streamers that drooped from the roof, how delicious the smell of the jasmine, when Aleck Wellford came up the garden walk.

He was a lieutenant in the navy, and home on leave. It was quite a fashion with our Fredericksburg boys to enter the navy. His family and ours were near neighbors. I had known him all my life. We had been engaged now for two years. . . .

You think it would be better for me not to talk, you say? I cannot sleep for pain and restlessness, and I get so tired lying here, hearing the city clocks toll off the small hours. It quiets me somewhat to ramble on about old times, as strength serves me. You are unlike a hired nurse. I suppose because you were born a lady. We were stout believers in good blood down in Virginia. I forget, when it is your turn to sit up with me, that there is a number over my door and opposite my name in the register; that this is a hospital for incurables, and that home is hundreds of miles away. But you are right, so far as trying to tell you everything goes. I could not, if I were well, speak of what passed that day. Where would be the

use? Everybody knows what had happened. How Sumter had fallen, and that the nation was rent in twain. Only God knows how many hearts were broken by the wrenoh. When He maketh inquisition for blood He will not forget the life-drops that welled unseen by human eyes.

Before the fallen jasmine-bells carpeted the ground with cloth-of-gold Aleck was far away in the Southern army. The Confederacy had no navy, but the discipline learned in naval schools and in service told in his favor at every step of his career. Near the close of the first year of the war he was appointed to the command of a blockade-runner plying between the West Indies and the Southern States. It does not sound well now, but it was then a position of honor and corresponding peril. He brought me the news himself.

There is a bit of jasmine—the "dwarf-star jasmine"—in the bouquet left for me to-day by one of the ladies of the Flower Mission (heaven bless it and her!). It was the odor of that which set me to dreaming and remembering. Although, when am I *not* living in the story?—the story which is my life!

It was a lovely moonlight evening. Stepping out upon the back portico after supper, I saw that the warm, high wind which had gone down at sunset had strewed the floor thickly with jasmine flowers. Their short blossom-season was over. I gathered up a handful and buried my face in their cool scentlines. At that instant I heard my name spoken—softly, that I might not be startled. Aleck's tact was as ready as a woman's, always. How handsome he was as lifting my eyes I saw him close to me, holding out both hands, his eyes shining with loving smiles, a gleam of white teeth under the dark mustache! I see him as he looked then always in my dreams. I have never lost a word of that interview. The dying Queen of England said that after death one word would be found pressed into her heart. I have carried a whole volume in mine for—can it be just twenty years? I am forty years old to-night. I recollected that when the flowers came to-day. For half of that time I have wandered in the desert or over a trackless ocean. Sometimes, the ever-present memory of that evening has been a pillar of light before which gloom fled away and crooked places were made straight. At others it has been a cloud from the shadow of which I could never escape. To-night, it is all brightness—a sort of moon-glow that bathes my soul in peacefulness. The weight of years slips away from me.

"When the shore is won at last,  
Who will count the billows past?"

I don't know who said that first, but I have repeated it to myself a thousand times—sometimes, when *all* the waves and billows were meeting over my head, and I seemed strangling in the icy brine. Ever since I was sent here, three months ago, I have felt ground under my feet—have known that I was steadily wearing—. . .

It was a sharp twinge that broke into my sentence, then! "A good hard pain," as I told the doctor yesterday, when he remarked upon the growing severity of the paroxysms. Such are "tenth waves," that carry one a long way toward the land. This is no figure of speech.

God is very good! Wise, merciful and tender beyond our finding out. If I had seen myself as I am *now* on that April night! The truth of the future would have struck me to the earth at Aleck's feet. In my blindness I was able to help him bear his part of the load. He called me "brave" and his "comforter." He was stout of heart, and ambitious in all that related to his allotted task. But he dreaded the long separation, the uncertain chances of

visits to a place already closely threatened by the advance of the Federal troops. He anticipated what did happen before six months rolled by—that we would be compelled to abandon our homes and seek refuge in the interior of the State.

"For myself, I have no fears, dear," he said. "But for you, many. Oh, how many! You will wait for me—won't you?"

"I will!" I answered, "until you come, whenever that may be."

"And trust me, too? However long I may be away, whether you hear from me, or not, you will always believe that I love you, that *nothing* can change that love, or lessen my longing to be with you, my darling?"

"I promise," I said, solemnly. "I could not doubt you without being false to myself."

I would say the same now. I *do* say it with voice and with heart! I have never faltered in my trust for one moment. If he were to stand at my bedside this hour—in the body or out of it—I could look in his eyes and repeat it.

We talked on the porch until midnight. It was our favorite trysting-place. My three brothers were in the army, guarding Richmond. My sister was married to a soldier. Nobody interrupted our *tête-à-tête*. How still everything was as the night wore on! In the moonlight we could see the sluggish river, its turbidness changed to molten gold, the low line of hills beyond—so soon to be drenched in blood. The Virgin's Bower was strung with clusters like faintly-colored grapes. Their shadows and those of the jasmine-leaves did not quiver as we walked among them. We were too restless to sit still for many minutes. We crushed the golden bells under our feet, and I saw in the optionless way in which one observes trifles at such times, that my dress swept them into eddies and heaps when we turned in our promenade.

Aleck halted, at last, and knelt to sweep up with his hands those that had collected in a corner.

"I can't remember a year when we didn't make jasmine-chains for one another—that is, when I was at home," he said. "We must not miss this season."

We sat down on the porch-steps, and he poured handful after handful into my lap. Then he slipped the fragrant tubes into the cups until two bracelets of fine gold were laid on my knee, and I strung a hoop for him upon a strand of my hair. He would have me lay it between the leaves of a small portfolio he took from his pocket. I pressed mine in my Bible after he went away. I have them still. They are faded to a dead russet, and odorless. But the bells have clung together in withering and in dying.

Our talk was not unhappy while our fingers were busy. We believed that the war would soon be over; that honor and wealth awaited upon the defenders of their native State. Most of all, we believed in love and in one another. . . .

Is it time for my beef-tea? My mouth gets dry, and my throat, too. Weariness? I am not *talking*, you know. The words say themselves in the intervals of comparative freedom from pain. The aching in the chest comes of recalling the hysterical depression that followed our "Good-by."

"We will not say 'Farewell' while we both live," Aleck said, trying to smile, as he put me out of his arms.

He was brave and sanguine to the last. At the lower garden-gate, by which he always entered our grounds, he turned, and seeing me—as he knew he would—standing where he had left me, watching him, he waved his cap high in the air. I dream of that gesture often. I did

only last night, and awoke myself trying to wave my handkerchief in reply. Long after the awakening I lay in a sort of happy musing, full of the renewed distinctness of the scene. I could see the white gravel-walk and the box-borders, smell the powerful scent drawn from them by the April sun, arising in slow wafts stirred by Aleck's passing. A big snowball-bush stood where a cross-walk cut through the main alley, and so clear was the radiance of the moon that I could mark the swing of the great globes back and forth after he brushed by them.

I stood on that one spot until they ceased to vibrate, and I could smell nothing but the jasmine. Then I went upstairs to my room. It was filled with souvenirs of Aleck. A more generous being never lived. The desk at which my every letter to him had been written was surmounted by a pretty *jardinière* he had given me the Christmas of our betrothal. I kept it always full of mignonette—his favorite flower. A pair of love-birds he had brought home from his first cruise hung above the mignonette. The Japanese screen secluding this corner—"Aleck's nook," my sister called it—was another gift. "A contribution toward housekeeping," he said, in the letter that accompanied it.

"The housekeeping that may never be!" said my sinking heart, in recalling the merry saying.

I put my wreaths to press, and knelt at the windows overlooking the gate at the bottom of the garden, until the moon set.

Not praying, nor yet weeping. *Just suffering!* The more that neither tears nor prayers came to lift the horror of great darkness, the all-aloneness, enveloping me. I said to myself that he took all hope with him. I learned afterward that he did not. Also, that I was not beggared, but rich. In less than a week I had a letter. How it was slipped through the fast-closing "lines" I did not know. He had warned me not to expect one. But it fluttered into my bosom, as a bird might drop from the sky. It was a long letter, loving and cheerful. I went in the strength of it for half a year, always anxious to receive later intelligence, but never despondent, and never imagining that he could be to blame for the wearisome silence.

We were in Richmond when another came. Two of my brothers were killed in the Summer of 1862. The next Winter the third died of smallpox. My sister was a widow and lived with us in a small house on Church Hill. Our father was growing old and our mother in feeble health. We had lost home and fortune, and were as destitute as refugees could be in Richmond. I thank my God upon every remembrance of the kindness lavished upon us by those to whom our chief recommendation was that which shuts doors and hearts in other places I have known—I mean our strangerhood. We may all have been in grievous error, but we were loyal to the cause and to each other. Certain kind men made up a business for my father—a small secretaryship—and certain kind women got together a school for my sister and myself. Work helped me to bear and helped me to wait.

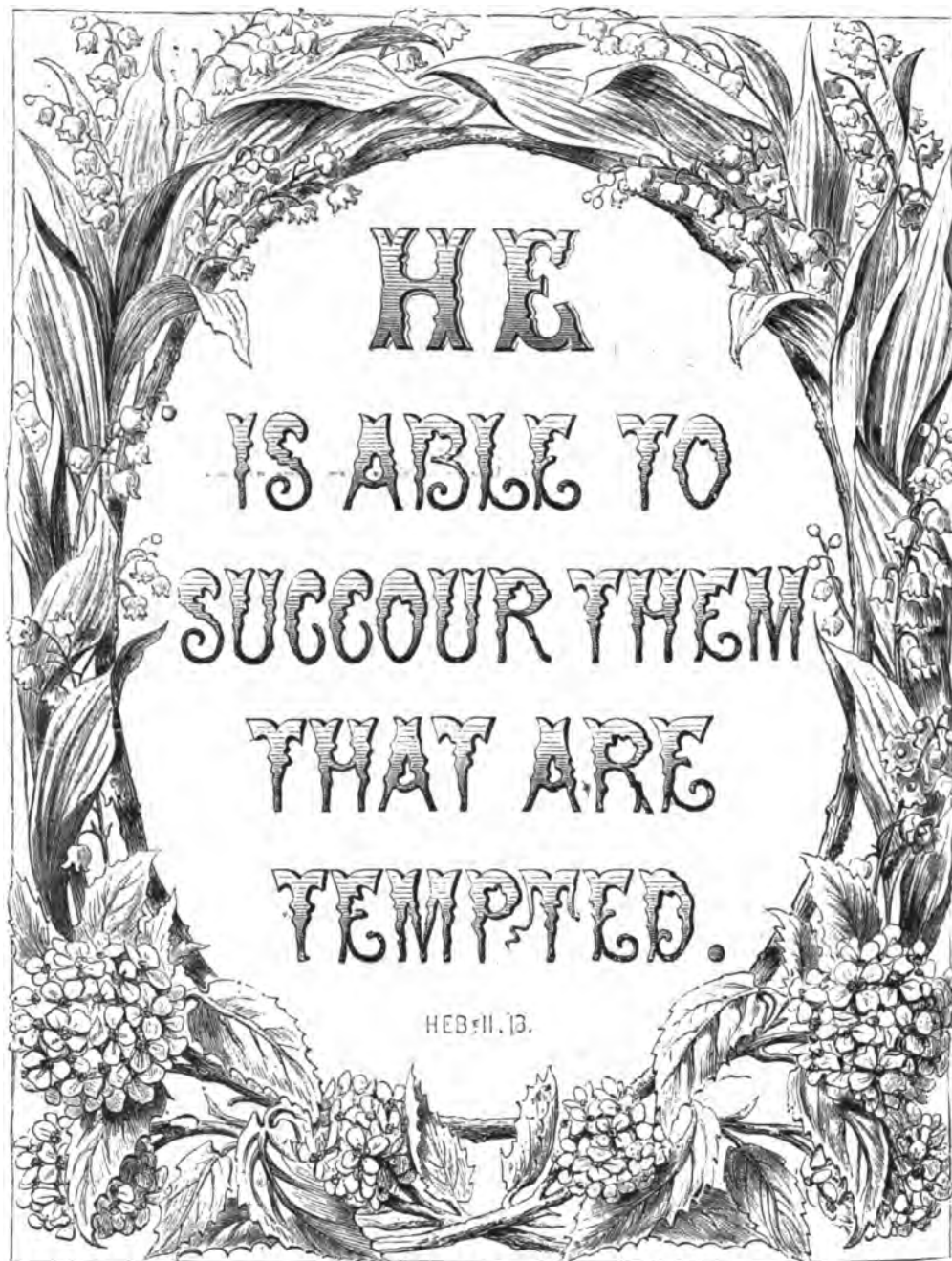
So went by a third year since Sumter's fall, and a third long, long letter reached me through a private hand. The contents were like the burst of a river into the level wastes of my existence. Aleck was very prosperous; he was growing rich. In proof of this he inclosed a check. Half the amount of it was to be given to my father as my contribution toward the support of the family for the next year. With the rest I was to purchase my *trousseau*. For he was coming for me very soon. I could not use too much haste in my preparations. He would be on the lookout for opportunity of making his way to Richmond. Government officials had promised to afford such in



order to further the wishes of one whose services were valuable to them.

"Be ready to marry me at an hour's notice," was the injunction. "I may not be able to spend even half a day in Richmond. But for the hope of bringing you away with me, I would not risk the dangers of the trip to

ment was crowded with occupation, else I used to think that my heart could not have sustained its weight of bliss. It was the coming of Summer, with leafage and bird-music and flower-scent, into the darkness of Arctic Winter. As if I had dreamed the last three years—the separation, bereavement and poverty—and been awakened in heaven.



person and to business. But I cannot, will not, live longer without *my wife*."

He would take me to Nassau and leave me there while he went back and forth upon his voyages. The plan was prudent, kind, well-matured. Not one of our diminished household thought of contesting any of its provisions. We dismissed our scholars and began at once the work upon my wedding outfit. The busiest, the most agitating and the happiest month of my life was that which followed the reception of that letter. It was well that every mo-

You would not believe how much we three women accomplished in four weeks. Nor what pretty things we found in our war-swept markets. I had tried not to grow old; had studied how to keep sallowness and wrinkles out of the face Aleck loved. I taxed taste and cunning now to get up becoming costumes. He must not be ashamed of the wife he braved so much to win. At last everything was done. My one traveling-trunk was packed, and I comprehended how tense had been the nervous strain of these busy weeks, and that there had been all through

them the half-dread lest he might come and find me unready.

"Now"—I said, aloud, as I patted down the last handkerchief in the tray—"he cannot surprise me."

I laid the wedding dress—clear Swiss mull, trimmed with old family lace—in a bureau-drawer, with the wedding gloves and a pair of white silk stockings, a relic of former prosperity. Then I stood looking at them until a strange, heavy mist of tears hid them from my sight.

mother watched me solicitously. When I could slip away, I went back to the parlor, now dark, and stationed myself at the window.

It was a sultry August night. The murmur of the river that washes the feet of the seven hills was languid. Heat-lightnings, purple and white, played upon the horizon from unseen clouds. Fine dust hung in the stirless atmosphere, dulling the echo of passing steps and voices. The perfume of cut roses soon filled the room with cloying



THE SUMMER SEA.—SEE PAGE 22.

I have never believed in presentiments since then. The thought stole upon me with the shutting of the trunk. In ten minutes it filled and possessed me. Aleck would be with me that very evening! My bridal hour was close at hand! I set the room in order, dressed my hair carefully, put on a blue lawn—Aleck liked to see me in blue—and went down into our little garden. My mother had filled it with flowers, and I picked all the mid-summer roses that were in bloom to adorn our one shabby parlor. I said nothing at supper of whom I expected, but my eyes and cheeks betrayed my excitement, for my

breaths that made the air closer and hotter. My every sense was strained upon outward sights and sounds. From head to foot I was alert and a-thrill. But I did not move limb or muscle. I could not have spoken. All the bodily presence of which I was aware was eye and ear.

Although we lived in a quiet quarter of the town, there was much passing there that night, and of men walking fast and alone. One and all they appeared to slacken their speed in nearing our gate. At ten o'clock a foot-passenger halted and laid his hand on the latch. I knew his height as I had recognized his walk. I even fancied

that I could make out his features in the duskiness of the Summer night. Still, I could not move. I doubt if I could have stirred had Aleck's voice summoned me. Perhaps had the moment—and the years—of suspense ended then, my heart would never have throbbed again. But the figure withdrew his hand from the gate and strolled on. As he walked he broke out in a thick, coarse voice with a verse of "Dixie's Land."

Still I did not move. I sat there into the ghastly dawn of a drizzly day. This was the beginning of my waiting; of the long, slow agony of expectation. . . .

I feel quite right again. It was only a faint turn. I will try to sleep, as you advise, presently. My poor little true story is almost finished. I have never seen Aleck's face since the night when we walked together over the jasmine-bells and he would not let me say "Farewell." The letter telling me to be ready to marry him at half an hour's notice was the last I ever had from him.

Once afterward I saw his name in print. You may remember the rumor of a plot, just after the war was over, for introducing yellow-fever into New York by means of trunks of infected garments. Among those said to be implicated in the revolting conspiracy a Northern paper mentioned "Alexander Wellford, a notorious blockade-runner, formerly a lieutenant in the United States Navy."

Of course I never gave the lie a serious thought. But if a such a charge were preferred against him it was wise to keep out of the way until it could be calmly investigated. So I waited for further tidings.

At one time I heard that he had gone to Bermuda. At another I talked with a man who declared that he had met and conversed with him in Paris, in 1870. Still again, I caught a confused rumor that he had been recognized by a traveler in Russia.

My father died the day after the evacuation of Richmond. My mother survived him but a year. My sister crossed her tired hands in her last sleep ten years ago. I am dying of cancer in a Northern hospital, to which I was sent by the charity of strangers. . . .

Let me say three words more, *please!* In my Bible you will find in a folded paper the dried wreaths of which I told you. The copy of "Evangeline" that lies on my Bible is a good deal worn. I have carried it everywhere in my twenty years' wanderings. I can repeat it by heart—every word. I cannot tell you how many times in the past week I have said over:

"All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience."

Will you keep it for the sake of one to whom you have been a light at evening-time? Thank you, dear.

In my trunk is a box containing the Swiss mull, the gloves and the silk stockings. They are sadly yellowed, but there is nobody to mind that now. Will you see that I am buried in them? It is the last proof I can give that I have kept my promise always to "believe in his love, and that *nothing* could lessen his longing to be with me."

Nothing! That covers all, you see. Time—wars—and—rumors—of—wars—absence—life—and— . . .

PRAYER draws all the Christian graces into its focus. It draws Charity, with her lovely train; Repentance, with her holy sorrow; Faith, with her elevated eyes; Hope, with her grasped anchor; Benevolence, with her open hands; Zeal, looking far and wide to bless; and Humility, looking meekly at home.—*Hannah More.*

#### THE SUMMER SEA.

I LAY upon the headland height, and listened  
To the incessant sobbing of the sea  
In caverns under me,  
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,  
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst  
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;  
For round about me all the sunny capes  
Seemed peopled with the shapes  
Of those whom I had known in days departed,  
Apparited in the loveliness which gleams  
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory  
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore  
Stood lonely as before;  
And the wild roses of the promontory  
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed  
Their petals of pale red.

"Oh, give me back!" I cried, "the vanished splendors,  
The breath of morn and the exultant strife,  
When the swift stream of life  
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders  
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap  
Into the unknown deep."

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,  
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said:  
"Alas! thy youth is dead!  
It breathes no more—its heart has no pulsation;  
In the dark places, with the dead of old,  
It lies for ever cold!"

Then said I: "From its consecrated elements  
I will not drag this sacred dust again,  
Only to give me pain;  
But still remembering all the lost endearments,  
Go on my way, like one who looks before  
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations  
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow  
Of sunsets burning low;  
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations  
Light up the spacious avenues between  
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses—  
What households, though not alien, yet not mine—  
What bowers of rest divine;  
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,  
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss  
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know, nor will I vainly question  
Those pages of the mystic book which hold  
The story still untold;  
But without rash conjecture or suggestion  
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,  
Until "The End" I read.

#### CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

THERE is no English shrine—none certainly if we except Westminster Abbey—so interwoven with English national memories as Canterbury Cathedral. To all thinking and religious men it is a place peculiarly fit to summon up feelings of the highest gratitude. One is reminded of old times, when, in the goodness and providence of God, the light of the true religion dispersed the heathen darkness that brooded over that island. There had existed from a very ancient date an early British Church; but in the southern part of the island, at least, the lamp of religion was burning at the lowest when Augustine and his friends landed in Kent. On the site where the gray cathedral now stands was a primitive church attributed to the ancient British King Lucius, which was then assigned to August-



tine by Ethelbert, King of Kent. In the invasions by the Danes the church was injured, and in the troubled times of the Conquest it was completely burnt down. There then arose a new cathedral, "the most famous," wrote the old writer Gervase, "that had ever been heard of on the earth since that of the Temple of Solomon. Much of this renowned building was due to the famous architect called "English William," of whom we are told that he was small in body, but "in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest." Some centuries elapsed before it assumed its present form, and it bears the impress of the different ages of its construction. In the appearance of the majestic building, in its history, in the illustrious roll of its prelates, one may recall distinctly each period of English history. On the one hand we are carried back to the dim ages of the Saxon and Norman times, and on the other hand we are reminded of the wonderful history of our own days by the arms of the six Australian sees, and the memorials of those who fell in the last Indian war.

Once, a massive wall completely encircled the building; for there was a large monastery in connection with it, and the cathedral was, as it were, a fortress within a fortress.

Erasmus tells us that when he visited the nave in his day, he saw sundry books fastened to the pillars. In the Chapter library there are some ancient manuscripts and Bibles preserved of great interest and value. Our readers will remember that there was a time when the Bible was constantly chained up in the churches, and we trust will be grateful that in our happier day the word of God has free course.

A writer of the last century says: "Entering in company with some of our colonists just arrived from America, . . . how have I seen the countenances even of their negroes sparkle with raptures of admiration." Formerly the nave was filled with stained windows; the great west window is now made up from fragments of all the other windows. We there see the arms of the Confessor, of Richard the Second, of Anne of Bohemia, and of Isabella of France.

The choir is the longest choir in England—narrow, and narrowing with a remarkable bend at the eastern end, with low vaulting and antique architecture. "All this produces a solemnity not unfitting the first great ruling-place of the faith in Saxon England, and carries the mind more completely back into the past than many a cathedral more richly and elaborately decorated." The present *retables* is of modern work, imitated from the screenwork of the Lady Chapel in the crypt. Before the time of the Reformation, the high altar was most sumptuously adorned, and the grated vault beneath was a perfect treasury of gold, silver and gems. The present coverings were the gift of Queen Mary, the wife of William III., when she visited the cathedral. A portion of the pavement of the choir is of especial interest, for it can be identified with the ancient choir called "the glorious choir of Conrad," from a former prior. If the visitor stoops down and examines the pavement, he will find a peculiar stone or veined marble of a delicate brown color. Professor Willis, whose work on Canterbury Cathedral is a great architectural authority, says: "When parts of it are taken up for repairs or alteration, it is usual to find lead which has run between the joints of the slabs, and spread on each side below, and which is with great reason supposed to be the effect of the fire of 1174, which melted the lead of the roof, and caused it to run down between the paving-stones in this manner."

Turning to the transept, the great window, of "remarkably soft and silvery appearance," was the gift of Edward IV. In it is the King's likeness, and that of his Queen,

and also the child Edward V. and his brother, who were murdered in the Tower. Among the monuments is one of Archbishop Chicheley, who instigated the great French war of the reign of Henry V., and who testified his "deep remorse for this sin."

The extreme east end of the cathedral is called the *corona*, and its architecture is of wonderful lightness and beauty. On the north side is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, the last Roman Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury. He was archbishop during the last two years of the reign of Bloody Mary. There was a time in his former Italian career when Cardinal Pole belonged to the Oratory of Divine Love, that small and remarkable body of Italian theologians who longed for a reformation, and closely approximated to the reformed doctrine. He was also considered a man of kind and merciful disposition. He seemed to have sacrificed his convictions and his natural tenderness of heart in those tragic years of the reign of terror in England. A very different interest attaches to the resting-place of Odo Coligny, Cardinal Castillon. He fled from France on account of his Huguenot faith, and was kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, but died at Canterbury, poisoned by an apple given to him by one of his servants.

The crypt is one of the most ancient in the country; it was dedicated to the Virgin, and formerly had a shrine of unimaginable wealth. In 1561 Queen Elizabeth gave up the whole of the crypt to the French and Flemish who, on account of their religion, were refugees from their native home. In consequence of this, a large number of clothiers and weavers settled themselves here; Archbishop Parker called them "gentle and profitable strangers." On the roof of the crypt numerous French inscriptions are still to be traced, and the main body of the crypt used to be filled with their silk looms. Here they had their own pastors and their own services. Archbishop Laud, intended to interfere with them, but his attention was called off by the growing troubles in church and state. Though the silk trade has disappeared, the representatives of the refugees still assemble for Divine worship in the south side aisle.

Perhaps the most remarkable monument in the cathedral is that of Edward the Black Prince. To Canterbury he was always greatly attached. On the occasion of his marriage with the Fair Maid of Kent, he had founded a chantry in the crypt. He had desired, too, that his remains might rest in the crypt, and in his will, written a month before his death, he had given directions for his interment and his monument. This brave and gentle prince, with whom are associated recollections of Crecy and Poitiers, in the prosperous noon of life wasted visibly away, and years before his death men justly thought that he would not outlive his stern father. Contrary to his directions, he was buried in the Trinity Chapel, probably as being the more honored spot. Above his effigy, which still veritably recalls the Plantagenet features, are suspended the brass gauntlets, the leather-lined casque, the wooden shield covered with velvet, on which are displayed the arms of England and France; and the scabbard, from which Oliver Cromwell is said to have withdrawn the sword. Around the tomb are the ostrich feathers and the mottoes which he used to employ as his signature, "Houmont" (high spirit); "Ioh dien" (I serve).

Immediately opposite is the tomb of Henry IV. and his second wife, Joan of Navarre. This King had ordered in his will that he should be laid "in the church at Canterbury." Having died in the Jerusalem Chamber, his body was brought by water to Faversham, and on the Trinity Sunday after his death was interred here. A very



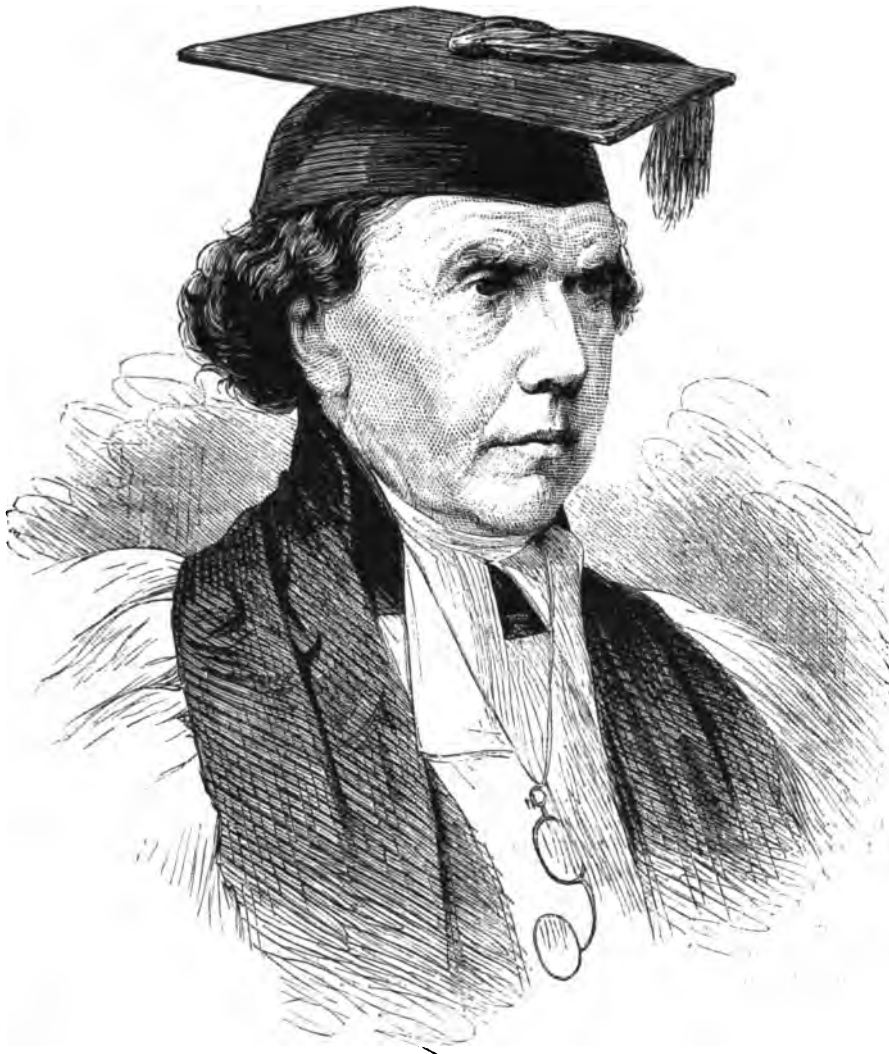
remarkable incident belongs to this monument. A story was told by the Yorkists to the effect that the body of the great Lancastrian prince had been surreptitiously thrown into the sea, beyond Gravesend, during a storm, and that it was only an empty coffin that had been interred. Some years ago it was determined to open the tomb, and test the truth of the story. This was done in 1832, in the presence of the Dean. "To the astonishment of all present, the face of the deceased King was seen in complete preservation: the nose elevated; the beard thick and matted, and of a deep russet color; and the jaws perfect, with all the teeth in them, except one foretooth, which had probably been lost during the King's life." It must have been a strange and awful scene, suggestive of many solemn thoughts, the disinterring of a buried King, laid in the stately tomb more than four hundred years ago.

But the great event in the history of the cathedral—that which has given it a world-wide renown—is bound up with Thomas à Becket. The height of power and greatness to which this churchman attained, the barbarous circumstances attending his murder, the reverence in which his shrine was held, and which attracted for so many years pilgrims of every rank and grade from all Christendom—all this forms a marvelous chapter in the history of medieval times. Every reader of English history remembers the tragic circumstances of that awful event: how it was a wintry December afternoon, now over seven hundred years ago—the cathedral darkened, save for a few burning lamps—that the knights came to the threshold on their errand of blood; how they followed him through the cloister into the church; and how, as he ascended the eastern flight of steps leading into the choir, one of their number, coming round the central pillar, called out, "Where is the archbishop?"—how the knights gathered round him as he stood against the pillar, in rochet, cloak and hood, and finally murdered him there (December 29th,

1170). It was a bad deed, intensified in its guilt by the place and circumstances. Next day the body of the archbishop was hastily buried at the east end of the crypt. Some of the scenery of this sad event is still extant, and pointed out to visitors—the actual door by which Becket and the four knights entered, and the pavement on which he fell.

The sequel is a strange chapter in ecclesiastical history—the story of the horror and remorse. Two years after the murder, King Henry himself came here to do penance for his share in instigating the foul deed. From the time of his arrival at Southampton he lived on bread and water; when he reached Canterbury he walked bare-foot through the city, from St. Dunstan's to the cathedral. There he was led into the crypt, and having removed his cloak, he received five strokes from each bishop and abbot present, and three from each of the eighty monks in attendance. In the crypt he passed the whole of the night in fasting and resting against a pillar.

About fifty years afterward the body of Becket, who had been canonized by the Pope, was removed from the crypt to the shrine which had been prepared. Two years' notice of the event had been given throughout



ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Europe, and there was such an assemblage on the occasion as had never been known in England. The shrine rested on marble arches, and when its wooden canopy was removed, it appeared blazing with jewels and gold. The spot where the shrine used to stand is exactly ascertained by the mosaic of the pavement, and some of the zodiac signs may still be traced on it. Close by was a watching chamber, in which a monk nightly kept watch over the rich shrine. The concourse of pilgrims from all parts of Europe was immense. On the steep flights of steps leading to the shrine are still visible the indentations on the stones made by the pilgrim bands who visited them in successive ages. Louis VII. sent to the shrine the priceless jewel called the "Regale of France," a diamond "as large as an egg," having a light-





CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

like flame. Richard Cœur de Lion visited the shrine after his escape from his Austrian dungeon. Edward I. offered here the golden crown of conquered Scotland. Here came Henry V. on his return from Agincourt. Indeed, every English King in succession appears reverentially to have visited the shrine of St. Thomas, as Becket was now called. Churches were dedicated to him through-

out every part of Christendom, from Palestine to Scotland. Emanuel, the Emperor of the East, and Sigismund, the Emperor of the West, both came here. In 1520 Henry VIII and the great Emperor Charles V. knelt here together. "They rode together from Dover," says Canon Stanley, in his "Memorials of Canterbury," "on the morning of Whitsunday, and entered the city through St.



George's Gate. Under the same canopy were seen both the youthful sovereigns; Cardinal Wolsey was directly in front; on the right and left were the proud nobles of Spain and England; the street were lined with clergy, all in full ecclesiastical costume. They lighted off their horses at the west door of the cathedral; Archbishop Warham was there to receive them; together they said their devotions—doubtless before the shrine."

Henry VIII.'s veneration for Thomas à Becket was by no means of a lasting kind. The time of the Reformation came, and if the veneration attached to Becket had been thorough and complete, no less thorough and complete was the reverse that now took place. An order appeared that he should no longer be called a saint, but "Bishop Becket"; that his images throughout the country should be pulled down, and his name erased out of all books. His figure is, however, still to be found in some of the magnificent windows of stained glass, "perhaps the finest in Europe. . . . and for excellence of drawing, harmony of coloring, and purity of design, justly considered unequaled." The offerings on the shrine were declared forfeited to the Crown, the jewels and gold were carried off in two coffers on the shoulders of eight men, and twenty-six casks were filled with the remaining offerings.

On the long roll of the archbishops there is no name more conspicuous than that of Thomas Cranmer, the chief of the band who in the Marian days glorified God in the fires. The memory of Cranmer has at times been assailed with evil hostility; but even such a writer as Mr. Froude, in his "History of England," amply vindicates the fame of this great man, and points out how largely his character is impressed on the prayers of the Church of England, which he translated, arranged or drew up. He was a man of delicate organization, and though of clear, yet cautious and hesitating, intellect—a temperament that, as a rule, is very rarely found among martyrs; and if this caused him for a moment to fail and falter, who would now willingly upbraid the shortcomings of that spirit, and would not rather remember the anguish of his repentance, and the emphatic testimony which he sealed with his blood on March 21st, 1556?

What mingled thoughts are those which occur to the mind as we muse over the long list of the leading prelates imperishably associated with Canterbury, from the time that England was England! Augustine (597-604) and Mellitus (619-624), more than a thousand years ago; St. Dunstan (960-988), and the age of wild superstitions of unearthly art; Anselm (1093-1114) and Lanfranc (1070-1093) of the Norman days; Becket (1162-1170), Pole (1556-1559), Cranmer (1533-1556), Parker (1559-1575), Laud (1633-1660), of universal fame; and then Sanoroff (1677-1690), sent with his brethren to the Tower; the learned Tillotson (1691-1695), and the gentle, charitable Tenison (1695-1715); and presently Secker (1758-1768), like so many great prelates, the son of an humble tradesman; and so on till the list is closed by Archbishop Archibald Campbell Tait, appointed in 1868, the ninety-first occupant of the see since Augustine.

WHEN we stand upon the high mountain, let us pray, Hold me up lest I fall; and when we put on the fine garments, let us ask for the anointing. It is the man who is full of joy and delight who is called upon to be watchful. When all is calm with us we may expect a hurricane. It is the worst devil when we cannot see any devil, for then perhaps the rascal has got inside of us and is ready to give us a deadly stab.—*Spurgeon*.

## MUSIC IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

THERE are many references to the music found in ancient documents relating to St. Paul's. There was ample provision made for the support of those whose duty it was to attend to the celebration of the worship and praise in that place. There is a goodly list of honored and honorable names of musicians who in later years have earned a place in history. All these things point to the conclusion that the metropolitan cathedral has been from the oldest time an "encourager of the goodly and gentle art of musicik."\*

Of the character of the music used in the period before the Reformation, of the manner of singing, and other matters, none but the scantiest records have reached us. There are, it is true, many particulars connected with the music or its performance which are interesting, but these are so chiefly from an antiquarian point of view. However tempting it may be to give extracts from the venerable records, it is proposed to refrain from all allusion to that part of the subject at present, further than to say that whatever value music possessed as an aid to devotion seemed to be held in view. As time grew on, and men's views suffered a change, the character of the music became altered, the composers and performers were something more than nameless items in the choir, those belonging to St. Paul's receiving due respect and admiration for their skill.

The history of the music in St. Paul's becomes more important as our knowledge concerning it becomes more definite. In the wholesale confiscation and destruction of property belonging to cathedrals and monasteries in the reign of King Henry VIII., St. Paul's suffered. Choir-singing was forbidden, the organ silenced and ordered to be removed, the books were seized and carried away or publicly burned.

In St. Paul's the work of the commissioners for the removal of images was done quietly, without irreverence, but, it may not be doubted, with much sorrow. In other places, "not only images but wood-lofts, relics, scapulars, books, banners, copes, vestments, altar-cloths, were in divers places committed to the fire, and that with much shouting and applause of the vulgar sort, as if it had been the sacking of some hostile city." For these reasons it is difficult to be able, at this distance of time, to tell anything with certainty concerning the character of the music done in St. Paul's in the old building. We know a little of the matter at this period. We know the names of some of the musicians then and during the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, from the few scattered remnants of their musical compositions left to us. The removal of those things in and about the cathedral, with which the people were wont to associate certain superstitious virtues, inspired feelings of a different kind. Contempt took the place of reverence as Puritanism became paramount. Up to this date all reference to the music in St. Paul's was of a general character. Now we begin to be afforded particular glimpses not only of the nature of the music sung, but also into the life, character and works of those who took part in it. Musical pieces were multiplied by the printing-press. One of the first books containing settings of the canticles was published by John Day, 1560. "Imprinted at London, over Aldersgate, beneath St. Martyn's." It contains the music in four-part harmony, and the names of the composers—some of whom connected with St. Paul's

\* Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the amount or the kind of music suitable to public worship, all (even the silent Friends) must be interested in this subject from its historical bearings.

—are also given: Causton, Johnson, Oakland, Shepard, Taverner and Tallis.

Thomas Tusser, a former chorister of St. Paul's, and the author of "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," tells us in his life a few incidents by which we learn how chorister-boys were treated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, both at Wallingford and at St. Paul's, under Redford, the organist; and from other writers of the period a great many facts might be quoted which would be in some sort interesting. The music used in the cathedral acquired a new character. The pre-eminent position occupied by the musicians at the time served to impart a value to the compositions of the period, both sacred and secular. The madrigals produced by the English musicians of Elizabeth's reign are acknowledged to be equal, if not superior, to those of any other more vaunted musical people. The excellence of this secular music is also to be found in the music intended for the service of the Church. At this time there was only little, if any, difference between the character of "sacred or profane" music. The limited number of progressions then allowed in harmony produced a similarity—not to say a monotony—of style. At this distance of time it is difficult to tell by the construction of the music alone whether the madrigals or the anthems would not be equally expressive were an interchange of words to be made to the notes. This, however, is not a peculiarity confined to that particular date.

The composers certainly made the endeavor to introduce befitting expression, and although instances of this necessary union are rare, and sometimes only accidental, there is sufficient evidence of the attempt. It was not until later that distinct efforts were made by composers to impart a special character to music intended for use in the church. Various reasons have been given to prove the motives in the minds of the writers; some affecting to show that a desire to foster the principles and practices of the Puritans may be traced in the construction of the music; that in the anthems the composers sought to preserve a certain amount of that character which is said to belong to it, and at the same time made concessions to the popular taste by the introduction of such harmonies and phrases as would remind the hearers of the psalm tunes which, in many churches, were sung "Geneva wise," "men, women and children all singing together." While this practice of psalm-singing was adopted in many churches, and became in time strongly established, it does not appear that congregational singing in St. Paul's was ever encouraged. The psalms were sung by the people at Paul's Cross, but not in the building, the dean strongly opposing any interference with the wonted custom within. The idlers and those who thronged the great aisles of the old church took only a passing interest in the musical service. The cathedral authorities concerned themselves chiefly with the enjoyment of their revenues, and made no attempt to attract the people to services of prayer and praise. The daily offices were duly and punctually celebrated. The composers, for the most part, wrote music to suit particular voices, and, by this means, gratified both performer and listener. It is said that, by "accident rather than by any deliberate design, they produced works which are now counted among the masterpieces of their kind." In the very disregard of old rules, and in the indulgence of novel harmonies, they opened a new field for further exploration. This "licentiousness," as it was called, not unfrequently gave rise to the display of "the vilest taste in music, both as regards the compositions themselves and the singers who performed them."

This "bitter reckoning" seems to be prompted by the

spirit of the old Puritan writers, who inveigh against those who, "tossing the psalms from one side to the other," did not encourage the "people's joining with one voice in a plain tune."

In spite of misunderstanding, willful or other, St. Paul's remained steadily and quietly working on in its accustomed groove, adding to and preserving the legacies of musical compositions written for the service of the Church. Not unmindful of the claims the sister cathedrals had to a share in the inheritance, she took the bold step of encouraging the printing of copies of some of her musical treasures.

This was the first printed collection of music for the service. It was made by John Barnard, minor canon of St. Paul's, in 1641. So well was it used, or abused, throughout the land, that no perfect copy of it is known to exist.

The first collection of words of anthems was also made by another minor canon, the Rev. James Clifford, some twenty years later: "Divine Services and Anthems usually sung in the Cathedrals and Collegiate Choirs in the Church of England. London, 1663."

In the interval between the publication of the two books St. Paul's suffered many changes. The nave was turned into a cavalry barracks for the soldiers of the Parliament; the choir, brooked off from the rest of the church, was made a "preaching place," the entrance to which was by a window broken down into a door at the northeast angle of the church, close behind the old Paul's Cross. Dr. Cornelius Burgess, "the anti-dean," as he was called, had an assignment of four hundred pounds "by the year" out of the revenues as a reward for his sermons, which were too often made up of invective against deans, chapters and singing men, against whom he seems to have had a great enmity. The Corinthian portico, designed by Inigo Jones, at the western end, was leased to a man who called it "Paul's Change," and let it out in small shops to haberdashers, glovers, milliners, and other petty tradesmen.

Scenes of riot both within and without the cathedral disturbed the serenity of the place, and were only suppressed by a stern authority. It was at one time actually proposed to sell the church to the Jews, that they might make it a central synagogue, so little interest was there in St. Paul's as a Christian place of worship. This may only have been one of Oliver Cromwell's grim jokes.

After the Restoration, and when a new order of things arose, as soon as the new cathedral was ready for use, the musical part of the daily service was resumed upon lines similar to those which guided its conduct in the early part of the reign of the first Charles, with a few additions and improvements, and perhaps a few omissions. The re-opening of the cathedral on December 2d, 1697, thirty-one years after the fire, and twenty-two after the first stone was laid, was celebrated by a magnificent service, in which, for the first time, the choirs of the Chapel Royal of Windsor and Westminster united to give praise to God. The service was also a national thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick. It was not until nine years later that the cathedral was finally finished, but frequent services upon a scale hitherto unattempted were celebrated from time to time in commemoration of victories and other national advantages. There are prints extant depicting the visits of Queen Anne to the cathedral, in some of which may be seen the choir-singers greater in number than those employed in the ordinary service, together with a band of instrumentalists in the organ loft.

For these services the musicians of the times furnished music which even now is heard in one cathedral or another throughout the length and breadth of the land. By





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degrees the cathedral was used for other ceremonies than those of thanksgiving for peace, or to commemorate the success of the Queen's arms against the enemy abroad. At these services as large a choir as could be conveniently gathered, together with a body of instrumentalists and the organ, united to bring due honor to the occasion. The traditions thus established were religiously observed for a long time after.

At the festival of the Sons of the Clergy from the year 1709 to about the year 1842, a full band and choir was heard annually in the cathedral; the band was supplied in the latter half of the period above named by the Royal Society of Musicians, every member of that body being bound to be present or to find a substitute. The choir was generally composed of the members of the best London choirs, with a little assistance from the cathedrals and colleges within a radius of sixty miles of the metropolis. For the accommodation of the chorus and band, a

raised platform was built under the organ at the entrance of the choir. This was the custom so long as the organ remained in that place, even after the services of the band were discontinued and a larger body of voices engaged for the occasion. Purcell's "Te Deum" was at first given at these meetings, until the "Dettingen Te Deum" of Handel was selected to occupy the place in the service which the music of Purcell had filled for a period of thirty-three years. The performance of the "Dettingen Te Deum" grew to be one of the institutions of the year's music. It was first given in St. Paul's in the year 1744, a few months after the first performance at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and for more than a hundred years was annually performed in the cathedral. So strong was its hold over the popular mind that, even after the band ceased to assist at the annual service, the "Te Deum" was given in deference to a generally expressed wish, the accompaniments being played upon the organ with the addition of trumpets and drums. For many years the drums that were used at St. Paul's were those which were taken from the enemy at the battle of Dettingen. When, for the purposes of the special evening services, the large organ built for the Panopticon, an exhibition and establishment intended to rival the Polytechnic, was placed upon an ugly and incongruous screen over the south porch, the choir-gallery was built under this organ. This gallery being used every Sunday, was not moved as was the other scaffolding erected for the charity children. The first of

these interesting festivals was held in 1704, in the Church of St. Andrew's, Holborn; the next year the children assembled at St. Sepulchre's, where they continued to meet until the year 1738; after this the annual service took place at Christ Church, Newgate Street, for sixty-three years. In 1801 the meeting took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, and, with the exception of a lapse of one year in 1860, when the cathedral was under repair, they have continued to meet there since. The idea of holding the meetings in the cathedral seems to have been suggested by the service of thanksgiving for the restoration to health of George III. in 1789, on which occasion the children took part in the service. Joseph Haydn, when on a visit to London, was present at one of the services, and has recorded in his memorandum-book, preserved in the library of the Conservatoire at Vienna, his impressions on that occasion: "Fétia, the famous Belgian critic, was deeply affected by the union singing of the children, and



Berlioz, the French composer, when he heard the service in 1851, declared that the reality exceeded all that the imagination had conjured up.

A few years later, and the authorities of the cathedral began to look coldly upon the meeting, and to disregard the sentimental impressions which might be awakened by its continuance. Perhaps by the time these words are in print the fiat may have gone forth, and the meeting of the Charity Children of St. Paul's will have become a matter of history. Whether there is any ground for regret in this matter we may now pause to inquire.

The present desire seems to be to make the services at St. Paul's altogether disconnected with the traditions of the past, and so to conduct them that they may form a pattern for the present and for the future. Men have grown tolerant, if not apathetic, with regard to observances and the omission of customs which would in former days have been considered as an infringement of certain privileges, real or supposed.

Few people who know St. Paul's Cathedral of the present day, and who judge from the apparent solidity of the order and regularity with which the services are conducted and the provision made for the accommodation of all who attend the ministrations, would ever imagine that this decency and discipline they observe and admire are only matters of recent introduction. At no very distant date the arrangements were altogether different. Without in this place imputing carelessness or spathy to the ruling spirits of the time past, or blaming them for not having effected desired reforms sooner, it must be said that they accepted or refrained from interfering with a state of things which was not at all creditable to a metropolitan cathedral. They allowed many things to go on without seeking to make great sweeping alterations, simply because custom warranted the use. The time had not come for change; the minds of the people were neither aroused to nor were they prepared to admit the necessity of movements which would then have seemed revolutionary. They had not yet realized the fact that the cathedrals were their own property, that the officials were simply trustees, and that they had a right to enjoy that privilege which seemed to be permitted on sufferance and with annoying restrictions. Only one-third of a century ago St. Paul's Cathedral was seriously regarded by a large section of the public as the property of the officials. This opinion was in some degree confirmed by the fact that no one was permitted to enter the building without payment, excepting dur-

ing the time of service, which was shortened as much as possible. The congregation was literally turned out at the conclusion by the vergers, except those who submitted to pay the customary two-pence for permission to remain, which tax was collected at the north door; at that time they only used that entrance to the cathedral, all the others being closed to the public. A passage from the north door to the choir was fortified by barriers, beyond which persons were not allowed to stray without payment. No attempt was made to warm the church, and pools of condensed vapor flowed at the bases of the pillars and walls. In Winter time the church was lighted by means of candles, the greater number of which were in the choir, the outside approaches being illuminated by two or three wax-lights in the brass chandeliers, which even in the present day remain suspended from the roof. The service was held in the choir, which was then closed, the organ being placed on the screen which now stands by the north door. Outside the choir were the statues of Nelson and Cornwallis, on the site occupied by which the present choir



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stalls are built. The pulpit was in the choir near the east end; the seats for the choristers about half-way down the choir. As many of the six vicars-choral who chose to attend, either in person or by deputy, sat in the stalls with the minor canons. The members of the choir were not remarkable for regularity of attendance. There was always a full complement of the boys, whose number was twelve. The minor canons not only intoned the service in their turns, but also sang in canticles and anthems. Skill in music was one of the qualifications for which they were selected to fill their offices.

Then were frequently heard the fervent and devotional musical thoughts set by the old writers in harmony with their own interpretation of the divine words they had chosen—the touching and expressive music set to sacred words by such writers, who were prompted to do their work by true religious feeling: such men were Purcell, Humphries, Weldon, Wise, Clarke, Greene, Boyce, Battis-hill, Attwood and Goss—most, if not all, of which are now banished from the Church, less perhaps for their “unfitness” for use in the service on account of their containing solos or verses, than because the old traditional method of performing them has died out, vocalists in cathedrals of the present day having been trained to do scarcely anything else than to take part in a chorus. The increased area opened at St. Paul's renders it necessary that all the music employed should be massive and full, such as would impress the hearer with an idea of the dignity of the service as now conducted. The delicacies of the old anthems and services would perhaps not be appreciated by the numbers which now flock to the church, even if voices could be found to interpret them. It is therefore, perhaps, over-sentimental to regret the past days when the service was held in the choir and took the form of what is now contemptuously styled “chamber worship” in the cathedral. The effect of the service in the restricted area was solemn, and appealed to men's hearts most closely; but it was inconsistent with the growing spirit of the times—a preference for large proportions. The first attempt to utilize the whole area of the cathedral for the purposes of congregational services was made shortly after the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852.

Before that time no adequate means of lighting the building for evening services existed. The great circle of gas jets beneath the whispering gallery, “the graceful coronal of light which encircles the dome,” was put up for the occasion alluded to, and this, with additional semi-circles of light round what are called the quarter domes, helped to illuminate the vast area, and to make it available for the purposes of attracting large congregations. A series of Advent services was commenced, at which a more elaborate musical service was attempted than anything which had been done, excepting upon such red-letter days as the festivals of the sons of the clergy, the gathering of the Charity Children, the annual service in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and such rare occasions as the visits of the royal family, to offer up “thanksgivings for late mercies vouchsafed to them.”

Most foreigners, when they pay a visit to London, like to see St. Paul's and note the simple, yet magnificent, proportions of its structure. Those that were musical until lately always declined to wait for the service, as they had heard that the music was always badly performed. Now the musical and intelligent foreigner endeavors to include the hour of service in the period of his visit, for the performance is equal with, if not superior to, the best that can be heard on the Continent at any place and at any time during the celebration of divine service. It is only within the last few years that this has been the case. The

character of the service now is more consonant with the general pattern followed on the Continent, so that the stranger is enabled to understand and to follow the musical portion of the service better than heretofore. The number of the services have been increased, so that now there are almost as many each day as in the old building. Various societies and guilds hold their annual festivals in the cathedral, and the course of the service has been altered and much improved. Among the many additions which are generally hailed as improvements may be mentioned several.

The annual performance of Bach's “Passions-Musik” is on the Tuesday in the week before Easter; it is sung by a large body of voices, accompanied by a band of instrumentalists, including the organ and a pianoforte for the recitatives. The services in commemoration of the opening of the cathedral, and that on the anniversary of the fire of London, and one or two other days, have long been discontinued. At these services, singularly enough, the members of the choir were not expected to be present. All through Passion Week the choir was silent. Now there is no lapse in the regularity of the services during this week. In addition to the special commemoration above mentioned, the daily choral service is celebrated, but without the organ. The use of the organ is also dispensed with on each Friday during the year, except it be a saint's day or the eve of a festival. Each Thursday afternoon the service is sung by the men alone, the boys having that time for rest. During Lent and Advent the Benedictine is chanted. On one evening during Advent Spohr's oratorio, “The Last Judgment,” is now sung by the choir to the accompaniment of the organ. A grand service is also held on St. Paul's day, January 25th, on which occasion a portion of Mendelssohn's oratorio, “St. Paul,” is performed with a band and chorus, and the band is restored to the festival of the Sons of the Clergy.

At the ordinary service on Sundays the communion is celebrated with as much music as will be legally allowed. The “Choral Communion,” as it is called, was sung in the building for the first time in 1870, upon the occasion of the consecration of the bishops of Sierra Leone and the Mauritius. It may be mentioned that the number of the children of the choir is augmented to about thirty. These are educated and lodged in a convenient building erected especially for their accommodation, and a staff of masters is engaged to teach them such things as are needful for them to know.

Every possible encouragement is given to the members of the cathedral having no statutable position. The old corporations of the church, the minor canons, the vicars-choral, the vergers, bell-ringers and others, are being gradually weakened, probably with a view to their ultimate extinction. All things are being changed. The anthems and services of our cathedrals in former times were modeled after a fashion peculiarly English, and utterly unlike anything employed abroad for the purposes of worship. In making the alterations in the music at St. Paul's it was found necessary to shelve those works by English Cathedral writers which for generations had been associated with the service of the Church, probably because it may have been thought to be advisable to remove all those matters which interfered with the desire to make the order of the service and the character of the music employed therein of a kind similar to that adopted by other Christian communities which Englishmen hear in foreign cities. So that, in fact, the stranger from afar might feel himself perfectly at home upon entering the building. Thus St. Paul's has been made cosmopolitan in addition to being metropolitan.



Of course, there are many who regret the removal of those features which gave the services a distinguished tone, and maintained a system of celebrating it which had the advantage of preserving an individuality altogether English. There is no doubt that many abuses arose out of the system which formerly existed. Changes could only be effected by the introduction of strong measures. No one will think the measure weak which swept away almost everything belonging to the old order of things. No one will think that there was any sentimentality in consigning the old works, and the books which contained them, to the lumber-room. All that was old was deemed to be bad; everything must be new, even if it do not prove to be good. A radical change was considered necessary. The order of the service, the manner of singing, the character of the music sung, all became altered. The tares were uprooted, it is true, but it is just possible that a goodly part of the wheat went also. We are not, however, here discussing the propriety or impropriety of the changes, but only giving a historical record of them. It will be enough to add that the attempt by the authorities to popularize the services has been rewarded with all the success it deserves. On most occasions of a public kind the church is crowded, and large numbers attend at the ordinary services.

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#### THE TRUE AND FALSE MESSIAH.

WHEN Christ the true Messiah came  
A lowly Babe unto our earth,  
The angels heralding their King  
Came down with songs to tell His birth.

The heavens on high their Maker knew,  
And lighted for Him one fair star;  
And Gentle lands to welcome Him  
Sent forth their sages from afar.

But when a false Messiah\* came,  
No light shone through the midnight dim;  
There were no wondrous angel songs,  
No strains of praise to herald him.

The serpent's lie was on his lips—  
He came in strife, he came in pride;  
And in the serpent's coil he lay  
When in the midst of strife he died.

For none may mock the Holy Name  
Of Him who sitteth on the throne;  
But every heart and every tongue  
Acknowledge Jesus King alone.

\* A man who about a hundred years after the time of our Lord pretended to be the Messiah. He called himself Barchochebas, son of a star.

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#### THE HERON.

THE heron is a wading bird of the family *ardetidae*, and the old genus *ardea* (Linn.), including also the bitterns and egrets, treated under their own names. The bill is much longer than the head, rather slender, sharp and straight, with an emargination at the tip; the wings are long, the first quill nearly as long as the second and third, which are equal and longest; the tail short and even, of twelve stiffened feathers; tarsi long and slender, transversely scaled in front; tibiae lengthened, bare for the lower third or half; outer toe longer than the inner, and united at the base to the middle one; hind toe long, on a level with the others; claws moderate, curved and acute, the inner edge of the middle one pectinated. The body is rather compressed; the neck is very long, well-feathered, and, by a beautiful arrangement in the cervical vertebrae, capable of being turned so that the head may be placed

almost at a right angle with it; the bill is a formidable weapon. Herons are found in most parts of the world, migrating to the warmer regions as Winter comes on; they are generally seen alone, standing in swamps, pools, and shallow rivers, waiting for their prey, with the long neck drawn down between the shoulders; but no sooner does a reptile or a fish appear than the bill is darted forth and the animal immediately swallowed. They do not seize fish with their feet; the serrated middle claw is for removing from the bill the sticky down which adheres to it after cleansing the plumage. The common heron of Europe (*A cinerea*, Linn.), celebrated in old times as the bird which afforded the principal sport in falconry, is of a bluish ash-color, with a black crest on the hind head, and the fore part of the neck white with black dots; the shoulder of the wings and the primaries black; a naked space around the eyes. Its food consists of fish, frogs, aquatic insects and mollusks, mice, moles, and similar small animals. The nest is generally on a high tree in the vicinity of a river. The flight is sometimes very high, and is performed with the legs hanging behind; and the head and neck resting on the back. It makes at times a harsh and loud scream; when taken young it becomes so far domesticated as to associate with domestic fowl; though a royal bird in respect to game, its flesh is unfit for food. It is distributed over most parts of the Old World; among some Eastern nations the crests of the males are highly esteemed as ornaments.

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THINGS TO REMEMBER.—Remember that mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly upon them. They soon look misty, grow rough or granulated, and no longer give back a correct picture. The amalgam, or union of tinfoil with mercury, which is spread on glass to form a looking-glass, is easily ruined by the direct, continued exposure to the solar rays. Remember that lemons can be kept sweet and fresh for months by putting them in a clean, tight cask or jar, and covering with cold water. The water must be changed as often as once every other day, and the cask kept in a cool place. Remember that a teaspoonful of black pepper will prevent gray or buff linen from spotting, if stirred into the first water in which they are washed. It will also prevent the colors running, when washing black or colored cambrics or muslins, and the water is not injured by it, but just as soft as before the pepper was put in. Remember that one can have the hands in soapuds with soft soap without injury to the skin, if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon-juice immediately after. The acids destroy the corrosive effects of the alkali, and make the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon-juice used on hands when roughened by cold or labor, will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this; then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in the Winter will find this comforting.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—Disraeli observes: "It is at the feet of woman we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been won; it is her image that tunes the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquence, that guides the brain in the angust toils of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence, for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty and can lighten the fetters of the slave. Beautiful women may be admired, but who can refrain from loving the impersonation of grace and virtue we every day encounter in the charmed circles of domestic life?"





A HERON FEEDING HER YOUNG.— SEE PAGE 31.

## WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," Etc.

## CHAPTER XIV.—DROPTING.

THE visits of Vavasor, in reality to Hester, continued. For a time they were more frequent, and he staid longer. Hester's more immediate friends, namely, her mother and Miss Dasomma, noted also, and with some increase of anxiety, that he began to appear at the church they attended, a dull enough place, without any possible attraction of its own for a man like Vavasor; they could but believe he went thither for the sake of seeing Hester. Two or three Sundays and he began to join them as they came out, and walk part of the way home with them. Next he went all the way, was asked to go in, and invited to stay to lunch.

It may well seem strange that Mrs. Raymount, anxious as to the result, should allow things to go on thus; but, in the first place, she had such thorough confidence in Hester as not to think it possible she should fall in love with such a man as Vavasor; and, in the second place, it is wonderful what weakness may co-exist with what strength, what worldliness stand side by side with what spirituality—for a time, that is, till the one, for one must, overcome the other: Mrs. Raymount was pleased with the idea of a possible marriage of such distinction for her daughter, which would give her just the position she counted her fit for. These mutually destructive considerations were, with whatever logical inconsistency, both certainly operative in her. Then, again, they knew nothing against the young man! He made himself agreeable to every one in the house. In Addison Square he showed scarce the faintest shadow of the manner which made him at the bank almost hated. In the Square not only was he on his good behavior as in a private house, but his heart, and his self-respect, as he would have called his self-admiration, were equally concerned in his looking his best—which always means looking better than one's best. Then in Hester's company his best was always uppermost, and humility being no part of this best, he not merely felt comfortable and kindly disposed—which he was—but good in himself and considerate of others—which he was not. There was that in Hester and his feelings toward her which had upon him what elevating influence he was yet capable of receiving, and this fact said more for him than anything else. She seemed gaining a power over him that could not be for other than good with any man who submitted to it. It had begun to bring out and cherish what was best in a disposition far from unamiable, although nearly ruined by evil influences on all sides. Both glad and proud to see her daughter thus potent, how, thought Mrs. Raymount, could she interfere? It was plain he was improving! Not once now did they ever hear him jest on anything belonging to church! As to anything belonging to religion, he scarcely knew enough in that province to have any material for jesting. If Vavasor was falling in love with Hester, the danger was for him—lest she, who to her mother appeared colder than any lady she knew, should not respond with like affection.

Miss Dasomma was more awake. She knew better than Mrs. Raymount the kind of soil in which this human plant had been reared, and saw more danger ahead. She feared the young man was but amusing himself, or at best but enjoying Hester's company as some wary-winged thing enjoys the flame, courting a few singes, not quite avoiding even a slight plumes conflagration, but careful not to turn a delightful imagination into a consuming reality, be-

yond retreat and self-recovery. She could not believe him as careless of himself as of her, but judged he was what he would to himself call flirting with her—which had the more danger for Hester that there was not in her mind the idea corresponding to the phrase. I believe he declined asking himself whether the enjoyment of the hour was leading; and I fancy he found it more easy to set aside the question because of the difference between his social position and that of the lady. Possibly he regarded himself as honoring the low neighborhood of Addison Square by the frequency of his shining presence; but I think he was at the same time feeling the good influences of which I have spoken more than he knew, or would have liked to acknowledge to himself; for he had never turned his mind in the direction of good; and it was far more from circumstance than refusal that he was not yet the more hurtful member of society which his no-principles were working to make him.

Hester was of course greatly interested in him. She had been but little in society, had not in the least studied men, and could not help being pleased with the power she plainly had over him, and which as plainly went on increasing. Even Corney, not very observant or penetrating, remarked on the gentleness of his behavior in their house. He followed every word of Hester's about his singing, and showed himself even anxious to win her approbation by the pains he took and the amount of practice he went through to approach her idea of song. Whether any desire of betterment was now awake in him through the power of her spiritual presence, I cannot tell; but had Mrs. Raymount seen as much of him as Hester, she would have been yet better justified in her hope of him. For Hester, she thought first, and for some time, only of doing him good, nor until she imagined some success did the danger to her begin. After that, with every fresh encouragement the danger grew—for just so much grew the danger of self coming in and getting the upper hand. I do not suppose that Vavasor once consciously laid himself out to deceive her, or make her think him better than he thought himself. With a woman of Hester's instincts, there might have been less danger if he had; she also would then perhaps have been aware of the present untruth, and have recoiled. But if he had any he had but the most rudimentary notion of truth in the inward parts, and could deceive the better that he did not know he was deceiving. As little notion had he of the nature of the person he was dealing with, or the reality to her of the things of which she spoke; belief was to him at most the mere difference between decided and undecided opinion. Nay, she spoke the language of a world whose existence he was incapable at present of recognizing, for he had never obeyed one of its demands, which language therefore meant to him nothing like what it meant to her. His natural inborn proclivities to the light had, through his so seldom doing the deeds of the light, become so weak, that he scarcely knew such a thing as reform was required of, possible to, or desirable in, him. Nothing seemed to him to matter except "good form." To see and hear him for a few minutes after leaving her and entering his club would have been safety to Hester. I do not mean that he was of the baser sort there; but whatever came up there, he would meet on its own grounds, and respond to in its own kind.

He was certainly falling more and more into what most people call *love*. As to what he meant, he did not himself know. When intoxicated with the idea of her, that is, when thinking what a sensation she would make in his grand little circle, he felt it impossible to live without her; some way must be found! it could not be his fate to see another triumph in her! Whether or not she would accept him he never asked himself; almost awed in her presence, he never when alone doubted she would. Had he had anything worthy the name of property coming with the title, he would have proposed to her at once, he said to himself. But who with only the most beautiful wife in the world would encounter a naked earldom! The thing would be raging madness—as unjust to Hester as to himself! How just, how love-careful he was not to ask her—considerate for her more than himself! But perhaps *she* might have expectations! That could scarcely be; no one with anything would alave as her governor did, morning, noon and night! True, his own governor was her uncle—there was money in the family; but people never left their money to their poor relations! To marry her would be to live on his salary, in a small house in St. John's Wood, or Park Village—perhaps even in Camden Town, ride home in the omnibus every night like one of a tin of sardines, wear half-crown gloves, cotton socks, and ten-and-sixpenny hats—the prospect was too hideous to be ludicrous, even! Would the sweetness of the hand that darned the socks make his overfilled shoe comfortable? And when the awful family began to come on, she would begin to go off! A woman like her, living in ease and able to dress well, might keep her best points till she was fifty! If there was such a providence as Hester so dutifully referred to, it certainly did not make the best things the easiest to get! How could it care for a fellow's happiness, or even for his leading a correct life? Would he not be a much better man if allowed to have Hester?—whereas in all probability she would fall to the lot of some quill-driver like her father—a man that made a livelihood by drumming his notions into the ears of people that did not care a brass farthing about them! Thus would Vavasor's love-fits work themselves off—declining from a cold soon to a drizzly mephitic twilight.

It was not soon that he risked an attempt to please her with a song of his own. There was just enough unconscious truth in him to make him a little afraid of Hester. Commonplace as were the channels in which his thoughts ran, he would not for less than a fortune have risked encountering her scorn. For he believed, and therein he was right, that she was capable of scorn; and that of no ordinarily withering quality: Hester had not yet gathered the sweet gentleness that comes of long breathing the air of the high countries. It is generally many years before a strong character learns to think of itself as it ought to think. While there is left in us the possibility of scorn we know not quite the spirit we are of—still less if we imagine we may keep this or that little shadow of a fault. But Hester was far less ready to scorn on her own account than on the part of another. And if she had fairly seen into the mind interesting her so much, seen how poverty-stricken it was, and with how little motion toward the better, she would indeed have felt a great rush of scorn, but chiefly against herself for being taken in after such a fool's-fashion.

But he had come to understand Hester's taste so far as to know certain qualities she would not like in a song; he could even be sure she would like this one or that; and although of many he could not be certain, having never reached the grounds of her judgment, he had not yet offended her with any he brought her—and so by degrees he

had generated the resolve to venture something himself in the hope of pleasing her; he flattered himself he knew her *style*! He was very fond of the word, and had an idea that all writers, to be of any account, must fashion their style after that of this or the other master. How the master got it, or whether it might not be well to go back to the seed and propagate no more by cuttings, it never occurred to him to ask.

Knowing that Hester was fond of a good ballad, he thought at first to try his hand on one; it could not be difficult, he thought! But he soon found that, like everything else, a ballad was easy enough if you could do it, and more than difficult enough if you could not; after several attempts he wisely yielded the ambition; his gift did not lie in that direction! He had, however, been so long in the habit of writing drawing-room verses that he had better ground for hoping he might produce something in that kind which the too severe taste of Hester could yet admire! It would be a great stroke toward placing him in a right position toward her—one, namely, in which his intellectual faculty would be more manifest! It should be a love song, and he would present it as one he had written long ago; as such it would say the more for him while it would not commit him.

So one evening as he stood by her piano, he said all at once:

"By-the-by, Miss Raymount, last night, as I was turning over some songs I wrote many years ago, I came upon one I thought I should like you just to look at—not the music—that is worth nothing, though I was proud enough of it then and thought it an achievement; but the words I still think not so bad—considering. They are so far from me now that I am able to speak of them as if they were not mine at all!"

"Do let me see them!" said Hester, hiding none of the interest she felt, though fearing a little she might not have to praise them so much as she would like.

He took the song from his pocket, and smoothed it out before her on the piano.

"Read it to me, please," said Hester.

"No; excuse me," he answered, with a little shyness, the rarest of phenomena in his spiritual atmosphere; "I *could* not read it aloud. But do not let it bore you if——"

He did not finish his sentence, and Hester was already busy with his manuscript.

Here is the song:

"If thou lov'st I dare not ask thee,  
Lest thou say 'Not thee';  
Prythee, then, in coldness mask thee,  
That it may be me.

"If thou lov'st me do not tell me  
Joy would make me rave,  
And the bells of gladness knell me  
To the silent grave.

"If thou lovest not thy lover,  
Neither veil thine eyes,  
Nor to his poor heart discover  
What behind them lies.

"Be not cruel, be not tender;  
Grant me twilight hope;  
Neither would I die of splendor,  
Nor in darkness mope.

"I entreat thee for no favor,  
Smallest nothingness:  
I will hoard thy dropt glove's savor,  
Wafture of thy dress.

"So my love shall daring linger  
Moth-like round thy flame;  
Move not, pray, forbidding finger—  
Death to me thy blame."



Vavator had gone half-way toward Mrs. Raymount, then turned, and now stood watching Hester. So long was her head bent over his paper that he grew uncomfortably anxious. At length, without lifting her eyes, she placed it on the stand before her, and began to try its music. Then Vavator went to her hurriedly, for he felt convinced that if she was not quite pleased with the verses, it would fare worse with the music, and begged she would not trouble herself with anything so childish. Even now he knew less about music than poetry, he said.

"I wanted you to see the verses, and the manuscript being almost illegible I had to copy it; so, in a mechanical mood, I copied the music also. Please let me have them again. I feared they were not worth your notice! I know it now."

Hester, however, would not yield the paper, but began again to read it; Vavator's writing, out of the bank, was one of those irritating hands that wrong not only with the absence of legibility but with the show of its presence, and she had not yet got so clear a notion of his verses as a mere glance of them in print would have given her. Why she did not quite like them she did not yet know, and was anxious not to be unfair. That they were clever she did not doubt; they had for one thing his own air of unassumed ease, and she could not but feel they had some claim to literary art. This added a little to her hesitation, not in pronouncing on them—she was far from that yet—but in recognizing what she felt about them. Had she had a suspicion of the lie he had told her, and that they were the work of yesterday, it would at once have put leagues between them, and made the verses hateful to her. As it was, the more she read and thought, the further she seemed from a conclusion, and the time Vavator stood there waiting appeared to both of them three times as long as it really was. At last he felt he was pounded and must try back.

"You have discovered," he said, "that the song is an imitation of Sir John Suckling!"

He had never thought of the man while writing it.

"I don't know anything of him," answered Hester, looking up.

Vavator knew nothing was more unlikely than that she should know anything of him.

"When did he write?" she asked.

"In the reign of Charles I., I believe," he answered.

"But tell me," said Hester, "where is the good of imitating any one—even the best of writers? Our own original, however poor, must be the thing for us! To imitate is to repudiate our own being."

"That I admit," answered Vavator, who never did anything original except when he followed his instincts; "but for a mere trial of skill an imitation is admissible—don't you think?"

"Oh, surely," replied Hester; "only it seems to me a waste of time—especially with such a gift as you have of your own!"

"At all events," said Vavator, hiding his gratification with false humility, "there was no great presumption in a shy at Suckling!"

"There may have been the more waste," returned Hester. "I would sooner imitate Bach, or even Handel, than Verdi."

Vavator could stand a good deal of censure if mingled with some praise—which he called appreciation. Of this Hester had given him enough to restore his spirits, and had also suggested a subject on which he found he could talk.

"But," he said, "how can it be worse for me to imitate this or that writer, than for you to play over and over music you could easily excel?"

"I never practice music," answered Hester, "not infinitely better than I could write myself. But playing is a different thing altogether from writing. I play as I eat my dinner—because I am hungry. My hunger I could never satisfy with any amount of composition or extemporization of my own. My land would not grow corn enough, or good enough, for my necessities. My playing merely corresponds to your reading of your favorite poets—especially if you have the habit of reading aloud like my father."

"They do not seem to me quite parallel," rejoined Vavator, who had learned that he lost nothing with Hester by opposing her—so long as no moral difference was involved. In questions of right and wrong he always agreed with her so far as he dared expression where he understood so little, and for that very reason, in dread of seeming to have no opinion of his own, made a point of differing from her where he had a safe chance. "One may read both poetry and music at sight, but you would never count such reading of music a reproduction of it! That requires study and labor, as well as a genius and an art like those which produced it."

"I am equally sure you can never read anything worth reading," returned Hester, "as it ought to be read, until you understand it at least as well as the poet himself. To do a poem justice, the reader must so have pondered phrase and word as to reproduce meaning and music in all the inextricable play of their lights and shades. I never came near doing the kind of thing I mean with any music till I had first learned it thoroughly by heart. And that, too, is the only way in which I can get to understand some poetry!"

"But is it not one of the excellencies of poetry to be easy?"

"Yes, surely, when what the poet has to say is easy. But what if the thoughts themselves be of a kind hard to put into shape? There's Browning!"

Of Browning Vavator knew only that in his circle he was laughed at—for in it a man who had made a feeble attempt or two to understand him, and had failed as he deserved, was the sole representative of his readers. That he was hard to understand Hester knew, for she understood enough of him to believe that where she did not understand him he was perhaps only the better worth understanding. She knew how, lover of music as she was, she did not at first care for Bach; and how in the process of learning to play what he wrote she came to understand him.

To her reference to Browning then, Vavator did not venture a reply. None of the poetry indeed by him cultivated was of any sort requiring study. The difficulty Hester found in his song came of her trying to see more than was there; her eyes made holes in it, and so saw the less. Vavator's mental condition was much like that of one living in a vacuum or sphere of nothing, in which the sole objects must be such as he was creator enough to project from himself. He had no feeling that he was in the heart of a crowded universe, between all whose great verities moved countless small and smaller truths. Little notion had he that to learn these after the measure of their importance, was his business, with eternity to do it in!

When he was gone, leaving his manuscript behind him, Hester set to it again, and trying the music over, was by it so far enlightened that she despaired of finding anything in it, and felt a good deal disappointed.

For she was continuing to gather interest in Vavator, though slowly, as was natural with a girl of her character. But she had no suspicion how empty he was, for it was scarcely possible for her to imagine a person indifferent to

the truth of things, or without interest in his own character and its growth. Being all of a piece herself, she had no conception of a nature all in pieces—with no unity but that of selfishness. Her nature did now and then receive from his a jar and shock, but she generally succeeded in accounting for such as arising from his lack of development—a development which her influence over him would favor. If she felt some special pleasure in the possession of that influence, who will blame her for the weakness?

## CHAPTER XV.

## A SMALL FAILURE.

VAVASOR at length found he must not continue to visit Hester so often, while not ready to go further; and that, much as he was in love—proportionately, that is, to his faculty for loving—he dared not do. But for the unconventionality of the Raymonds, he would have reached the point long before. He began, therefore, to lessen the number and shorten the length of his appearances in Addison Square.

But so doing he became the more aware of the influence she had been exercising upon him—found that he had come to feel differently about certain things—that her opinion was a power on his consciousness. He had no-wise begun to change his way; he had but been inoculated, and was therefore a little infected, with her goodness. In his ignorance he took the alteration for one of great moral significance, and was wonderfully pleased with himself. His natural kindness, for instance, toward the poor and suffering—such at least as were not offensive—was quickened. He took no additional jot of trouble about them, only gave a more frequent penny to such as begged of him. He prided himself on one occasion that he had walked home to give his last shilling to a poor woman, whereas in truth he walked home because he found he had given her his last. Yet there was a little more movement of the sap of his nature, as even his behavior in the bank would have testified, had there been there any one interested in observing him.

Hester was annoyed to find herself disappointed when he did not appear, and betook herself to a yet more diligent exercise of her growing vocation. The question suggested itself whether it might not further her plans to be associated with a sisterhood, but her family relations made it undesirable, and she felt that the angel of her calling could ill consent to be under foreign rule. She began, however, to widen her sphere a little by going about with a friend belonging to a sisterhood—not in her own quarter, for she did not wish her special work to be crossed by any prejudices. There she always went alone, and seldom entered a house without singing in several of its rooms before she came away—often having to sing some old song before her audience would listen to anything new, and finding the old song generally counted the best thing in her visit—except by the children, to whom she would frequently tell a fairy tale, singing the little rhymes she made come into it. She had of course to encounter rudeness, but she set herself to get used to it, and learn not to resent it, but let it pass. One coming upon her surrounded by a child-audience, might have concluded her insensible of what was owing to herself; but the feeling of what was owing to her fellows, who had to go such a long unknown way to get back to the image of God, made her strive to forget herself. It is well that so many who lightly try this kind of work meet with so little encouragement; if it had the result they desire, they would be ruined themselves by it, whatever became of their poor.

Hester's chief difficulty was in getting the kind of song

fit for her purpose; and from it she gained the advantage of reading, or at least looking into, with more or less of reading, as many of the religious poets recognized in our history as she could lay her hands upon; where she failed in finding the thing she wanted, she yet often found what was welcome. She would stop at nearly every bookstall she passed, and bookstalls were plentiful in her neighborhood, searching for old hymn-books and collections of poetry, every one of which is sure to have something the searcher never saw before.

About this time, in connection with a fresh and noble endeavor after bettering the homes of the poor, originated, I had almost said *of course*, by a woman, the experiment was in several places made of gathering small assemblies of the poor in the neighborhood of their own dwellings, that the ladies in charge of the houses in which they lived might, with the help of friends, give them unambitious but honestly-attempted concert. At one of these concerts Hester was invited to assist, and went gladly, prepared to do her best. It had, however, been arranged that any of the audience who would like to sing, should be allowed to make their contributions also to the enjoyment of the evening; and it soon became evident that the company cared for no singing but that of their own acquaintances; and they, for their part, were so bent on singing, and so supported and called for each other, that it seemed at length the better way to abandon the platform to them. There was nothing very objectionable in the character of any of the songs sung—their substance in the main was flaunting sentiment—but the singing was for the most part atrociously bad, and the resulting influence scarcely what the projectors of the entertainment had had in view. It might be well that they should so enjoy themselves; it might be well that they should have provided for them something better than they could produce; but, to judge from the experiment, it seemed useless to attempt the combination of the two. Hester, having listened through a half hour of their singing, was not a little relieved to learn that she would not be called upon to fulfill her engagement; and the company of benefactors went home foiled but not too much disappointed for a good laugh over their fiasco before they parted.

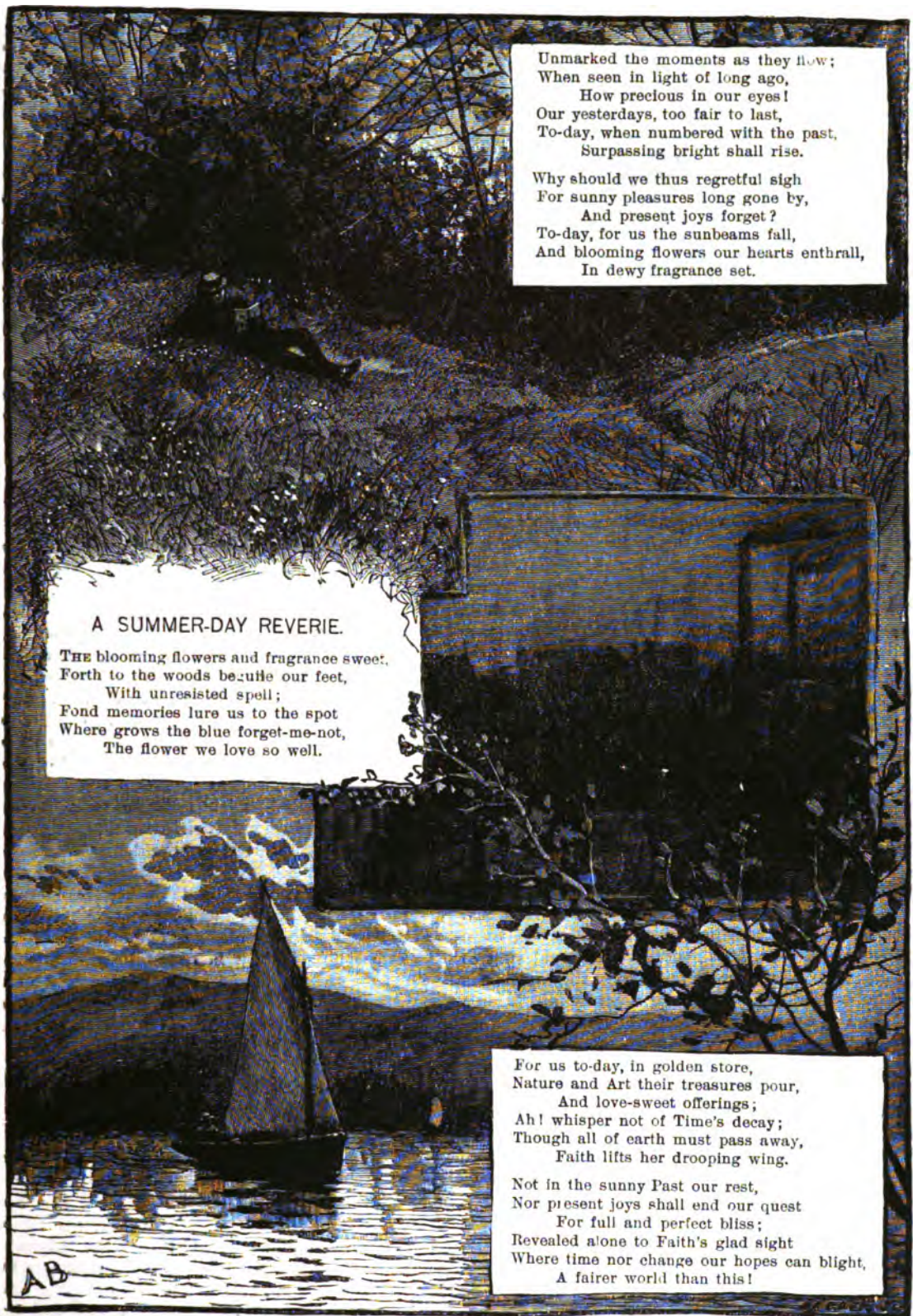
The affair set Hester thinking; and before morning she she was ready with a scheme to which she begged her mother to gain her father's consent.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE CONCERT-ROOM.

THE house in which they lived, and which was their own, was a somewhat remarkable one. Besides the ordinary accommodation of a good-sized London house with three drawing-rooms on the first floor, it had a quite unusual provision for the receiving of guests. At the top of the first landing, rather more than half-way up the stair, that is, there was a door through the original wall of the house to a long gallery, which led to a large and lofty room, apparently, from the little orchestra half way up one of the walls, intended for dancing. Since they had owned the house it had been used only as a playroom for the children; Mr. Raymont always intended to furnish it, but had not yet done so. The house itself was indeed a larger one than they required, but he had a great love of room. Beneath the concert-room was another of the same area, but so low, being but the height of the first landing of the stairs, that it was difficult to discover any use that could be made of it, and it continued even more neglected than the other. Below this again were cellars of alarming extent and obscurity, reached by a long vaulted passage.





Unmarked the moments as they flow;  
 When seen in light of long ago,  
 How precious in our eyes!  
 Our yesterdays, too fair to last,  
 To-day, when numbered with the past,  
 Surpassing bright shall rise.

Why should we thus regretful sigh  
 For sunny pleasures long gone by,  
 And present joys forget?  
 To-day, for us the sunbeams fall,  
 And blooming flowers our hearts enthrall,  
 In dewy fragrance set.

#### A SUMMER-DAY REVERIE.

The blooming flowers and fragrance sweet,  
 Forth to the woods beguile our feet,  
 With unresisted spell;  
 Fond memories lure us to the spot  
 Where grows the blue forget-me-not,  
 The flower we love so well.

For us to-day, in golden store,  
 Nature and Art their treasures pour,  
 And love-sweet offerings;  
 Ah! whisper not of Time's decay;  
 Though all of earth must pass away,  
 Faith lifts her drooping wing.

Not in the sunny Past our rest,  
 Nor present joys shall end our quest  
 For full and perfect bliss;  
 Revealed alone to Faith's glad sight  
 Where time nor change our hopes can blight,  
 A fairer world than this!

What they could have been intended for beyond ministering to the dryness of the rooms above, I cannot imagine; they would have held coal and wood and wine, everything natural to a cellar, enough for one generation at least. The history of the house was unknown. There was a nailed-up door in the second of the rooms I have mentioned which was said to lead into the next house; but as

the widow who lived there took every opportunity of making herself disagreeable, they had not ventured to propose an investigation. There was no garden, for the whole of the space corresponding to the gardens on each side was occupied with this addition to the original house.

The great room was now haunting Hester's brain and heart; if only her father would allow her to give in it



concert to her lowly friends and acquaintances! Questions concerning the condition of the poor in our large towns had, from the safe distance of speculation and the press, been of late occupying a good deal of Mr. Raymount's attention, and he believed that he was enlightening the world on those most important perhaps of all the social questions of our day, their wrongs and their rights. He little suspected that his daughter was doing more for the poor, almost without knowing it, than he with all his conscious wisdom. She could not, however, have made her request at a more auspicious moment, for he was just then feeling especially benignant toward them, an article in which he had, as he believed, uttered himself with power on their behalf, having come forth to the light of eyes that very day. He therefore speedily overcame his first reluctance, and agreed to his daughter's strange proposal. He was willing to make so much of an attempt toward the establishment of relations with the class he befriended. Hester was greatly delighted at his ready compliance with her request.

From that day for nearly a fortnight there were busy doings in the house. At once a couple of charwomen were turned loose in the great room for a thorough cleaning, but they made little progress with what might have been done, ere Mr. Raymount perceived that no amount of their cleaning could take away its dirty look, and countermanding and postponing their proceedings, committed the dingy place to painters and paperhangers, under whose hands it was wonderful to see how gradually it put on a gracious look fit to welcome the human race withal. Although no white was left about it except in the ceiling for the sake of the light, scarce in that atmosphere, it looked as if twice the number of windows had been opened in its walls. The place also looked larger, for in its new harmonies of color, one part led to another, introducing it, and by division the eye was enabled to measure and appreciate the space. To Saffy and Mark their playroom seemed transformed into a temple; they were almost afraid to enter it. Every noise in it sounded twice as loud as before, and every muddy shoe made a print.

The day for the concert was at length fixed a week off, and Hester began to invite her poorer friends and neighbors to spend its evening at her father's house, when her mother would give them tea, and she would sing to them. The married women were to bring their husbands if they would come, and each young woman might bring a friend. Most of the men, as a matter of course, turned up their noses at the invitation, but were nevertheless from curiosity inclined to go. Some declared it impossible any house in that square should hold the number invited. Some spoke doubtfully; they *might* be able to go! they were not sure! and seemed to regard consent as a favor, if not a condescension. Of these, however, two or three were hampered by uncertainty as to the redemption of their best clothes from the pawnbroker.

In requesting the presence of some of the small tradespeople, Hester asked it as a favor; she begged their assistance to entertain their poor neighbors; and so put, the invitation was heartily accepted. In one case at least, however, she forgot this precaution; and the consequence was that the wife of a certain small furniture-broker began to fume on recognition of some in her presence. While she was drinking her second cup of tea her eyes kept roving. As she set it down, she caught sight of Long Tim, but a fortnight out of prison, rose at once, made her way out fanning herself vigorously, and hurried home boiling over with wrath—severely scalding her poor husband who had staid from his burial-club that she might

leave the shop. The woman was not at all of a bad sort, only her dignity was hurt.

The hall and gallery were brilliantly lighted, and the room itself looked charming—at least in the eyes of those who had been so long watching the process of its resurrection. Tea was ready before the company began to arrive—in great cans with tins, and was handed round by ladies and gentlemen. The meal went off well, with a good buzz of conversation. The only unpleasant thing was, that several of the guests, mindful like other dams of their cubs at home, slipped large pieces of cake into their pockets for their behoof; but this must not be judged without a just regard to their ways of thinking, and was not a tenth part so bad as many of the ways in which well-bred persons appropriate slices of other people's cakes without once suspecting the category in which they are doomed to find themselves.

When the huge urns and the remnants of food were at length removed, and the windows had been opened for a minute to change the air, a curtain rose suddenly at the end of the room, and revealed a small stage decorated with green branches and artificial flowers, in the centre of it a piano, on the piano music, and at the piano Hester, now first seen, having reserved her strength for her special duty.

When the assembly caught sight of her turning over the leaves of her music, a great silence fell. The moment she began to play, all began to talk. With the first tone of her voice, every other ceased. She had chosen a ballad with a sudden and powerfully dramatic opening, and, a little anxious, a little irritated also with their talking while she played, began in a style that compelled attention. But the ballad was a little too long for them, and by the time it was half sung they had begun to talk again, and exchange opinions concerning it. All agreed that Miss Raymount had a splendid voice, but several of those who were there by second-hand invitation could find a woman to beat her easily! Their criticisms were, nevertheless, not unfriendly—in general condescending and patronizing. I believe most of this class regarded their presence as a favor granted her. Had they not come that she might show off to them, and receive their approbation! Amongst the poor the most refined and the coarsest-grained natures are to be met side by side—egg-china and drain-tubing in the same shop—just as in *respectable* circles. The rudeness of the cream of society is more like that of the unwashed than that of any intermediate class; while often the manners of the well behaved poor are equaled by those only of the best bred in the country.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AN UNINVITED GUEST.

VAVASOR had not heard of the gathering. In part from doubt of his sympathy, in part from dislike of talking about doing, Hester had not mentioned it. When she lifted her eyes at the close of her ballad, not a little depressed at having failed to secure the interest of her audience, it was with a great gush of pleasure that she saw near the door the face of her friend. She concluded that he had heard of her purpose, and had come to help her. Even at that distance she could see that he was looking very uncomfortable, annoyed, she did not doubt, by the behavior of her guests. A rush of new strength and courage went from her heart to her brain. She rose, and advancing to the front of the little stage, called out, in a clear voice that rang across the buzz and stilled it:

"Mr. Vavasor, will you come and help me?"

Now, Vavasor was in reality not a little disgusted at what he beheld. He had called without a notion of what was going on, and seeing the row of lights along the gallery as he was making for the drawing-room, had changed his direction and followed it, knowing nothing of the room to which it led. Blinded by the glare, and a little bewildered by the unexpectedness of the sight, he did not at first discern the kind of company he had entered; but the state of the atmosphere was unaccountable, and for a moment it seemed as if, thinking to enter paradise, he had mistaken and opened the left-hand door. Presently his eyes, coming to themselves, confirmed the fact that he was in the midst of a notable number of the unwashed. He had often talked with Hester about the poor, and could not help knowing that she had great sympathy with them. He was ready, indeed, as they were now a not unfashionable subject in some of the minor circles of the world's elect, to talk about them with any one he might meet. But in the poor themselves he could scarcely be said to have the most rudimentary interest; and that a lady should degrade herself by sending her voice into such ears, and coming into actual contact with such persons and their attendant disgusts—except, indeed, it were for electioneering purposes—exposing both voice and person to their abominable remarks, was to him a thing simply incomprehensible. The admission of such people to a respectable house, and the entertainment of them as at a music-hall, could have its origin only in some wild semi-political scheme of the old fellow, who had more crotchets in his head than brain could well hold! It was a proceeding as disgraceful as extraordinary! Puh! Could the tenth part of the air present be oxygen?

The glorious tones ceased, the ballad was at an end, and the next moment, to his dismay, the voice which in its poetry he had delighted to imagine thrilling the listeners in a great Belgravian drawing-room, came to him in prose across the fumes of that Bloomsbury music-hall, clear and brave and quiet, asking him, the future Earl of Gartley, to come and help the singer! Was she in trouble? Had her father forced her into the false position in which she found herself? And did she seek refuge with *him* the moment he made his appearance? Certainly such was not the tone of her appeal! But these reflections, flashing through his brain, caused not a moment's delay in Vavasor's response. With the perfect command of that portion of his being turned toward the public on which every man like him prides himself, and with no shadow of expression on his countenance beyond that of a perfect equanimity, he was instantly on his way to her, shouldering a path in the gentlest manner through the malodorous air.

"This comes," he said to himself as he went, "of her foolish parents' receiving so little company that for the free exercise of her great talent she is driven to such as this! For song must have audience, however unfit! There was Orpheus with his! Genius was always eccentric! If he could but be her protection against that political father, that Puritan mother, and that idiotic brother of hers, and put an end to this sort of thing before it came to be talked about!" He grew bitter as with smiling face but shrinking soul he made his way through that crowd of his fellow-creatures whose contact was deflement.

He sprang on the stage, and made her a rather low bow.

"Come and sing a duet with me," she said, and indicated one on the piano before her which they had several times sung together.

He smiled what he meant to look his sweetest smile, and almost immediately their duet began. They sang well, and the assembly, from whatever reason—I fancy simply because there were two singing instead of one,

was a little more of an audience than hitherto. But it was plain that had there been another rondo of the duet, most would have been talking again.

Hester next requested Vavasor to sing a certain ballad which she knew was a great favorite with him. Inwardly protesting, and that with vehemence, against the profanation, he obeyed, rendering it so as could not have failed to please any one with a true notion of song. His singing was, I confess, a little wooden, as was everything Vavasor did—being such himself, how could he help his work being wooden? but it was true, his mode good, his expression in the right direction. They were, nevertheless, all talking before he had ended.

After a brief pause, Hester invited a gentleman prepared for the occasion to sing them something patriotic. He responded with Campbell's magnificent song, "Ye Mariners of England!" which was received with hearty cheers.

He was followed by another, who, well acquainted with the predilections of his audience, gave them a specially sentimental song about a chair, which was not only heard in silence but followed by tremendous cheering. Possibly it was a luxury to some who had no longer any grandfather to kick, to cry over his chair; but, like the most part of their brethren, the poor greatly enjoy having their feelings gently troubled.

Thus the muse of the occasion was gradually sinking to the intellectual level of the company—with a consequence unforeseen, therefore not provided against.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CATASTROPHE.

FOR the tail of the music-kite—the car of the music-balloon, rather, having thus descended near enough to the earth to be a temptation to some of the walkers afoot, they must catch at it! The moment the last-mentioned song was ended, almost before its death-note had left the lips of the singer, one of the friends' friends was on his feet. Without a word of apology, without the shadow of a request for permission, he called out in a loud voice, knocking with his chair on the floor.

"Ladies an' gen'lemen, Mr. William Blaney will now favor the company with a song."

Thereupon immediately a pale, pock-marked man, of diminutive height, with high, retreating forehead, and long thin hair, rose, and at once proceeded to make his way through the crowd; he would sing from the stage, of course! Hester and Vavasor looked at each other, and one whisper passed between them, after which they waited the result in silence. The countenance approaching, kindled by conscious power and anticipated triumph, showed a white glow through its unblushing paleness. After the singing one sometimes hears in drawing-rooms, there is little space for surprise that some of less education should think themselves more capable of fine things than they are.

Scrambling with knee and hand upon the stage, for the poor fellow was feeble, the moment he got himself erect with his face to the audience, he plunged into his song, if song it could be called, executed in a cracked and strained falsetto. The result, enhanced by the nature of the song, which was extremely pathetic and dubiously moral, must have been excruciation to every good ear and every sensitive nature. Long before the relief of its close arrived, Hester had made up her mind that it was her part to protect her guests from such. It was compensation, no doubt, to some present to watch the grotesque contortions of the singer squeezing out of him the precious pathos of his song—in which he screwed his

eyes together like the man in Browning's "Christmas Eve," and opened his mouth in a long ellipse in the middle of one cheek; but neither was that the kind of entertainment she had purposed. She sat ready, against the moment when he should end, to let loose the most thunderous music in her mental *répertoire*, annoyed that she had but her small piano on the stage. Vanity, however, is as suspicious of vanity as hate is of hate, and Mr. Blaney, stopping abruptly in the middle of the long last note, and in doing so changing the word, with ludicrous result, from a sung to a spoken one, screeched aloud ere she could strike the first chord:

"I will now favor the company with a song of my own composure."

But ere he had got his mouth into its singing place in his left cheek, Hester had risen and begun to speak—when she knew what had to be done, she never hesitated. Mr. Blaney started, and his mouth, after a moment of elliptical suspense, slowly closed, and returned, as he listened, to a more symmetrical position in his face.

"I am sorry to have to interfere," said Hester, "but my friends are in my house, and I am accountable for their entertainment. Mr. Blaney must excuse me if I insist on keeping the management of the evening in my own hands."

The vanity of the would-be singer was sorely hurt. As he was too selfish for the briefest comparison of himself with others, it had outgrown all ordinary human proportion, and was the more unendurable that no social considerations had ever suggested its concealment. Equal arrogance is rarely met save in a madhouse—there conceit reigns universal and rampant.

"The friends as knows me, and what I can do," returned Mr. Blaney, with calmness, the moment Hester had ended, "will back me up. I have no right to be treated as if I didn't know what I was about. I can warrant the song home-made, and of the best quality. So here goes!"

Vavasor made a stride toward him, but scarcely was the ugly mouth half screwed into its singing place, when Mr. Raymount spoke from somewhere near the door.

"Come out of that," he shouted, and made his way through the company as fast as he could.

Vavasor drew back, and stood like a sentinel on guard. Hester resumed her seat at the piano. Blaney, fancying he had gained his point, and that, if he began before Mr. Raymount reached him, he would be allowed to end in peace, again got his mouth into position, and began to howl. But his host, jumping on the stage from behind, reached him at his third note, took him by the back of the neck, shoved him down, and walked him through the crowd and out of the room before him like a naughty boy. Propelling him thus to the door of the house, he pushed him out, closed it behind him, and re-entering the concert-room, was greeted by a great clapping of hands, as if he had performed a deed of valor. But, notwithstanding the miserable vanity and impudence of the man, it had gone to Hester's heart to see him, with his low visage and puny form, in the mighty clutch of her father. That which would have made most despise the poor creature the more, his physical inferiority, made her pity him even to pain.

The moment silence was restored, up rose a burly, honest-looking bricklayer, and said:

"I beg your pardon, miss, but will you allow me to make one remark?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jones," answered Hester.

"It seems to me, miss," said Jones, "as it's only fair play on my part as brought Blaney here, as I'm sorry to find behave himself so improper, to say for him that I

know he never would ha' done it, if he hadn't have had a drop as we come along to this 'ere tea-party. That was the cause, miss, an' I hope as it'll be taken into account, an' considered a lucidation of his conduct. It takes but very little, I'm sorry to say, miss, to upset his behavior—not more'n a pint at the outside. But it don't last! bless you, it don't last!" he added, in a tone of extreme deprecation; "there's not a mossel of harm in him, poor fellow—though I say it as shouldn't! Not as the gov'nor do anything more'n his duty in puttin' of him out—nowise: I know him well, bein' my wife's brother—leastways, half-brother—for I don't want to take more o' the blame nor by rights belong to me. When he've got a drop in his nob, it's always for singin' he is—an' that's the worst of him. Thank you kindly, miss."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," returned Hester. "We'll think no more of it."

Loud applause followed, and Jones sat down, well satisfied: he had done what he ought in acknowledging the culprit for his wife's sake, and the act had been appreciated.

The order of the evening was resumed, but the harmony of the assembly once disturbed, all hope of quiet was gone. They had now something to talk about! Everyone that knew Blaney felt himself of importance; had he not a superior right of opinion upon his behavior? Nor was he without a few sympathizers. Was he not the same flesh and blood? they said. After the swells had had it all their own way so long, why shouldn't poor Blaney have his turn? But those who knew Hester, especially the women of them, were indignant with him.

Hester sang again and again, but no song would go quite to her mind. Vavasor also sung several times—as often, that is, as Hester asked him; but inwardly he was disgusted with the whole affair—as was natural, for could any fish have found itself more out of the water than he? Everything annoyed him—most of all that the lady of his thoughts should have addressed herself to such an assembly. Why did she not leave it to him or her father! If it was not degrading enough to appear before such a *canaille*, surely to sing to them was! How could a woman of refinement, justifiable as was her desire for appreciation, seek it from such a repulsive assemblage! But Vavasor would have been better able to understand Hester, and would have met the distastes of the evening with far less discomposure, if he had never been in worse company. One main test of our dealing in the world is whether the men and women we associate with are the better or the worse for it; Vavasor had often been where at least he was the worse, and no one the better for his presence. For days a cloud hung over the fair image of Hester in his mind.

He called on the first possible opportunity to inquire how she was after her exertions, but avoided further allusion as to the events of the evening. She thanked him for the help he had given her, but was so far from satisfied with her experiment that she, too, let the subject rest.

Mr. Raymount was so disgusted that he said nothing of the kind should ever again take place in his house; he had not bought it to make a music hall of it!

If any change was about to appear in Vavasor, a change in the fortunes of the Raymounts prevented it.

What the common judgment calls *luck* seems to have odd predilections and prejudices with regard to families as well as individuals. Some seem invariably successful, whatever they take in hand; others go on, generation after generation, struggling without a ray of success; while on the surface appears no reason for the inequality. But there is one thing in which pre-eminently Google



believe—that same luck, namely, or chance, or fortune. The Father of families looks after his families—and his children, too.

[To be continued.]

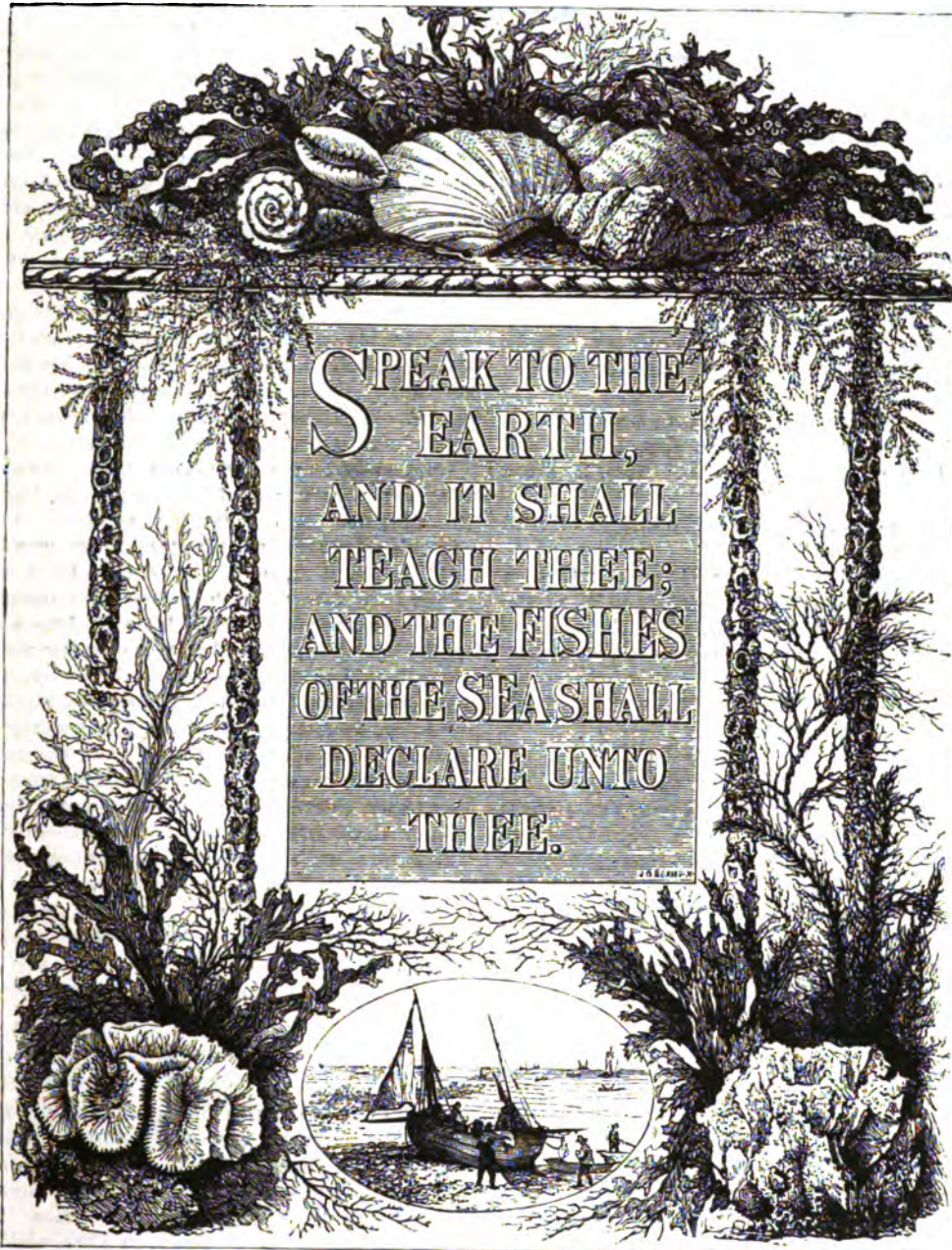
### LEARNING THE COMMANDMENT.

BY MRS. ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER.

In a pleasant apartment sat a mother diligently employed in embroidering an article of dress for her daughter. As

good. At length quick steps were heard along the passage, the door opened with a vim, and with flushed face and excited manner Lillian entered the room.

“Oh, mamma, mamma, we have had such a splendid time. Everybody was there, and I said it without missing one word. Sallie Hunt said her father would give her a new Bible if she didn't miss, and Bettie Wayne's mother was going to buy her a dress if she answered all the questions. Ella Stewart tried her best to make us all look at



the work deftly grew under skillful fingers, her thoughts were busy with the little girl, who was attending an examination of the Sunday-school of St. James's Church. These loving mother-hearts! Ever thinking, ever planning—forgetful of self—ever seeking opportunities to win the loved one's affections and lead their feet in the right path. Not always are their efforts appreciated or gratefully received; but while life lasts thoughts, words and deeds of love are freely given to the ungrateful as well as to the

the elegant finger-ring her aunt sent her. I don't believe she answered one question."

This information was communicated in hasty, jerking sentences, while in a corresponding manner Lillian's wrappings were scattered round the room.

"Stop, my daughter," said Mrs. Greyson; "carry your things up to your room, put them carefully away, and smooth your hair, as your papa and brothers will soon be home. Then come and tell me all about it."

"Oh, mamma, let me tell you first, and I'll put them up afterward."

"No, my dear, I could not listen pleasantly with your duties neglected."

Lilian left the apartment with an ungracious manner, and did not return for some time. On her appearance Mrs. Greyson drew her gently toward her, and kissing her shining hair, said, "Now, my dear, I am ready to listen to all you have to say."

"Well, mamma, all the scholars stood in front of the chancel, and the superintendent asked the large boys and girls about the kings and the battles in the Bible with those horrid long names. But when he came to us he just called for the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. He said to Lucy Emmet, 'Can you repeat the Fifth Commandment?' Everybody looked at her, and everything was just as still as could be; but she never spoke a word for a minute, then her cheeks got red, and redder, and redder, and she said in a low voice, like as if she was going to cry, 'I can't think.' I was next to her. The superintendent passed it to me, and I said it right off, never missing one word. I was so glad. After the examination was over the bishop patted my head and asked my name. When we were coming out of church I heard some one say, 'That's the little girl who has learned the Fifth Commandment so perfectly.'"

"I am glad, my daughter, that you were able to render what is due to your heavenly Father, your parents and your teacher, in a manner so pleasant. Now, I have a little matter for you to perform."

A frown passed over Lilian's face, as she said, in a fretful tone, "What is it, mamma?"

"I promised Hester," replied Mrs. Greyson, "that on your return you would stay in the nursery to mind the baby and play with your little sister, while she went to see her sick mother and carry some articles I have prepared for her."

"Oh, mamma, I can't do it. Katie Brown asked me to go help her fit her doll's house."

"You can go to-morrow afternoon, my child."

"No, I don't want to go then. It's too bad to ask me to stay in the dull nursery with a cross baby and a spoiled child. Why don't you go yourself?"

"Because your papa told me he would bring a gentleman to tea, and I am needed here."

"I don't care. I think it's mean, *real* mean, in you to expect so much of me."

With a passionate and willful look Lilian dashed from

the apartment, slamming the door so violently as to send a pang through the head and heart of her mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, Lucy dear, you know the Commandments," said Mrs. Emmet, on the quiet entrance of her daughter. "But what's the matter?" she continued, as Lucy laid her head on her mother's shoulder and burst into tears. Then followed the sad recital of her failure on the Fifth Commandment.

"I know it well, mamma, but it seemed impossible to repeat it just then. Oh, mamma, I was so mortified!"

"Never mind, darling, you have repeated the Commandments to me frequently. Let me tell you a little story. Many years ago, at school, I had been head of the class in geography several weeks. Examination-day came. The first question asked was, 'Which is the principal river of New York?' The Hudson River was as familiar to me as my own name, but in an instant it was swept from me. The astonished look of the teacher, the expectant gaze of the audience, the confident and triumphant faces of my classmates, eager to answer the question, completed my bewilderment. Pitying my embarrassment, the teacher repeated the question, which increased my confusion. 'Twas passed to the next, and I lost my dearly-earned and highly cherished position. Like me, my daughter, you were nervous and excited this afternoon; but it will all be right." This healer of many a heart-break pressed her child closer to her, kissing her fondly.

Lucy looked up through her tears. "Can I do anything for you, mamma?" she asked, in brighter tones, forgetting her own trouble in sympathy for her dear mother's failure and mortification, years gone by.

"Yes, my dear, will you set the table and arrange supper? I promised to finish this dress to-night."

"Oh, yes, mamma!" The little girl busied herself with her duties, while her mother bent over her work, thinking lovingly of her obedient child. Tea over, Mrs. Emmet folded the dress in a wrapping, and prepared to go out.

"Lucy, dear, I promised that this evening you might read the book your teacher gave you; but can't you give it up for mother's sake, and wash the supper dishes for me? I am obliged to take this dress home to-night."

Lucy stood irresolute for a moment—only a moment. "Yes, mamma." The little mother-honorer began to clear off the table, singing cheerfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reader! which of these two little girls had perfectly learned the Fifth Commandment?

## RELIGIOUS FACTS AND FANCIES.

**THE HOLY RELICS OF RUSSIA.**—Annually, on October 12th, the transportation of the ancient holy relics, which are sacredly preserved in the church of the Winter Palace, is solemnly celebrated in the Gatchina Cathedral. These relics are: A part of the cross on which the Saviour was crucified, the miraculous image of God's mother painted by St. Luke, and the right arm of St. John the Baptist. These precious relics from ancient times have been in possession of the Knights of St. John, afterward known as the Knights of Malta, who, according to tradition, found them at different times. They got the piece of the holy cross in 1187, when, together with the Knights of the Temple, the Knights of St. John were the guardians of the holy cross at Jerusalem. They acquired the image of the Virgin of Philermo about the year 1200, during the Crusades. The right arm of St. John the Baptist was

kept at Constantinople, and after that city fell into the hands of the Turks it was transferred to the Sultan's treasury. The Knights of St. John got the arm in 1484 by the treaty with the Sultan Bajazet. Since then the knights have sacredly preserved the relics. Toward the end of the last century, namely, in 1799, when Malta was conquered by Napoleon Bonaparte, the Knights of Malta were forced to leave the island. They asked the Russian Emperor to protect them. Paul I. accepted the office of Great Master of their Order, and the grateful knights presented to him their greatest treasure. Thus those ancient relics came into the hands of the Czars. They were brought to Russia in 1799, and on October 12th were solemnly deposited in the Cathedral of Gatchina, where the Czar Paul used to live. In the Fall of the same year the relics were transferred to the church of the Winter Palace

at St. Petersburg, where they were preserved for half a century. In 1852 the Czar Nicholas ordered that annually on October 12th the relics should be transferred to the Gatchina Cathedral, and that that day should be observed there as a holiday.—*St. Petersburg Church Messenger.*

A MENNONITE bishop, of which we have specimens in Nebraska, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Crete Union*: "Did you ever see a Mennonite bishop? R. W. Emerson says that 'every man is a unique,' but an M. B. is a 'uniquer' than anything else. I called on one last week. I heard of him as a man of great attainments and power over his countrymen. The word 'bishop' I had always associated with black gowns, clean-shaven face and ecclesiastical bearing. I drove up to his house and asked for the bishop. A barefooted man with a pair of pantaloons like a veteran battle-flag fastened over his shoulder by a string, looked up from his work of tramping straw and mud together and said in German that he was the man. I told him I wanted the bishop. He said he was the same. Another ideal gone."

"THE first Congregational church of which we have any account," says the *Religious Herald*, was that of which Robert Brown was pastor, in Norwich, England. Its date was the year 1580. Robert Brown was a young man of gentle birth, and university education. He was a thorough Separatist, even at this early day, and though young in years, he draws the outline of Congregational Church order more nearly as it is followed by the Congregational churches of to-day than did any man who lived after him for the space of two hundred years. Another thing it led him to do. It led him clearly to state that 'civil magistrates have no ecclesiastical authority at all.' This, be it remembered, was full two generations before the time of Roger Williams, who is so often credited with being the first to deny the right of the civil magistrate to meddle with matters of conscience. This proposition was first asserted by the first pastor of the first Congregational church formed in England, and in the light of subsequent history we say that the more nearly all the Congregational churches since have kept to it, the better it has been for them. In 1582 Congregationalism was described as 'a company of Christian believers, which, by a willing covenant, made with their God, are under the government of God and of Christ, and keep His laws in one holie communion.' They organized a church that should do nothing with the State; for their utmost wish was, that the Government should let them alone. The idea is a purely religious one, and the only light upon it is the New Testament."

WYCKLIFFE'S writings, which have hitherto been very imperfectly edited (the great mass of the Latin works which exist only in manuscript in the University of Vienna have never been edited at all), are to be published, translated and edited under the auspices of a Wyckliffe Society, the formation of which has been intrusted to Mr. Furnivall.

THE High Church tendency of modern English clergy-men is well illustrated by the following: A gentleman who advertised that he would have pleasure in giving away, to a poor mission, a chasuble and stole which he possessed, received for them no fewer than two hundred and thirty-seven applications. An advertisement relative to a dozen boys' surplices which he also had for disposal was replied to by seven hundred and three clergymen.

RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.—The Rev. J. Waring Bardale, in a deeply interesting sermon on the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, removes some popular misapprehensions as to the religious belief of the departed

statesman. He says: "The Earl of Beaconsfield was known to be a man of singular isolation of thought. Few men had such powers of abstraction. About two years ago, after a silence of an hour, he said to his friend, 'Who can doubt that there is a God?' Let me give you one or two short extracts from 'Tancred'—the one book which reveals to us the religious thoughts which occupied his mind in the land of his fathers: 'What do you hold to be the essential object of the Christian scheme?' Tancred answers, 'The expiation.' 'Suppose the Jews,' says the interrogator, 'had not prevailed upon the Romans to crucify Jesus, what would have become of the Atonement?' 'I cannot permit myself to contemplate such contingencies,' is the reply. 'The subject is too high for me to touch with speculation. I must not even consider an event that had been preordained by the Creator of the world for countless ages.' Again, we find Tancred described as saying, 'If I had no confidence in any Church, I would fall down before God and beseech Him to enlighten me; and in this land I cannot believe that the appeal to the Mercy Seat would be made in vain.' And once again: 'The inspiring and consoling influence of the Paraclete only commenced with the Ascension of the Divine Son.' The departed earl was a Jew by birth, and a Socinian by education; yet he believed in the Atonement of Christ, the Inspiration of the Bible and the Influences of the Holy Spirit."

THE completion of the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, by filling in the windows, forms part of the plan for a memorial to Dean Stanley. The late dean had himself prepared an elaborate and comprehensive scheme for the decoration of the windows so as to afford a continuous illustration of English history. The first window will commemorate St. Peter, the patron saint of the abbey, and the life and death of its founder, Edward the Confessor. The second will represent the coronation of William the Conqueror, St. Wulfstan with his Crozier, the contest of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Crusaders gathering under Richard I. The third window will represent respectively Magna Charta, Henry III. rebuilding the abbey, Edward I. and Eleanor with the Prince of Wales, hanging up the crown of Llewellyn, and the bringing of the Stone of Scone to the abbey. The subjects of the remaining three windows are not less appropriately chosen, beginning with the Chapter House and the Abbot and Monks in Session, which is followed by the House of Commons with its Speaker, and ending with the Dissolution of the Monasteries and the funeral of Edward VI.

## TRADITIONS OF EDEN.

By THE REV. W. W. DE HART, S. T. B.

A MOST interesting and suggestive study for the true lover of philosophical history is the traditions of Eden among the various nations of the earth. The Biblical account of Eden finds an echo to one or more of its points in every religion of the world. In this article I propose briefly to present those echoes which are to be discovered among the grand divisions of the human race, and whose significance seems to strengthen the narrative of Genesis and point us back to one common origin of man.

The whereabouts of Eden I must leave for geologists and palaeontologists to decide; nor shall I quote any of those wearisome opinions which are presented by writers whose name is legion. No less than eighty separate treatises have been given to the world on this subject, placing the seat of Eden sometimes in Palestine, or Syria





ADAM AND EVE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

(proper), Mesopotamia, Armenia, Persia, the South Sea Islands, on the shores of the Baltic, etc., all of which are more or less unsatisfactory. Perhaps the best view to take is that of a great German philosophical historian,\* who conjectures that man's expulsion from Paradise may have been accompanied by a change of topography brought about by some natural convulsion—some physical revolution. With this question, however, I have naught to do in this article. It is my object simply to show the support given to the Biblical narrative by the kindred traditions of other nations—traditions which are undoubtedly independent of the Biblical, though bearing a striking resemblance to it, and resting with it, most probably, on some antecedent historical fact. These traditions are, of course, influenced by the characteristics and surroundings of the various nations, but if we search beneath the surface we will find the points of correspondence strongly marked.

The points to which special attention is called are: 1. The place—Paradise or Eden (pleasantness). 2. The geographical surroundings. 3. The creation of man—male and female. 4. The trees of Eden. 5. The fall.

Though some of these points are wanting in individual traditions, there is in all of them a general echo of the Hebrew narrative, which is here given for a comparison:

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground . . . male and female created He them. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the man whom He had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is good to the sight and pleasant for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water

the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads. And the Lord God commanded man, saying, 'Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.'" Tempted by the serpent, they ate of the forbidden fruit; and in consequence they were thrust forth from the garden of pleasantness, never to return.

I shall give, now, those traditions which are most complete, and bear the nearest resemblance to this; and then put down those which are only partial, those halfnotes, so to speak, which may be picked up here and there.

Let us take first the Aryan\* traditions. That of the Indian or Hindoo places the cradle of the race toward the north of the Himalaya Mountains—Mount Meru, where rises the sacred river of the Ganges. On this mountain there is an enchanted garden, in which grows the Djambu, or "tree of life," and the Kalpataru, or "tree of the desires." The divine Gangâ feeds four celestial lakes, and these lakes, in their turn, feed four terrestrial rivers which flow from the central Mount Meru to the cardinal points of the compass. Here, on this beautiful mountain, "from the glittering surface of whose peaks the sun diffuses light into far-off regions," was man created. Brahma, the supreme God, created from his substance (Heb. in his image) the first man, or Mann Swayambhura, and the first woman, or Satarupa. † "It is not difficult," says Professor Wilson, "to detect through all their embellishments and corruptions the descent of mankind from a single pair."

After this tradition of Creation, we find one of the Fall. To try Mann, Siva, ‡ the supreme being, drops from heaven a blossom of the sacred *vata*, or Indian fig. Caught by its beauty, the first man is determined to possess it. He thinks it will entitle him to hold converse with the Infinite, and on taking up the blossom he is intoxicated with delight, thinking himself divine. While he is yet flushed with excitement, God appears in His awful majesty, the culprit is stricken with the curse of heaven, banished from the garden, and consigned to a place of degradation and sorrow. §

Take next the Persian tradition, in which we approach more nearly, even, than in the Indian, to the Hebrew narrative. We have first the holy mountain Harâ-Berezaiti, from the side of which flows the sacred river, Albordj, which rises in the lake upon its summit. On the margin of this lake grew two trees, the *Vicpataokhma*, or "tree of every seed," and the *Gaskerena*, or "tree of life." Here Meschia and Meschiane, the first pair, were created for happiness. Before long, however, they were seduced by an evil spirit, who gave them fruits to eat, and by the eating of which they forfeited one hundred enjoyments. || This evil spirit, whose name is Ahriman, is represented as a poisonous serpent. ¶

The Chinese tradition points us for the race's origin to the mountains in the northwestern province of Shensee.

\* Aryan is that stock from which the Hindoos were an Eastern offshoot, and the Celtic, Italian, Greek and German, a Western branch.

† "Vishnu Purana," p. 51.

‡ The Hindoos had various names for their highest God.

§ "Wilson's Vishnu Pura," pp. 528, 618.

|| Klenker's "Zend-Avesta," part III, pp. 84 and 85.

¶ Hardwick's "Christ and Other Masters," p. 554.

\* See Schlegel's "Philosophy of History," p. 84.



From these mountains flow the mighty streams to fertilize the earth; and on the highest peak of the mountains, their tradition places the cradle and paradise of primitive man. In regard to the creation, their book, "Fong-zen-tong," says: "When the earth and heaven were made, there was not as yet man or peoples. Then Nin-hoa molded yellow earth, and of that made man. This is the true origin of men."\*

Sometimes we find only the tradition of creation, as among the great Scandinavians of the north. We glean from their Eddas, or sacred books, this account: "In the day-spring of the ages there was neither seas nor shore . . . only one vast abyss. The sun had no place—the stars no place—the moon no power. After this there was a bright shining world. Then Bor, who created heaven and earth, proceeded to form a man and a woman named Ask and Embla."

Again, where the creation appears to be forgotten we sometimes find that the traditions reflect some account of a primitive state of innocence, followed by a fall. Thus, "according to the religion of Lama, or the Calmucks, men in the first age were holy and happy. But their happiness came to an end. A plant sweet as honey sprang out of the earth, of which a greedy man tasted, and made others acquainted with it. A sense of shame was awakened, and therefore they began to make themselves coverings of the leaves of the trees. Virtue fled and all manner of vice prevailed.

The paradisiacal state of Thibetan mythology is one of perfection and spirituality. But the desire to eat of a sweet herb, *schima*, put an end to that condition. Shame sprang up within the fallen; the need of clothing was felt. Virtue fled, murder, adultery and all other vices succeeded."†

Assyria, also, must have had its tradition of the fall. The verbal account has not yet come to light, but among the relics brought to England by Layard is a cylinder bearing a picture which one cannot look upon without being reminded of the Biblical narrative. The design represents a tree with horizontal branches, upon which hang two bunches of fruit, while on one side is a man (designated a man by the horns protruding from his forehead) and on the other a woman, both of whom are reaching a hand toward the fruit. Behind the woman, in erect position, is the figure of a serpent.‡

Now in all these accounts there are echoes, some louder some fainter, of the old Hebrew story. They are colored by local surroundings, they are influenced by national history; but they are all so strikingly similar in many points that they strengthen the Bible story, and press upon us the conclusion that they must be portions of that "original truth" which

\* Luken's "Traditionen," p. 67.

† "Ency. Britannica," Vol. I., p. 126, American Reprint.

‡ A wood-cut of this cylinder may be found in Geikie's "Hours With the Bible," Vol. I., p. 121.

was transmitted from across the waters of the Deluge by Shem, Ham and Japhet, and inherited by each race from these fathers of the human family.

## RABBI MIER AND HIS TWO SONS.

"Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls."

Such a treasure had the celebrated teacher, Rabbi Mier, found. He sat the whole of one Sabbath day in the school and instructed the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bedchamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Mier came home.

"Where are my two sons," said he, "that I may give them my blessing?"

"They are gone to the school," was the answer.

"I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there."

She reached him a goblet, he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked:

"Where are my sons, that they, too, may drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it, then, my love," he replied.

"A few days ago a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them; should I give them back?"

"That is a question," said Rabbi Mier, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every-one his own?"

"No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to



THE FIRST FAMILY.

restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to their chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah, my sons, my sons," thus loudly lamented the father—"my sons, the light of mine eyes and the light of my understanding. I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said :

"Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we m us not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Mier, "and blessed be His name for thy sake, too! For well it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

## THE COLLECTION BASKET.

*Readers are invited to drop contributions into the basket.*

"COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING."—The London *Notes and Queries* several years since spoke of this well-known hymn as having been found among the papers of the Countess of Huntingdon, in her handwriting, and for this reason considered her the author. This, however, is no evidence against the general consent of authorities, who attribute the authorship to Robinson, of Cambridge. The following additional stanzas are almost invariably omitted in the hymn-book reprints :

"Oh, that day when freed from sinning,  
I shall see Thy lovely face!  
Clothed then in blood-washed linen,  
Now I'll sing Thy sovereign grace.  
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,  
Take my raptured soul away;  
Send Thine angels now to carry  
Me to realms of endless day.

"If Thou ever didst discover  
To my faith the promised land,  
Bid me now the stream pass over;  
On that heavenly border stand.  
Now surmount whate'er opposes,  
Into Thy embraces fly;  
Speak the word Thou didst to Moses,  
Bid me get me up and die."

That detestable tribe, the hymn-menders, have made a comical effort on one well-known couplet in this fine lyric, which is sometimes rendered :

Let that grace now like a fetter,  
Still support and comfort me."

The support and comfort of a fetter are certainly very novel.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S CREED.—A letter has recently come into the hands of a writer in *The Congregationalist*, in which Daniel Webster has set down a few propositions in the shape of articles, which are intended "to exhibit a short summary of doctrines of the Christian religion," as they impressed his mind. The document is dated Bos-cawen, N. H., August 8th, 1807. It is thought that this is the statement which he read to the Congregational Church in Franklin upon his being admitted to the membership of that church. This is not unlikely, as the date of his admission was September 12th, 1807. The recent centennial anniversary of his birth has to a great extent revived the interest in Mr. Webster, and this "confession of faith" will undoubtedly be read by many people with interest.

### CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I believe in the existence of Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world. I am taught this by the works of nature and the words of revelation.

I believe that God exists in three persons; this I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief that I cannot comprehend how one can be three, or three one. I hold it my

duty to believe, not what I can comprehend, or account for, but what my Master teaches me.

I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the will and word of God. I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which He wrought establish in my mind His personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever He asserts. I believe, therefore, all His declarations, as well when He declares Himself to be the Son of God, as when He declares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits of His atonement.

I believe that things past, present and to come are all equally present in the mind of Deity; that with Him there is no succession of time, nor of ideas; that, therefore, the relative terms, past, present and future, as used among men, cannot, with strict propriety, be applied to the Deity. I believe in the doctrines of fore-knowledge and predestination as thus expounded. I do not believe in those doctrines as impairing any necessity on men's actions, or in any way infringing free agency.

I believe in the utter inability of any human being to work out his own salvation without the constant aid of the Spirit of all grace.

I believe in those great peculiarities of the Christian religion, a resurrection from the dead and a day of judgment.

I believe in the universal providence of God; and leave to Epicurus, and his more unreasonable followers in modern times, the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which He does not take the trouble of governing. (Dr. Sherlock.)

Although I have great respect for other forms of worship, I believe the Congregational mode, on the whole, preferable to any other. I believe religion to be a matter, not of demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give credit to the truths which He reveals, not because we can prove them, but because He declares them. When the mind is reasonably convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, the only remaining duty is to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth, and practice them with a pure heart.

I believe that the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its passage, since I cannot persuade myself that a book intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in any such mystery and doubt that none but critics and philosophers can discover it.

I believe that the refinements and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed will of God; and that he is the most accomplished Christian scholar who hath been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the college of fishermen.

I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and the affections, and that therefore all creeds and confessions are fallible and uncertain evidences of evangelical piety.

Finally, I believe that Christ has imposed on all His disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains only from what he thinks to be sinful has performed but a part, and a small part, of his duty; that he is bound to do good and to communicate; to love his neighbor, and to give food and drink to his enemy; and to endeavor, as far as in him lies, to promote peace, truth, piety and happiness in a wicked and forlorn world; believing that in the great day which is to come, there will be no other standard of merit, no other criterion of character than that which is already established. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

A PRAYING ACTOR.—In an old number of one of our religious weeklies mention was made of a French actor's



praying for success in a new piece. A correspondent of the *Baptist Weekly* also gives a story of Billy Otis, who was, to use Laura Keane's own expression, "the best *Lord Dunsireary*" she ever had: "On the stage Miss Keane's influence was on the side of good morals, if not religion, and profanity was rigidly excluded even where, in 'The School for Scandal,' the whole point seems to lie in the words 'damnably,' as uttered by the deceived and undeceived husband. It was remorselessly stricken out. 'They will think badly enough of us; let us give them no occasion.' It was a secret known only to her that Otis was in the habit of offering a short prayer just before going on the stage, such as: 'Oh, Lord, help me through this act.' Sometimes he would find himself on the stage and his prayer forgotten, when he would step behind the scenes a moment and return, upon which she, understanding where he had been, would say (aside), 'God bless you, my boy!' Not long after he confided this secret of his life to me a fatal sickness seized him, and he soon went where he knew whether his prayer had been a real utterance of Christian faith or not." One of our dailies speaks of this as "a curious thing." Why should it be "curious"? It is a beautiful thing to tell. Either performing and playing upon the stage is such a thing as a man ought to do, or such a thing as he ought not. If it is a proper thing to do, all actors, if they would play well, should engage in earnest prayer before going to the footlights. Such a thing as that strikes my mind as exceedingly natural. A part to be performed in the presence of one's fellow-men, for aid in which one could not invoke one's Creator, would be a part that it were criminal to perform. Whenever it shall come to pass that actors, before going toward the footlights, shall devoutly engage in private prayer for the benediction of God upon their efforts, and theatre-goers shall go from their closet to see the play and return from the play to the closet, then, and then only, will the theatre be what it should be. All indecent things would be excluded by prayer. And this is true of any kind of business. No man has a right to engage in any act which he cannot introduce by prayer, and complete with an act of adoration. Business will then come to be Christian business when merchants go from their closets to their counting-houses, and return from their counting-houses to their closets. The fact is, the sooner we can lose the distinction between sacred and profane by making all things sacred, we shall get out of bigotry, and out of frivolity as well; and any Christianity which does not tend toward this does not seem to us to be the Christianity of Christ.—*Charles F. Deems, D. D.*

RENAN, who has just completed the seventh volume of his "Origins of Christianity," upon which he has been engaged for twenty years, says that if he had been strictly logical, he should have begun his work with a history of the Jewish people. He contends that Christianity began in the eighth century before Jesus Christ, when the great prophets, laying hold upon the people of Israel, made them God's people, charged with the duty of introducing a pure worship into the world. Up to that time their rites did not differ from those of the neighboring tribes. When an inspired man who did not belong to the priesthood dared to ask if they believed that God took pleasure in the smoke of the sacrifice of the burnt offerings, ordered them to abandon all of these nauseating practices and to do right, a great revolution was commencing. "Isaiah was in this sense," argues M. Renan, "the first founder of Christianity. Jesus did nothing but repeat in popular and charming language what had been said in a Hebrew classic 750 years before Him." M. Renan will devote the

remainder of his life to showing "how the religion of Israel, which at its beginning had perhaps no superiority over the worship of Ammon and Moab, became a moral religion, and how the religious history of the Jewish people has been a constant progress toward worship in spirit and truth."

#### BIRDS.

Brave, birds! ye are beautiful things,  
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings;  
Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,  
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?  
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,  
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;  
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,  
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonny green leaves,

Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,  
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake;  
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,  
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.  
Beautiful birds! ye come thickly around,  
When the bud's on the branch, and the snow's on the ground;  
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,  
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Beautiful birds! how the schoolboy remembers  
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune;  
The robin that chirped in the the frosty Decembers,  
The blackbird that whistled through flower-crowned June!  
The schoolboy remembers his holiday ramble,  
When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see,  
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble,  
With "Hark! there's the cuckoo; how close he must be!"

#### NO SECRETS

THE moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend that her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood hide nothing from your mother; a little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than those who tell too little. A man may be reticent and lie under no suspicion; not so a woman. The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been there; I met so and so; such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done," will be sure of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of her great experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. It is only when mothers discover that the girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong, yet you can't be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

THE mystery of the Gospel, as distinguished from the Law, consists in changing the order of two words: One says, "Do and live"; the other says, "Live and do."—*Thomas Adam.*

A GARBLED quotation may be the most effectual perversion of an author's meaning; and a partial representation of an incident in a man's life may be the most malignant of all calumnies.—*McCosh.*

# THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE'S PURGATORIO II.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



ND now, behold! as at the approach of morning,  
 Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red,  
 Down in the West upon the ocean floor,  
 Appeared to me—may I again behold it!—  
 A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,  
 Its motion by no flight of wing is equaled.  
 And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little  
 Mine eyes, that I might question the conductor,  
 Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.  
 Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
 I knew not what of white, and underneath,  
 Little by little there came forth another.  
 My master yet had uttered not a word,  
 While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;  
 But when he clearly recognized the pilot,  
 He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!  
 Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!  
 Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!  
 See, how he scorns all human arguments,  
 So that no oar he wants, nor other sail  
 Than his own wings, between so distant shores!  
 See, how he holds them, pointed straight to Heaven,  
 Fanning the air with eternal pinions,  
 That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"  
 And then, as nearer and more near us came  
 The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,  
 So that the eye could not sustain his presence,  
 But down I cast it, and he came to shore  
 With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,  
 So that the water swallowed naught thereof.  
 Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!  
 Beatitude seemed written in his face!  
 And more than a hundred spirits sat within.  
 "*In exitu Israel de Ægypto!*"  
 Thus sang they all together in one voice,  
 With whatso in that Psalm is after written.  
 Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,  
 Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,  
 And he departed swiftly as he came.

## ST. PETERSBURG: THE CITY OF CONTRADICTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROME: THE CITY OF SURPRISES."

UNLIKE Rome, St. Petersburg has no claim to antiquity ; unlike Paris, though possessed of semi-barbaric splendor, it has no pretensions to grace and originality ; it has no right or title to be accounted among the great historic cities of the world beyond the one significant fact that in a little over a century and a half it has attained a foremost position and rank in the world, and bids fair for good or for evil to attract more and more the attention of men, and to excite among the nations anxiety in the future.

It is some thousand years since the name of the Russians was first heard of in the West. A small band of War-segian warriors bore the now proud name from the Scandinavian North, victorious into the midst of the Slave peoples, and gradually formed among them a bond of union and cohesion. Not much over a hundred years ago is it since Russia attained to real political significance, and took rank among the nations of Europe. The semi-barbaric State, inspiring fear, ever the forerunner of favor, was flattered and courted by kings and princes ; its alliance was prized by diplomats, its weakness as well as its power was scanned and scrutinized by statesmen, who knew but too well from their

own principles and practice that the friend of to-day is sure to be the foe of to-morrow.

Yet who is there that shall adjudge whether this young giant among the nations, in longer or shorter time, shall not play the foremost part in the great drama of the history of the world ? The immense strides which Russia has made of recent years show at least its power as well as its ambition to make up for the shortness of its history by the vastness of its triumphs.

St. Petersburg, as its name denotes, was founded by Peter the Great ; but since Peter himself was anything but a saint, the prefix bestowed on the city of Petersburg is out of place. Voltaire, in his history of his favorite hero,

whether out of aversion to saints of any kind, or prompted by his shrewd sense of the fitness of things, invariably styles the city Petersburg. Petersburg (or St. Petersburg, as it is now commonly called) was founded on Whit Sunday, 27th of May, 1703. It came about in this way : Peter, at war with the Swedes, captured an important fortress near the Lake Ladoga, and not far from the River

Neva, named Nyants or Nya. After the taking of this fort the Czar resolved upon building the city of Petersburg at the mouth of the Neva, upon the Gulf of Finland. Upon this barren and marshy spot of ground, which has communication with the mainland only by one way, was St. Petersburg built. The ruins of some of the portions of Nya were made use of for the first stones of the foundation. Upon one of the islands a small fort was built, which is now in the centre of the city. In the midst of this morass, inaccessible to vessels of burden, the town was raised ; and the little island of Constadt, situated over against it, was changed in 1704 into an impregnable fortress, under the cannon of which even the largest fleets may ride in safety. Workmen of every sort were called together from Mos-



THE CZAR PETER THE GREAT.

cow, Astracan, Casan and the Ukraine, and in the space of five months a new city rose from the ground. It is true, indeed, as the impartial historian of St. Petersburg relates, it was little better than a cluster of huts with only two brick houses, surrounded by ramparts, but this was all that was then necessary. Time and perseverance accomplished the rest. In the year 1712 the Czar Peter issued an ordinance for the removing the Senate from Moscow to Petersburg, and this act constituted the new city the capital of the Empire. In beautifying the city, since native art was wanting to this semi-barbarous people, he employed a number of Swedish prisoners. In like manner, a few years before, in 1703, Russia owed to the



Dutch the establishment of a printing-press for Russian and Latin types, the implements for which were all brought from Holland, and were worked by foreigners.

It is not so much my purpose to describe the semi-barbaric splendor of St. Petersburg as to discover the idea which it embodies and expresses. The vast buildings, its fortresses, its huge palaces and churches—servile copies of the art and architecture of the West—are yet, in spite of the most lavish expenditure, so inferior to the majestic grandeur and magnificence of Moscow, with its gilded domes and lofty turrets, as alone to justify the conclusion, were no other evidence extant, that the transfer by Peter the Great of the capital from Moscow, "the holy city," to Petersburg, was undertaken not only to lift up the Empire out of the shadow of Asiatic darkness and barbarity into the light and splendor of Western civilization, but to pave the way for the future transfer of the capital to Constantinople, and for the revival, at its ancient seat, of the Eastern Empire. This hope, this ambition, this passion of his heart inspired the policy and gave direction and purpose to the wars and conquests of Peter the Great. St. Petersburg was the halting-place, the half-way house on ambition's long journey from Moscow to Constantinople.

The Imperial diadem of the Queen of the cities of the East has ever exercised a strange and potent fascination over the imagination and mind of the rulers of Russia. Their eyes are ever turned in hope toward the glorious and glittering cupolas of the Church of St. Sophia. Following this mysterious attraction Russia, throughout its strange history, has cut itself off from the intellectual development and culture of the life of the West; for if the Middle Ages had no existence, it never passed through the purifying period of romantic self-sacrificing chivalry; in vain was this far-away, rugged land in the north called upon to arise from its death-like petrification to come forth from its heartless isolation into the family of nations; vain were the appeals to its armed warriors to take part in the crusades for the defense of Christendom; it did not deliver Jerusalem; it did not rescue the holy places; it did not guard from the infidel the tomb of Christ; it allowed Constantinople with its Church to fall under the yoke of the unbeliever.

In material civilization it lagged far behind the West; it can boast of no inventions, and only with slow and sluggish hand were the inventions, like printing, like the commercial use of arithmetic, like ship-building of Western Europe, introduced into Russia.

Its Church, an imitation and copy of the Byzantine, lost in early days its inner, its progressive life; and hence, properly speaking, has no history. Thus has it come about that the autocrats of all the Russias are to this hour, despite their European possessions, aliens in Europe. Not as Europeans, but as Orientals, as the representatives of the Greek Empire of the East, with its petrified isolation and its spiritual death, and its autocratic despotism, and its servility do they take their place in the councils of nations. Even though the upper strata of society has received the varnish of modern European civilization, together with infidel notions, imported from Germany and France, opposed to this superficial culture (if it has to be so called), is that Eastern element with its Byzantine religion, which pervades the people and shapes and rules its life. It is in this religion, of which they are the high priests and the supreme head, that the Czars find their account, their historic significance, their universal supremacy, their autocratic power over the heart and the will of the masses of the people. As High Priests of the Church they love the sword, and their aim is, from generation to generation, to bring all the people whom they

conquer under the subjection of the Church which they rule. Their holy synods proclaim aloud, and without shame, that those only are true subjects and deserve the name of Russians who belong to the Russian national Church, and venerate in the autocrat not only their temporal head and master, but their spiritual Father and the ecclesiastical representative of God. In this twofold capacity lies the secret of the autocratic despotism of the Czars, for their subjects are under a double obligation, spiritual and temporal, to follow their will with a blind, unconditional obedience.

To uphold this terrible power, which has made the Czars what they are, to preserve intact this moral tyranny, infinitely more degrading even than the tyranny of brute force, every outlet is barred, and entrance is denied to every foreign element of influence calculated to weaken or disturb a moral and material despotism, which destroys in its deluded victims the first conditions both of religious liberty and political freedom. Until this living Chinese Wall be cast down, to speak of reforms is to juggle with words.

What the Czar is, such are the people. His faith is theirs; his aim, his ambition, his hope, are their hopes, aims and ambitions. If his road leads to Constantinople, it is theirs none the less. The City of St. Petersburg is nothing—a mere counterfeit copy of Paris—unless it be the city of the Czars, the reflection of their policy bearing upon its face the stamp of their faith, of their hope, ready and glad to crumble to pieces as quickly as it was built, or to sink into a mere seaport when the time arrives for the Czars to strike their temporary tent and to shake the dust of the city off their feet, on their ultimate march to Constantinople. Every city has a character of its own, a special use. The use of St. Petersburg is to be a stepping-stone to the Czars; it may turn out to be other than what its founders and masters intended—a stumbling-block or a scaffold. But they are bound by the fatal necessity of the choice they have made beyond recall, to run every risk in order to reach their destination, for to stand still is to perish. Ever since the Czar chose, for the sake of adding power to power, to destroy in the Russian Church the High Priest, once elected and consecrated by the Byzantine Patriarch, he has felt the need of a consecration, which he can only receive when he place himself upon the Imperial and Patriarchal chair of St. Sophia, in the ancient and holy city of the Byzantine Emperors.

Until the promised land is reached, the City of the Czars is sacred ground, hallowed by hopes awaiting fulfillment in faith. St. Petersburg reflects the policy which gave it birth, to which it owes its significance, which lifts it out of the common ruck of cities, which makes it an ideal city, a living intelligence. Its palaces may be undermined, its streets honeycombed with secret sedition; within its walls the power of dynamite may again and again make itself felt, to the horror of men, but the blood of the Czars, one after another, will but cement this power, and draw closer the bonds which unite them and their subjects. For the Czars rule in the hearts of the masses of the people, as representing, in a twofold capacity, God upon earth. Faith, or fanaticism, or superstition, or all three almost equally combined—for in such a combination the religion of Russia consists—place in the hands of the Czars a power capable of crushing out in blood the wildest sedition. The Czar need but raise his hand and denounce any class, or any section of society, as his enemies and the enemies of God and of Holy Russia, and from end to end of the vast Empire the masses of the people will rise up and strangle every man denounced on suspicion, tear limb from limb those who resist the ordin-

ances of the Czar, rot the rich and the noble, if they be suspected by the Czar, as fostering sedition, out of the land, pillage their property, burn their houses and lay waste to their fields. At the Czar's bidding the peasants would march into the suspected cities and level their walls to the ground; would come up to St. Petersburg and aid the soldiers, if needs be, to decimate the population, in the hope of stamping out in blood, as the cattle-plague is stamped out, the plague of Nihilism. The Czar and the masses of the people would remain, after a universal reign of terror, strong in the bonds of union created by a faith in common, a hope in common, and by the passion which the people of Russia feel and the Czars feel, or sometimes feign, of setting up on the ruins of the Ottoman Power the Panalavonic Empire under the shadow of St. Sophia, in the Imperial City of Constantinople.

These ideas, these hopes, this faith, make St. Petersburg what it is, the City of the Czars, the embodiment and concrete expression of their policy. If it lacks the consecration of the "holy city" of Moscow, it has received the consecration of hope. It is the city in the wilderness on the road to the land of promise. The people and the Czars, in their long sojourning in the land of exile, see ever before their eyes the pillar of fire and of the cloud, leading them on to the dwelling-place elect, the land flowing with milk and honey, where they shall have "in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full," and be "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation."

This faith in their ultimate destiny, shared alike by Czar and people, lifts Russia up out of Asiatic stagnation, and forces it forward on its road with an almost irresistible impulse. In the meanwhile, the people bear their terrible burden of privations and poverty, and hush their murmurings, because a fanatical faith, which has entered like iron into their soul, makes them believe that murmurings against the Czar are murmurings against the Lord. In vain elsewhere in Europe do we look for such an ideal motive moving a nation like one man into action, inspiring at once a religion and a policy. It is a force which statesmen must take into account, and were I writing as a politician, it would suggest many frequent reflections as to the ultimate issue of this power, held in reserve by so mighty an empire as Russia.

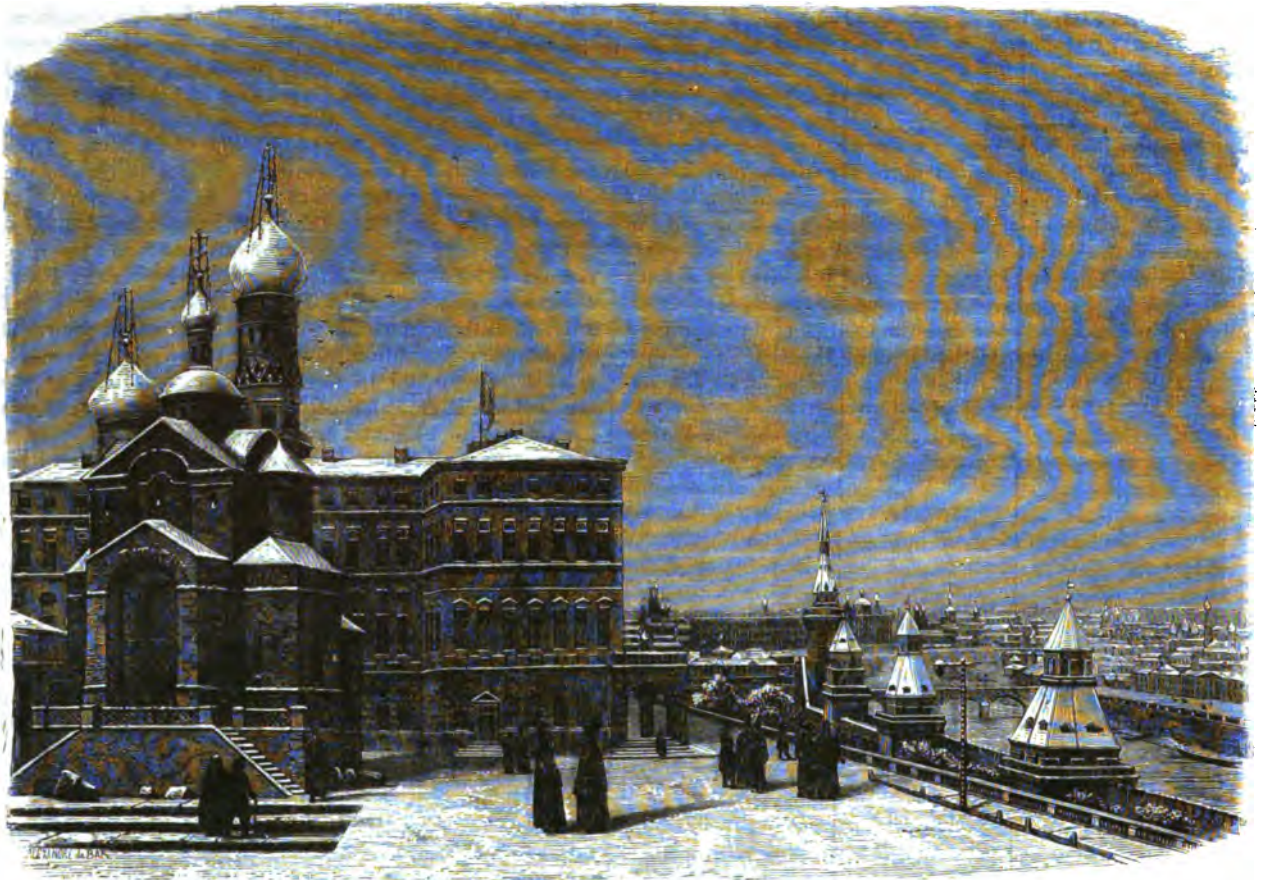
The "Mission of Holy Russia" seems to me to partake in part of the impulse which, in the Middle Ages, inspired the Crusades, so marvelous in their effect on the Christian world and on European civilization; and in part of Mohammedan fanaticism, with its lusts after "the flesh-pots of Egypt" here and hereafter. Spiritual faith and material enjoyments, religion and political ambition, go hand in hand—a mighty conjunction in urging the Czars of Russia to quit their unconsecrated tents, the cold and barren North, to come down to the most beautiful and bounteous regions in Europe, in order to take possession of their ancient heritage, and of the sacred and Imperial city, where their mother Church once reigned in power and matchless splendor.

This cherished aim and ambition ought not to surprise us, if we reflect on the origin and growth, spiritual and temporal, of this great and mysterious power in the North. It was from Constantinople that Russia received Christianity; its conversion occurred at a time when the Eastern Church was still in union with the great Church of the West. At that period, however, the Eastern Church had lost much of its inward vitality and vigor; dependent on the civil power, it gradually became an instrument of selfish interests, the victim now of the intrigues and quarrels of the court, now of the outbursts of popular violence. Smitten with a moral paralysis, the Byzantine Church was

able to impart but a feeble life to its Russian daughter. And when at last the fatal separation took place between the East and the West, the Metropolitans, who were sent out from Constantinople, Greeks by birth, soon inspired the Russian Church with the schismatic hate, which has ever since endured, against the Church of the West. Constantinople and its Church pursued their fated course, and virtually fell under the yoke of the Turk. The triumph of the infidel was complete; the Greek cross was supplanted by the crescent; St. Sophia was converted into a mosque. The rulers of Russia then set up an independent Patriarchate of their own against that of Constantinople, and assumed to themselves the right of the nomination and of the arbitrary deposition of their Patriarchs. Instead of, as aforesaid, going to Constantinople to obtain at the hands of the High Priest ecclesiastical consecration, it was the Czars who bestowed investiture on their Patriarchs, the creatures of their arbitrary power. But even this ecclesiastical servitude did not suffice to satisfy an insatiable ambition. The Czars, who by the exercise of autocratic power, had set up, out of national jealousy, the Russian Patriarchate, abolished it in the interests of a despotism which knows no bounds. It was Peter the Great who, in barbaric scorn, put an end to an office which stood in the way of his ambition, and which had fallen into contempt, and set up in its place the so-called Holy Synod, which recognized him and his successors as its spiritual as well as its temporal head. By this tyrannical process the Czars of all the Russias have erected for themselves at St. Petersburg what the Byzantine Emperors failed to accomplish at Constantinople, a double throne, and placed in their own hand the most terrible weapon of despotism, the two-fold sword of temporal and spiritual power.

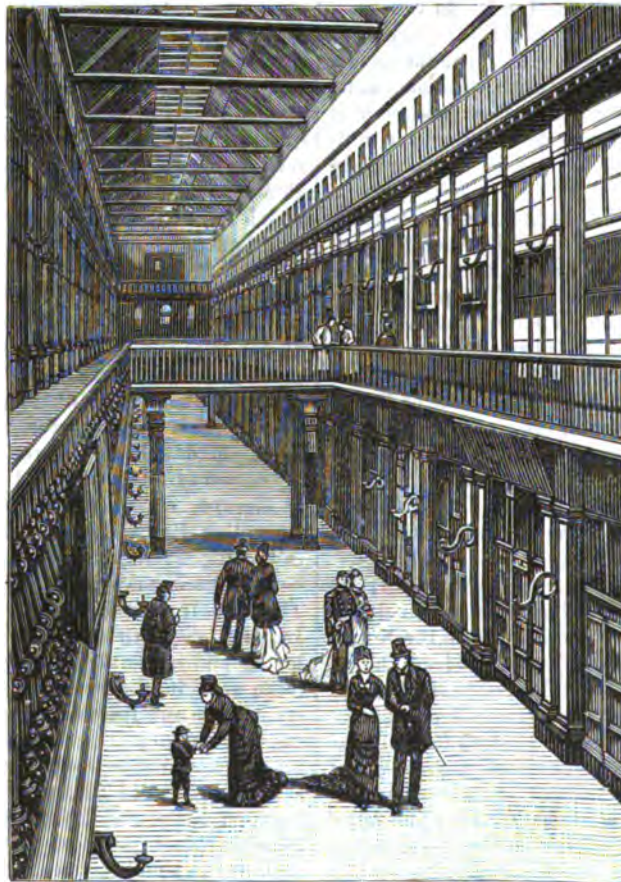
Not to lay myself open to the charge of imputing on grounds too vague and general to the City of Czars a character so transient as that of a tent pitched by them on their march to Constantinople, I shall now adduce certain definite facts, both as to the influence of race and as to the spiritual relations, which from the beginning existed between Russia and Constantinople. It is beyond question that the Slavonic races have much the same relation to Constantinople as the Teutonic races have to Rome. It is, however, noteworthy that the Slavic race, which has extended furthest the domains of its power and maintained its headship over its kindred races uninterrupted for centuries, made its first appearance in history under Teutonic princes. For the Warægians, one of the bold Norman tribes who, under Rurik and his brothers, founded by the sword what is now the Russian State, brought with them from the North their leaders as well as the savage and sanguinary spirit of the perishing heathenism of Germany. This warlike tribe, nourishing its heart in battlefields, and delighting its eyes with wasting flames, traversed in pursuit of adventure and of danger the lands and seas of Europe, carrying everywhere fire and sword. The Byzantine Emperor, more skilled in court intrigues and in theological disputations than in the art of war, trembled before this warlike State, which had risen up in the north. The rich treasures and ostentatious magnificence of the Imperial city attracted, on the other hand, the bootylving and adventurous spirit of the Russian archdukes. Such were in the beginning the relations between Constantinople and Russia, and now after the lapse of a thousand years they are not essentially changed. It was not long before Rurik was followed by the two Norman sea kings, Askold and Dir, who in a more southerly direction founded Kiev, and laying waste the shores of the Bosphorus, closed the port of Constantinople. The Byzantine city had no heart or stomach to appeal to the Emperor





PALACE OF THE CZAR PAUL I.

with the sword ; it turned to the Patriarch to effect its deliverance or ransom. Bought off at a great price, these fearless heathen, who carried their lives in their hands, who worshiped the sword as their god and served him by war, inspired Constantinople with such terror that the cunning Greeks, seeing no hope of deliverance in the future from these plunder-loving and blood-thirsty barbarians unless by their conversion to Christianity, sent out to these furious Verseekers Christian missionaries. The Patriarch gave to Russia its first bishop, the Emperor sent gifts of great price as symbols of peace and friendship. In this manner was created that bond of hierarchical union between the Russian Church and the chair of the Byzantine Patriarch, which subsisted for six centuries, until the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. In the beginning of the tenth cen-

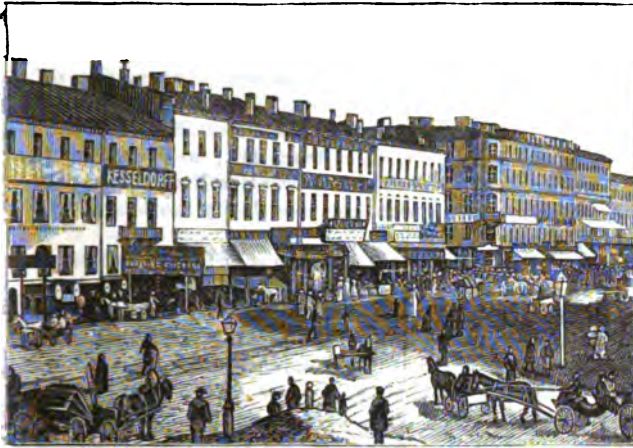


BAZAAR ON THE NEWSKI PROSPEKT.

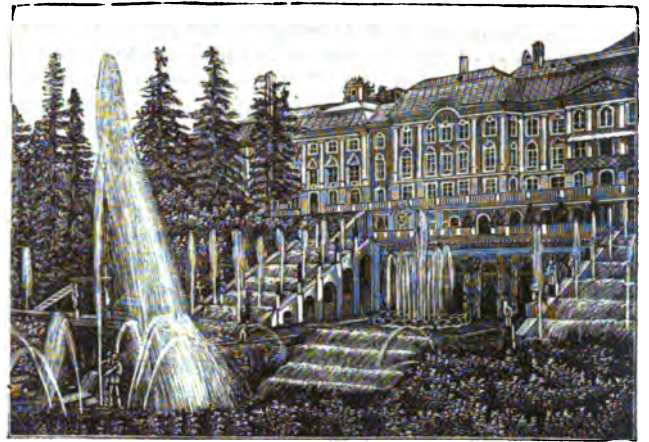
tury Russia was accordingly accounted as sixtieth bishopric dependent on the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Slow, however, was the spread of Christianity among these sons of the sword, these children of war steeped to the lips in blood, until toward the middle of the tenth century the Grand Duchess Olga, a convert to the Christian faith, ruled, as Regent for her son during his minority, in Russia. Nestor, an old Russian chronicler, hails her advent to power "as the harbinger of the Christian land," compares her to "the morning star, which precedes the sun ; to the aurora, which announces the coming of the bright day star ; to the full moon shining in the night, to a pearl glittering out of the slime." This princess proceeded to the Imperial Byzantine city, and there, as the father of Russian history relates, "received baptism of the Czar with





SCENE ON THE NEWSKI PROSPEKT.

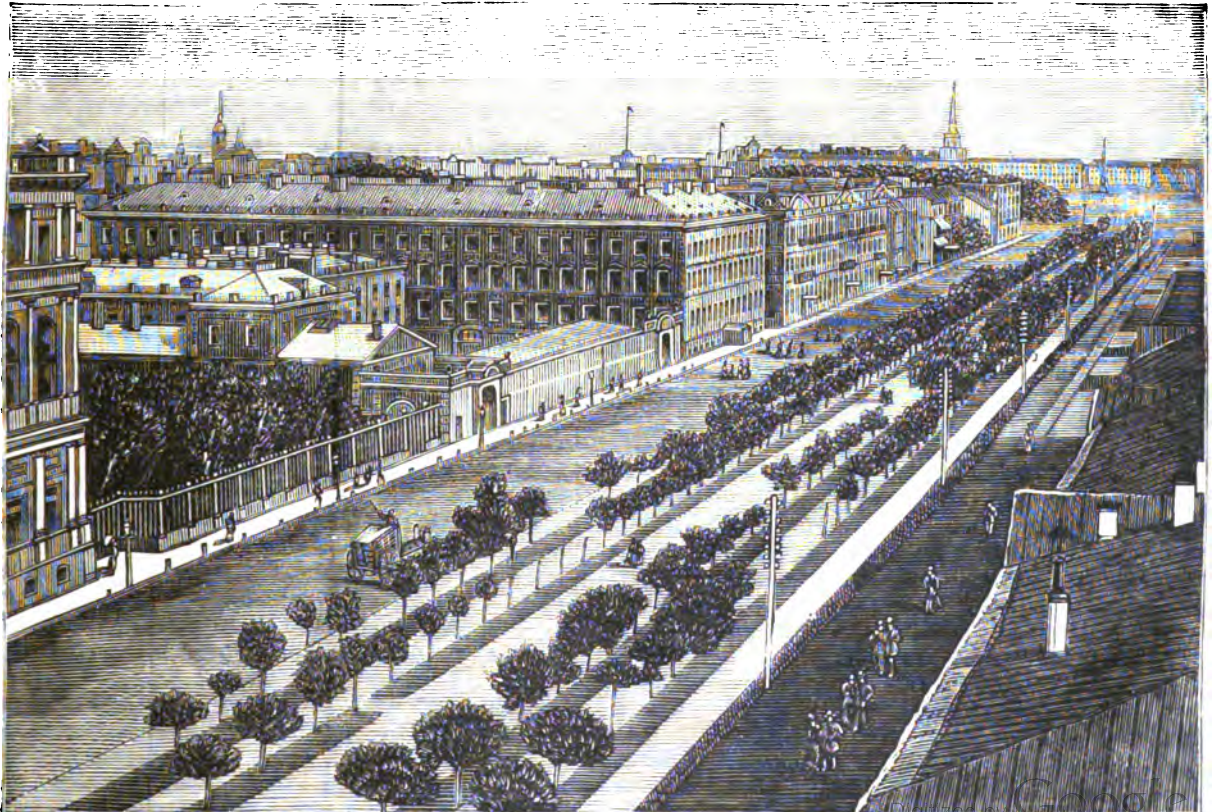


VIEW OF THE PETERROFF.

the Patriarch." Thus the Byzantine rulers, civil and ecclesiastic, stood sponsors for Russian Christianity, a double relationship which the Czars have ever treasured in their memory. Henceforth, and to this day, the rulers of Russia look upon Constantinople with its powers and possessions, temporal as well as spiritual, as their appointed and natural heritage.

Though the Christian religion had ascended with Olga the archducal throne, the warlike people refused to receive the religion of peace and charity at the hands of a woman; and her own son, deaf to her entreaties and warnings, said, "Shall I alone receive the new faith and become a laughing-stock to my followers?" Olga's son remained a heathen; her grandsons quarreled over the succession, and murdered one another; but at last Wladimer, the youngest, having murdered two of his brothers, seized the throne. The warlike, bloodthirsty spirit filled his soul.

The battle-fields of his victories were strewn with dead bodies; the earth reeked with the blood of his victims; he resolved to revive heathendom in its ancient sanguinary splendor. He set up again on the Holy Mount at Kiev the stone image of Perun with its silver head—the national god; and at Nowgorod, on the shores of the Wolchow, the Solavonic idol again shone in all its former splendor; the people rejoicing swarmed to its sacrifices. Wladimir's name was held in honor, and his sword feared; the people, who dwelt round about, wished to secure as an ally by the bond of a common faith the victorious warrior. Mohammeden Bulgarians came to him and pictured in glowing colors the sensual joys of the Moslem Heaven. But he said unto them, "My Russians love the wine of the earth." The people of Cherson, who held to the Mosaic law, came to him and spoke of the coming of the promised Messiah. But he replied to them, "We do not wish to leave or lose



BOULEVARD OF THE HORSE GUARDS.

our country; your holy city is a howling wilderness; a curse has scattered your brethren over the world; how is it that you of the lost Fatherland proclaim to the nations the doctrine of Salvation?" Germans came to him from Bohemia, the land of one of Wladimir's wives, Roman Catholics obeying the chair of Peter at Rome. But to them he spoke, according to Russian tradition, the following remarkable words, "Go home; our ancestors did not receive the faith from the Popa."

Thus, even in the time of the great Russian chronicler, Nestor, who associated with contemporaries of Wladimir, and reported these words, it would appear that the only way open to the Russians to the Christian faith was the road to Constantinople.

Finally there appeared before the dreaded autocrat a Greek philosopher, who explained to him the doctrines of the Creation, of the Fall of Man, and of the Atonement, and at last, while he set before the heathen warrior, in words of burning eloquence, a picture of the last judgment, Wladimir, the fratricide, groaned in spirit, and with a heart moved at the sight of the blessed and the damned, cried out, "What joy for the just, what woe for the lost!" In trouble of heart and doubt of soul, he took counsel with his advisers, and at their suggestion he, too, sent abroad his messengers, ten wise men of the kingdom, to search among the nations after their faith and manner of worship. His ambassadors, in the gray dawn of Russian civilization, went forth in the world; they found among the Bulgarians miserable mosques, and a melancholy worship, and dismal faces; and among the Catholics, probably in the poor and still uncultured Slavonic lands, they found a worship offered up in small and ugly churches which appeared in their eyes neither solemn nor beautiful. But when they arrived at Constantinople, and the Emperor had them conducted into the church of St. Sophia, the grandeur and magnitude of the marvelous building with its sculptured works of ancient art, the magnificence and richness of the vestments and of the sacred vessels of the altar, the splendor of the lights, the solemnity and dignity of the worship, celebrated by priests innumerable, half veiled in clouds of incense, the melodious voices of the concealed choirs, filled them with an astonishment and admiration which they could neither conceal nor adequately express. Returning home to their prince, the ambassadors proclaimed aloud the magic and the marvel of the Greek worship.

That it was the external pomp of St. Sophia, and the imposing solemnity of its liturgy, which, according to ancient tradition, decided the judgment of the Russians in favor of Constantinople, is a fact not without significance for the Russian Church. For already in early times neglecting the spiritual sense of the Gospel, the Russian Church set its chief store on things external, on ceremonial and liturgy, and in an anxious, stolid observance of rites and ceremonies and of outward penances sought the perfection of holiness; hence it was not so much on account of religious dogmas as of outward rites that Russia separated from the Church of the West.

Wladimir resolved to become a Christian; but his warlike pride revolted against the humiliation of seeking this grace on his knees at the foot of a Byzantine prince whose unwarlike spirit he despised, and whose treacherous perfidy he mistrusted. It rather suited his humor to win baptism by the sword and to capture Christian priests. He accordingly advanced into Tauria against Cherson, which, with a republican constitution, stood under the suzerainty of the Byzantine Emperor. By treachery the city fell into his hands; he then threatened Constantinople, unless the Emperor bestowed on him the hand of

his daughter as ransom. Thus the first Grand Duke of Russian became at once a son of the Greek Church and a son-in-law of the Greek Emperor, wedded thus spiritually and corporeally with Constantinople. When, five centuries later, the victorious Turk planted the Crescent on St. Sophia, and the throne of the Greek Emperor fell, it was again a Russian Czar, Iwan III., who married the daughter and heir of the last Byzantine Emperor, without, however, receiving with her as a dowry the long-coveted Constantinople.

The unbaptized prince built, in gratitude, two churches at Cherson, restored the city to the Greeks, and henceforth as their ally returned with his Greek wife, and Greek priests, and sacred robes, and pictures, and altar-vessels to Kiew, the capital of his archducal State. But this first of the Russian autocrats was true to his character as a ruler by the grace of the sword, and by the right of a soldier's power he ordered on his return to his subjects the image of their idol Berun to be dragged at the horse's tail, and broken with clubs, and to be flung in the river Dnieper. He then issued an edict concerning baptism to his people: "Every one shall in the morning of the day appear on the banks of the Dnieper and be baptized, rich and poor, lord and serf, the whole people; he who refuses shall be accounted my enemy." They obeyed and swarmed down to the riverside; and in the midst appeared Wladimir and his wife and the Greek priests, and then began the baptism of the Russian people. It is thus described by Nestor, the Russian chronicler: "The great ones of the earth stood up to their throat in water, others up to their breast, the boys near the banks; fathers and mothers carried their children in their arms; the priests stood upon rafts and read the baptismal prayers. Wladimir, however, knelt on the bank in prayer and thanksgiving to God, and said, 'Great God, Creator of heaven and earth, look down upon Thy people, bless Thy new children, vouchsafe to them that they may know Thee as the true God whom the Christians adore, confirm them in the true faith, and aid me against the temptations of the evil one, as I put my trust in Thee to bring to naught all his deceits.' Thus prayed the prince at the baptism of his people, and heaven and earth rejoiced on that great day."

Wladimir, the sponsor at the baptism of the Russian people, the builder and benefactor of churches, who raised the Christian religion to the throne, and honored in his heart, in his words and in his works, died in the year 1015, and is venerated by the Slaves of both rites as a saint.

Thus it was that the rulers of Russia received their Christianity from Constantinople, and conceived in the beginning a passionate desire for the possession of the Imperial city, dear to their hearts on account of its magnificence, of its glory and its power, and as the ancient seat of the Eastern Church. This love was but grown with their growth; they thirst after it as the heart thirsts after the water-brooks. They look upon themselves as heirs dispossessed of their ancient heritage, as conquerors deprived of their legitimate prize. To them the possession of the traditional city of their faith is at once their birthright and their destiny. To obtain it is their mission, and this mission has entered into their soul, is a part of themselves, of their national life as of their religion.

Moscow, the "holy city," with the stamp of an ever-growing antiquity on its face, as their capital, stood in the way of the ambition and aspirations of the Czars. Its existence proclaimed to its own people, and to the world, that the Czars had foregone or forgotten their traditional



hopes and claims, as heirs of the Byzantine Empire, to the vacant throne at Constantinople; or if not vacant, polluted by the presence and the touch of the infidel. Peter the Great, as bold as he was far-seeing and ambitious, shifted, in his empire, the centre of gravity, for he placed his new capital on the extreme verge of his territories, almost on the threshold of the land of promise; where it stands the gate of hope, through which the vast hordes of the north, when the watchman on the tower gives the signal, shall pour down on the south, and swarm up to the gates of Constantinople in their unholy, because selfish, crusade against the Turk.

Besides the special motives which urge, as I have shown, Russia to pass beyond its borders, there is, in the natural order of things, an impulse which might almost be called an instinct, in the peoples and the tribes of the barren and inhospitable north, to come down into the rich and luxuriant south, where life, for its own sake, is worth living. These movements and displacements of the peoples of the earth are a commonplace of history. The irruptions of the barbarians, carrying fire and sword wherever they came, have before now brought terror into the hearts of men and of nations. The Goths and the Vandals, and the Huns and the Normans, have been not only instruments of vengeance in the hands of God in His government of the world, but instruments of civilization. Paganism, with all its corruptions and all its culture, crumbled to pieces not so much before the preaching of Christianity as at the rude touch of the sword of the barbarian. It was the office of the Christian Church to tame and teach and civilize the rude hordes, which overthrew the Roman Empire and overran the civilized world. Ancient civilization was rotten to its core. It had no faith, no hope, no future; robustness had departed from its body; its mind had grown stagnant and putrid. There was no pith in manhood, no purity in womanhood. The highest statescraft was to buy off at great price the approaching enemy. The soldier had broken his sword. The foreign hireling soon turned against his effeminate paymaster, and crushed him under foot. Patriotism without courage and self-sacrifice is a mere mockery. Every one pursued his own way, indifferent to everything save his own pleasure and profit. No wonder, then, when Rome was burning that the Imperial fiddler, regardless of everything else, pursued the art he liked best, for was not every one around and about him busy in a like manner, each harping on his own particular string? Nero, as long as the world lasts, will be a laughing-stock to every schoolboy, but was he one whit more feeble, more feather-headed and foolish than every one of those emasculated Romans whom he represented rather than ruled?

Shall the future never again behold such a collapse in Europe? Who so venturesome or so inspired as to prophesy perpetual life and vigor to all the races which now inhabit and rule in Europe? Races, like men, become worn out in time; like men, too, they may cast out from their midst the tree of life, or eat to their own destruction the forbidden fruit. One race which inhabits the fairest and the most fertile region of Europe is stricken with the blight and the curse of Mohammedanism. The Turk with his abominations is fast rotting off the face of the earth. They who dwell on the Levantine coast or on the southern shores of the Mediterranean as historic time goes on, especially if they cast themselves loose from the Christian and Catholic faith, which to the Latin races has been their tree of life, may need either in vengeance or mercy a renovating wave from the north of new vigor and life. The masses of the Russian peasantry, ignorant and superstitious as they are, have the vigor and the hardihood which are

wanting in the south of Europe. They are the raw material out of which a civilized State might be formed on the shores of the Bosphorus, leaving their degraded priests behind them. Emancipated as they inevitably would be if conquerors in Europe from the despotism of their Czars and brought into contact with Western liberty, culture and religion, they might give birth to an Eastern Charlemagne capable, throned at Constantinople, of bringing about a reunion of the great Churches of the East and the West. The creation of such an empire could of course only be possible in the event of prolonged internecine wars between the rival States of Europe or the breaking out of the most terrible and devastating of all wars, a civil and religious war.

A socialist and godless revolution, even if only confined to the Latin races, could not fail to kindle such a conflagration as would leave Europe exhausted and powerless to resist any aggression. The Papacy expelled by the triumph of the godless revolution, and the overthrow of the monarchy from the shores of Italy, might in the place of lost Rome fitly reign in the City of Jerusalem as a peace-offering by a new Constantine bestowed on the Sovereign Pontiff of the United Churches of the East and the West. It would be like the turning back of the wave of civilization from the West to the East whence it came.

What a dream! Be it so. Yet all history tells us, and even the history of our own times, that the dreams of yesterday are often the political facts of to-day.

I have had to go somewhat far afield, both in the past and in the future, to ascertain or to establish the ideal character of St. Petersburg, the City of the Czars. It is, in the main, what they have been and are, pretentious, unreal, cruel and semi-barbaric. It is an Asiatic city covered with a European varnish. It is like unto the race it pictures and represents. Voltaire, the friend and correspondent of Catherine II., said truly enough of the Russians, whom he flattered and flouted by turns, "Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar." It is a perfidious, cruel and venal race, and to these Asiatic qualities is superadded the vice of hypocrisy, forced upon them, perhaps, by contact with European civilization. These barbaric vices have been most conspicuous and flagrant in the Czars, the autocratic rulers of their people. If Wladimir was not only in name but in heart a Christian, the like can in no wise be predicated of his successors. They, too, built churches and founded monasteries, and observed fasts and made pilgrimages, and fulfilled with painful strictness all the ceremonies and penances of the Greek rite. In illustration of their hypocritical conduct I may mention the curious fact that, from the year 1146 down to the seventeenth century, almost all the Russian princes died in a monk's cowl, which they put on at the approach or at the point of death. And yet how many of these dying hypocrites had not by their deeds, and by a life like to that of their bloodthirsty and heathen forefathers, brought shame on the religion which they outwardly professed? Russian history on almost all sides is stained with the crime of fratricide, is filled with civil wars. The ruling princes, jealous of their nearest relatives, were always at war with them, and too often put them to death in cold blood; their nearest of kin plotted in secret against their ruler, or thrust by open violence father or brother from the throne. Many of these disappointed or baffled aspirants to autocratic power fled to the enemies of the empire, to the heathen, and licking the dust before them, besought these ruthless destroyers to turn their swords against the unhappy country which those unnatural sons desired to obtain possession of by such unholy aid. Churches and convents, and flourishing cities like





FEEDING THE POOR IN THE PALACE OF THE GRAND DUCHESS CATHERINE.

Kiew, for instance, were plundered by heathens and Russians in common, and laid waste and burnt to the ground. How many, too, in later times, of the Czars have not come to a violent end by the poison-cup, the dagger, or by dynamite?

Russia, if for no other reason, is a semi-barbaric nation because it is endowed with no inventive, no originating power. It has no letters, no arts, no science of its own. Its literature is borrowed from the most corrupt sources, is the product of the French intellect at its worst period. In ancient times the works of art in Russia came from the East; in modern times they were but servile copies of the debased art of the West. It was the architects from Constantinople who, in the beginning, built the not inglorious churches which adorn Moscow and Kiew and Nowgorod, and the cities, and the palaces, noble buildings which still survive. There are, indeed, many more monuments of Byzantine art extant in Russia than are to be found in the lands once under the rule of the Byzantine Emperors. St. Petersburg, with its huge Winter palaces and Summer palaces, its large and gaudy churches, its forts and barracks, and prisons and squares, is the product of modern art without a single trace of originality or of national character. Even in poetry, for the growth of which a semi-barbaric state of things is favorable, there is no sign of creative life, for Russia can only boast of one poet.

Even in religion the Russians have shown their lack of intellectual vigor and of an independent spirit, for they have sacrificed the liberty and the

spiritual character of the Church, which they had received from Constantinople, to the autocratic despotism of the Czars. The consequence is—and it is fatal to the liberty of the people as well as to their religion—that the Russian Church has become a slave to the civil power. Its priests or popes are ignorant, venal and dissolute, so much so that the bishops are always selected from the monastic orders. The spirit has departed from the faith, and the latter alone remains. Russian religion is now a mass of formalism and ritualism, its Church is a petrified Church. But it was not always so. There was a time when the Russian Church did not kneel in the dust at the feet of the civil power in order to receive its ukases. There was a time when it had at its head a Patriarch from Con-

stantinople, receiving his pallium at the consent of the Pope in Rome, who consecrated its Metropolitans and sent them to Kiew. At a later time the Russian Church had a Patriarch of its own, whose mule on Palm Sunday was led in reverential humility by the Russian Prince; but now it has only a Czar as its head; who, by an officer of his household, announces his will to the Holy Synod. It once had possession of its own, sacred to the ancestors of the Czar; it once had convents, which were a refuge for the poor and a seat of learning; the great ones of the earth, princes and princesses, renouncing the world, dwelt within their walls to teach the young, to tend the sick and poor. Its bishops were once respected, and could lift up freely and boldly in face of princes their voices on behalf of the weak and the op-



"RECOLLECTION MONDAY" IN THE SMOLENSKI CEMETERY.



pressed, and, when the rulers, in their pride and their cruelty, committed deeds of horror or of sanguinary atrocity, warn them before the world of the law of God and the dictates of justice. But what is this Church now? Dumb and petrified; robbed of its possessions, it receives the wages of a servant or a serf from its autocratic master; it takes, as the price of its shame and servility, with grateful hand, symbols of honor and orders which confer on its bishops the rank of major-generals. How can a Church, which no longer even feels its shame, dare to lift its voice before the throne of imperial despotism on behalf of the violated rights of others? Even its convents, once the refuge of the oppressed and the unhappy, serve now as state prisons for political prisoners, or the victims of imperial suspicion.

Far from promoting culture, art, or science, the Russian Church, in its intellectual petrification, without liberty, without life, without development, holding fast with narrow-minded obstinacy to the dead letter, to forms and ceremonies which cramp the intellect and deaden the heart, holds back Russia from sympathy with, and participation in, the intellectual culture and spiritual life of the West. It is the Russian Church which sets up the wall of separation between Asia and Europe; it is a power more dangerous to peace and liberty than a standing army, or the most bloated of armaments, for it holds in the hollow of its hand the heart and the will of fifty million passive instruments ready at a moment's notice on the command of its autocratic head and ruler to carry fire and sword through the world.

St. Petersburg gathers up as in a net all the elements of corruption existing in the Empire. There is to be found an army, the rank and file of which is degraded by the vice of drunkenness; corruption, bribery and pilfering on a large scale abound among the officers high in rank. The nobility is degraded and dissolute. The licentiousness among women of the higher ranks who follow the fashions, and the follies, and the vices of Paris is promoted

by the example of a corrupt and profligate Court. The shamelessness of society in St. Petersburg is illustrated by the fact that homage was openly and publicly paid to the mistress of the late Emperor, who held her Court in the Winter Palace of the Czar, in which during her lifetime the late unhappy Empress and wife resided. The most vicious and the most degraded of the kings of France, in times the most profligate, would scarcely have ventured to outrage the sense of public decency by introducing into the palace occupied by his Queen, a royal mistress,

and her children, and her court. St. Petersburg would not be the City of the Czars were it not as cynical as it is licentious and cruel. The huge palaces of St. Petersburg with their iron gates, and vast spaces, and underground solitudes, and guard-rooms, and sentries and spies, are like fortresses or prisons. In the midst of all their gorgeous luxury, their throne-rooms and state apartments, they seem haunted not only by living suspicions, but by the dead memories of deeds that have been done within their gloomy walls. What secret crimes have not been conceived and committed under the shadow of these imperial towers, what open deeds of violence, what poisonings, what murder! What hush-money has not been paid by the Czars in these abodes of tyranny, what blood-money has not been received by their most trusted ministers and servants, mili-



RUSSIAN WOMAN OF THE "STARREVERRA."

tary and civil, from their next-of-kin as the price of a throne to be suddenly vacated by violent death! Dynamite has introduced a new danger and a new horror. Awful was the assassination of the late Czar in his own city; a spectacle of horror. It stirred to the depths the hearts of the masses of the people, but society in St. Petersburg was little moved—too many of the nobles are disaffected, too many selfish and cynical. St. Petersburg and its Czar stand on a volcano. Before the day arrives for the march to Constantinople a social revolution like that in France in 1792 may shatter the vast fabric of the Russian Empire.

St. Petersburg had witnessed many terrors and many sorrows of heart, but I question much whether any sense of sorrow has equaled the quiet agony of heart endured in the silence and solitude of the Winter Palace by the late ill-fated Empress. Forsaken by the husband she loved to the last, broken-hearted, a stranger in a strange land; an Empress for years only in name, forgotten and cast aside by the cruel City of the Czars in favor of an illegitimate rival set up by her side, she died at last all alone in the

Winter Palace with none to catch her last sigh, to close in love her weary eyes. The city of St. Petersburg, like the Czar himself, cynical and indifferent to the sorrows of others, rejoiced only in the thought of a new Empress, possibly of a grand coronation, of feasting, and of festivities, and, what it loves best, a lavish distribution of public money. St. Petersburg presents an ugly picture of human and of Russian society. Did it not present such a picture it would not be called the City of Contradictions.

## INFORMATION FOR THE CURIOUS.

**THE BUFFALO IN AMERICA.**—The march of civilization bids fair to improve the red man and the buffalo, his principal means of support, simultaneously off the face of the earth, or at least off that part of it which lies within the boundaries of the United States. The tour of the Marquis of Lorne has afforded the North American Indians dwelling on British territory the opportunity of bringing prominently under the notice of the Governor-General the various grievances of these interesting people, who, although brimful of loyalty and professing gratitude for the generous treatment they have received at the hands of the Canadian Government, as compared with that experienced by their brethren in the States, have still certain grounds for complaint. One of these is the scarcity of buffaloes. It is to be hoped that some steps will be taken to preserve these valuable animals in Canada from the fate which is rapidly overtaking them in the United States. The principal resort of these animals in the States is the Yellowstone country, Montana, where last Winter, owing to the severity of the weather and the scarcity of food, they "bunched" themselves in the few valleys in which pasturage could be found, and were shot down by the so-called "hunters" by thousands at a time. It is estimated that in this one district alone over 100,000 buffaloes were slaughtered, and, as the average number of hides collected during the last few years has been under one-fourth of the total of last Winter, the stock must have been reduced to the smallest possible proportions. There is a close time for wapitis in the maritime provinces of Canada, and it is high time that there should be some legislative enactment to preserve the noblest animal of the prairies of the West. Whether regarded from the point of view of the Red Indian, to whom they are both food and raiment, or of the manufacturer, to whom they supply a valuable hide, or of the hunter, in whose eyes they are among the noblest game in the world, these magnificent creatures demand that some means should be adopted to save them from utter extermination.

**ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND.**—The three lions leopardized were the cognizance of William the Conqueror; the lion rampant in the second quarter is from the arms of Scotland; and the harp in the third corner represents Ireland. The lion supporter is in honor of England, and the unicorn in honor of Scotland. These two supporters were introduced by James I. William I. had only two lions passant guardant; the third was introduced by Henry II. The lion rampant first appeared on Scotch seals in the reign of Alexander II. (1214-1249). The harp was assigned to Ireland in the time of Henry VII.; before that time the arms of Ireland were three crowns. The unicorn was not a supporter of the royal arms of Scotland before the reign of Mary Stuart.

**THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.**—A Parisian contemporary estimates the total number of recognized medical men

throughout the civilized globe as 189,000. The largest number, namely 65,000, is in the United States. Great Britain and her colonies figure for 35,000, France for 26,000, Germany and Austria for 82,000, Italy for 10,000 and Spain for 5,000. Out of these 11,000 have contributed to medical literature, of which some curious statistics are added. The medical authors number in the United States 2,800, in France 2,600, in Great Britain 2,000, in Germany and Austria 2,300. Spain, it appears, can boast of only 300.

**PRUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.**—The statistics of the Prussian universities (Berlin, Bonn, Breslau, Göttingen, Greifswald, Halle, Königsberg, the Academy of Münster, Marburg and Kiel) for the two last semesters—Winter 1880-81 and Summer 1881—show a remarkable movement in the direction of theological study. While the philosophical faculty has only increased the number of its students by 6·2 per cent., the legal faculty by 6 per cent., and the medical faculty by 16·4 per cent., the faculty of Evangelical theology has increased 21 per cent. The comparative decline of legal students has been noticed each successive year. In 1875 the "Juristen" claimed 27 per cent. of the whole number of students; in the Summer session of 1881 they have fallen to 21 per cent.

**HOTELS IN INDIA.**—A writer in *Tinsleys' Magazine* says: "Hotels in India are worth noticing. The first with which I made acquaintance was at Vizagapatam, kept by one Baboo Krishna Ghosal Bhat. It was a very fair sample of native hotels in India. Something like a Pompeian house, composed of pillars, half-roofs, peristyles, atrium, etc., furnished with punkahs and kus-kus tatties (*i. e.*, mats made of fragrant fibre, hung against open windows and doors; in the hot winds they are wetted, and the draught blows through them cool and refreshing). There was no furniture to speak of, save two lame tables, three bottomless chairs, and plenty of dirty whitewash and cobwebs, relieved by some colored German prints, such as are purchasable at the Nuremberg fairs for a few kreutzers apiece. 'Pegs,' *i. e.*, brandy and soda-water, were procurable and drinkable; but eating was out of the question, everything was so abominably filthy. I was rescued from starvation by a friend who lived some three miles distant at Waltair—or I should have had to perish from hunger or nausea. In traveling up country in India, people always take their servant to cook for them, unless they can depend upon the hospitality of a friend. They also take bedding with them, which is arranged on a sort of horizontal harp, supported by four legs, called a 'charpoy.' This last precaution is very necessary, as a charpoy *au naturel*, as used by the natives, would not be considered comfortable by Europeans, who prefer mattresses to knotted cords, which, to say the least, are calculated to impress a pattern on the flesh of whoever reposes thereon. The worst feature of Indian hotels, however, is that of the



inner-man administration. It is impossible to give an idea of the monotony of the bills of fare. Every dish, whether boiled fish or roast joint, omelette or curry, chop or vegetables, tasted of and was impregnated with *ghae*, which is about the most disagreeable description of grease with which I am acquainted. It is worse than the bad oil in Wallachia. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe the distaste with which I approached the table, or the disgust with which I left it."

**THE TITLE "ALDERMAN."**—The term alderman is derived from the Saxon *Ældeorman*, formerly the second rank of nobility among our Saxon ancestors, equal to the Earl of the Danco-Saxon. There were also several magistrates who bore the title of alderman; and according to Spelman, the *Aldermanus totius Angliæ* seems to have been the same officer who was afterward styled *capitalis justiciarius Angliæ*, or chief justice of England. Aldermen were first appointed to cities in the year 882.

**HOW TO MAKE TEA.**—“The Jesuit that came from China, A.D. 1664, to Mr. Waller, said that to a drachm of tea they put a pint of water, and frequently take the yolks of two new-laid eggs and beat them up with as much fine sugar as is sufficient for the tea, and stir all well together. He also informed him that we let the hot water remain too long soaking upon the tea, which makes it extract into itself the earthy parts of the herb; the water must remain upon it no longer than while you can say the “*Miserere*” psalm very leisurely; you have then only the spiritual part of the tea, the proportion of which to the water must be about a drachm to the pint.”

**MILAN CATHEDRAL.**—In 1846 we read the following in an account of a visit to the Cathedral: “In one of the subterranean chapels the body of St. Charles Borromeo is exhibited. He was Archbishop of Milan at the time of the great plague in 1576. He is clothed in his pontifical dress, adorned with diamonds, and a gold cushion supports his mitred head. The transparency of the rock-crystal sarcophagus in which the body is inclosed is sufficient to allow the features to be distinguished with ease. The quantity of gold and silver about the tomb seems to be at variance with the motto of the Borromeo family engraved upon it—‘*Humilitas*.’”

**KILKENNY CATS.**—The legend runs that two cats fought so ferociously in a sawpit that when the battle was over only the tail of each was left. This is an allegory of the municipalities of Kilkenny and Irishtown, who contended so stoutly about boundaries and rights to the end of the seventeenth century that they mutually impoverished each other—ate up each other, leaving only a tail behind.

## THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

I.—“The water turned to wine” (John ii. 1-11).

“The earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof” (Psalm xxiv. 1). May we not then believe that one of the “many crowns” yet to encircle the head of Christ (Rev. xix. 12), will be worn in token of His sovereignty over nature—the world in which we live and all that surrounds us? Of all creation, and the laws by which it is governed, Christ is Lord and Master by the will of His Father, for we read: “Thou madest Him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under His feet” (Psalm viii. 6).

And is not Christ, by right, the Lord of nature? for by Him “all things were made” (John i. 3), and by Him also they are upheld (Hebrews i. 2, 3). It is easier to say this

than to apprehend, even in some degree, the mighty truth the words express; but may not an attentive consideration of the miracles wrought by Christ when He was upon earth aid us in the effort? For in many of these we see what He actually did in proof of His lordship over nature, whether they were wrought upon man himself or upon external nature, the world in which we live and the laws by which it is governed.

The first miracle recorded of our Lord was of this latter character. It was wrought at the marriage festival at Cana of Galilee, a town not mentioned in the Old Testament, and only by St. John in the New (John ii. 1; iv. 46; xxi. 1, 2). The little village, Kana-el-Jelil, lying about three hours’ distance to the north of Nazareth, is now generally believed to be the “Cana of Galilee” of Scripture.

We have, in this narrative, particulars of probably the first Christian wedding ever celebrated; they are full of interest. Jesus and His five newly-won disciples were among the guests. Probably their invitation may have come through Nathanael, whose home was in Cana (John xxi. 2). His friends would naturally desire to see Him whom Nathanael had so lately acknowledged as “the Son of God,” “the King of Israel” (John i. 49). One other guest is mentioned—“the mother of Jesus was there;” and if, as some think, Cana was now the home of the holy family, it may have been at her suggestion that her Divine Son and His friends were invited. We are not told who were the bride and bridegroom, but the distress felt by our Lord’s mother when the wine began to fail, and the tone of authority with which she issued her command to the servants, lead to the supposition that one, perhaps both of them, may have been related to her. The “ruler of the feast” is the only other person mentioned except the servants in attendance.

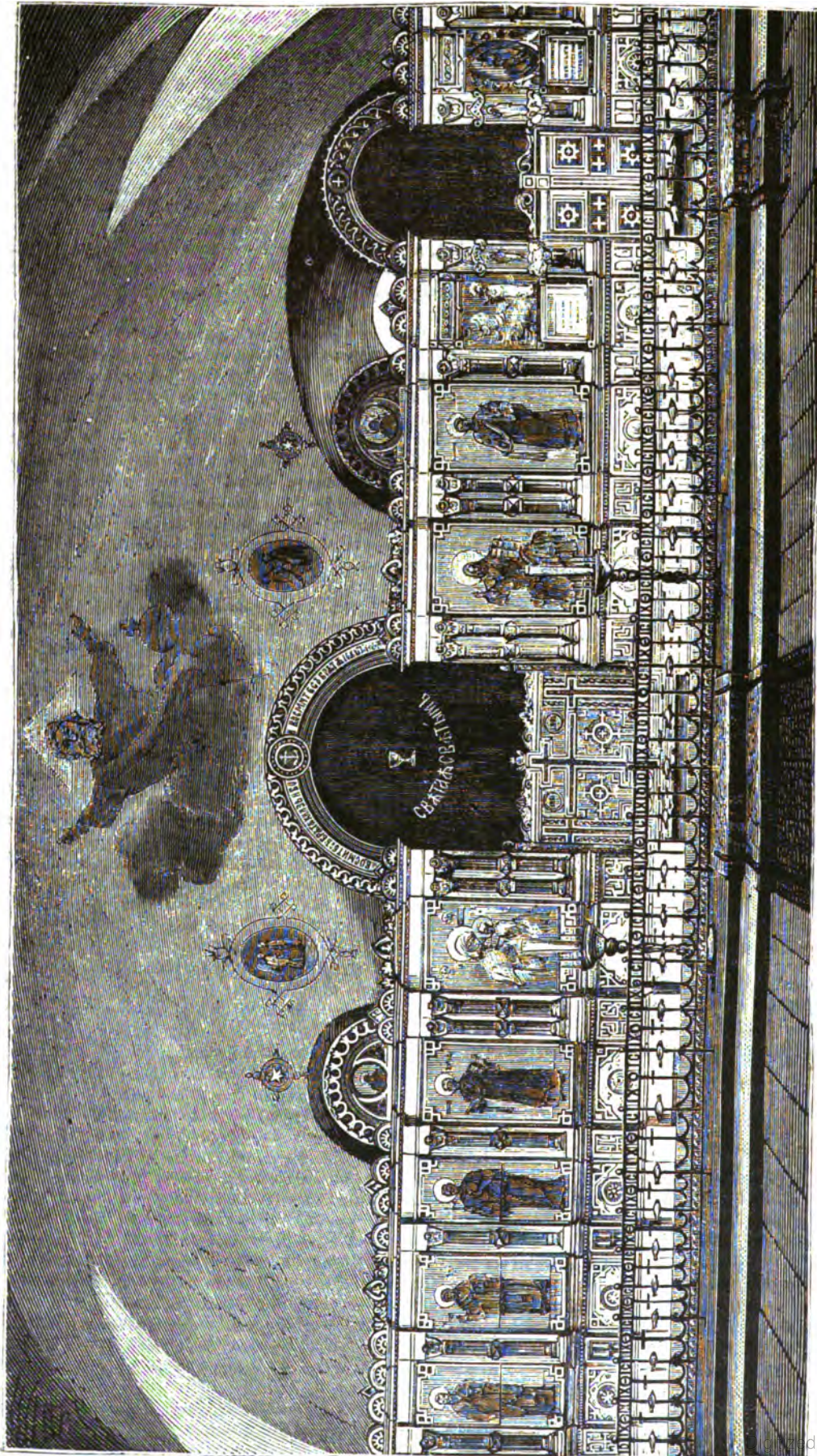
In the East, a marriage festival often continued seven days. How long this at Cana lasted we cannot tell; but before it ended, the wine had begun to run short. Such a want, especially in the East, where hospitality is so liberal, would be deemed quite a disgrace. What was to be done to supply it?

There was one present who knew who Jesus was. Long had she “pondered in her heart” the angel’s words, “That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God” (Luke i. 35). And though, for thirty years, He had given her no proof, save that of sinless perfection, of His Divinity, she now turns to Him for help, saying, “They have no wine.”

But whence arose her anxiety that Jesus should supply the awkward deficiency? Probably it may have been then, as it is now, the custom throughout the East for guests to bring their contributions to an entertainment. If so, were not our Lord and His friends too poor to conform to that custom? And can we not sympathize with His mother, as the wine grew less and less, until there was none left; and with the natural desire that her Son, whose presence had, at least partly, caused the need, should repair it? Jesus at once discerned the suggestion conveyed by the words, “They have no wine,” and replied, “Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.” Does this reply sound harsh? Is not the beautiful word “mother” much softer—no other word so sweet? Yet was there no harshness in the address “woman” as used by Christ to His mother. Once again we hear it when, in His last agony, He commended her to the care of the disciple whom He loved, saying, “Woman, behold thy son.”

But while there was no harshness in the address, “Woman,” there was rebuke, though gentle, in the words





ALTAR SCREEN IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ST. PETERSBURG.—SEE PAGE 49.

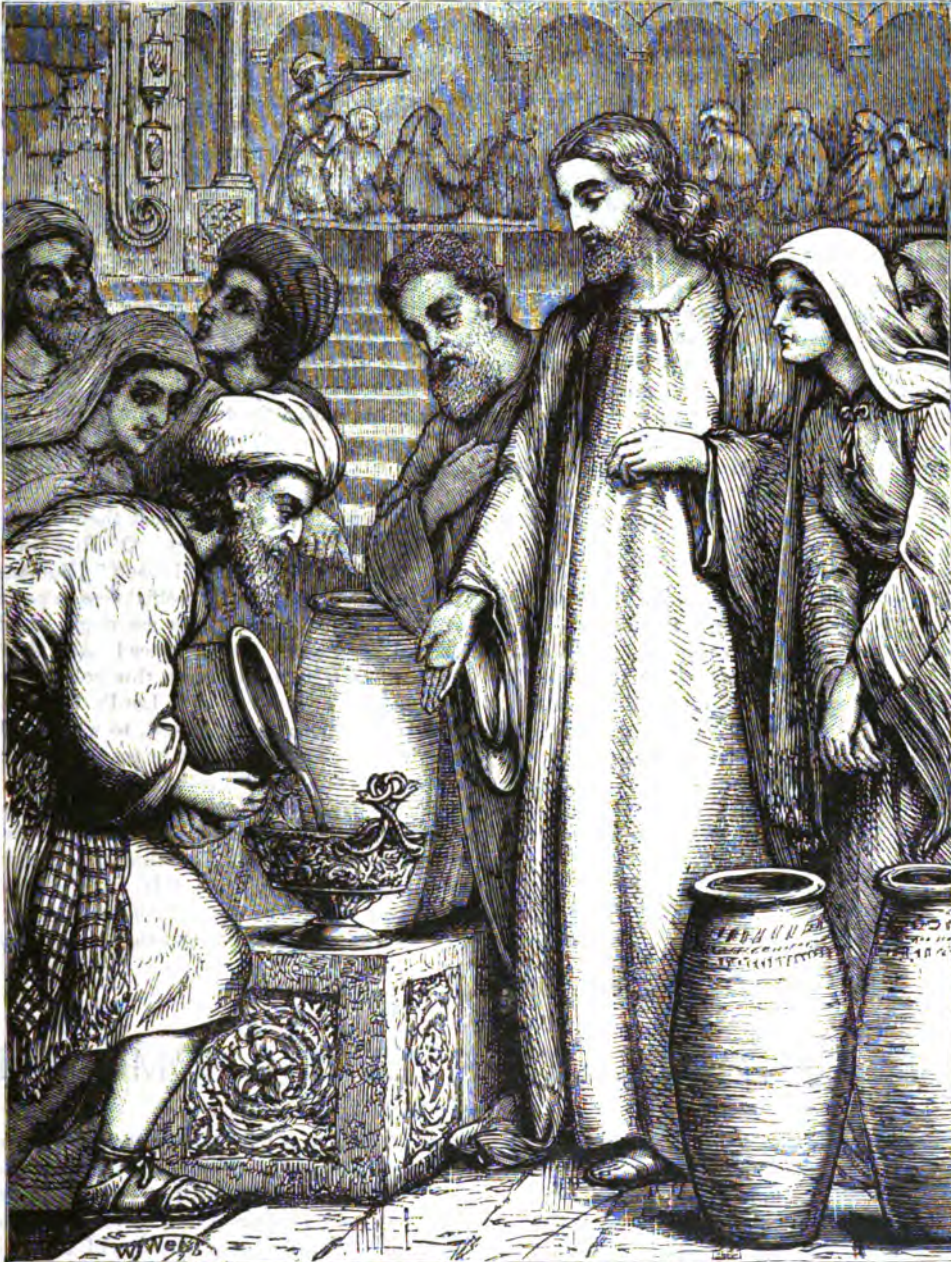
which followed, "What have I to do with thee?" She would thus be reminded of that which, just because she was His mother, she was in most danger of forgetting, that earthly relationships must give place to heavenly; that though she was the mother of His human nature, she was not the mother of His Godhead—that within Him which wrought miracles; and that in matters connected with His divine mission and the everlasting interests of His Father's kingdom she, though His mother, must not interfere. Once before, when yet a child, had Jesus conveyed this same lesson to His mother (Luke ii. 49).

But, whatever rebuke our Lord may have intended to convey, there was something in His words which led His mother to expect that, by-and-by, He would do as she wished. Though His "hour"—*i.e.*, the set time to manifest His divinity—was "not yet come," she had faith to believe it *would* come. She said to the servants, " whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."



She had not long to wait. "There were set there six waterpots of stone"—"set" (probably for the customary washing of the six newly-arrived travelers from the Jordan: John i. 43), "after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece;" and He who so lately, after a fast of forty days and forty nights, refused, though "an hungred" (Matthew iv. 2, 4), to make bread out of stones, will now turn water into wine—

the "governor," or president? In token of respect. Our Lord conveys to us a lesson of Christian courtesy by His example in this particular instance, as well as from the entire miracle. Many a family quarrel, many a falling-out amongst friends, might be avoided if more attention were paid to the everyday civilities of life. Husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, would be more loving and forbearing, brothers and sisters more gentle and unselfish, if



"DRAW OUT NOW, AND BEAR UNTO THE GOVERNOR OF THE FEAST."

not to supply a pressing necessity, but a more generous abundance. What an example of divine unselfishness!

Turning to the servants, Jesus says: "Fill the waterpots with water," thus guarding against the casting of any doubt in future upon the reality of the miracle. The servants obeyed; they filled them "to the brim." "Draw out now," saith Christ, "and see what will come forth from these waterpots filled with water." "Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast." Why first to

the duty of giving "honor to whom honor is due" were more recognized in things small as well as great. As the nursery rhyme says:

"Little deeds of kindness  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden  
Like to heaven above."

No sooner had the governor of the feast tasted the water that had become wine, than, astonished at its excel-



ience, and thinking the bridegroom had supplied it, he marvels yet more at its being given at the end instead of at the beginning of the feast, as was the custom. He "knew not whence" the wine came, but "the servants which drew the water knew." Knew what? That water-pots had been by their own hands "filled" with water "to the brim," in obedience to the command of One present at the feast, by whose direction, too, they drew the water and found it no longer water, but wine!

The lesson taught here is very obvious—a lesson we are all slow to learn, that of simple, childlike obedience to the command of God. They who do the will of God are blessed in the doing of it; and this truth we should hold fast, for we shall often need it to strengthen us for the performance of difficult, and, it may be, painful duties. Though we may not always be conscious of it, obedience and blessing do always go together, while on the other hand, disobedience is, sooner or later, followed by God's anger.

St. John tells us that by this miracle Jesus "manifested forth His glory" (verse 11), that is, *His own glory*, His divinity. For who but God could, by the mere exercise of His will, change water into wine? Even the most ignorant and least spiritual could appreciate such a proof of divine power. But to those who could read the miracle aright, it was but the *manifestation* of that "glory" which for thirty years had shone forth in our Lord's daily life of obedience to His parents (Luke ii. 51), and, we may be very certain, of love to all around him, but which, as a wonder-working power, had been hidden from the eye of man.

And the glory of His Father was also "manifested" by the miracle. Christ, as it were, drew aside the veil and let men see a sample of His Heavenly Father's working, which, however invisible, is always going on. We too little consider that all nature bears a silent testimony to the continued working of divine power. For instance, who is it that year after year prepares the grape for the wine-vat? The rain and the sun, we know, ripen and fill the fruit with juice. But who sends the rain, and gives the sunshine? Who is it that is all the time at work making these to do their appointed task? Do we not readily answer?—"God."

This yearly process is a slow one. The miracle at the marriage-feast was the work of a moment. Christ spake and it was done. But the slow process which to us seems

to depend upon a successful vintage, and the instantaneous miracle which brought the wine at once to perfection, both alike proclaim the Almighty power of God. Who, but the Son, could thus reveal the Father? The result was, "His disciples believed on Him."

As we read this narrative, does it seem to us strange to find our Lord at a marriage festival? Should we expect it of Him who was pictured forth in ancient prophecy as "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" (Isaiah liii. 3)? With the shadow of the Cross even then in view, we can understand why He loved to retire into a solitary place to pray to His Father; we can even believe that the multitudes of sick and sorrowful who "thronged Him" as He went about healing and comforting, doing good to all, did not, as we might say, "jar" upon His spirit; but do we not wonder to see Him with the guests at a marriage festival?

And this His *first* miracle, is it such a one as we might expect?—not the healing of the sick, not the raising of the dead—merely the turning of water into wine, lest the host should feel embarrassed, and the bride and bridegroom conscious of a want.

Had Jesus been man only, our surprise would be but natural. But He was God as well as man—"holy, harmless . . . separate from sinners." Therefore to see Him, the "Man of sorrows," in "the house of feasting," was not strange, but rather in full keeping with His entire life. We, men and women, are by nature so selfish, so absorbed by our own joys and sorrows, cares and anxieties, that we are apt to think little and care less for those of others. Truly does St. Paul say, "All seek their own" (Philippians ii. 21). But so did not Christ. Of Him the same apostle says, "Christ pleased not Himself" (Romans xv. 3). In Jesus we see the spirit of unselfishness in perfection. How brightly it shone forth at this marriage, which He beautified and adorned by His presence! And if we are not too dull to discern it, we shall see this golden thread running through every phase of our Lord's life. Ever ready to rejoice with those that rejoiced, to weep with those that wept, He never witnessed joy or sorrow without desiring to increase the one or relieve the other.

How faintly do the Lord's servants resemble their Master in His pure unselfishness, His forgetfulness of Himself, His unceasing thought for others! Amongst the many lessons to be learned from this, His first miracle, let not *this* be forgotten: the duty of endeavoring to increase the happiness of those around us when it is in our power to do so.

## KOMPERT'S STORIES OF JEWISH HOME LIFE.

### I.

In order properly to understand the Jewish people, we must understand the conditions under which they have been reared, and from which they are slowly, but surely, emancipating themselves. An Austrian writer, Leopold Kompert, has set himself this task. A Jew himself, he yet, like the best and most enlightened of his people, recognizes that the days of stern adhesion to rites given under peculiar conditions and under a Southern clime, are gone by; that Israel, while retaining the pure ethical standard she holds in common with the Christians who have borrowed it from her, must relinquish those practices that have degenerated into formalism and superstition. These ideas he has promulgated in a series of attractive romances that transport us into the midst of that curious life so little known, that has been led and is still led by the Jews, who live in the midst of Christians—among them, but not of

them. The stories have a very special interest to-day, for only by knowing the past can we rightly understand the present or gauge to the full the absurd, discreditable and ignorant aspect now presented by the land that gave birth to some of the foremost champions of humanity, and that has been loudest among the nations in the matter of boasting its superior enlightenment and toleration.

The scenes of all Kompert's stories are laid at the boundary between the old and the new. The Ghetto doors have been removed, the Jew is no longer cooped up within the worst slums of the city, and separated from his fellow-townsmen by gates and chains; he no longer wears a distinguishing garb. But the gates are not broken down in his soul, the "badge of shame" is still worn in his memory. An interpreter is needed between him and his Christian fellows; a bridge is required to span the gulf of

ages. Kompert endeavors to be this interpreter, this architect. He sings the swan-song of the Ghetto; he introduces us into that narrow, unhealthy, unattractive pur-lien. He lifts the veil of ignorance that has hung above his people, and shows us the poetry of Jewish manners—a poetry so carefully hidden from the world that it is not only little known but absolutely uncredited. We are present with him at the Sabbath feast, the holidays and fasts of Israel, and behold how the cringing, money-grasping Hebrew of the streets suddenly grows transformed as though by touch of magic, and becomes a noble soul, a lordly presence, a priest within his home and at his hearth. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said the Rabbi of Nazareth, as Kompert gracefully calls the greatest among the sons of Israel. Blessed surely are those who lift their pens in the cause of toleration and mutual good understanding among nations. There is no trace of dogmatism; no desire to philosophize in Kompert's stories; they must not be classed among novels with a tendency. They are free from any such blemishes; they breathe no spirit of sect, but a pure spirit of conciliation; their propaganda, lofty and wide, is for "peace on earth, goodwill toward men." On this account, though others have tried to treat the same theme, Kompert remains pre-eminently the poet of the Ghetto; there is in him no atom of race hatred, of narrow vision. He is poet and prophet in one—the poet of the past, the prophet of the time to come. He bears an olive branch in his hands and utters many an impressive word against hatred, exclusiveness and oppression; words directed to both sides, for few people recognize that the Christian hatred is returned with interest by the Jews. It has been hate for hate, contempt for contempt. Kompert enforces a gentler doctrine. His tales contain not only the panegyric of the Ghetto, they comprise the social gospel of modern Israel. He shows his co-religionists how the narrow prejudices of centuries must be abandoned, how they must free themselves from the tyranny they have chained about themselves, which is the worst tyranny of all.

Kompert's literary luggage is not large, for though he is still living we may treat of him as though his printed career were ended, for it is many years since a new work has issued from his pen. Four volumes of short stories, and two larger novels, make up the sum of his contributions to literature. These shorter stories, "Stories of a Street," "From the Ghetto," and "The Jews of Bohemia," are perhaps the most striking works. Not that Kompert's novels do not also contain much that is subtle and thoughtful, much keen observation and profound knowledge. But unhappily he suffers, like most of his German fellow-novellists, from a hopeless want of form and proportion in the construction of his plots, and hence much is too detailed, much too cursory, marring the whole and fatal to all unity of impression. The short stories require less elaborate treatment, and hence our enjoyment of them is more undisturbed.

It is a strange world into which Kompert takes us—a world of which even the language is difficult to understand, for the Jews who are hemmed within the Ghetto still retain their Hebrew speech, and, where some amount of intercourse with their Christian neighbors has caused them to drop it, speak instead a strange jargon defined by them as Jewish. It is, in fact, a medley of German and Hebrew, not easy to comprehend. This eccentric dialect even the emancipated Jews of to-day find it difficult wholly to lay aside. It has many convenient words to designate peculiarly Hebrew things; it contains many pithy and comprehensive idioms. This is the language spoken in the Ghetto, and in which Kompert's personages convey their

ideas; and though he interprets wherever possible, still a certain familiarity with this form of speech and thought is requisite fully to follow and enjoy his tales. Now, this strange speech, delivered in the peculiar nasal shrill sing-song intonation of the Hebrew, makes the Ghetto a very noisy world, especially as it is a very small one, its inmates being terribly crowded together, since, in according them space to dwell, their Christian masters have not made allowance for increase of population. And although up to the times of the present Emperor the Jews in Austria were not allowed to multiply except by imperial consent, and only the eldest son of a family was permitted to marry and found a family in his turn, yet even so their numbers increased, and the Ghetto were very hives of industry, buzz and din. How cruelly and painfully these restrictive laws pressed is depicted in the story "Without Authorization," a domestic drama that opens out a deep view into the sufferings so long and so patiently borne.

Jaekew Lederer, like his great-grandfather Jacob, had the misfortune to be a younger son, hence he could not by right of inheritance found a family, and he had not means wherewith to soften the rigor of the law and buy himself one. Yet the poor peddler could not hinder love from entering into his heart; he loved and was loved in return by Resele, a very flower of the Ghetto, but as a match of no account, for she, too, was penniless. They became engaged, however, and waited patiently till Jaekew had saved a sum that would buy them permission to marry. But no "families" were vacant, and, when they were, they were snapped up by rich merchants who could outbid the poor peddler; besides, he was legally disentitled to this privilege. Years rolled by and matters did not mend, neither did their love diminish. The two betrothed could be beheld each Sabbath taking their walk together, but as time wore on they walked apart from the other engaged couples, to whom they had become a laughing-stock. At last, when Jaekew, too, had served fourteen years' for his Rachel, he could bear it no longer. He asked and obtained Resele's consent to their marriage, which was celebrated quietly by a strange rabbi in a distant village, in order to avoid publicity. No more than the ten persons needful to constitute a "minian" (to make the act religiously legal) were asked to attend. Thenceforward the couple lived together blissfully many years, and only evil-disposed tongues—and there were few of those in the Ghetto, for the heavy misfortunes of Israel weighed more or less upon all—only quite a few tongues, therefore, insulted the dearly loved and only child of this couple with the name of bastard. But at last the law intervened in the shape of a new burgomaster of the town—a new broom. Jaekew and Resele were summoned before the authorities and treated as an illegal couple. Resele could bear this, but she could not endure that her son should be stigmatized for life. In her great maternal love she determined to lay her hard case before the Emperor himself, and went to Vienna to present a touching and naive petition to his Majesty. This is the first and only time Kompert introduces such a *deus ex machina* in order to untie the knot of his stories. As a rule they naturally resolve themselves, or the victims succumb to the hard conditions of their life. Resele was successful; the Emperor read her document, smiled at it, and accorded to Jaekew permission to buy the next "family" that should fall vacant. This done, Resele requested Jaekew that they might be married anew with all becoming forms. All the Ghetto approved this resolution. The amusing thing was that the old couple had to submit to be examined in "The Children of Zion," the textbook of the Law, an examination that preceded the marriage ceremony and the rabbinical

permission to contract a union. A scene charmingly painted followed. Neither of the couple remembered how to define the duties they had so long and conscientiously practiced.

"Come," said the commissioner of the synagogue who interrogated Resele, "tell me what are the duties of a mother toward her child."

Resele reflected a long time, then with a radiant face she replied, "To love it, Mr. Commissioner."

The commissioner looked at the rabbi, who at the same moment turned his eyes toward him. Both smiled at the simplicity of this woman.

"And you," was asked of Jaekew, "tell us what is the ninth commandment?"

Jaekew could not recall it, the commissioner had to prompt him with the first words in order to set him going: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," whispered the functionary.

"What an idea, dear rabbi!" replied Jaekew, smiling. "Would I have waited so long for Resele if I had desired my neighbor's wife? It is not for me that God gave this commandment."

Laughing heartily, the commissioner accords to the old couple the needful testimonial of examination, a merry wedding banquet follows, and all is brought to a happy conclusion.

#### Stories about a Famous Hymn.

"A CURIOUS mistake," says a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "was made on the handbill distributed among the worshipers at Westminster Abbey. It has been found convenient to print on slips of paper the hymns sung at each of the special services now being held, and on the slip given out recently appeared the well-known hymn beginning—

'Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,'

with this appended statement of authorship and date, 'Hon. Walter Shirley, 1774.' The compiler of the handbill seems to have trusted to the editorial accuracy of John Wesley, in whose collection of hymns the composition in question was first attributed to Shirley. In two other collections it is assigned to some poet named Madan, who is otherwise unknown; but the real author was Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth, well-known to evangelical persons at the beginning of the present century as the writer of the devotional work 'Morning and Evening Portions,' and to general readers of the present day as the grandfather of Robert Stephen Hawker, the eccentric vicar of Morenstow, whose biography has been written by Mr. Baring-Gould and Dr. F. G. Lea. In Mr. Baring-Gould's memoir there is an amusing story of how, when quite a boy, Robert Stephen Hawker wrote what he considered an improved version of the hymn, and presented it to his grandfather with the remark that the original was 'crude and flat.' 'Crude and flat, sir!' roared the irate doctor. 'Young puppy, it is mine. I wrote that hymn.' The young emendator was only abashed for a moment. 'I beg your pardon, grand-

father!' he exclaimed; 'I did not know that. It is a very nice hymn, indeed; but—but—' and as he went out of the door, 'mine is better.'

#### THE JEWISH SABBATH.

THE Progressive Israelites of New York are moving energetically for a Sunday as against a Saturday Sabbath. Dr. Kohler, of the Tempel Beth-el, is the chief agitator of this change. He declared that the observance of Saturday under the existing circumstances is impossible, and that the Sunday gatherings are no concession to Christianity, but are simply held to secure a rest day and the religious instruction of children. Saturday services are still kept up at the temple for the middle-aged and leisurely, but were this all, says Dr. Kohler, the young would be exposed to spiritual starvation. He does not want any premature change, but thinks the irresistible tendency is in the direction of the first day of the week, and he cannot see that it makes any difference which day is kept, provided one is observed.

#### A HANDSOME LECTERN.

WE give an illustration of a handsome bronze lectern, which was recently placed in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at the corner of Montague and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, of which Rev. Charles H. Hall is rector. The lectern is designed as a memorial of the late John H. Vanostand, by his wife and son, and is, in both design and finish, worthy of the place and the donors.



NEW LECTERN IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, BROOKLYN.

A MINISTER was once asked how he reconciled the Word of God with the latest conclusions of science. "What are they?" he said. "I have not seen the morning papers. They are for the most part mere theories and hypotheses, reached without any sufficient induction of facts. The dreams of the old alchemists were more popular and rested upon more

numerous data than do the theories of Darwin and Huxley. As yet science has no sufficient premises, and therefore but few rational conclusions."

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—When Adam died, Seth, by permission of the cherubim who guarded the entrance to the Garden of Eden, obtained a branch of the fatal tree. This he planted upon the grave of Adam, which was called *Golgotha*—"the place of a skull." In after years, many sacred objects were made from this tree; such, for instance, as the Ark of the Covenant, and the pole which supported the Brazen Serpent. Finally—as the legend runs—the Cross on which our Redeemer was hung was made of this wood, and the Crucifixion took place over the grave of Adam; thus bringing together the First Adam, by whom came death, and the Second Adam, by Whom came life eternal.

NO MAN was ever great by imitation.—Dr. Johnson.



# THE HOME-PULPIT.

## LOST SHEEP.

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—ISAIAH, LIII. 6.

WITHIN ninety years at the longest, this entire audience will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swathe among the people. The year 1882 will be to some the finality. This may be the last sermon that some one will hear. Under these circumstances, while I have a somewhat poetic nature, and might indulge in trope and figure and simile, I dare not do so. God never gave to any man a greater fondness for mirth than I naturally have, and yet under this solemnity I would not dare to indulge it. This service, this hour in spiritual things, will be to some in this august assemblage a life struggle or a death grapple, and woe be to that man who shall divert the attention of this audience.

The first half of my text is an indictment: All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and says: "There is a blasphemer; and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray. I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out: "Oh! my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways: either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the bank of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God, through Jesus Christ, gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread and we found garbage. The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the clubhouse when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you—per-

haps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

"There is a land far, far away,  
Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day."

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried: "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your soul you find in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you. The world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle-ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Endless ages will march on; he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

"Substantial comfort will not grow  
On Nature's barren soil;  
All we can boast till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toll."

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture-field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the Fall of 1873 when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you

were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh! man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your earthly failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning, your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the cannonade, and the conflagration, and the multiplication, and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. He runs it on the harps with all the tunes astring. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "Him." Him of the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous, that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street—both hale, hearty and well—I ask you to carry me, you say, and say rightly, "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh! no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts, then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying: "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt, cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is, we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabres of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resound-

ing bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God. Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of His fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon His knee, and then with a dead lift He raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights; I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts. Put them on my shoulder, put them on my heart." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They write under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope. They went out of life just as they are now. They sat in the same place where you sat; they heard the Gospel call; they rejected it; they passed out of life, and their voice comes to us from the eternal world this morning, saying: "Take the Gospel; this is your chance; my day is gone; I am undone; who will shove back this bolt? who will put down this sorrow?" And the caverns forlornly echo, "Who? who?" If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings; I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before man, but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner'; the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits, the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections, and I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all!" Yonder is a man who would say, "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself; I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until one day I got a letter, saying:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have tried every way, done everything and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life had

been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken-hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home; but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realisation, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite, and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that He has said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From your loving wife,

MARY.

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting-house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing;' and I got to the door, and they were singing,

"All may come whoever will—

This man receives poor sinners still."

And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy!' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim: 'On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.' Yonder is a woman who would say, "I wandered off from my father's house, I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me, and He said, 'Poor thing, go home; your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing.' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out—I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of Him of whom it is said, 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position—a good commercial position—but one night at the theatre I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night, I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and I went to the door of the church, and the young man met me and we went in, and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around, so kind and so sympathetic, that I just there gave my heart to God, and I know this morning that what you say is true; I know it in my own experience." "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Oh, my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand and let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of Him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are found, pardon for all sin and eternal life for all the dead.

Some one comes here this morning and I stand aside. He comes up three steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place He spreads abroad His hands, and they were nailed. You see His feet; they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you His wounded heart. I say: "Art thou weary?" "Yes," He says, "Weary with the world's woe." I say: "Whence comest Thou?" He says: "I came from Calvary." I say: "Who comes with Thee?" He says: "No one; I have trodden the wine-press alone." I say: "Why comest Thou here?" "Oh!" He says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And He kneels. He says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst Thou bear any more, oh, Christ?" He says: "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst Thou bear any more?" He says: "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst Thou bear more?" He says: "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly, and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say: "Canst Thou bear them?" "Yea," He says, "more." But He is departing. Clear the way for Him, the Son of God. Open the door and let Him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abyss, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let Him take your sins to-day? or, do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" Oh, brother, then you will perish! I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line. A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night, I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh! no," the other replied; "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last. To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "whosoever will, let him come"; whosoever, whosoever, whosoever! There may be in this audience just one man who will reject the Gospel. It seems to me that the vast multitude will see that the Gospel is reasonable and they will surrender themselves to God; but there may be in this house just one who will refuse the Gospel, and pass out and pass down. Let me take solemn leave of such a one. Watch cautiously your health, for when your life ceases here all pleasant experiences cease. Walk not near the scaffolding lest a brick or a stone should fall and you should be ushered into a world for which you have no preparation. To-morrow morning you will go over to the store, or to the bank, or the factory, and they will say: "Where were you on the Sabbath?" You will say: "I was at the Tabernacle, and I heard the Gospel preached; there were some things in the sermon I didn't believe, I could not receive, I could not accept." And so the days will go by and the hours and the moments until after a while eternity will rush upon you. I am speaking to just that one soul. Farewell, thou doomed spirit. As thou





THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE IN SOHREMERBORN STREET.

shovest off from nope I wawe thee this salutation. Oh, it is hard to part for ever. I bid thee a long, a last, a bitter, an eternal adieu!

"While God invites, how blest the day,  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;  
Come, sinner, haste, O! haste away  
While yet a pardoning God is found."

In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated here during the last service we had was a man who came in who said: "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said: "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found Him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel Him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said, "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved; not now; the door is shut;" and another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out the front door of the Tabernacle, saying, "I am a lost man!"

"Behold the Lamb of God who takest away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment!"

## TWO NOTED BROOKLYN CHURCHES.

Without doubt the two most noted churches, not only in the City of Brooklyn, but also in the United States, if not in the whole world, are the Brooklyn Tabernacle and Plymouth Church, the one Presbyterian and the other Congregational, but both Calvinist.

The present Tabernacle, of which the Rev. Dr. Talmage is the pastor, was built in 1873, the corner-stone having been laid on the 7th of June of that year. It was completed during the following Winter, and dedicated on Sunday, February 23d, 1874, and on the next day a grand opening concert took place. The building is as nearly fire-proof as possible, and is perfect in its acoustic properties. It is lighted from the centre by three enormous and very handsome chandeliers of unique pattern. The seats are so arranged as to enable every one to see and be seen and to hear the preacher. The Tabernacle covers an area of one hundred and fifty by one hundred and twelve feet. The floor will seat about 3,000 people, the gallery accommodating about 1,300 more. The organ is grand, very imposing and rich and full of melodious expression. This is the third church of the same congregation ministered to by Dr. Talmage since his arrival in Brooklyn in 1869. The first church was called the Central Presbyterian Church,

but it was soon found to be too small for the rapidly growing congregation. The first Tabernacle was erected to meet the wants of the congregation, but it was completely burned down on December 23d, 1872. Its place was supplied by the present edifice, erected from a design by Mr. John Welch. It is a development of the amphitheatre plan, with a descent of nine feet from the outer line of seats to the pulpit.

Plymouth Church, of which the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been the pastor for thirty-five years, is on Orange Street, running through to Cranberry Street, Brooklyn. It is an unimposing building, and possesses no distinctive architectural features. Its sole claim to distinction is the ability and eloquence of its pastor and the remarkable congregation which he has gathered around him. No man is better known throughout the whole country than Henry Ward Beecher. Always in advance of his time, he has given uncompromising opinions on all the great questions of the times—opinions which have not infrequently brought him into great temporary unpopularity.

Plymouth Church was first erected in 1823, when the population of Brooklyn was less than 10,000. Its earlier pastors were the Rev. Joseph Sanford, from 1823 to 1829; the Rev. Daniel L. Carroll, D.D., 1829-1835; the Rev. Samuel H. Cox, 1837-1847. Up to this time it was known as the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. In 1847 the Society built its present house of worship on Henry Street. The year before, John T. Howard, learning that the property was for sale, obtained the refusal of it for \$20,000, and in conjunction with Henry C. Bowen, David Hall, Ira Payne, Charles Rowland and David Griffin, purchased the property and organized the present Society of Plymouth Church. Religious service was first held on Sunday, May 16th, 1847. Mr. Beecher, who was then pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis,

happening to be in New York at the time, was invited to and did conduct the opening services. On June 14th following he was unanimously elected pastor of the new society, and on October 10th began his labors, which he has uninterruptedly continued until the present day.

On January 13th, 1849, the old church was seriously damaged by fire. The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid, May 29th, and the building completed and occupied by the congregation on the first Sunday in 1850. The church is 105 feet long, 80 feet broad, and accommodates 2,800 people. The organ was built in 1866, and cost \$22,000. The society supports several Bethels and mission-schools in different parts of Brooklyn, and gives annually a large amount to charity and the support of missions.

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**A SHORT SERMON.**

“Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.”

**NOT SLOTHFUL.**—The word rendered *slothful* refers to those who are slow, idle, destitute of promptness of mind and activity.

**In business.**—This is the same word which in ver. 8 is rendered *diligence*. It properly denotes *haste, intensity, ardor of mind*; and hence it also denotes *industry, labor*. The direction means that we should be diligently occupied in our proper employment. It does not refer to any particular occupation, but is used, in a general sense, to denote all labor which we may have to do; it is a direction to be faithful and industrious in the discharge of all our appropriate duties. The tendency of the Christian religion is to promote *industry*. It teaches the value of time; presents numerous and important things to be done; it inclines men to be conscientious in the improvement of each moment; and it takes away from the mind those pleasures and pursuits which generate and promote indolence. The Lord Jesus was constantly employed in filling up the great duties of His life; the effect of His religion has been to promote industry wherever it has spread, both among nations and individuals. An *idle man* and a *Christian* are names which do not harmonize. Every Christian has enough to occupy all his time, and he whose life is spent in ease, and in doing nothing, should doubt altogether his religion. God has assigned us much to accomplish, and will hold us answerable for the faithful performance of it. All that would be needful to transform the idle, and vicious, and wretched, into sober and useful men, would be to give them the spirit of the Christian religion.

**Fervent.**—This word is usually applied to water or to metals so heated as to bubble or boil. It is hence used to denote ardor, intensity, or, as we should express it, a glow—meaning intense zeal.

**In spirit.**—In your mind or heart. The expression is used to denote a mind filled with intense ardor in whatever it is engaged. It is supposed that Christians would find appropriate objects for their labor, and then engage in them with intense ardor and zeal.

**Serving the Lord.**—Regarding yourselves as the servants of the Lord. This direction is to be understood as connected with the preceding, and as growing out of it. They were to be diligent and fervid, and in *doing so* were to regard themselves as serving the Lord, or to do it in obedience to the command of God, and to promote His glory. The propriety of this caution may easily be seen. The tendency of worldly employments is to take off the affections from God. Men are prone to forget God when deeply engaged in their worldly employments; it is proper to recall their attention to Him. The right discharge of our duties in the various employments of life is to be regarded as serving God. He has arranged the order of things in this life to promote employment. He has made industry essential to happiness and success; and hence to be industrious from proper motives is to be regarded as acceptable service to God. He has required that all such employments should be conducted with reference to His will and honor. The meaning of the whole verse is that Christians should be industrious, should be ardently engaged in some lawful employment, and that they should pursue it with reference to the will of God, in obedience to His commands, and to His glory.—*Barnes*.

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 I've seen some old broken bowls planted out with the bonniest flowers and mosses, and I've thought if it had not been for their misfortune they would never have come to such honor and beauty.—*Edward Garrett*.



GOING TO PLYMOUTH CHURCH ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

ST. MARK xiv. 3.

In Simon's house the Master sat at meat;  
Then Mary took a box of spikenard rare  
And brake it on His head, and wiped His feet  
With the soft splendor of her trailing hair;  
And lo! the wafting of the ointment spilled  
With costly fragrance all the dwelling filled.

Then some there were that murmured at her sore:  
"Why was the ointment squandered all for naught?"  
But Jesus bade them trouble her no more:  
"This is a good work that her hand hath wrought;  
Her precious nard aforetime did she bring  
To grace My body for the burying.

"Yea, what she could she did. Beneath the sun,  
Wherever men shall preach this word of Mine,  
There also shall this thing that she hath done  
Be told for her memorial and sign."  
So spake the Lord of her, by men withstood,  
Who gave, in trustful love, what gift she could.

Mary, thine ointment poured upon His head,  
Mute homage of thy loving, longing soul,  
Only throughout the house its odor shed;  
Thy deed is wafted forth from pole to pole,  
Through the long lapse of never-ending years  
A holy perfume in disciples' ears.

And lowly souls henceforth shall courage take,  
Recalling thy memorial fond and sweet;  
Though poor their service for the Master's sake,  
Yet bold to lay it at His blessed feet,  
Trusting to hear Him say, "O servants good,  
Ye, too, have done for Me what thing ye could."

### AHITHOPHEL.

The only notice we have of Ahithophel occurs in connection with the catastrophe in which David all but lost his kingdom and Absalom lost his life. The rebellious son and his wily adviser are thus so linked together that they can be best studied when embraced in one sketch.

Absalom's revenge for his sister Tamar's dishonor was so natural an expression of the feelings of his age and race, and seemed dictated by a sentiment so honorable, however perverted in its realization, that our blame is tempered with sympathy, even for an act so terrible as his murder of Amnon. Yet, regarded more closely, there was much to weaken any such palliation. Had his indignation flamed forth at once against the offender, his violence would have appeared only the generous though cruel outburst of zeal for his sister's honor. But it marks a cold and heartless nature, in which calculation takes the part of passion, that he waited for two years, watching the opportunity to carry out his vengeance, and did so at last with every refinement of dissimulation and treachery, amidst the rejoicings of a family gathering. Was revenge for Tamar less his thought than destroying the heir-apparent, and thus opening the way to the throne for himself, the second son?

Very possibly Absalom had reckoned on the weakness of his father overlooking his crime as he had that of Amnon, and fled to his grandfather at Geshur only when he saw his danger. Nor did he in his exile show any worthy regret and sense of having done wrong. The inevitable results of polygamy had filled him with the ambition to rise above the sons of his father's other wives, and get the throne, and for this alone he seems to have sought to return. To gain an outward reconciliation with David and a formal reception at court, was a necessary step in carrying out his design, and to receive this he bore himself with haughty insolence to Joab, that he might

force him to a meeting. No trace shows itself of the softness or sorrow that seeks comfort; he has no thought except of ambition and treachery. He has woven a plot with the deepest subtlety, and carries it out step by step with fixed, unswerving purpose. Unless he be seen in the king's presence the people would not trust him. An audience granted, all he seeks is gained. David's passionate love for his children revives in all its strength, and he presses the traitor to his bosom! All Jerusalem hears of it, and can suspect no base design. But Absalom was now only in name a son!

From this time the development of his plans proceeded openly. The first step was an apparently innocent imitation of his father's state. He was the heir-apparent, and it was only natural that he should have chariots and horses, and a long line of gayly-robed, running footmen to precede him when he rode abroad.\* His personal beauty was remarkable, and added to his popularity. He was the handsomest man of his day in the nation; his hair especially flowing in such rich luxuriance as made it proverbial, while his figure and features were perfect.† Round one who thus looked every inch a king, the sympathies and enthusiasm of the people seemed naturally drawn, and it was easy for his arts to "steal the hearts of the men of Israel." The nation, no less than David, had yearned for his recall from banishment, and gloried in him when he was once more in Jerusalem.

Nothing could have been more skillful than the vain, ambitious, heartless young man's bearing toward the crowd. Affecting easy and gracious condescension, he courted all alike. It was David's custom, like other Eastern kings, to sit each morning by the city gate at Jerusalem, or at the gate of his palace, to judge all causes brought before him, but the number of cases would at times no doubt cause delay, even with the summary processes of Oriental justice, and every decision necessarily left one side aggrieved. Rising day by day with the daily light, Absalom made it his practice to go out among the crowds gathered to wait for his father's appearance, and sedulously courted their favor, contriving in doing so to depreciate David by crafty insinuations and contrasts. Mixing freely with all, he had a word for each in turn. "Of what city was he?" "What matter had he for trial?" Listening to the story, he would forthwith declare that the right was clearly on the speaker's side; "but, unfortunately, there was something wrong. The king could not do everything himself, and he had no deputy to see that causes were swiftly heard and righteously decided." Then he would add—"Would that I were made judge in the land! Would that men could come to me to have their causes tried! I would soon let them have justice!"‡ It was literally—

"Smooth dissimulation, taught to grace  
A devil's purpose with an angel's face."

He would not even accept the customary reverence paid to the great, and much more to the heir-apparent. When any one, flattered and led away by his beauty and fine words, sought to kneel and do him reverence, he would not suffer it; but putting out his hand, checked and raised him up, at the same time embracing him as an equal, not an inferior, and kissing him as a friend.

Dexterous, creeping treason like this, left to work its way for four years after Absalom's return from Geshur,§ had a wide effect in a town like Jerusalem, which every Israelite had to visit frequently for religious objects, apart from the ordinary requirements of business or pleasure.

\* II. Sam. xv. 1. † II. Sam. xiv. 25, 26. ‡ II. Sam. xv. 2, 4.

§ II. Samuel xv. 7 reads "forty years," but it is an evident error of the text. Josephus has "four."



Nothing would spread faster, as each visitor returned to his own district, than the surpassing manly beauty of the prince, his enchanting condescension, his love of the people, and his desire to make all men happy. All existing government creates complaint. We are never contented with what is, but itch for change, in the hope that it will remove some real or fancied grievance. Reports so favorable to the prince would necessarily throw his father into the shade. The heavy burden of the wars, the pressure of the taxes, the scandals always whispered against courts, and in David's case with only too much justice in some respects, tended alike to raise the son and depress the king. The leaven of disaffection had spread secretly through the nation before any one knew.

But though long in preparing, the plot required swift execution when ripe. Pretending that he had made a vow when in exile, that, if restored to his father's grace, he would retire to some quiet place and offer thanks to God by lengthened services, Absalom got leave to withdraw for a time from court, and betook himself to Hebron, the seat of the first happy years of his father's reign, and even yet the true centre of the kingdom in the eyes of the men of Judah.

The request sounded so innocent and religious, that David's unsuspecting nature was thrown entirely off its guard. Two hundred invited guests of the chief families went with the prince from Jerusalem, in equal ignorance of any ulterior design; but their presence lent a false color of loyalty to the journey, while it gave dignity to the traitor, and would no doubt be diligently circulated as a proof that even under the shadow of the throne he had countless supporters. Meanwhile, secret emissaries were sent through all the land to prepare the people, and it was arranged that on a given day Absalom should be proclaimed everywhere, simultaneously, as King, to create a universal belief that he was peaceably chosen by the whole nation as such at Hebron.

Among those thus summoned, one was of special importance—Ahithophel, of the town of Gilo, which some place among the hills of Judah, others south of Hebron. He had been brought into contact with David as the grandfather of Bathsheba, who was the daughter of Eliam, or Amiel, his son, one of the thirty-seven special heroes of David's forces—Uriah, her husband, whom David had betrayed and murdered to obtain her, being another.\* His shrewdness and crafty wisdom had apparently recommended him to David's favor, so that he had become his special adviser, and had won his implicit confidence both as a man and a counselor. Others went after Absalom in ignorance, but when Ahithophel sided with him openly, and publicly joined him, it seemed ominous. Such a man would not lightly commit himself: that must be threatening indeed for which he was willing to venture his all. But it was only another illustration of the want of wisdom even in the wise, and of the failure of the shrewdest calculation by overlooking some all-important contingency.

The day at last came when the treachery so long preparing was thoroughly ripe. Men had previously had their appointed stations assigned them through the whole land, on every height; and at a given signal from Hebron, hill-top and tower, from one end of the country to the other, repeated the trumpet-flourish, which was the customary proclamation of a new king, and announced to all Israel that Absalom reigned at Hebron.

David was utterly disconcerted at the widespread insurrection, and lost his presence of mind so far as to betake himself instantly to flight across the Jordan, leaving

\* II. Samuel xxiii. 34-35.

Jerusalem open to the triumphal entry of his son. It seemed as if the kingdom had changed hands without a struggle.

The character of Absalom shows itself in a forbidding light, not only in the conception of such a revolt, but in all the subsequent steps he took. He had had craft and reticence enough to conceal his purposes, but he had no capacity to carry them out successfully. Instead of taking the lead, he stood passive to receive directions from his advisers, and to this David owed his restoration and Absalom his ruin. No scruples held back the unhappy man from the greatest of crimes, the murder of his father. He was ready to adopt Ahithophel's counsel to pursue him at once and put him to death before he gathered power to resist, and was only diverted from it by the fidelity of a friend of David, who, pretending loyalty to the revolution, prescribed a course which was certain to undo it. But he would, at least, openly show that his father had ceased to reign. To take possession of the harem of a king was the most marked expression of having supplanted him, and this, by Ahithophel's advice, Absalom now did.

Meanwhile the crafty plotter, who had hoped to be the chief counselor of the new reign, was overwhelmed with chagrin at the success of the counsel of Hushai and the rejection of his own. It was clear that Absalom would soon be ruined, and with the return of David nothing could be expected but death by one who had played the part of an arch-traitor. Dishonored and virtually disgraced almost before the new reign he had done so much to bring about was opened, he could not bear the mortification, and, withdrawing to his house at Gilo, he put an end to his life. How keenly David had felt his treachery is shown in the Psalm lv. 12-14: "It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him: but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance."

Delay at such a crisis was inevitably fatal. While Absalom was collecting a huge army, David was also recovering himself, and gathered a strong army round him, under leaders like Joab, accustomed to victory. Absalom at last, however, had made all preparations, and having crossed the Jordan, sought David in Gilead, to crush him in a decisive battle. But his force was no match for the disciplined valor of the fighting-men under David, nor was there any such passionate loyalty, as it would seem, for him as for his father, whose troops forced him to keep out of danger, as worth more in his single life than ten thousand of themselves.

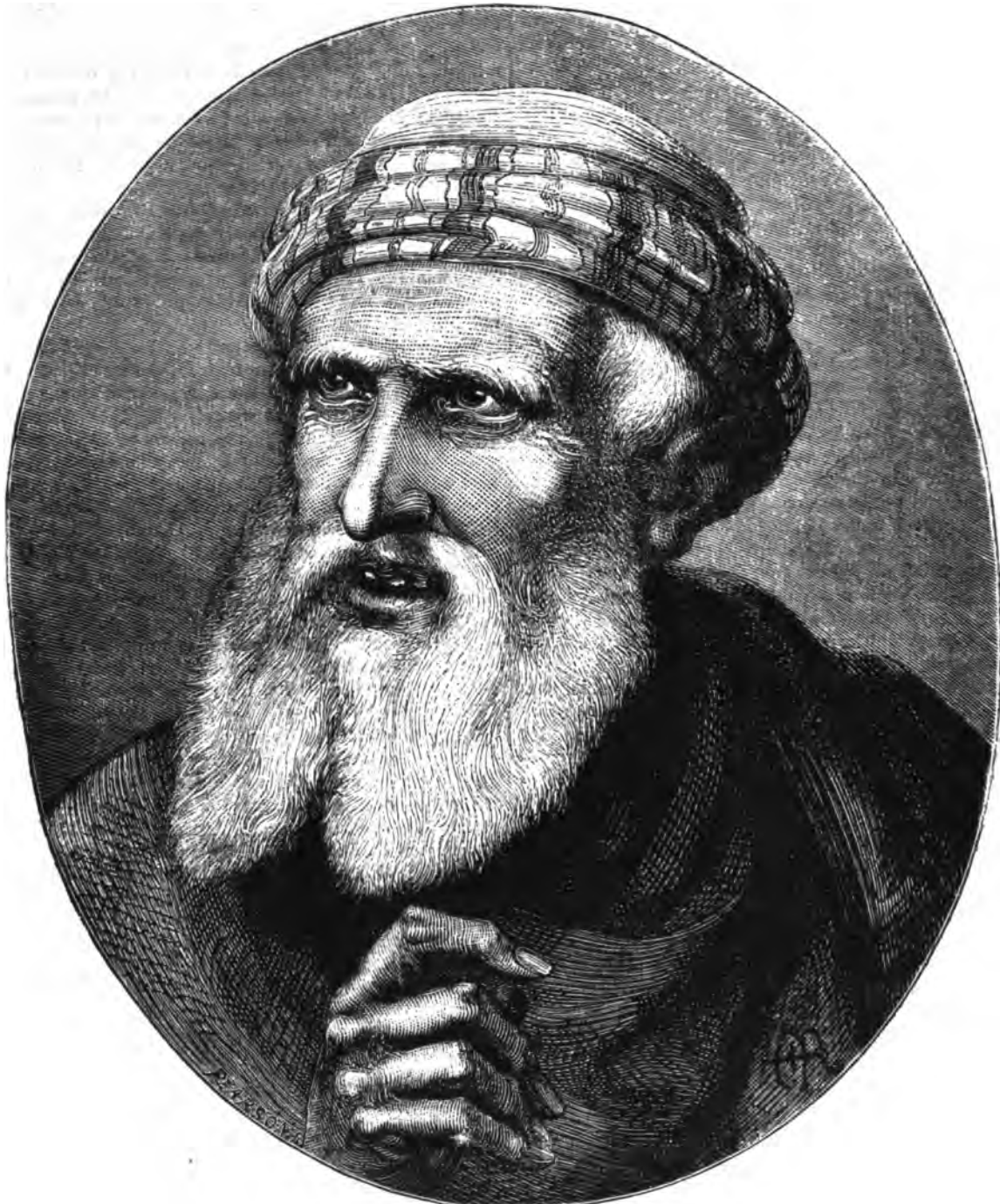
Utter defeat overtook the unhappy prince, and nothing was left for him but flight. The battle took place in the richly wooded valleys of Gilead, and Absalom, on his mule, had to make his way at the utmost speed of his beast through the forest. As he did so, however, a strange fate overtook him. His elaborately-plaited hair caught in the fork of an oak under which he was hastily passing, and suspended him in midair as his mule ran on from under him. In this helpless plight he was found by Joab, who had none of the weakness of David, but determined, in direct disobedience to the orders he had received, to crush the rebellion at once by putting its head to death. Thrusting three javelins into the traitor's body, he left his body hanging in the tree in its shame.

Thus ended a life which might, perhaps, have been very different but for the sin of David himself, for that alone had weakened his moral power, and given Absalom the opportunity which often begets the offense.

## NATURAL DESIRES.

It is often urged that the natural desires are so strong and self-asserting that there is no necessity for making special provision for them; that they will take good enough care of themselves, and that all that remains for

will either assert its own supremacy and rise in open rebellion, or, in succumbing, it will pull down with it the very qualities we were striving to establish. If pleasure is crushed down by asceticism, it will either burst its bonds and triumph in unchecked dissipation, or in dying it will poison all the fountains of wholesome activity and life.



"And the counsel of Ahithophel . . . was as if a man had enquired at the oracle of God."  
2 SAMUEL XVI. 23.—SEE PAGE 70.

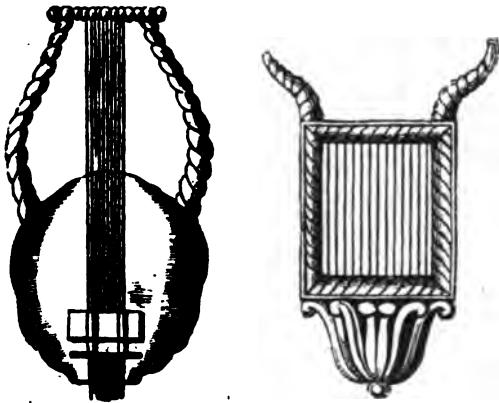
us to do is to resist the continual encroachments which they are making upon higher things. It is upon fallacies like this that many fancied moral structures are reared, and it is no wonder that they crumble away before the first fresh breeze of nature. Every teaching which tries to uphold one truth by despising another ends in merited failure. If no place is made for the physical nature, it

TRUTH, when it is won, is the possession of the whole nature. By the action of the whole nature only can it be gained. The king must go with his counselors at his side and his army at his back, or he makes no conquest. The intellect must be surrounded by the richness of the affections and backed by the power of the will, or it attains no perfect truth.—*Phillips Brooks*

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE BIBLE

BY ALFRETTON HERVEY.

THE references to musical instruments scattered throughout the Holy Scriptures are very numerous, and the description of the services in the great Temple of Solomon shows us that in the ritual of the ancient Jews music both vocal and instrumental formed a very important part of the worship. In II. Chronicles, vii., the dedication of the Temple is related. We read there that "the priests waited on their offices; the Levites also with instruments of music of the Lord, which David the King had made to praise the Lord, because His mercy endureth for ever, when David praised by their ministry, and the priests sounded their trumpets before them, and all Israel stood" (verse 6).



ANCIENT LYRES.

When the ark was inducted to the Temple, the ceremonies were also magnificent. Verses 12, 13 and 14 of the fifth chapter of Second Chronicles tell us, "Also the Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of altar, and with them a hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever; that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

From these passages, as well as others, we learn that instrumental music of the grandest kind was not considered out of place in religious services, and although there are now Christians who will not permit even an organ to be heard in their places of worship, David and Solomon employed for their services every known musical instrument of the time.

The first mention of musical instruments in the Bible is in the fourth chapter of Genesis, where we are told that Jubal was "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ" (verse 21). Jubal was the seventh from Adam, being descended from Cain, the eldest son of our first father.

The Hebrew word translated harp, is *kinnor*; and that translated organ, is *ugab*. Whether the *kinnor* was a harp or lyre has never been authoritatively decided. Specimens of a three-cornered harp have been found sculptured on some Egyptian bas-reliefs. If we may reason from the

development theory, we might consider that the lyre was an improvement on the harp, which is undoubtedly the simpler form of the two, but here we are met with the old story of the discovery of the lyre by Mercury. According to the "Hymn to Hermes"—at one time attributed to Homer—the god, "soon after his birth found a mountain tortoise grazing near his grotto on Mount Kyllena. He disemboweled it, took its shell, and out of the back of the shell he formed the lyre. He cut two stalks of reed of equal length, and boring the shell, he employed them as arms or sides to the lyre. It was, perhaps, the inner skin, to cover the open part, and thus to give it a sort of leather or parchment front. Then he tied cross-bars of reed to the arms and attached seven strings of sheepgut to the cross-bars. After that, he tried the strings with a plectrum." (Chappell's "History of Music.")

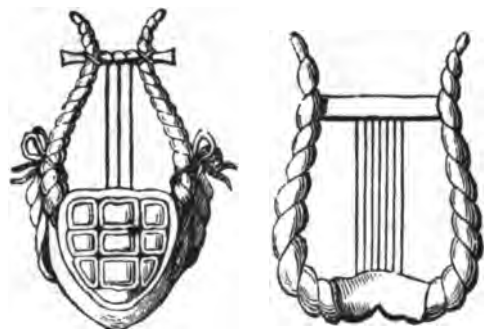
The *ugab*, or organ, was probably nothing more than a pipe—perhaps two or more pipes of unequal lengths giving forth different sounds when blown into; in fact, the Pandean pipes, as we know them. The passage alluded to concerning Jubal is translated in Martin Luther's version of the Bible, "And his brother was named Jubal, from whom descended fiddlers and pipers."

The *kinnor* is the only stringed instrument mentioned in the Pentateuch; the *ugab*, being a wind instrument, and the tabret (toph—see Gen. xxxi. 27), a small hand-drum.

Already, in this very early age, we see a sort of rudimentary orchestra, then three instruments giving three distinct varieties of tone, and being the rude progenitors of the three great branches of the modern grand orchestra—stringed instruments, wind instruments and instruments of percussion. And if the *kinnor*, *ugab* and *toph* were used in the religious services of the Jews, there can be no objection to the employment of the fullest and grandest modern orchestra in Christian worship, the difference being simply in degree and not in kind.

## L—STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

Taking, therefore, first the stringed musical instruments mentioned in the Bible, we find the harp (*kinnor*), psaltery



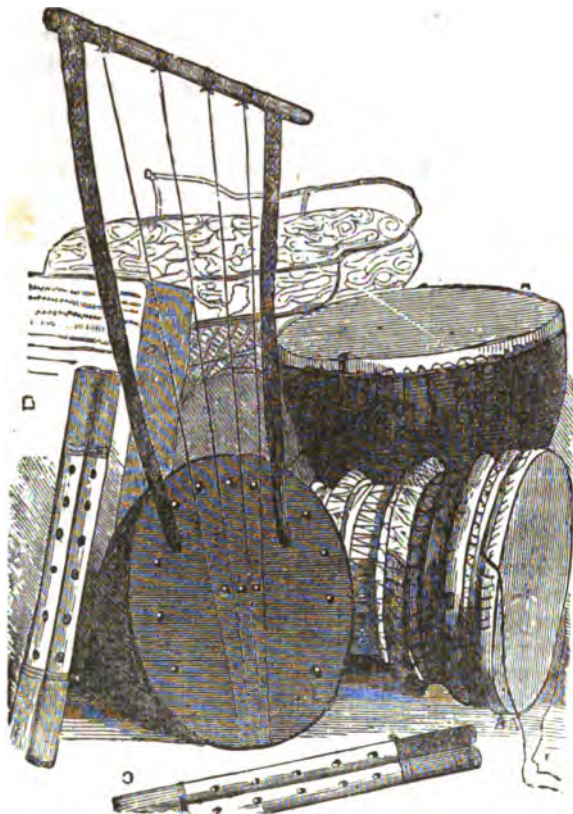
ANCIENT LYRES.

(*nebel*), sackbut (*sabeca*), dulcimer (*psalterin*), and guitar (*kiuhros*).

The *kinnor*, translated harp, was, as we have seen, more probably a lyre. This opinion is held by Dr. Kitto, Dr. Jebo and Sir Gardner Wilkinson. This last gentleman discovered a painting in a tomb at Beni Hassar, Egypt, representing the arrival of a company of strangers in Egypt. The discoverer suggests that these strangers are



no less than Joseph's brethren, and they are represented playing on a *kinnor*, which in this painting is unmistakably a lyre. Another argument in favor of the lyre theory is a bas-relief in the British Museum, showing an Assyrian in charge of captives who are playing on lyres. Layard supposes them to be Jewish captives, but Fétis believes them to be Barabars or Berbers, and he affirms that the instrument pictured is an Ethiopian lyre or *kissar*.



ETHIOPIAN LYRE.

The *kinnor* was made of wood. It was one of the instruments mentioned by Laban. It was used in the ceremonies of inducting the Ark to the Temple; it was used by high and important families, as an accompaniment to their prophecy (see I. Chron. xxv. 8); it was the instrument carried by female wandering minstrels (Isa. xxiii. 16); it was used by the people under Jehoshaphat returning with joy to Jerusalem after overcoming the Moabites (II. Chron. xx. 28); and it was the instrument with which the youthful David drove away the wicked spirit of Saul (I. Sam. xvi. 23). David played it with his hand, but it was usually played with a plectrum. It probably had eight or nine strings; eight, according to Dr. Jebb; nine, according to Fétis; and ten, according to Josephus.

Dr. Jebb grounds his decision on the fact that the *kinnor* is so frequently found mentioned in connection with the word *sheminith*. See I. Chronicles, xv. 19-21. This word is connected with the number eight, and two explanations of its appearance in connection with *kinnors* have been given. First, that it refers to the pitch of an octave, the name of a scale or tune, or the number of strings on the instrument. Dr. Jebb takes the latter portion of this hypothesis, and therefore gives the *kinnor* eight strings. It cannot refer to the octave, for the scale in those days did not possess eight notes, but only a series of tetrachords. The second explanation is that *sheminith* referred to an eighth mode or scale; but this

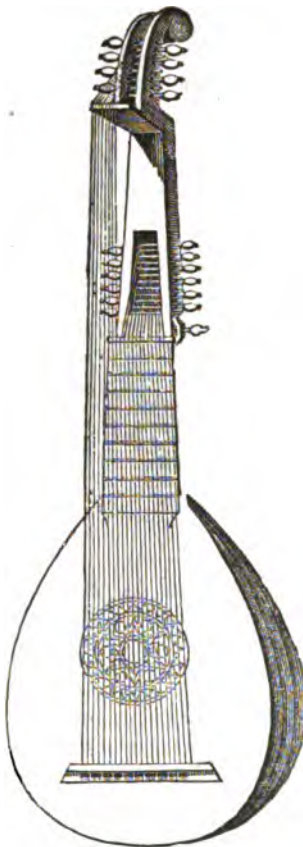
could scarcely be, as the ancient Jews did not probably have eight different modes, and if they did, it would not be probable that the players should be directed to always play the same tune, or always only in the same key or mode. Dr. Jebb's supposition seems to be the most plausible one, and it is fair to accept it, leading us to the conclusion that the *kinnors* were used at different times, or by different players, with varying numbers of strings, and that when the word *sheminith* is associated with *kinnor*, it is intended as a direction that in order to secure uniformity, the *kinnors* shall have eight strings.

The lyre must not be confounded with the lute. The latter belongs to the guitar family. The strings are carried

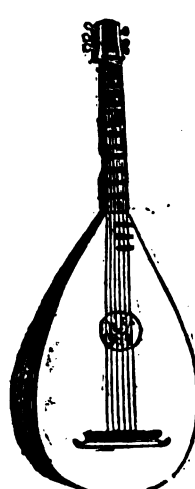
upward beyond the resonance-box, over a piece of wood called the neck, on which is fastened the finger-board, while the strings of the lyre extend from the body of the instrument to the cross-piece, and there is nothing behind the upper portion of the strings.

The next stringed instrument spoken of in the Bible is the psaltery. The original Hebrew word is *nebel*. The Septuagint version translates this into Greek as *nablion*, *nabla*, *nabli* and *nablas*, from whence come the Latin forms *nablium*, *nabulum* or *nabla*. This instrument appears to have been of a far more elaborate character than the *kinnor*. It is first mentioned in I. Sam. x. 5. If the *kinnor* was a lyre, it is fair to suppose that the *nebel* was a harp, and to this conclusion the majority of Biblical writers have come. But it was not such a harp as moderns are

acquainted with. It had only two sides; therefore there could not be as many strings as in a modern harp, nor could



ARCH-LUTE, OR THEORBO.



SIMPLE LUTE.



KEYED LUTE.

the strings be tuned up to as great a tension. That the *nebel* was the veritable harp of the Hebrew is strongly argued by Dr. John Stainer, who has given much time and study to this subject. It was undoubtedly larger than the *kinor*, and yet small enough to be easily portable, as it is frequently mentioned in the Bible as being carried in processions.

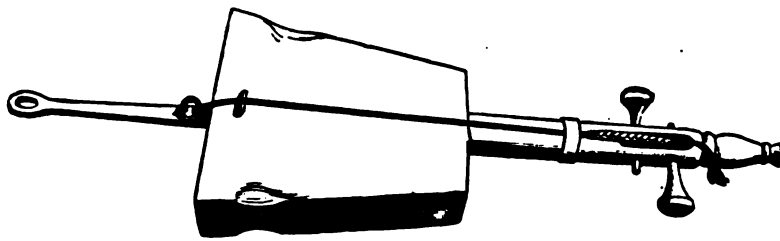
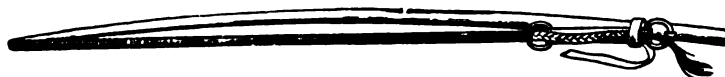
The old translators of the Bible rendered the word *nebel* by the four terms, psaltery, psalm, lute and viol. The first is the most common and probably the nearest correct. We find the *nebel* mentioned by Samuel, who told the newly-anointed King Saul that he would meet "a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a *nebel*" (I Sam. x. 5), and other instruments. Again, "David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments, even on *kinors* (harps), and *nebel*s (psalteries), and timbrels and cornets and cymbals" (II Sam. vi. 5). When the Ark was brought from Kirjath Jearim, "David and all Israel played before God, with all their might, and with singing, and with *kinors* (harps), and with *nebel*s" (psalteries), etc. (I Chron. xiii. 8), and in the fifteenth chapter of First Ohronicles, David mentioned the names of the players on instruments, appointing "their brethren to be the singers with instruments of music, *nebel*s (psalteries), and *kinors*" (harps), etc. (verse 16), and again in the twenty-fifth chapter King David set aside special players for special instruments, and appointed to each one the instrument he should play.

Frequent references to the *nebel* are also made in the Psalms, by Isaiah, Amos, and other prophets.

The frequent mention of the *nebel* in connection with some other instrument, or instruments, would seem to

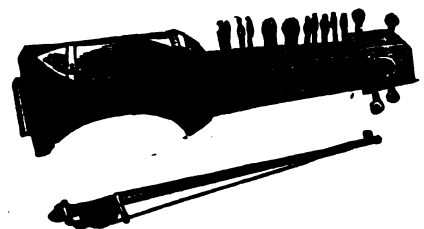
the Psalms where this instrument is mentioned are xxxiii. 2; lvii. 8; lxxi. 22; lxxxi. 2; xcii. 3; cviii. 2; cl. 8. In the Ninety-second Psalm, third verse, the word *nebel* is wrongly translated *lute*, in the version in the Psalter of the Prayer-book of the Episcopal Church. In the Bible it is *psaltery*.

Care must be taken not to confound this instrument with the *psaltery* which is mentioned in the Book of Daniel, which is the *dulcimer*, altogether a different instrument, of which the original word is



EGYPTIAN THREE-STRINGED VIOL.

*psalteria*. The *nebel* is not mentioned in Daniel, and the *psalteria* is not mentioned elsewhere. The earliest form of dulcimer was probably a flat piece of wood, generally four-sided, having strings attached to fixed pins on one side, and movable turning-pins on the other. Here is the germ of the modern cithar, and, it may also be said, of the pianoforte. The strings of the dulcimer were struck by little hammers. After a while they were made to pass over a bridge; then two or more strings were



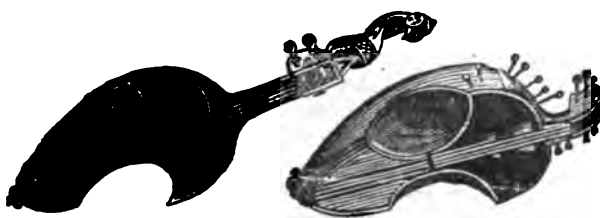
ANCIENT VIOL OF INDIA.



JAPANESE DULCIMER.

given to each note, tuned in unison, thus increasing the volume of sound, and a resonance-box was constructed beneath the strings. Specimens of the dulcimer are found in China, Japan and India.

Next comes the *sackbut*, the *sabeqa*, as the Hebrew word is. We find it mentioned in Daniel, iii. 5, as one of the instruments in the well-known band of Nebuchadnezzar; and as here is the only place it is mentioned, it is clear that it was not a Jewish, but rather a Babylonish, instrument. It was a large and powerful harp,



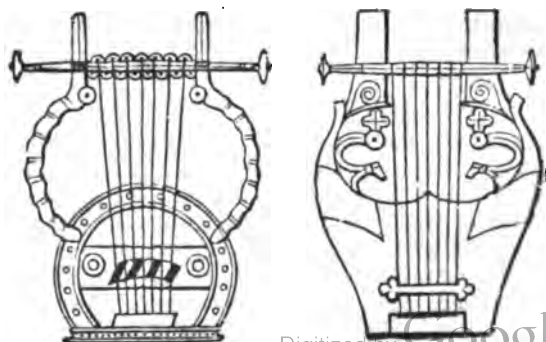
EGYPTIAN VIOL.

HINDOO VIOL.

indicate that its tones were deep and heavy, and formed the groundwork of a combination of sounds of differing qualities and pitch. In several cases, this instrument is called *nebel-asor*, the latter word being traced to a root signifying *ten*. This has led to the belief that the *nebel* was a ten-stringed harp. In Psalms, cxliv. 9, we read; "I will sing a new song unto thee, O God, upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings," etc. Here the Hebrew words are *nebel* and *nebel-asor*. Other places in

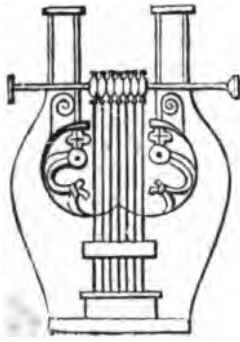


VIOL DA GAMBIA.



ANCIENT CITHARAS.

with a great many strings, of a rich quality of tone. It is, most unfortunately, named *sackbut* in our English version, for the sackbut of Europe is a trombone, the idea of which has existed from very early times. And again, the root *sac* signifies a pouch or bag in several ancient languages, and the root *boog* or *beek*—the one in Arabic and the other in Hebrew—signify a pipe. Thus a *sackbut* naturally would mean a bagpipe; but the Biblical sackbut is very far from being either a trombone or bagpipe. It is, on the contrary, the *sambuca*, a harp known to the Greeks and Romans as coming from the Oriental nations, which was played by both men and women.



ANCIENT CITHARA.

The *cithara* is one of the instruments mentioned in Daniel. This is the actual progenitor of the modern guitar. At first, the only distinction between the cithara and the lyre was the sort of box over which the lower ends of the strings were stretched. It is very closely allied to the Ethiopian *kissar*, or lyre.



CHINESE GUITAR.

Summing up the stringed instruments mentioned in the Bible, we find (1) the *kinnor* (translated harp), a portable lyre; (2) the *nebel* (translated psaltery), a moderate sized portable harp; (3) the *nebel-azor*, a ten-stringed nebel; (4) the *sabeca* (translated sackbut), a large harp; (5) the *psalterin* (translated psaltery in Daniel), a dulcimer; and (6) the *kithros*, a lyre or guitar, probably of large size and fixed to a stand.

We can trace the gradual development of stringed instruments from a hunter's bow, the twang of the string giving a musical sound. Another string, shorter or longer, being added, gave two different sounds. Then more strings were added, and a harp is the result. Adding a resonance-box, the lyre comes next, and the transition from a lyre to a lute, and thence to a guitar, is easy. Next comes the early violin form, and side by side with this, by depriving the resonance-box of its neck, would form the dulcimer. From this to the clavichord, through the harpsichord to the piano the development is easily apparent. This is the logical but not chronological genealogy of the modern stringed instruments.

## II.—WIND INSTRUMENTS.

BUT Jubal was the father, also, of those that play on the organ—the *ugab*, as the Hebrew has it. In a previous article,\* I have indulged in some speculations concerning the origin of the organ, and endeavored to show that the organ of Jubal's time was simply a pipe or reed. That the pipe gave a musical sound was known to almost every ancient nation, and the different names given to it, cursorily enough, show its peculiarities. The Hebrew, is

*khail*, from a root signifying "pierced" or "bored"; Latin, *tibia*, from the fact that it was often made from a shin-bone; Greek, *aulos*, from a root meaning "to blow"; Arabic, *nay*, meaning "a reed"; and Phœnician *gingra*, from the Sanakrit *grī*, "to sound."

The *khail* is first mentioned in I. Sam. x. 5, the same verse in which the psaltery (*nebel*) first appears. We next find it in I. Kings, i. 40; and we find it also mentioned by Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Zechariah, and in several places in the New Testament. The representation of Egyptian pipes which remain sculptured on tombs and monuments afford very good ground for belief that the *khail* was of the same family of instruments as the modern oboe, rather than the flute. The Egyptians had flutes of different sizes and kinds, some being blown in at the end, and some as in our modern flutes, and it requires no strong stretch of probability to suppose that when the Israelites went out of Egypt they carried with them the knowledge of the musical instruments of their task-masters. The *khail* seems to have been used by the Jews on occasions of pleasure, and sometimes at funerals. Two, at least, were to be played at the death of a wife, and when our Lord bade the dead maiden to arise, the pipers were bidden to give place (Matt. ix. 24).

*Machol* is the word translated "dance," when associated with the timbrel, but Dr. Stainer thinks it is a musical instrument of the flute kind, and advances some ingenious arguments in proof. But the evidence is so slight that it must be dismissed as only a plausible conjecture.

In connection with the *ugab*, it will be interesting to note the similarity in an instrument of China called the *cheng*. This is blown by the mouth, and the performer passes his hand round to the back, where there are holes to stop, thus making the pipes sound. The *cheng* is interesting as being the direct progenitor of the modern melodeon, accordion, concertina, harmonium and cabinet or reed organ, being constructed of pipes with free reeds.

Among the instruments mentioned in Daniel, iii. 5, 7, 10, 15, is the *mashrokiha*, which has been supposed to be a small organ or collection of pipes, known as "Pan's-pipes," or *syrix*. Other writers believe this instrument to have been a double flute. But there is no certainty what it was, as no records or representations are to be found of it. Now we come to the *symphonia*, also in Daniel's collection of instruments. This is nothing more nor less than a bagpipe. This instrument is exceedingly ancient, and seems to be found in almost every nation. The Chaldaic name is *sūmponyāh*; the Arabic, *Zouggarah*; the Syrian Greek, *samponia*; Greek, *symphonia*; modern Italian, *sampogna*; all derived from the same root, meaning "to sound together," alluding to the melody and the drone sounding at the same time.

The *shophar* is a famous instrument. It is the one which was used at the fall of Jericho, as related in the sixth chapter of Joshua. It is one of the three Jewish trumpets, the others being the *keren*, or cow's-horn, and the *khatsotrah*. The *keren* is translated cornet, and sometimes trumpet, in our Bibles; and *khatsotrah*, trumpet. The *shophar* is translated ram's-horn and trumpet, and it possesses the distinction of being



CHINESE CHENG, OR MOUTH ORGAN.



HINDOO GUITAR.



LAOS MOUTH ORGAN.

\* See "Organs and Organists," SUNDAY MAGAZINE, May, 1882.



used to the present day in the Jewish synagogues. According to the received Biblical chronology, the law was delivered on Mount Sinai in the year B.C. 1490. The *shophar* was the instrument sounded on that occasion. This is the first mention of it in the Bible. From that day to the present, a period of 3,372 years, the *shophar* has been used in the religious worship of the Jews. In I. Chronicles, xxv. 5, a list of those who were to play on the *keren* is given: "All these were the sons of Heman, the King's seer in the words of God, to lift up the horn." Here the word is *keren*. In Daniel, iii. 5, etc., it is translated cornet. The *shophar* is more frequently mentioned than the *keren*. We find it running through



almost every book in the Old Testament. The use of the natural trumpet, made from the horn of some animal, is very ancient, and widely differed among the different nations. After the use of the actual horns of the cow or goat came the use of an imitation, either in metal or ivory. Tusks of elephants were hollowed out and often elaborately carved, and to this day the Ashantees use elephants' tusks for trumpets, blowing them through a hole on the side like a modern flute (*flauto traverso*.) The frequent use of the term *shophar* throughout the Psalms and prophetic books gives it a religious character far beyond in importance that of the *keren*; and its continuance in Jewish worship to this day shows the dignity with which it was invested. Not being provided with ventages or stop-holes, it could only give the natural harmonies or overtones. The musical reader will understand that a trumpet or horn in C would give these notes, C, C, G, C, E, G, B flat, C, D, E, F sharp and G. The two notes, B flat and F sharp are not strictly in tune, and were therefore rarely used. This scale was the actual scale of the *keren*, *shophar* and *khatsotrah*. The latter is generally thought to have been a straight trumpet with a bell. It is first mentioned in Numbers, x. 2, 8, 9 and 10. Moses received from the Lord specific directions as to making them. "Make thee two trumpets of



CHINESE TRUMPET (KHAT-SOTRAH).

silver; of a whole piece shalt thou make them." Josephus, in commenting on this, says: "Moses invented a kind of trumpet of silver; in length it was little less than a cubit, and it was somewhat thicker than a pipe; its opening was oblong, so as to permit blowing on it with the mouth; at the lower end it had the form of a bell like a horn." While the *shophar* was used chiefly in the religious services, the *khatsotrah* appears to have been

blown principally for battle-calls, and to arouse the people to any great or serious action. The *khatsotrah* is mentioned only once in the Psalms (Pa. xviii. 6). The last allusion to it is in Hosea, v. 8, where it is used in connection with the *shophar*, and both are blown as a warning to Israel of the approaching visitation of God.

III.—INSTRUMENTS OF PERCUSSION.

THE Hebrew instruments corresponding to the third division of the instruments of the modern grand orchestra are the *tseltsim*, *metzilloth*, *manghanghim*, *shalish* and *toph*. The first two are, with one exception, translated "cymbals" in the English version of the Bible. There were two kinds of cymbals, for in Psalm cl. 5 we read the injunction to "Praise Him upon the loud cymbals; praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals." We find that most Oriental nations had two kinds of cymbals. The Arabs had two distinct varieties, one small and one large. The Assyrians had also two kinds, differing not only in size, but also in form. One kind was almost identical with a modern soup-plate, but having a somewhat larger rim, the other kind had a hollow, commencing at the very rim; and terminating in an upright handle, giving the appearance of a hollow cone with a handle. The flat cymbals were played one on each hand, bringing them sharply together at right angles with the body. The other kind was used differently. One was held stationary in the left hand, while the other was dashed upon it vertically with the right hand.

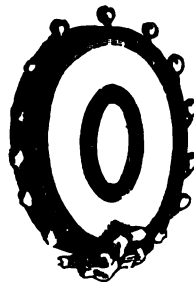
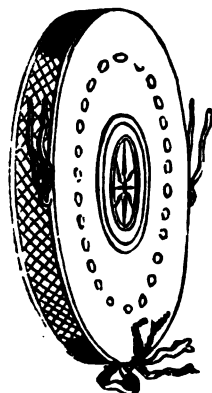
A pair of ancient Egyptian cymbals was discovered in the tomb of a mummified priest. They are made of copper, with a small admixture of silver. They resemble the modern cymbals very closely, even to the perforation for a strap of leather with which to hold them while playing. They are about five inches in diameter.

The Arabs use the large cymbals in religious ceremonies, and the small ones in accompanying the native dancers. The use of the cymbals in the Bible seems to have been wholly confined to religious ceremonies. We find them mentioned as having been employed in the bringing back of the Ark from Kirjath Jearim, at the dedication of King Solomon's Temple, at the restoration of worship by Hezekiah, at the laying of the foundation of the second Temple, and at the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem. In I. Chronicles, xvi. 42, we find that certain Levites were set aside as cymbalists.

The one exception referred to is in Zech. xiv. 20, where *tseltsim* is translated "bells." As modern Europe is the birthplace of bells, this could not mean the bells we know,

but the small cymbals attached to the side of the horses would give a clanging sound very similar to that given when they were struck by hand.

The term *manghanghim* is found only once in the Bible (II. Sam. vi. 5),



ORIENTAL TAMBOURINES.

and it is then translated "cymbals," but Hebraists and other scholars have come to the conclusion that this

instrument was not like the other cymbals of Scripture, but rather a *sistrum*, an instrument which is described as follows: Through an upright frame of metal, supported on a handle, several metal rods are passed and fixed in position, generally by bending the extremities. On these rods are placed loose metallic rings, so that when shaken the instrument gives forth a ringing metallic sound.

The word *shalish* also occurs only once in the whole Bible. This is at I. Sam. xxiii. 6, where it is translated "instruments of music." The root of the term implies the numerical value of three, and it has been deemed probable that the *shalish* was a triangle, or a *sistrum* with three rings on each bar.

The *toph*, translated "tabret," was a tambour, or hand-drum, almost exactly what we know as a tambourine. The large drum of modern orchestras is only a development of the *toph*. The ancient drums were very small, and of various shapes. We find drums in almost every nation,

civilized or barbarous. In India there are drums with two ends, and drums with one end, like the modern kettle-drum. The Assyrians used the drum suspended from the neck by a cord.



HINDOO DRUMS.

The Hebrews probably used only the tambour. It is mentioned in connection with the *kinor* (Gen. xxxi. 27), and it was a tambour (*toph*, translated "tabret") which Miriam played on when she sang that song of triumph after the Israelites had crossed the Red Sea (Exod. xv. 1). Many other mentions of this instrument are made throughout the Old Testament.

## A QUARTET OF SONNETS.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

### I.—A WORD FOR THE WIND.

O gentle murmuring wind of this June night,  
I would, O wind! that thou shouldst bear from me  
Some message to my lady o'er the sea.  
Take all sweet perfumes with thee for thy flight;  
Sigh gently through the falling Summer light;  
Nor, happy wind, would I begrudge to thee  
The right to kiss her face most tenderly;  
The face so loved, so distant from my sight.  
It from the tides of memory, that roll  
In long sad waves, to-night, upon my soul,  
Thou wilt bear up some echo of their speech  
Unto her ear, then shall she turn, and feel  
A tender sorrow through her spirit steal,  
For one who toils, yet hath no goal to reach.

### II.—A MONTH OF MEMORIES.

O month of many memories, good-by!  
Ghosts throng your moon-bathed nights, and sultry days;  
They gather round me in some silent place,  
Their breath is in the roses, and their cry  
In songs of birds that dare the sunlit sky;  
They meet me in the twilight face to face,  
And when I walk through lone, night-cover'd ways,  
In sadly murmuring winds I hear them sigh;  
Then am I as a man who sees in dreams  
Some dead, beloved face, and seeing, deems  
The past a dream, the dream reality!  
But oh! the bitter waking, when, alas!  
He knows the mocking dream for what it was,  
And gazes on a new day, hopelessly.

### III.—PRISONED THOUGHTS.

O soul of song, hast thou forsaken me  
Thoughts journey through my spirit night and day,  
And through the gateways of my soul, and pray  
That thou who holdest in thine hand the key,  
Wouldst let them forth, that they might wander free,  
Listen, O distant soul, to what they say:  
We wander up and down, yet find no way,  
To lead us forth from our captivity.  
Lo, we have messages for those outside,  
And all day long we beat against the gate;  
Come, then, O song, my thoughts to liberate;  
Make thou in turn each one thy fruitful bride,  
Or must through life they daily watch and wait,  
And in dark places of my soul abide?

### IV.—EARLY VIOLETS.

Soft, subtle scent, which is to me more sweet  
Than perfumes that come after, when the rose  
In all the passion of her beauty blows;  
Here, even in this busy London street,  
Thou openest to my soul such sights as meet  
The eye, when quite forgetful of past snows,  
The earth beneath the sun's kiss throbs and glows,  
And each thing feels the luxury of heat.  
Thou art his lady's voice to one who waits  
In Summer twilights at her garden gates;  
Her face not seen as yet; thou art the rare  
First note of Nature's prelude, that brings soon  
The Spring, like a divine and varying tune,  
Till Summer music vibrates in the air.

## WIT, WISDOM, AND PATHOS OF CHILDHOOD.

[We shall thank our friends for original contributions to this Department.]

CHILDREN frequently make original applications of Scripture texts or trite proverbs. A little girl four years old, daughter of the rector of a church in a neighboring city, had ten cents given her to spend. She made some foolish purchase, which was in pieces before she reached home. Her father had a long talk with her, and in the course of it, quoted, "A fool and his money are soon parted," impressing the lesson by every means he possessed. Some Sundays after, in Sunday-school, the plate being passed, she had to think for a text to say, as is the custom on making the contributions. Finally dropping her money into the plate, she recited, triumphantly, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

A little boy who was about five years old had learned the habit of swearing when he was made angry. Trying every possible help to break him of the habit, at times, the parents would whip the child, but to no good result. In the midst of the whippings he would curse his parents still. So one day the mother took him up in her arms and told him about heaven and its beauty, and its inhabitants, how that only those who loved God, and did not curse, would at last have the pleasure of being there. Then the dark picture of the lower regions was brought out, and the mother described the awful consequences which would befall those who indulged in bad language. With tears in his eyes the little boy looked up and said:

"Ma, do you think God will forgive me?" And the mother, with tears of joy, exclaimed, "Yes." Sometimes the child would forget himself for a moment and utter an oath, but quick he would run and tell his ma he was sorry. To-day he is growing up into youthhood, with every prospect to make a noble man for the Church. If love were used at times more than the rod, many children might be saved.

There is no need of inventing stories about children; they are equal to the originality, any day. "Do you think, mamma," said a little one, "that Uncle Reuben is a good man?" "Why, my child, he is the best of all my brothers, and an excellent man." "And will he go to heaven?" "I think so, my child. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing, much," replied the child, waking from a sort of reverie; "I was thinking what a homely angel he'd make, that's all."

A Philadelphia boy was asked if he ever prayed in church, and answered, "Oh, I always say a prayer like all the rest do, just before the sermon begins." "Indeed," responded the astonished querist; "what do you say?" "Now I lay me down to sleep."

The kind of little boys who go to heaven.—The teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher, "Dead ones!" the little fellow shouted, at the extent of his lungs.

A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time, and who during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, mustaches, etc., visited a relative, whose child, an artless little girl of five or six years, he was very fond of. The little girl made no demonstration toward saluting him with a kiss, as was usual. "Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle John a kiss?" "Why, ma," returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place."

From æsthetic Boston comes this bit of wit: We were eating our supper, and Mrs. Dodge was cooking beefsteak. I asked my little girl how she would have her steak cooked. She replied, "I will have it *tender and true*."

Here are two more from Philadelphia, sent by Mrs. Pierre Munzinger: A little girl of five years having been promised by her mother to be taken to see a child who had died, appeared at her mother's bedside at six o'clock the next morning, ready to take the promised trip. On being told it would not be proper to go at that hour, she said, "Well, if you don't hurry and go early, God will have put on his bonnet and shawl and be gone out." A sister was talking about heaven to her little brother seven years old, when he inquired, "Will I get any dinner there?" When told "No," he burst into a flood of tears, and said, "Then I don't want to go at all, for I can't do without my dinner."

A reader of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE sends these two charming bits: Said a little daughter of a friend of mine, "Oh, mamma, I do love Sunday so much." "I am glad you do, my darling; but why do you love the Sabbath so much?" "Oh, because we have *five-balls* for breakfast." A wooden gate had been freshly painted in my garden. My little grandson, who was playing there, was charged not to open it until dry. I afterward found the marks of his fingers, and told him I was sorry he had disobeyed ma. He replied, "Oh, never mind; grandma, when I'm dead and gone you'll be glad to look at those little finger-marks."

Mr. J. N. Brown, of Dakota, sends the following from that faraway place: Little Georgie B— (five) is given to talking in riddles. One day he said to an older sister: "Mamma isn't like George Washington's father at all." On being asked why, he said, "When George Washington did anything wrong and told his father about it, he didn't *punish* him for it." Another time he was tired of study and said, "I wish sister Bell and I had been born like Adam and Eve, *then* we wouldn't have to study." He and the kitty were having a big romp, and he said, "Mamma, I guess kitty thinks I am her Uncle Rollin" (an uncle who plays with him in much the same style), "we are having such a nice time."

A Philadelphia reader of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE vouches for the truth of the following: "Freddie," said a proud mamma to her four-year-old precocious, "this is the Rev. W. Callman, our pastor, the gentleman that will teach you to be so good yet when you go to church." Freddie looked very inquiringly into the clergyman's face for some time. "He isn't so very good himself, mamma, I guess," was his first observation. "Freddie, child, why do you say that?" "Ah, if you heard him swear like I did!" Mr. Callman blushes crimson. "You never saw Mr. Callman before, child." "Yes, I did, mamma, but he thought nobody would know him because he had his shirt outside his clothes." "What did I say, Freddie, my little man?" asked Mr. Callman, coaxingly. "Mamma would whip me if I said it." "I will not, I promise you, Freddie," assured the loving mamma. "Hold your ear, mamma, and I'll whisper it. He said *damn*!" "Was that all?" "Oh, no! he went all the time. He said *devil an' hell an' blasted*, but he was up in a high place where nobody could get near him to whip him. The people only held down their heads for shame." Is it needful to say that Freddie had been to church with one of the servants, unknown to his mother, and heard the Rev. Callman pour forth in the good old-fashioned style?

A small boy was found by his mother crying bitterly. When asked the cause, he said, "The minister said we must be borned again, and I am afraid I will be borned a girl."

"The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said Farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy George came in a second afterward and said there was an end to one of 'em, anyhow, and it was red-hot, too.

## SHIPWRECKED NEAR PORT.

A CAPTAIN has been on his rounds from the rural convent of which he is the questor. He has cracked his jokes with the good wives, sympathized with the old folk, patted the heads of the children, and has almost reached the convent, well-satisfied with his day's begging. He is evidently a favorite; poultry and fruit and hams, vegetables and eggs filled the basket, which was balanced on the other side by a sack of meal. The band that served as girth for patient Dobbin and as a sling for bag and basket had served too long. Just as they reached the crown of the hill, in view of the stern old prior, who, fretting at the questor's delay, stood watching his arrival, the girth gave way. Disaster strewed the earth with ruin. Eggs and wine mingled in a stream that cooks do not approve.

The questor stands horror-struck, with a lively sense that a week's penance on bread and water may be the result of his day's questing, which opened so graciously and has reached such a tragic end. His relieved companion seems to bear the loss more philosophically.





SHIPWRECKED NEAR PORT.—SEE PAGE 79.

If we are God's children, we need not fear the developments of his providence.—*Dr. R. Newton.*

NATURE is too thin a screen. The glory of the One breaks in everywhere.—*Emerson.*



## SOME OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark the man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple—and Robert McOheyne, the Scotchman—and John Summerfield, the Methodist—and Henry Martin, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large, that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres; while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is, that if a woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is, that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thresher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height and the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither Conference or Presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the Exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

There are women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to

live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you that the best rights that women can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the Congressional assemblage and the Legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! The right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine, or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home-life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First: she has the right to make *home happy*. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world, is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. Oh, woman! thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories; four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather

than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after a while, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth, and length, and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English Empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—Oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to out-do the dromedary and hippopotamus! going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an

insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.

Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion! Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart; give to God all your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand will no more be in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah! no. Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and he will say: "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave of His hand, and midnight shall break into noon; and another wave of His hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down on the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far-distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics—although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When will they put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the mine, and swelter at the forge?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white alab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered; and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after



a while, when they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here"; and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing, and leap and shout: "Home! home! home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more. Again woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and heavy foot, and impatient bearing, minister? No. He cannot soothe the pain. He cannot quiet the nerves. He knows not where to set the light. His hand is not steady enough to pour out the drops. He is not wakeful enough to be a watcher. The Lord God who sent Miss Dix into the Virginia hospitals, and Florence Nightingale into the Crimea, and the Maid of Saragossa to appease the wounds of the battle-field, has equipped wife, mother and daughter for this delicate but tremendous mission. You have known men who have despised woman, but the moment disease fell upon them, they did not send for their friends at the bank, or their partner in business, or their worldly associates; their first cry was: "Take me to my wife." The dissipated young man at the college scoffs at the idea of being under home influences; but at the first blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek, he says: "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment when he said:

"O woman, in our hour of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou."

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest-field of Shunem and got sunstruck—throwing his hands on his temples and crying out: "O, my head! my head!" and they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear that they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed! How loudly they talk! How you long for the ministries of home! I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes, for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed, far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward; but they went too late. He feared not to die; but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said: "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight: wife and daughters going westward—lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle. When we are sick we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die, we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain; but who cares for that?

Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus. In our last dreadful war, men cast the cannon; men fashioned the musketry; men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying: "Charge! charge!" but woman scraped the lint; woman administered the cordials; woman watched by the dying couch; woman wrote the last message to the home circle; woman wept at the solitary burial attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the general home with brass bands and triumphal arches, and wild huzzas; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the chronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross, in the cooper-shop hospital; of Margaret Breekinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed—some of them frozen to the ground; and when she turned them over, those that had an arm left, waved it and filled the air with their "hurrah!"—of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows, until the men shouted: "Three cheers for the Christian Commission! God bless the women at home;" then sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier"; and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said: "Your grapes and cologne cured me." Men did their work with shot and shell, and carbines and howitzer; women did their work with socks, and slippers, and bandages, and warm drinks, and Scripture texts, and gentle strokings of the hot temples, and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said: "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said: "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning in that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

Again: woman has a superlative right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them in all our cities. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little bare-foot children to the door of the Dorcas Society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down. Oh, Christian young woman! if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute. A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry; but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give His messenger hosts a charge, saying: "Look after that woman. Canopy her with your



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wings and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper: "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful?" and if you will listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof, and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel chant that shook Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Henry Chalmers, with the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the City of Edinburgh; and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place: "Do you come here nights to hold service?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said—"never." That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, an armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian who goes forth on Gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the right arm of His wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one who should offer indignity. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal indignations. Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid, too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is, that if any of those boys should use a bad word in that presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is shel-

tered by the Lord God Almighty, and you need never fear going anywhere where God tells you to go.

It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank, or store, or shop, and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no

need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your check-book, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say: "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says; "I got the money; that's what I went for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and He never sends me on a fool's errand."

Again: I have to tell you that it is woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane as well as sacred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again: "What is the matter?" but he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh, sir! your first duty was to tell your wife all about it. She, perhaps, might not have disentangled your finances, or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. There are business men who know what I mean. There comes a crisis in your affairs. You struggle bravely and long; but after a while their comes a day when you say: "Here I shall have to stop," and you call in your



partners, and you call in the most prominent men in your employ, and you say: "We have got to stop." You leave the store suddenly. You can scarcely make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferry-boat. You feel everybody will be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you. You hasten home. You tell your wife all about the affair. What does she say? Does she play the butterfly? Does she talk about the silks and the ribbons, and the fashions? No. She comes up to the emergency. She quails not under the stroke. She helps you to begin to plan right away. She offers to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another Winter. She is one who understands your affairs without blaming you. You look upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up; but while you look at that arm, there comes into the feeble muscles of it the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. You say: "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don't care—I don't care." At the moment you were utterly exhausted, God sent a Deborah to meet the host of the Amalekites, and scatter them like chaff over the plain.

There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. Oh, what grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylæ in your own household where God will tell you to stand. There are scores and hundreds of households in this city to-day where as much bravery and courage are demanded of women as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

Lastly, one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the mother of Augustine in heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven; while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side, and wornout eyes, to the "house of many mansions"! No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads. Heaven for broken hearts. Heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps.

No more rough blows across the temples. No more sharp, keen, bitter curses. Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil, and struggle, and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown, whenever you have a pang of body or soul, He puts another gem in that crown, until, after a while, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel: "The crown is done; let her up that she may wear it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say: "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread a banquet, and He will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast; and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God, and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life? and waters from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards; and the old harpers of heaven will sit there, making music with their harps; and Christ will point you out, amid the celebrities of heaven, saying: "She suffered with Me on earth, now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation: "Hail! Hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall—not such as struck the



DRYBURGH ABBEY.—SEE PAGE 86.



Babylonian King, Belshazzar, with horror—but fire-tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love and victory, "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

### A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD AND ITS VICINITY.

ABBOTSFORD is situated about two miles from Galashiels, between that town and Salkirk. The house occupies the crest of the last of a broken series of hills descending from the Eildons to the Tweed, whose silver stream it overhangs. The grounds are richly wooded, and diversified with an endless variety of "bushy dells and alleys green"; while through all, the river gives its exquisite finish to a picture such as needs no association whatsoever, nothing but its own intrinsic loveliness, to leave its image indelibly impressed upon the mind.

We soon arrived at the entrance gate, a lofty arch in an embattled wall; and here our attention was directed by our enthusiastic friend to the first instance of Sir Walter's anxiety to accumulate around his residence as many relics as possible of the olden time, in the rusty chains and rings, called "*jougs*," to which the bells were attached, and which had been brought from one of the ancient castles of the Douglases in Galloway. The approach—which is very short, as the high road runs through the grounds in rather close propinquity to the house—is by a broad trellised walk, overshadowed with roses and honeysuckles; on one side was a screen of open gothic arches filled with invisible network, through which we caught delightful glimpses of a garden with flower-beds, turrets, porches leading into avenues of roseries, and bounded by noble forest trees. We came at once upon the house, the external appearance of which utterly defies description. At either end rises a tall tower, but each totally different from the other; and the entire front is nothing but an assemblage of gables, parapets, eaves, indentations, water-spouts with strange, droll faces, painted windows, Elizabethan chimneys; all apparently flung together in the very wantonness of irregularity, and yet producing, as we all agreed, a far more pleasing effect than any sample of architectural propriety, whether in ancient or modern, that we had ever seen.

A noble doorway—the fac-simile, as our well-informed guide apprised us, of the ancient royal palace of Linlithgow, and ornamented with stupendous antlers—admitted us into the lofty hall; the impression made upon entering which was such as never could be forgotten. There are but two windows, and these, although lofty, being altogether of painted glass, every pane deep-dyed with gorgeous armorial bearings, the sudden contrast between the less than "dim religious light" which they admitted, and the glare of day from which we had entered, together with the thought of *whose* roof-tree it was beneath which we stood, and whose the spirit that had called into existence the strange beauty with which we rather felt than saw ourselves to be surrounded, was oppressive—almost overpowering. Not a word was spoken for some moments, until our eyes became accustomed to the sombre coloring of the apartment, which we then perceived to be about forty feet in height, the walls being of dark richly-carved oak, and the roof a series of pointed arches, from the centre of each of which hung a richly emblazoned shield. Around the cornice were also a number of similar shields. Our *cicerone* pointed out amongst them the bloody heart of Douglas, and the royal lion of Scotland. The floor of the splendid hall is paved with black and white marble, brought, we were told, from the Hebrides; and magnificent suits of armor, with a profusion of swords of every variety, occupy the niches, or are suspended on the walls.

From the hall we were shown into a narrow vaulted apartment running across the entire house, with an emblazoned window at either end. Here were an endless variety of armor and weapons, amongst them Rob Roy's gun, with his initials, R. M. C., around the touch-hole; Hofer's blunderbuss; the pistols taken from Bonaparte's carriage at Waterloo; a beautiful sword which Charles I. presented to Montrose; together with thumbscrews and other instruments of torture, the dark memorials of days of savage cruelty, we trust gone by for ever.

Beyond this armory is the dining-room, with a low, carved roof, a low bow window, and an elevated dais. Its walls were hung in crimson, and thickly covered with pictures, among which were the Duke of Monmouth, by Lely; a portrait of Hogarth, by himself; and a picture of the head of Mary Queen of Scots—said to have been painted the day after her execution—with an appalling ghastliness of countenance, the remembrance of which for days afterward was like that of an unpleasant dream.

A narrow passage of sculptured stone conducted us from this apartment to a delicious breakfast-room, with shelves full of books at one end, and the other walls well covered with beautiful drawings in water-color, by Turner. Over the chimney-piece was an oil-painting of a castle overhanging the sea, which our *cicerone* affirmed to be the Wolf's Crag.

On passing from this room, which we left most reluctantly, we came into a green-house with an old fountain playing before it—one that had formerly stood by the cross of Edinburgh, and had been made to flow with wine at the coronations of the Stuarts. This brought us into the drawing-room, a large and very handsome apartment, elegantly furnished with ancient ebony, crimson silk hangings, mirrors and portraits—among the latter, a noble portrait of Dryden, one of Peter Lely's best. After pausing here for some minutes, we passed into the largest room of all, the library—a most magnificent apartment, about fifty feet in length by thirty in width, with a projection in the centre, opposite the fireplace, containing a large bow window. The roof is of richly-carved oak, as are also the bookcases which reach high up the walls. The books were elegantly bound, amounting, we were told, in number to about twenty thousand volumes, all arranged according to their subjects. Amongst them were presentation copies from almost every living author in the world. Our attention was arrested in particular by a "*Montfaucon*," in fifteen folio volumes, with the royal arms emblazoned on the binding, the gift of King George IV. There were cases opposite the fireplace, wired and locked, one containing books and MSS. relating to the insurrections of 1715 and 1745; and another, treatises on magic and *diablerie*, said to be of extreme rarity and value. In one corner stood a small silver urn upon a porphyry stand, upon which we could not but look with intensely mournful interest; it was filled with human bones, and bore the inscription, "Given by George Gordon, Lord Byron, to Sir Walter Scott, Bart." There was but one bust—a Shakespeare; and one picture—Sir Walter's eldest son in hussar uniform—in the apartment.

Connected with this noble library, and facing the south, is a small room, the most interesting of all—the retreat of the poet—where many of the most admired productions of his genius were conceived and written. It contained no furniture, except a small writing-table in the centre, an armchair covered with black leather, and one chair for a single privileged visitor. On either side of the fireplace were shelves with a few volumes, chiefly folios, and a gallery running round three sides of the room, and reached by a hanging stair at one corner, also contained some books.

There were but two portraits, those of Claverhouse and Rob Roy. In one corner was a little closet opening into the gardens, forming the lower compartment of one of the towers, in the upper part of which was a private staircase accessible from the gallery. This was the last portion of the mansion which we were permitted to explore; and after a hurried ramble through the grounds—where exquisite walks, with innumerable seats and arbors, commanding views of gleamy lakes and most picturesque and lovely waterfalls, told eloquently of the matchless taste that had there found recreation from its toil—we bid a long adieu to Abbotsford.

The latter part of the day we devoted to Dryburgh Abbey. The scenery between Melrose and Dryburgh is exceedingly beautiful. The road overhangs the Tweed, fringed with rich plantations to the water's edge; and as it crosses the hill of Bennesside it commands a lovely view of the river winding round an island, with a solitary house upon it—the only remains, our *cicerons* told us, of "old Melrose."

A low gateway at one side of a narrow lane, at the foot of which runs the Tweed, admitted us into the wooded grounds of Dryburgh; and after passing the residence, which we did not pause to examine, we came to a wooden fence round the abbey. It is a beautiful ruin, embosomed in dense foliage, and having a very fine radiated window covered with ivy. Our thoughts were all upon the one spot, the aisle called St. Mary's, beneath the right hand arch of which is the last resting-place of him whose spell had been on us all the day. The spot is marked by a plain flat stone, about three feet from the ground, with the simple inscription, "Sir Walter Scott, Bart." Our hearts

and eyes were full, some at all events to overflowing: the mighty genius, and the broken heart—the lordly mansion, and the lowly grave—the contrast was painfully oppressive; and "Poor Sir Walter!" burst in broken accents, almost simultaneously, from our lips.

These are the recollections of many years ago. What changes in the poet's home, or around the poet's grave, may since then have taken place the writer seeks not to inquire. He knows, however, that many an "added stone" within the ruins of Dryburgh, inscribed with the names of children summoned in their prime to the "narrow house appointed for all living," bears still further testimony to the utter vanity of that chief desire to be the founder of an illustrious house and family; but no further knowledge is capable of adding to the impressiveness of the lesson, which it is difficult to conceive how any one who has ever visited or meditated upon Abbotsford and Dryburgh can have failed to learn, or, having so learned, can forget the lesson so well expressed in the one line of a Christian poet:

"He builds too low who builds beneath the skies!"

#### "THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT."

THIS picture of stern reality tells its own piteous tale. The heartbroken girl, returned after tasting the bitter mockery of the Dead Sea fruit of her sin; the father, fierce, unrelenting, his attitude that of unyielding anger; the mother, in all the strength of motherhood, stretching forth her yearning and forgiving arms; the discarded suitor, with a world of pain in his sorrow-laden eyes; the little sister half terror-stricken. What a chapter in the book of life!

## THE SOCIETY OF THE RED CROSS.

### I.—WHAT THE RED CROSS IS.

A CONFEDERATION of relief societies in different countries, acting under the Geneva Convention, carries on its work under the sign of the Red Cross. The aim of these societies is to ameliorate the condition of wounded soldiers in the armies in campaign on land or sea.

The societies had their rise in the conviction of certain philanthropic men, that the official sanitary service in wars is usually insufficient, and that the charity of the people, which at such times exhibits itself munificently, should be organized for the best possible utilization. An international public conference was called at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1863, which, though it had not an official character, brought together representatives from a number of Governments. At this conference a treaty was drawn up, afterward remodeled and improved, which twenty-five Governments have signed.

The treaty provides for the neutrality of all sanitary supplies, ambulances, surgeons, nurses, attendants and sick or wounded men, and their safe conduct, when they bear the sign of the organization, viz., the Red Cross.

Although the convention which originated the organization was necessarily international, the relief societies themselves are entirely national and independent; each one governing itself and making its own laws, according to the genius of its nationality and needs.

It was necessary for recognizance and safety, and for carrying out the general provisions of the treaty, that a uniform badge should be agreed upon. The Red Cross was chosen out of compliment to the Swiss republic, where the first convention was held, and in which the Central Commission has its headquarters. The Swiss colors being

a white cross on a red ground, the badge chosen was these colors reversed.

There are no "members of the Red Cross," but only members of societies whose *sign* it is. There is no "*Order of the Red Cross*." The relief societies use, each according to its convenience, whatever methods seem best suited to prepare in times of peace for the necessities of sanitary service in times of war. They gather and store gifts of money and supplies; arrange hospitals, ambulances, methods of transportation of wounded men, bureaus of information, correspondence, etc. All that the most ingenious philanthropy could devise and execute has been attempted in this direction. In the Franco-Prussian War this was abundantly tested. That Prussia acknowledged its beneficence is proven by the fact that the Emperor affixed the Red Cross to the Iron Cross of Merit.

Although the societies are not international, there is a tacit compact between them, arising from their common origin, identity of aim, and mutual relation to the treaty. This compact embraces four principles, viz., centralization, preparation, impartiality and solidarity.

1st—CENTRALIZATION. The efficiency of relief in time of war depends on unity of direction, therefore in every country the relief societies have a common central head to which they send their supplies, and which communicates for them with the seat of war or with the surgical military authorities, and it is through this central commission they have governmental recognition.

2d—PREPARATION. It is understood that societies working under the Red Cross shall occupy themselves with preparatory work in times of peace. This gives them a permanence they could not otherwise have.

**3d—IMPARTIALITY.** The societies of belligerent nations cannot always carry aid to their wounded countrymen who are captured by the enemy; this is counterbalanced by the regulation that the aid of the Red Cross societies shall be extended alike to friend and foe.

Commission, and not through either of the belligerent parties; this insures impartiality of relief.

That these principles are practical has been thoroughly tested during the years the Red Cross has existed.

The Convention of Geneva does not exist as a society,



THE RETURN OF THE PENITENT.—SEE PAGE 87.

**4th—SOLIDARITY.** This provides that the societies of nations not engaged in war may afford aid to the sick and wounded of belligerent nations without affecting any principle of non-interference to which their governments may be pledged. This must be done through the Central

but is simply a treaty under which all the relief societies of the Red Cross are enabled to carry on their work effectually. In time of war the members and agents of the societies who go to the seat of war are obliged to have their badges *visé*d by the Central Commission and by one





MISS CLARA BARTON.

to afford ready succor and assistance to sufferers in time of national or widespread calamities, such as plagues, cholera, yellow fever and the like, devastating fires or floods, railway disasters, mining catastrophes, etc. The readiness of organizations like those of the Red Cross to extend help at the instant of need renders the aid of quadruple value and efficiency compared with that gathered hastily and irresponsibly, in the bewilderment and shock which always accompanies such calamities. The trained nurses and attendants subject to the relief societies in such cases would accompany the supplies sent and remain in action as long as needed. Organized in every State, the relief societies of the Red Cross would be ready with money, nurses and supplies, to go on call to the instant relief of all who were overwhelmed by any of those sudden calamities which occasionally visit us. In case of yellow fever, there being an organization in every State, the nurses and attendants would be first chosen from the nearest societies, and being acclimated, would incur far less risk to life than if sent from distant localities. It is true that the Government is always ready in these times of public need to furnish transportation, and often does much more. In the Mississippi flood, a few years ago, it ordered rations distributed under the direction of army officers; in the case of the explosion at the navy-yard, it voted a relief fund, and in our recent affliction at the South, a like course was pursued. But in such cases one of the greatest difficulties is that there is no organized method of administering the relief which the Government or liberal citizens are willing to bestow, nor trained and acclimated nurses ready to give intelligent care to the sick; or if there be organization, it is hastily

of the belligerents—this is in order to prevent fraud. Thus the societies and the treaty complement each other. The societies find and execute the relief, the treaty affords them the immunities which enable them to execute.

And it may be further made a part of the *raison d'être* of these national relief societies

formed in the time of need, and is therefore comparatively inefficient and wasteful. It would seem to be full time that, in consideration of the growth and rapidly accumulating necessities of our country, we should learn to economize our charities, and insure from them the greatest possible practical benevolence. Although we in the United States may fondly hope to be seldom visited by the calamities of war, yet the misfortunes of other nations with which we are on terms of amity appeal to our sympathies; our Southern coasts are periodically visited by the scourge of yellow fever; the valleys of the Mississippi are subject to destructive inundations; the plains of the West are devastated by insects and drouth, and our cities and country are swept by consuming fires. In all such cases, to gather and dispense the profuse liberality of our people without waste of time or material, requires the wisdom that comes of experience and permanent organization. Still more does it concern, if not our safety, at least our honor, to signify our approval of those principles of humanity acknowledged by every other civilized nation.

#### II.—ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

THIS society had its inception in the minds of two noble men of Switzerland—M. Gustave Moynier and Dr. Louis Appia. The latter had served as an army surgeon at the battle of Solferino, and was deeply impressed with a conviction of the need of more extended and efficient means than any which yet existed for ameliorating conditions consequent on war. M. Moynier had entertained similar views, and published a work entitled, "A Souvenir of Solferino," in which he strongly advocated more humane and extensive appliances of aid to wounded soldiers. As a result of their thoughts and consultations, M. Moynier, who was at that time President of the Society of Public Utility of Switzerland, called a meeting of this society to consider "A proposition relative to the formation of permanent societies for the relief of wounded soldiers." This meeting took place on the 9th of February, 1863. The matter was laid fully before the society, was heartily received and acted upon, and a committee appointed, with M. Moynier at its head, to thoroughly examine



THE RED CROSS IN THE PRUSSIAN HOSPITALS AT NEUWIED, ON THE RHINE.

into methods by which the desired results might be obtained.

So fully did this committee realize its responsibility and the magnitude, grandeur and labor of the undertaking that its first steps were made even with timidity. But, overcoming all obstacles, it decided upon a plan which seemed possible, and announced for the 26th of the following October a reunion, to which were invited, from all countries, men sympathizing with its views or able to assist in its discussions. This International Conference was held at the appointed time, continuing four days. The resolutions adopted contain the fundamental principles of the work since accomplished. Upon this basis was commenced and wrought out the Geneva Treaty, and the plan of all the National Permanent Relief Societies. Upon this the Red Cross was founded.

One of the first objects to be desired by the International Committee as necessary for the successful prosecution of its work was the indorsement, by the several states of Europe, of a Treaty which should recognize the neutrality of the hospitals established, of the wounded, and of all persons and effects connected with the sanitary service; also the adoption of a uniform protective sign or badge. It inquired with care into the disposition of the several Governments, and was met with active sympathy and moral support.

First assuring itself of the co-operation of the Swiss Federal Council, and the Emperor of France, it shortly after procured the signatures of ten other Governments, which were given at its rooms in the City Hall of Geneva, August 22d, 1864, and called the Convention of Geneva.

Its sign or badge was also agreed upon—viz., a red cross on a white ground, which was to be worn on the arm by all persons acting with or in the service of the committees enrolled under the Convention. The number of Governments adhering to the Treaty was shortly after increased to twenty-two, and at the present date numbers twenty-seven.

The war of 1866, though not fully developing the advantages of this international law, was yet the means of discovering its imperfections. Consequently, in 1867, the relief societies of Paris considered it necessary that the Treaty should be revised, modified and completed. Requests were issued, the International Committee transmitted them to the various Governments, and in 1868 a second diplomatic conference was convened at Geneva, at which were voted additional articles, improving the Treaty by completing its design, and extending its beneficent action to maritime wars.

During the war of 1866 no decisive trial of the new principles involved in the Treaty could be made, Austria not having at that time signed it. But in 1870-71 it was otherwise. The belligerents had accepted not only the first Treaty but likewise the additional articles. Thus it became possible to show to the world the immense service and beneficent results which the Treaty through the relief societies might accomplish.

The dullest apprehension can partially appreciate the responsibilities incurred by relief societies in time of war; and the thoughtful mind will readily perceive that these responsibilities involve constant vigilance and effort during periods of peace.

It is wise statesmanship which directs that in "time of peace we must prepare for war," and it is no less a wise benevolence that makes preparation in the hour of peace for assuaging the ills that are sure to accompany war. We do not wait till battles are upon us to provide munitions of war and efficient soldiery. Everything that foresight and caution can devise to insure success is made

ready and kept ready against the time of need. It is equally necessary to hold ourselves in readiness for effectual service in the mitigation of evils consequent upon war, if humane work is to be undertaken in that direction.

Permanent armies are organized, drilled and supported for the actual service of contest; it is no less incumbent, if we would do efficient work in alleviating the sufferings caused by the barbarisms of war, that we should organize philanthropic effort, and be ready, with whatever is necessary, to be on the field at the sound of the first gun. An understanding of this truth led the Conference of 1863 to embody in its articles, as one of its first cardinal characteristics, the following: "In time of peace the committee will occupy itself with means to render genuine assistance in time of war."

The committee assumed that there should be a relief association in every country which indorsed the treaty, and so generally was the idea accepted that at the end of the year 1864, when only ten Governments had been added to the Convention, twenty-five central committees had been formed, under each of which relief societies were organized.

It was, however, after the wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870 that the movement began really to be popular. These conflicts brought not only contestants, but neutral powers, so to appreciate the horrors of war that they were quite ready to acknowledge the beneficence and wisdom of the Geneva Treaty. Many who approved the humane idea and expressed a hearty sympathy for the object to be attained had heretofore regarded it as Utopian—a thing desirable but not attainable, an amiable and fanatical illusion, which would ever elude the practical grasp. Nevertheless, the work accomplished from time to time during the wars referred to won not only such, but those actually hostile, to regard it as a practical and most beneficent undertaking. The crowned heads of Europe were quick to perceive the benign uses of the associations, and bestowed upon the central committees of their countries money, credit and personal approbation. The families of sovereigns contributed their sympathy and material support. The list of princes and princesses who came forward with personal aid and assumed direction of the work was by no means small, thus proving correct the augury of the convention of 1863, viz., that "The Governments would accord their high protection to the committees in their organization."

The whole of Europe is marshaled under the banner of the Red Cross. To its powerful and peaceful sign the committee hopes to bring all civilized nations of the earth. Wherever men fight and tear each other in pieces, wherever the glare and roar of war are heard, they aim to plant the white banner that bears the blessed sign of relief. Already they have carried it into Asia. Their ensign waves in Siberia, on the Chinese frontier and in Turkestan; through the African committee in Algeria and Egypt; and Oceanica has a committee at Batavia. Even the islands of the sea are learning the blessings of more humane customs in war.

### III.—ORGANIZATION AND METHODS OF WORK.

ONE of the things considered indispensable, and therefore adopted as a resolution by the conference of 1863, was the centralization of the work in each country separately, by itself. While the treaty must be universally acknowledged, and its badge accepted as a universal sign, it was equally essential that the societies of the different countries should be simply national and in no respect international. It was therefore ordained by the conference that all local committees or organizations, desirous of working with the

Red Cross, should do so under the auspices of a central committee of their own nation, recognized by its government, and also recognized by the International Committee from which the sign of the Red Cross emanates. Singularly enough, the International Committee has had considerable difficulty in making this fully understood, and frequently has been obliged to call local committees to order for assuming centralization or nationality. Once in three months the International Committee publishes an official list of all committees recognized by it as central or national. In this way it is able to exercise a certain control and repress entanglements and abuses which would be consequent on irresponsible or counterfeit organizations.

The functions of the International Committee whose headquarters are at Geneva, were also determined by the conference of 1863. It is to serve provisionally as an intermediate agent between national committees and facilitate their communications with each other. It occupies itself with the general interests of the Red Cross, in correspondence, and the study of theoretical and practical methods of amelioration.

The National Committees are charged with the direction and responsibility of the work in their own countries; they must provide resources to be utilized in time of need; take active measures to secure adherents, establish local societies, and have efficient working force always in readiness for action; and in time of war dispatch and distribute safely and wisely all accumulations of material and supplies, nurses and assistants, to their proper destinations; and, in short, whatever may be gathered from the patriotism and philanthropy of the country, always remembering that central committees without abundance of sectional branches would be of little use.

In most countries the co-operation of women has been eagerly sought. It is needless to say it has been as eagerly given. In some countries the central committees are mixed, both sexes working together; in others, sub-committees are formed by women; and in others, as in the Grand Duchy of Baden, woman leads.

As a last detail of organization the conference of 1863 recommended to the central committees to put themselves *en rapport* with their respective Governments in order that their offers of service should be accepted when required. This makes it incumbent upon societies to obtain and hold government recognition, by which they are endowed with immunities and privileges of legally instituted bodies, and with recognition from other nations in time of war not otherwise possible to them. Finally the committees are advised to put themselves, through the medium of the central committee recognized by the Government, into relations with the war departments of their respective countries in order to have their services most perfectly utilized in time of war.

#### IV.—OCCUPATION OF RELIEF SOCIETIES IN TIME OF PEACE.

RECOGNITION, organization and communication are by no means all that is necessary to insure the fulfillment of the objects of these associations. A thing most important to be borne in mind is, that if money be necessary for war it is also an indispensable agent in relief of the miseries occasioned by war. Self-devotion alone will not answer. The relief societies need funds and other resources to carry on their work. They not only require means for current expenses but, most of all, for possible emergencies. To obtain and prudently conserve these resources is an important work. The Russian society set a good example of activity in this direction. From the beginning of its organization, in 1867, it systematically collected money over

the whole empire, and neglected nothing that tended to success. It put boxes in churches, convents, armories, railroad depots, steamboats—in every place frequented by the public.

Another method is the publication of works bearing upon this subject, some of which are very valuable and scientific.

Not less important is attention to the sanitary *personnel*. Of all aid, efficient nurses are the most difficult to obtain. There are numbers of men and women who have the will and devotion necessary to lead them into hospitals, or to the battle-field, but very few of them are capable of performing well the duties of nurses. Therefore but a small portion of the volunteers are available. The relief societies soon found that women were, by nature, much better fitted for this duty than men can be; and to enable them to fulfill to the best advantage the mission for which they are so well adapted it was decided to afford them the best possible professional instruction. For this purpose, during peace, training-schools were established, from which were graduated great numbers of women who are ready, at a moment's notice, to go upon the battle-field or into hospitals. These professional nurses find no difficulty during times of peace in securing remunerative employment; indeed, they are eagerly sought for by the community, and easily arrange to take positions at the bedside of the sick, with the proviso that they are to be allowed to obey the pledge to their society at the first tocsin of war. There are schools for this purpose in Germany, England, Sweden, Holland, Russia, and other European countries, and nothing has been neglected toward making them thorough, and placing them on a strong and solid basis.

#### V.—SERVICES IN TIME OF WAR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the readiness with which most persons will perceive the beneficent uses of relief societies in war, it may not be amiss to particularize some of the work accomplished by the societies of the Red Cross. Not to mention civil disturbances and lesser conflicts, they participated in not less than five great wars in the first ten years, commencing with Schleswig-Holstein, and ending with the Franco-German. Russia and Turkey have followed, with many others since that time, in all of which these societies have signally proved their power to ameliorate the horrors of war. The earlier of these, while affording great opportunity for the beneficent work of the societies, were also grand fields of instruction and discipline to the committee, enabling them to store up vast funds of practical knowledge which were to be of great service.

The Sanitary Commission of the United States also served as an excellent example in many respects to the relief societies of Europe, and from it they took many valuable lessons. Thus, in 1866 Europe was much better prepared than ever before for the care of those who suffered from the barbarisms of war. She was now ready with some degree of ability to oppose the arms of charity to the arms of violence, and make a kind of war on war itself. Still, however, there was a lack of centralization. The provincial committees worked separately, and consequently lost force. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, large amounts of money were gathered, and munificent supplies of material brought into store. The Austrian Committee alone collected 2,170,000 francs, and a great supply of all things needed in hospital service. The Central Committee was of great use in facilitating correspondence between the different peoples comprising the Austrian Empire, the bureau maintaining correspondence in eleven different languages.





THE AMBULANCE CORPS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE RED CROSS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF RHEIMS, DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

Italy was not backward in the performance of her duty. She used her abundant resources in the most effectual way. Not only were her provincial societies of relief united for common action, but they received external aid from France and Switzerland.

But, after all, it was Germany standing between the two armies which distinguished herself. Since the Conference in 1863 she had been acting on the rule of preparation, and now found herself in readiness for all emergencies. The Central Committee of Berlin was flooded with contributions from the provincial committees. In the eight provinces of Prussia 4,000,000 of thalers were collected, and the other states of Germany were not behind. So munificently did the people bestow their aid, that large store-houses were provided in Berlin and in the provinces for its reception, and at the central depot in Berlin two hundred paid persons, besides a large number of volunteers, and nearly three hundred ladies and misses were employed in classifying, parceling, packing up, and dispatching the goods. Special railroad trains carried material to the points of need. Never had private charity, however carefully directed, been able to accomplish such prodigies of benevolence. It was now that the beneficence of the Treaty and the excellence of the organization were manifested. But the committee did not confine itself to sending supplies for the wounded to the seat of war. It established and provisioned refreshment stations for the trains, to which those unable to proceed on the trains to the great hospitals without danger to life, were admitted, nursed and cared for with the tenderest solicitude until they were sufficiently recovered to be removed, or death took them. At the station of Pardubitz from six hundred to eight hundred were cared for daily for two months and lodging provided for three

hundred at night. This example suffices to show the extraordinary results of well-organized plans and concerted action. During the war, the relief societies had also to contend with the terrible scourge of cholera. There can be no estimate of the misery assuaged and deaths prevented by the unselfish zeal and devotion of the wearers of the Red Cross.

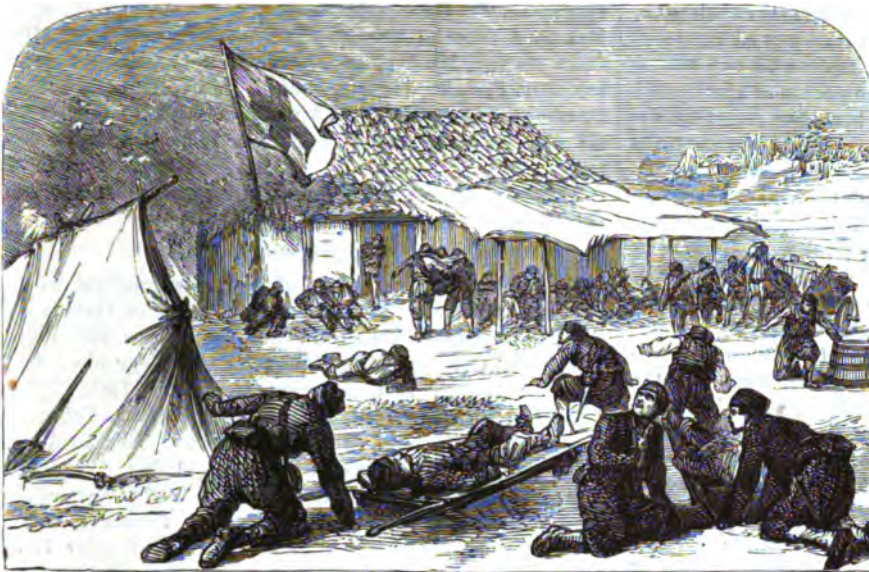
In the interval between the wars of 1866 and 1867, and that of 1870-71 the time had been improved by the societies existing under the Geneva treaty, in adding to their resources in every manner. Improvements were made in all articles of sanitary service; excellent treatises regarding the hygiene of the camp and hospital were widely circulated;

the press had greatly interested itself in the promulgation of information regarding all matters of interest or instruction pertaining to sanitary effort, and almost universally lent its powerful influence to build up the societies. Ten new societies were formed during this time. In Germany the work of the Red Cross was so thoroughly organized, that at the first signal from Berlin, committees arrived as if by magic at all required points, forming a chain which extended over the whole country, and numbered over two thousand persons. This is more remarkable since Germany was a neutral power. Constant communication was kept up between these committees and the central bureau, and the most perfect order and discipline were maintained. Relief was sent from one or another of these stations as was needed. The state afforded free transport, and the voluntary contributions of the people kept up the supplies of sanitary material, so that there was never any lack or danger of failure. With the government transports, whether by land or water, there went always the agents of the Red Cross, protected by their



BURIAL OF FRENCH SOLDIERS IN TRENCHES AT CHEVILLY, NEAR ORLÉANS, BY THE SOCIETY OF THE RED CROSS.





THE RED CROSS QUARTERS IN THE FIELD, DURING THE RUSSIAN-TURKISH WAR.

badges and flag, to wait on the invoices, hasten their progress, see to their being kept in good order, and properly delivered at their destination. Depots of supplies were moved from place to place as exigencies demanded. The greatest care was taken to prevent disorder or confusion, and the best military circumspection and regularity prevailed. The great central depot at Berlin comprised seven sections, viz.: camp material, clothing, dressing for wounds, surgical apparatus, medicines and disinfectants, food and tobacco, and hospital furnishings.

In France not nearly so much had been previously done to provide for the exigencies which fell upon them, but the committee worked with such vigor and so wrought upon the philanthropy of individuals, that active measures of relief were instantly taken. Gold and supplies poured into the hands of the committee at Paris. One month sufficed to organize and provide seventeen campaign ambulances or field hospitals, which immediately joined the army and accompanied it through the first period of the war, or until the battle of Sedan. In Paris ambulances were stationed at the railroad depots to pick up the wounded, and a bureau of information was created for soldiers' families. When the siege of Paris was about to take place the committee threw, without delay, a commission into Brussels charged with the direction and help of flying hospitals. Nine committees were established in the provinces, with power to act for the central committee and to invite the people to help. Meanwhile the committee in Paris did its utmost to mitigate the distress that reigned there, and to prepare for the result of the siege. History has recorded the sufferings, the horrors of misery that accompanied and followed that siege; but history can never relate what wretchedness was averted,

what agonies were alleviated, what multitudes of lives were saved, by the presence and effort of the relief societies! What the state of France must have been without the merciful help of the Red Cross societies the imagination dare not picture. After the armistice was signed there were removed from Paris, under the auspices of the relief societies, ten thousand wounded men, who otherwise must have lingered in agony, or died from want of care; and there were brought back by them to French soil nine thousand men who had been cared for in German hospitals.

#### VI.—ACTION OF NEUTRAL COUNTRIES IN TIME OF WAR.

NEUTRAL countries also during this war were ready and bountiful with help; and those working under the treaty did most effectual service. England contributed 7,500,000 francs, beside large gifts of sanitary supplies; in one hundred and eighty-eight days' time, she sent to the seat of war twelve thousand boxes of supplies through the agents of the Red Cross.

To give an idea of the readiness and efficacy with which the committees worked even in neutral countries, one instance will suffice. From Pont-a-Mousson a telegram was sent to London for two hundred and fifty iron beds for the wounded, and in forty-eight hours they arrived in answer to the request. England kept also at the seat of war agents to inform the committee at home of whatever was most needed in supplies. The neutral countries sent also surgeons, physicians and nurses, and in many other ways gave practical testimony to the benign efficacy of the Geneva Treaty.

It may appear singular that a movement so humane in



SERBIAN WOMEN CARRYING WOUNDED SOLDIERS TO THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL.

its purposes, so wise and well considered in its regulations, so universal in its application, and every way so unexceptional, should have been so long in finding its way to the knowledge and consideration of the people of the United States. This fact appears to have been the result of circumstances rather than intention. While eminently a reading people, we are almost exclusively confined to the English language. The literature of the Red Cross is entirely in other languages, largely French, and thus has failed to meet the eye of the reading public.

It will be observed that the first convention was called during our war; no delegates were especially sent by the United States, but our Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland, acting as delegate, sent a copy of the doings of the Convention to our Government for recognition. In the midst of civil war, as we were at the time, the subject was very naturally and properly declined.

It was again most fittingly presented in 1866 through Rev. Dr. Henry Bellows, and by this eminent gentleman and philanthropist a society of the Red Cross was actually formed; but for some cause it failed, and the Convention was not recognized. The International Committee became in a manner discouraged in its efforts with the United States, but finally it was decided to present it again through Miss Clara Barton, and accordingly a letter was addressed to President Hayes during the first year of his administration, from M. Moynier, President of the International Committee.

This letter was sent to Miss Barton, who, having labored with committees of the Red Cross during the Franco-Prussian war, thus becoming familiar with its methods, was very naturally selected as the bearer of the letter and the exponent of the cause. Moreover, foreign nations had secured her promise to present it to the Government on her return to her country, and endeavor to make its principles understood among the people.

Accordingly, the letter was presented by Miss Barton to President Hayes and by him referred to his Secretary of State; but as no action was taken, and no promise of any action given, it was not deemed advisable to proceed to the organization of societies formed with special reference to acting under the regulations of a governmental treaty having no present existence, and no guaranty of any in the future.

Thus it remained until the incoming of the next Administration, when a copy of the letter of M. Moynier was presented by Miss Barton to President Garfield, very cordially received by him, and endorsed to Secretary Blaine; from whom after full consideration of the subject an encouraging letter was received.

On the 25th of June another letter from M. Moynier, President of the International Committee of Geneva, in reply to the preceding letter of Secretary Blaine, was received by Miss Barton, and duly presented at the State Department.

The very cordial and frank expressions of sympathy contained in Secretary Blaine's letter gave assurance of the acceptance of the terms of the treaty by the Government at no distant day, and warranted the formation of societies. Accordingly a meeting was held in Washington, D. C., May 21, 1881, which resulted in the formation of an association to be known as the American (National) Association of the Red Cross.

At a subsequent meeting, held on the 9th of June, 1881, the following officers were elected: Miss Clara Barton, *President*; Judge Wm. Lawrence, *First Vice-President*; Dr. Alex. Y. P. Garnette, *Vice-President of the District of Columbia*; A. S. Solomons, *Treasurer*; George Kennan, *Secretary*. *Executive Board*. Judge Wm. Lawrence,

Chairman, Dr. George B. Loring, General S. D. Sturgis, Mrs. S. A. Martha Canfield, Mr. Walter P. Phillips, Miss Clara Barton, Mr. Walker Blaine, Colonel Richard J. Hinton, Mrs. F. B. Taylor, Mr. John R. Van Wormer, Mr. Wm. F. Sliney; General R. D. Mussey, *Consulting Council of the Association*; Miss Clara Barton, *Corresponding Secretary*.

This Society was duly incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia.

#### GOVERNMENTS ADOPTING THE TREATY.

We herewith give a list of the governments which have adopted the articles of the Convention of Geneva, of the 22d of August, 1864: \*France, September 22d, 1864; \*Belgium, October 14th, 1864; \*Italy, December 4th, 1864; \*Sweden and Norway, December 13th, 1874; \*Baden, December 16th, 1864; Great Britain, February 18th, 1865; \*Prussia, June 22d, 1865; \*Wurtemberg, June 2d, 1866; Bavaria, June 30th, 1866; \*Portugal, August 9th, 1866; Russia, May 22d, 1867; Roumania, November, 30th, 1874; San Salvador, December 30th, 1874; Serbia, March, 24th, 1876; Chili, November 15th, 1879; Peru, April 22d, 1880; \*Switzerland, October 1st, 1864; \*Netherlands, November 29th, 1864; \*Spain, December 5th, 1864; \*Denmark, December 15th, 1864; Greece, January, 17th, 1865; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, March 9th, 1865; Turkey, July 5th, 1865; \*Hesse Darmstadt, June 22d, 1866; Austria, July 21st, 1866; Saxony, October, 25th, 1866; Pontifical States, May 9th, 1868; Persia, December 5th, 1874; Montenegro, November 29th, 1875; Bolivia, October 16th, 1879; Argentine Republic, November 25th, 1879.

These countries have formed societies to co-operate with the treaty. The Convention of Geneva was signed the 22d of August, 1864, by the twelve countries of which the name is preceded by an \*.

#### THE HEART'S SUMMER.

I ROAMED 'neath fragrant arches,  
'Neath twinkling colonnades  
Of limes and tender larches,  
And whispering chestnut-shades.  
Right joyous sang on every spray  
Some bird whose heart was full of May  
My feet sank deep in purple bloom,  
My senses fainted with perfume;  
And yet to me 'twas Winter drear—  
Thou wert not near.

The streams and meres were lying  
Fast-bound in icy death;  
The weary Wind was sighing  
A dirge beneath his breath;  
The shivering trees were lank and bare;  
No strain of songster stirred the air;  
Poor Nature's heart with woe was bowed  
For Summer sleeping in her shroud;  
But O! to me 'twas Junetide cheer—  
For thou wert near!

#### SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

ONE day toward the close of the last century a young English lad, named John Franklin, spent a holiday with a companion in a walk of twelve miles from their school at Louth, to look at the sea from the level shores of his native county. It was the first time that the boy had ever gazed on the wonderful expanse, and his heart was strangely stirred. The youngest of four sons, he had been intended for the ministry of the Church of England, but that day's walk fixed his purposes in another direction,



and though he knew it not, he was to serve God and man even more nobly by heroic deeds than he could have done by the wisest and most persuasive words.

Mr. Franklin was a wise man, and when he found his son bent on a sailor's life, determined to give him a taste of it, in the hope that this would be enough. John was therefore taken from school at the age of thirteen, and sent in a merchantman to Lisbon. The Bay of Biscay, however, did not cure his enthusiasm; and so we next find John Franklin as a midshipman on board the *Polypemus*, seventy-four guns. These were stirring times. In 1801 young Franklin's ship led the line in the battle of Copenhagen, and in 1805, having been transferred to the *Bellerophon*, he held charge of the signals at the battle of Trafalgar, bravely standing at his post and coolly attending to his work while the dead and dying fell around him.

Between these two dates Franklin had accompanied an exploring voyage to Australia on board the *Investigator*, gaining in that expedition not only a great store of facts to be treasured up for use in his eager and retentive mind, but those habits of observation which were to be of the greatest service to him in after-years. On his return home in another vessel—the *Porpoise*—Franklin and his companions were wrecked upon a coral reef, where ninety-four persons remained for seven weeks on a narrow sandbank less than a quarter of a mile in length, and only four feet above the surface of the water!

It was in 1818 that the young lieutenant first set sail for the Polar Sea, as second commander of the *Trent*, under Captain Buchan. The aim was to cross between Spitzbergen and Greenland; but the companion vessel, the *Dorothea*, being greatly injured by the ice, the two had to return to England, after reaching the eightieth degree of latitude.

A year later Lieutenants Franklin and Parry were placed at the head of expeditions, the latter to carry on the exploration through Baffin's Bay, and to find an outlet, if possible, by Lancaster Sound. This was splendidly done, and the Northwest Passage practically discovered. The task of Franklin was more arduous. He had to traverse the vast solitary wastes of Northeastern America, with their rivers and lakes, to descend to the mouth of the Coppermine River, and to survey the coast eastward. The toil and hardship of this wonderful expedition, and the brave endurance of Franklin and his friend Richardson, and their trusty helpers, have often been related. They had to contend with famine and illness, with the ignorance and treachery of the Indians, who murdered three of the party. The land journey altogether extended over 5,500 miles, occupying a year and six months.

In less than two years after their return to England, Franklin, Richardson and Back volunteered for another expedition to the same region.

In 1825 this second expedition started, Franklin mournfully leaving the deathbed of his wife, to whom he had been married after his last return to England. This brave lady not only let him go, though she knew she was dying, but begged him not to delay one day for her! At New York Franklin heard of her death, but manfully concealed his grief, and pressed on to the northern wastes. As before, his object was to survey the northern shore, only this time by the Mackenzie River, instead of the Coppermine.

This expedition, too, was full of stirring adventure among the Esquimaux, though without the terrible hardships and calamities of the former journey. It was also crowned with great success, leaving in the end only 150 miles of the coast from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits unsurveyed. These, too, were explored in later years by Franklin's suc-

cessors, and the great discovery of the Northwest Passage completed.

Franklin was now made commander; in 1829 was knighted and covered with honors by the University of Oxford and the great learned societies in England and France. He had married his second wife in 1828—the Lady Franklin of the later story. In 1832 Sir John Franklin was given the command of the *Rainbow*, on the Mediterranean station; and so wise and gracious was his rule, that the sailors nicknamed the sloop “The Celestial *Rainbow*” and “Franklin's Paradise.” But we have no space to speak of this now, nor of Franklin's wise and gracious government of Van Dieman's Land, now better known as Tasmania, that succeeded. Lady Franklin was here his wise and devoted helper in every scheme of usefulness and benevolence.

Returning to England, he was appointed in 1845 to the command of an expedition for the further discovery of the Northwest Passage. The ships *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed from England on the 26th of May, and were seen by the crew of the *Prince of Wales*, a whaler, on the 26th of July, in Melville Bay, for the last time.

Toward the close of 1847 serious anxiety was aroused respecting the fate of these brave explorers. The brave-hearted, devoted wife of the commander expended her whole fortune on these endeavors to ascertain what had become of her husband. It is interesting to note that the people of Tasmania, Franklin's colony, subscribed the sum of £1,700 toward the expenses of the search.

In the year 1850 it was discovered that the first Winter of the explorers to the following April, or later (1846), had been spent at Beechey Island, beyond Lancaster Sound, and that it had been an active holiday time.

In 1854 an exploring party under Dr. Rae were told by the Esquimaux that several white men, in number about forty, had been seen dragging a boat over the ice near the north shore of King William's Land, and that bodies and skeletons were afterward found on the mainland opposite, by the banks of the Great Fish River. Many relics of this party were procured by Dr. Rae from the natives, and being brought to England were identified as belonging to the Franklin explorers. On this Dr. Rae received the Government reward of £10,000.

In 1859 Lady Franklin bought and fitted the yacht *Fox*, which she placed under the command of Captain Leopold McClintock. The expedition set sail from Aberdeen, and on reaching King William's Land, divided into three sledging parties, under Lieutenant Hobson, Captain Young and McClintock himself. In Boothia several relics were discovered, such as would be dropped or left behind by men too weak to carry the usual belongings of a boat or sledge. At Point Victory a cairn, or heap of stones, was discovered by Lieutenant Hobson, with a paper, inclosed in a tin case, which too clearly told its sad story. After a memorandum of progress up to May 28th, 1847, “All well,” it was added on the same paper: “April 25th, 1848. H. M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted 22d April, five leagues N. W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in latitude 69 degrees, 37 minutes, 42 seconds N., longitude 98 degrees 41 minutes W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date nine officers and fifteen men. Signed, F. R. M. Crozier, Captain and Senior Officer; James Fitzjames, Captain H. M. S. *Erebus*. And start on to-morrow, 26th April, 1848, for Back's Fish River.” From this point two boats, with heavily-laden sledges, seem to have been dragged forward while strength

lasted. One boat was left on the shore of King William's Land, and was found by Captain McClintock with two skeletons; also boats' stores of various kinds, five watches, two double-barreled guns, loaded, a few religious books,

the ice. No trace but a floating spar or two, and drift-wood embedded in the ice, was ever found of the *Erebus* or *Terror*.

Truly the "Franklin relics," brought from amid the



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN READING THE BIBLE TO HIS CREW IN THE CABIN OF THE "EREBUS."

a copy of the "Vicar of Wakefield," twenty-six silver spoons and forks, and many other articles. The Esquimaux related that the men dragging the boat "dropped as they walked." The other boat was crushed in

regions of snow and ice, are a possession of which those know the value who know how great a thing it is to walk on in the path of duty, with brave defiance of peril, and above all, a steadfast dependence upon God.

## THE TRIALS OF FURCHTSAM AND GEHUELFE.

As I WAS musing on the power of God to help the strong and to recall the wanderers, as I had seen it shown in the Pilgrimage of Gottlieb and Irrgeist, methought I fell once again asleep, and saw the porch through which they had passed, and the goodly servant of the King still at his work of help. I saw him start two or three other children on their course. He gave them gifts like those he had given from the hut. But I could see at once that these were quite different boys from those I had noted before. Neither of them had the look of Gottlieb's strength, neither of them had the wild look I had noted in Irrgeist. The man wrote down their names as Furchtsam\* and Gehuelfe.†

Furchtsam's timid glance seemed scarcely firm enough for so hard a journey; but he set out on his way. Close to him went the other, with a firm step, and an eye of steady gentleness; and I saw, by the King's book, that it was he who bore the name of "Gehuelfe."

Poor little Furchtsam had from the first a trembling, tottering gait; and as he walked, he looked on this side and on that, as if every step was dangerous. This led him often to look off his book of light, and then it would shut up its leaves, and then his little lamp grew dimmer and dimmer, and his feet stumbled, and he trembled so, that he almost dropped his staff out of his hands. Yet still he kept the right path, only he got along it very slowly and with pain.

Whether it was that Gehuelfe was too tender-spirited to leave him, or why else, I know not, but he kept close by the little trembler, and seemed ever waiting to help him. Many a time did he catch him by the hand when he was ready to fall, and speak to him a word of comfort, when without it he would have sunk down through fear. So they got on together, and now they came to the part of the pathway which the evil enchantress haunted. She used all her skill upon them, and brought up before their eyes all the visions she could raise; sunshine, and singing-birds, and waving boughs, and green grass, and sparkling water, all passed before their eyes—but they heeded them not; once, indeed, poor Furchtsam for a moment looked with a longing eye at the painted sunshine, as if its warm light would have driven off some of his fears; but it was but for a moment. And as for Gehuelfe, whether it was that he was reading his book of light too closely, or trimming

\* Timid.

† Help.

too carefully his lamp, or helping too constantly his trembling friend, for some cause or other he scarcely seemed to see the visions which the sorceress had spread around him. So when she had tried all her skill for a season, and found it in vain, she vanished altogether from them, and they saw her no more. But their dangers were not over yet. When Gottlieb passed along this road, he had gone on so boldly, that I had not noticed how fearful it was in parts to any giddy head or fainting heart. But now I saw well how it terrified Furchtsam. For here it seemed to rise straight up to a dangerous height, and to become so narrow at the same time, and to be so bare of any side-wall or parapet, that it was indeed a giddy thing to pass



"HE WAS TOO TENDER-SPIRITED TO LEAVE HIM. HE WAS CLOSE BY THE LITTLE TREMBLER, AND SEEMED EVER WAITING TO HELP HIM."

along it. Yet when one walked over it, as Gottlieb did, leaning on his staff of Church truth, reading diligently in his book, and trimming ever and anon his lamp, such a light fell upon the narrow path, and the darkness so veiled the precipice, that the pilgrim did not know that there was anything to fear. But not so when you stopped to look—then it became terrible indeed; you soon lost all sight of the path before you; for the brightest lamp only lighted the road just by your feet, and that seemed rising almost to an edge, whilst the flash of distant lights here and there showed that a fearful precipice was on each side.

Furchtsam trembled exceedingly when he looked at it; and even Gehuelfe, when, instead of marching on, he stopped to talk about it, began to be troubled with fears. Now, as they looked here and there, Furchtsam saw an easy, safe-looking path, which promised to lead them in

the same direction, but along the bottom of the cliffs. Right glad was he to see it; and so taking the lead for once, he let fall his staff, that by catching hold of the bushes on the bank he might drop down more easily upon the lower path; and there he got with very little trouble.

It was all done in a moment; and when he was out of the path, Gehuelfe turned round and saw where he was gone. Then he tried to follow after him; but he could not draw his staff with him through the gap, or climb down the bank without letting it go. And, happily for him, he held it so firmly, that after one or two trials he stopped. Then, indeed, was he glad as soon as he had time to think; and he held his good stick firmer in his hand than ever, for now he saw plainly that Furchtsam was quite out of the road, and that he had himself well-nigh followed him. So leaning over the side, he began to



call to his poor timid companion, and encourage him to mount up again by the bank which he had slipped down, and venture along the right way with him. At first Furchtsam shook his head mournfully, and would not hear of it. But when Gehuelfe reminded him that they had a true promise from the King that nothing should harm them whilst they kept to the highway of holiness, and that the way upon which he had now entered was full of pitfalls, and wild beasts, and every sort of danger, and that in it he must be alone—then his reason began to come back to him, and Furchtsam saw into what an evil state he had brought himself; and with all his heart he wished himself back again by the side of Gehuelfe. But it was no such easy matter to get back. His lamp was so bruised and shaken as he slid down, that it threw scarcely any light at all; while it had never seemed, he thought, so dark as it did now; he could not see the bushes to which he had clung just before, or the half path which had brought him down. Gehuelfe's voice from above was some guide to him, and showed him in which direction to turn; but when he tried to mount the bank, it was so steep and so slippery, he could scarcely cling to it; and he had no staff to lean upon, and no friendly hand to help him. Surely, if it had not been for the kind, encouraging voice of Gehuelfe, the weak and trembling heart of Furchtsam would have failed utterly, and he would have given up altogether.

Now, just at this time, whilst he was reaching out to Furchtsam, and urging him to strive more earnestly, he heard a noise as of one running upon the path behind him; and he looked round and saw one of the King's own messengers coming fast upon it; so when he came up to Gehuelfe, he stopped and asked him what made him tarry thus upon the King's path. Then Gehuelfe answered very humbly that he was striving to help back poor Furchtsam into the right way, from which he had been driven by his fears. Then the messenger of the King looked upon him kindly, and bade him "fear not." "Rightly," he said, "art thou named Gehuelfe, for thou hast been ready to help the weak; and the Lord, who has bidden his children 'to bear one another's burdens,' has watched thee all along thy way, and looked upon thee with an eye of love; and forasmuch as thou seemest to have been hindered in thy own course by helping thy brother, the King has sent me to carry thee on up this steep place, and over this dangerous road." With that, I saw that he lifted up the boy, and was about to fly with him through the air. Then, seeing that he cast a longing look toward the steep bank, down which Furchtsam had slipped, and that the sound of his sad voice was still ringing in his ear, the King's messenger said to him, "'Cast thy burden upon the Lord.' 'The Lord careth for thee.' 'For the very hairs of your head are numbered,' and 'the Lord is full of compassion, pitiful and of great mercy.'" So the heart of Gehuelfe was soothed, and with a happy mind he gave himself to the messenger, and he bore him speedily along the dangerous path, as if his feet never touched the ground, but refreshing airs breathed upon his forehead as he swept along, and silver voices chanted holy words to his glad heart. "He shall gather the lambs in his arms," said one; and another and a sweeter took up the strain and sang, "and He shall gather them in His bosom." And so he passed along the way swiftly and most happily.

Then I saw that he bore him to the mouth of the arbor, where Gottlieb before him had found rest. He did not tarry in the arbor nearly so long as Gottlieb had done. It seemed as if he was refreshed with but a little slumber; for he was soon again upon his way. The part of the road, too, which had been so rough when I had seen Gott-

lieb and Irrgeist pass it, was far smoother to Gehuelfe; and even that dangerous ground on which the strong Gottlieb had grown drowsy, and in his carelessness met with such a fall, had no perils for Gehuelfe. He passed over it singing a sweet song of the mercy of the Lord, the great stay of the weary, and the blessedness of bearing others' burdens, and the strain of the song seemed to keep his eyelids from ever drooping.

Even when he came to the solitary part of the road, and the shadow of death closed in upon him, his path seemed more favored than that of either of the others whom I had seen pass it before him. He walked through it easily; his feet were nimble and active, his lamp was bright, his golden vial ever in his hand, his staff firm to lean upon, and the book of light close before his eyes; he was still reading it aloud, and I heard him speak of his King as giving "songs in the night"—and so, with a glad heart, he passed through the darkness. The brightest sunshine lay close upon the other side of it; and there he was waited for by the messengers in robes of light, and they clad him in the garments of the blessed and carried him with songs and music into the presence of the King.

Now, when I had seen this beautiful sight, I longed to know how it fared with the poor trembling Furchtsam without his helper, and to see whether he had got again into the road. But upon looking back to where I had lost sight of him, I saw that he was still lying at the foot of the steep bank, down whose side he had stepped so easily. He had toiled and labored, and striven to climb up, but it had been all in vain. Still he would not cease his labor; and now he was but waiting to recover his breath to begin to strive again. He was, too, continually calling on the King for aid. Then I saw a figure approaching him in the midst of his cries. And poor Furchtsam trembled exceedingly, for he was of a very timorous heart, and he scarcely dared to look up to him who stood by him. After a while I heard the man speak to him, and he asked him in a grave, pitying voice, "What doest thou here?" Then the poor boy sobbed out in broken words the confession of his folly, and told how he had feared and left the road, and how he had labored to get back into it, and how he almost thought that he should never reach it. Then I saw the man look down upon him with a face of tenderness and love; and he stretched forth his hand toward him; and Furchtsam saw that it was the hand which had been pierced for him; so he raised the boy up, and set him on his feet; and he led him straight up the steepest bank. And now it seemed easy to his steps; and he put him back again in the road and gave the staff into his hand, and bid him "redeem the time, because the days are evil;" and then he added, "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong; fear not."\* Such strength had his touch, his words, and his look, given to the heart of the timid boy, that he seized the staff, though its most prickly "discipline" sorely hurt his tender flesh; and leaning on it, he set bravely out without a moment's delay. And I heard him reading in his book of light as he climbed up the steep path which had affrighted him; and what he read was this: "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now I have kept Thy word."†

When he had almost reached the arbor, another danger awaited him; for in the dim light round him he saw, as he thought, the form of an evil beast lying in the pathway before him. Then did some of his old terrors begin to trouble him; and he had turned aside, perhaps, out of the way, but that the wholesome sight of his staff

\* Isa. xxxiv. 3, 4.

† Psal. cxix. 67.

still pricked his hand and forced him to remember his former fall. Instead, therefore, of turning aside, he looked into his book of light, and there he read in fiery letters, "Thou shalt go upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet"; and this gave him comfort. So, on he went, determining still to read in his book, and not to look at all at that which affrighted him; and so it was, that when he came to the place, he saw that it was only a bush, which his fears had turned into the figure of a beast of prey: and at the same moment he found where it was written in his book, "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there."\*

And now he stood beside the arbor, where he rested a while, and then pursued his journey. Now I noticed that as he got further on the road, and read more in his book, and leant upon his staff, that he grew bolder and firmer in his gait; and I thought that I could see why Gehuelfe, who had been needful to him in his first weakness, had afterward been carried away from him; for surely he had leant more upon him, and less upon his book and his good staff, unless he had walked there alone.

However this might be, he grew continually bolder. As he drew near the last great darkness, I began again to tremble for him; but I need not have done so; for he walked on so straight through it, that it seemed scarcely to make any difference to him at all. In the best part of the road his feebleness had taught him to lean altogether upon Him who had so mercifully helped him on the bank, and who had held up his fainting steps hitherto; and this strength could hold him up as well even in this extreme darkness. I heard him, as he passed along, say, "When I am weak, then am I strong"; and with that he broke out into singing:

"Through death's dark valley without fear  
My feeble steps have trod:  
Because I know my God is near;  
I feel His staff and rod."

With that he, too, passed out of the shade and darkness into the joyful sunshine. And oh, it was indeed a happy time! It made my heart bound when I saw his face, which had so often turned pale and drooped with terror, now shining up with the glow of the heavenly light; when, instead of the evil things which his fears had summoned up, I saw around him the bands of holy ones, and the children of the day; and so they passed along. And soon, I thought, he would see again the hand which had been stretched out to save him on the bank, and hear the kind and merciful voice which had soothed his terror and despair, and live in the present sunshine of that gracious countenance.

\* Isa. XXXV. 9.

#### The Affection of the Polar Bear for its Young.

THE affection between the parent and young of the Polar bear is so great that they will sooner die than desert each other in distress. While an English frigate, which went out some years ago to make discoveries toward the North Pole, was locked in the ice, the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the frozen ocean, and were directing their course toward the ship. They had, no doubt, been invited by the scent of some blubber of a sea-horse that the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs, but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly

to the fire, and drew out of the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still remaining, upon the ice. These the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave to each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, the sailors leveled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and, in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally. The affectionate concern expressed by the poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young was most touching. Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces and laid it before them; but, when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up; all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found that she could not stir them, she went off, and, when she had got some distance, looked back, and moaned; and, that not availing to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before, and, having crawled a few paces, looked behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round them, pawing them, and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head toward the ship, and uttered a growl of despair, which was answered by a volley of musket-balls, and she fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

#### RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, whose recent death has aroused universal regrets, was the most venerable of our great authors. He was born in Boston on the 25th of May, 1803, and so lacked but a few days of having completed his seventy-ninth year. His father was a minister, and his race has long been a clerical one, there having been a clergyman in the family, either on the paternal or maternal side, for eight generations.

Mr. Emerson essayed to maintain this tradition, and, after graduating at Harvard in 1821, and teaching school for several years, he was ordained in 1829 as colleague of Rev. Henry Ware, at the Second Unitarian Church of Boston. But the young philosopher could not long brook the creed of even a liberal denomination, and, after only three years of service, he sought dismissal on account of differences of opinion regarding the Lord's Supper. In the following December he sailed for Europe, and remained abroad nearly a year. Upon his return he began his long career as a lecturer with a series before the Boston Mechanics' Institute. In 1834 a more notable series of biographical lectures on such subjects as Angelo, Milton and Luther attracted wide attention, and these were followed in succeeding years by courses on the philosophy of history, human culture, and other equally broad themes. Meanwhile, in 1835, he had settled in Concord, Mass., of which his ancestor eight generations back on the maternal side, Rev. Peter Bulkley, had been one of the founders, and in that pleasant old town, full of rural beauty and Revolutionary memories, he has lived ever since. In 1836 the first volume of Emerson's writings appeared, a little work entitled "Nature." The list of publications in prose

and verse thus commenced is a long one, which must ever hold an important place in American literature.

Emerson was the first genuine apostle of realism in this country, and he found at the start few followers. The story goes that it took twelve years to sell an edition of only 500 copies of the little book "Nature," but his audience steadily widened. Whether he chose prose or verse as the medium of his thought, he was at once the philosopher and the poet, so that many of his chief prose essays are in everything except the metrical form poems. As a discriminating critic has remarked, they are not seasoned disquisitions, in which conclusions are painfully and logically evolved from premises, but poetical outpourings, in which the instrument of expression is the imagination. On the other hand, his poems are full of philosophy, and

that his memory was giving way led him to seek seclusion, and he seldom ventured in public. The funeral of his old friend Longfellow, however, called him to Cambridge on that occasion, and, despite the inclemency of the day, he followed the procession to Mount Auburn, and stood at the verge of the grave. His feebleness attracted attention, and aroused fears that it could not be long before his last day must also come. It has come, and the scholarship of the world mourns the final eclipse of his great genius.

SCHOOL OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.—The American Institute purposes to open its Summer School of Christian Philosophy at Greenwood Lake on July 11th. The Rev. Dr. Deems is to preside. He will be aided by the Rev.



THE AFFECTION OF THE POLAR BEAR FOR ITS YOUNG.—SEE PAGE 99.

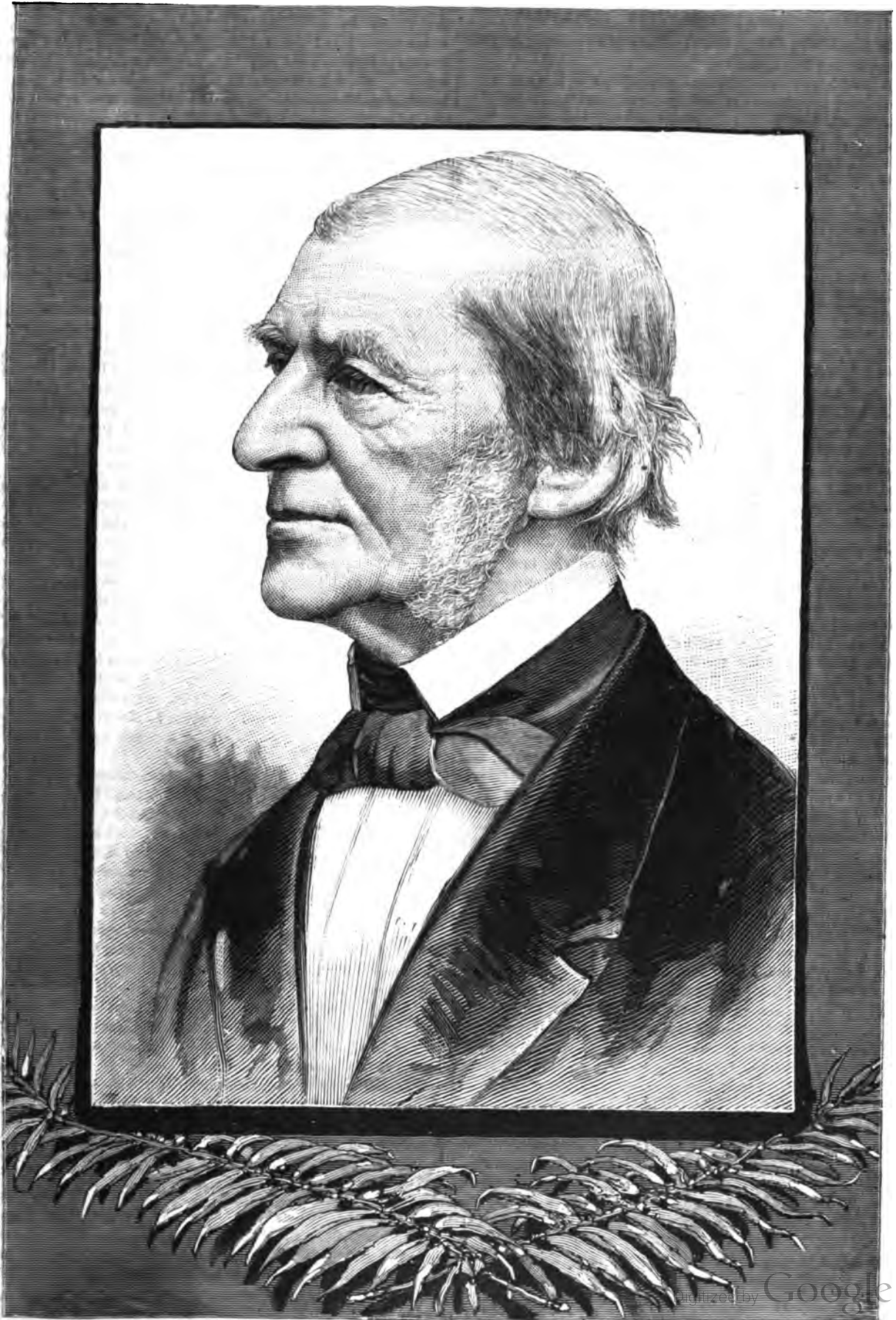
appeal to the intellect rather than the heart. Perhaps no better summary of Emerson's qualities as an author was ever given than the following tribute from his fellow-author, Whittier, two years ago: "No living poet of the English-speaking tongue has written verses bearing more distinctly than his the mark of immortality. In his prose works all must recognize his keen insight, wisdom, fine sense of humor, large tolerance, and love of nature in her simplest as well as his grandest aspects—an inimitable combination of practical sagacity, profound reflection and mystical intuition."

Emerson was twice married, and his second wife survives him, with their three children—a son and two daughters. His elder daughter Ellen has for many years been her father's almost constant companion, and his support as memory began to fail him. His health has been breaking down for a year or more past, while his consciousness

Mr. Bradford, the secretary, and William O. McDowell, the treasurer of the Institute. The following gentlemen are to constitute the faculty; Lyman Abbott, D.D.; President Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin; Howard Crosby, D.D.; Professor Davis, of the University of Virginia; Professor Fisher and Professor Ladd, of Yale College; Washington Gladden, D.D., of Springfield, Mass.; the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of Cambridge, Mass.; Robert S. Moran, D.D., of New York; Professor Francis L. Patton and Professor Charles A. Young, of Princeton, and perhaps others.

A BUSY PRAYER.—Lord Ashley, just before he made a cavalry charge at the battle of Edge-Hill, uttered this short prayer: "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me."





THE LATE RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## REV. EDWARD PAYSON TERHUNE, D.D.

In Mr. Blaine's magnificent eulogy of President Garfield we have this paragraph :

"In 1685 the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. scattered to other countries four hundred thousand Protestants, who were among the most intelligent and enterprising of French subjects—merchants of capital, skilled manufacturers and handicraftsmen, superior at the time to all others in Europe. A considerable number of these Huguenot French came to America; a few landed in New England and became honorably prominent in history. Their names have in large part become Angloised, or have disappeared, but their blood is traceable in many of the most reputable families, and their fame is perpetuated in honorable memorials and useful institutions."

From this stock is descended the subject of the present sketch. "The old Huguenot stock," says another speaker—a Jerseyman by birth—"that gave to New Jersey society a plentiful leaven of intelligence, honesty, strong religious feeling, patriotism, and unwavering love of liberty—the race that made liberty of conscience one of the vital features of the New Jersey State Constitution."

Albert Terhune left Paris, fortune and friends after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and fled to Holland, where, with his wife and two children, he joined a party who were then preparing to sail for America. They settled on Long Island, and one of the descendants who took up his residence in Princeton was the ancestor of the New Jersey Terhunes.

Judge John Terhune, a noble patriarch, who, in his ninetieth year, is a splendid specimen of the best type of the gentleman of the old school, retaining almost in perfection all his bodily and mental faculties—has resided for seventy years in New Brunswick, where his son Edward was born. In the Reformed Dutch Seminary of that place, he received his theological education, having previously been graduated by Rutgers College and taken a medical course in the office of a prominent physician. From three calls placed in his hands immediately upon his licensure, he selected an invitation to supply the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Va., for six months during the absence of the pastor in Europe. At the expiration of this time, Dr. Terhune was called to the "Village Church" of Charlotte Courthouse, Va. Among his predecessors in the pastoral office there had been Dr. Archibald Alexander, a name forever linked with that of Princeton College and of the Presbyterian Church of America, and his son, Dr. James W. Alexander, the distinguished New York divine. It may be added, with propriety here, that Dr. Terhune's immediate successor in this church was likewise one of this family, Rev. Dr. Henry C. Alexander, a son of James W., and now a professor in Union Theological Seminary, Virginia.

The position was an important one. Charlotte County was a famous locality in the colonial and revolutionary history of the State. "Roanoke," the home in life and the burial-place of John Randolph, is within a few miles of the county-seat or "court-house." "Red Hill," the Patrick Henry homestead, was but a little further removed, and was at that time occupied by his eldest son, John Henry, Esq. William Wirt Henry, the grandson of the great orator, now an eminent Richmond lawyer, and well-known as a historical writer, was, during Dr. Terhune's incumbency, an elder in the Village Church, and became the new pastor's close and faithful friend. Marshalls, Randolphs, Bouldins, Carringtons, Venables, Flournoys—names of meaning and of rank to him who knew the Old Virginia of that date—were active in church and congregation. In a membership of less than two hundred and fifty communicants, more than forty leading men were

college graduates. The tone of the town and surrounding parish was refined, the people were thoroughbred, warm-hearted and hospitable. The five years of Dr. Terhune's pastorate here may be termed the idyllic period of his life. Soon after his installation he married a Richmond girl, already known to the public by her *nom de plume* of "Marion Harland." They took possession of the cozy village parsonage in 1856.

Time ran brightly and smoothly with the busy pastor while in Charlotte. The respectful attention and fond loyalty of such an audience as filled the old church on Sabbath was strength and cheer that might have inspired a less susceptible man to undertake excellent things and to achieve them. He loved his work, and grew fast intellectually, while his social sympathies expanded in the genial environments of his home.

One marked feature of his ministry in Charlotte was the influence he acquired over the colored people of the region. The Village Church had but one negro communicant when he became the pastor. Colored Presbyterians were very rare throughout the State. Baptism by immersion was a popular rite with them, and the camp-meetings of the "shouting Methodists" appealed powerfully to their emotional natures. The Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches were shunned as cold, formal, "only fit for educated white folks." In Winter, the body of the Village Church was given up to the blacks on Sunday afternoons, their masters and mistresses occupying the galleries in which their servants had sat in the forenoon. Prayers were offered, hymns given out and sung by the congregation on the floor of the house, the pastor preaching from the chancel, and without notes. With the beginning of the warm weather, the Sunday afternoon gatherings took on a more picturesque aspect. The planters of the outlying country offered their homes in town for the use of Dr. Terhune and his hearers. Scores of whites and hundreds of negroes flocked together on these occasions. The scene, as described by an eye-witness to the writer, was one the like of which will never be beheld again in this country.

In the background was the mansion-house, usually of dark-red brick mellowed by age, embowered by trees, one or two centuries old. At the open windows, and thronging the broad piazzas were seated the ladies and gentlemen of the family, and friends who had driven over to enjoy the service. On the shaded lawn were close tiers of "forms," or backless benches, for the servants who were never styled "slaves" by their owners or themselves. There were usually accommodations for about five hundred, but there were more present, sitting on the grass and porch-steps, or leaning, motionless and decorous, against the tree-trunks. Beyond the lawn were the carriages of the guests, and tied to the "racks" with which every hospitable plantation was abundantly furnished, from twenty to thirty saddled hunters belonging to the gallant cavaliers of the neighborhood.

The signal for the commencement of the exercises was the uprising of a hymn from the heart of the dusky assembly; one of the weird, wondrously-sweet native airs which the jubilee singers are trying to preserve. Perhaps a woman's voice shrilled out the wailing refrain :

"We're passing away  
Like a short Winter's day;"

or, a colored deacon, black as ebony, his massive features showing grim under a hillock of gray hair, stood up in his place and "lined out" from memory :

"Show pity, Lord! O, Lord, forgive!  
Let a repenting rebel live!"

and raised the fine old tune to which the hymn is still sung in Virginia.

Or, sweeter and grander yet, a strong voice began :

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Or,

"When I can read my title clear."

Or,

"O, where shall rest be found!"

Or—a favorite canticle :

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?"

The whole congregation, catching the third word from the singer's lips, would join in and carry the hymn rapturously through to the end, sending the music up to the Summer sky and bringing back resonant echoes from the boundary hill and forest.

A prayer followed; the pastor naming him who should offer it. Sometimes the unlearned suppliant provoked a smile, covert and kind, from the most devout of the pale-skinned listeners. He was seldom trite in language. In spirit and in tone he was ever fervent. He was never more earnest than when praying for "our beloved under-shepherd." A common phrase with the class in alluding to him was "that great an' notable man of God, the young brother whom Thou hast app'nted to minister unto us in holy things; to take of the things of Christ, an' show them unto us." A choice and much-affected figure of speech designated his parish as "these-here-low-grounds of sin an' sorrow round 'bout pore ole Charlotte Court House."

The preliminary exercises over, the preacher arose, a slender man of twenty-five, his refined face and pure intonations bespeaking the cultivated gentleman, and talked to the people as brother, teacher and leader.

A newspaper report of one of these "plantation preachings," says: "No written sermon would answer for them. They needed direct appeals to their emotions. The young pastor adapted himself to the needs of his sable congregation, and by his large powers of illustration, and his impassioned and extemporaneous speaking, enlisted their earnest attention. To the habit of preaching without notes, thus acquired, Dr. Terhune is indebted for his success as an extempore speaker."

Within two years, seventy colored members were added to the roll of the Village Church, giving, upon examination, most satisfactory evidence of intelligent appreciation of the solemn truths to which they subscribed, and of vital piety. Prior to the presentation of their names as candidates for admission to the visible church, the pastor organized classes for spiritual instruction, which met on two evenings of the week in his study.

When in 1858 he accepted a unanimous call to the First Reformed Church, of Newark, N. J., the grief of these simple-hearted neophytes was overwhelming. Among the valuable parting gifts to him from this—the church of his first love—was a handsome family Bible, inscribed, "*From the Colored Members of the Village Church, of Charlotte C. H., Virginia.*"

The Newark call was not accepted without long and serious deliberation. Pastor and people were deeply attached to one another.

"I might," he wrote to a friend at this juncture, "adopt, with all my heart John Randolph's words with regard to this Charlotte people whose Representative he was: 'Never had another man such constituents.'"

But the summons to a new and wider field was accompanied by such manifest indications of the Providential purpose that he could not withstand the pressure. He was installed pastor of the First Reformed Church in th

City of Newark, in March, 1859, just two years before the outbreak of civil war that brought fearful reverses to his always beloved Charlotte flock. Fourteen years after his entrance upon his career in Newark there appeared in the *Evening Courier* of that city a series of sketches of "Pulpit Orators." To the long article devoted to Dr. Terhune we are indebted for the graphic portraiture given below.

"The story that we have to tell of one whose name is dear to thousands in our town is one of no ordinary interest." . . .

After narrating how a colony from the mother church had, prior to the death of Dr. Scott, Dr. Terhune's predecessor, organized as the "North Church," under the leadership of Senator (now Secretary) Frelinghuysen and Chief Justice James P. Bradley, the writer continues :

"But there was a demand for work in another quarter, and Dr. Terhune earnestly urged the establishment of a church down-town. Though years were allowed to pass away before a new edifice was erected in that locality, this eloquent apostle of church-extension was unremitting in his efforts to bring about the desired result. Finally, in 1868, Messrs. — and — severed their connection with the old church, and assisted in urging forward the movement that resulted in the erection of the beautiful edifice on Clinton Avenue.

"The Reformed Church in Newark has had an unprecedented growth within a few years, and to Rev. Dr. Terhune's devotion to his work, his thrilling appeals on all suitable occasions, may be attributed in a great measure this gratifying progress.

"Let us go into the First Reformed Church on a Sunday morning and see the man of whom we have been writing, and his congregation. The interior walls and the ceiling of the edifice have just been tastefully frescoed, and the arrangements about the pulpit have been much improved and beautified. The old galleries have been retained, but they give an air of old-fashioned coziness to the place.

"In the congregation are to be seen many of our most substantial citizens. In the minister's pew is 'Marion Harland' with two or three beautiful children. The minister is in his place, a tall, slender man, about forty years of age. The twenty years of his active, earnest life have left but few lines of care upon his countenance. His hair has but few perceptible streaks of gray. His deep, blue eyes are expressive of kindness and sympathy; his prominent brows indicate that he is a close observer of men and things. He would not be called, at first sight, a very handsome man, but he has an unusually prepossessing countenance, where true manhood is stamped upon every lineament. He commences to speak with a somewhat solemn air, but soon the ardor of his nature asserts itself; his voice rings out like a silver trumpet, clear, musical and sweet. The discourse is entirely logical. There is more said in a few words than you usually hear in a sermon. He secures from the start the sympathies of his whole congregation. Borne along by an irresistible tide of feeling, his manner acquires more of the true dignity of the orator than ever comes merely from studied effort. He always seems to be under a sort of inspiration while speaking, and reminds one of those grand old apostles of the early days of the Church, who gathered their people together, and, in the face of death itself, vindicated their religion. Some of his finest sermons are illustrated with incidents from the thrilling history of the heroic men and women who took refuge in Holland to avoid persecution during the latter part of the seventeenth century. In debate, Dr. Terhune is seldom beaten; he carries his point by the clearness and consciousness of his speech and energetic manner.



"At home he exhibits the open-handed hospitality that springs from a generous nature. No man in the city can make a visitor feel more perfectly at home. It is here that his thorough education is exhibited. His study is a work-room, and he works hard. It is said that he is one of the best Greek scholars in Newark. He is the best of talkers, and can converse instructively about almost anything in nature or to be found in books, and he literally finds "sermons in stones and books in running brooks." Neither in the pulpit nor at home does he exhibit the slightest sanctimoniousness. With a man of such a candid nature, and so thoroughly a Christian and a gentleman, such parade would be impossible. Those who have been his most intimate associates in this city for fourteen years can testify to his great purity of character and to his industry in discharging his pastoral duties.

"It may not be inappropriate here to state that the gifted wife of Dr. Terhune is not one of that class of authoresses who do nothing but write pretty stories. Few homes are better regulated, and few better deserve the name of home. She finds time to attend to the exclusive education of her own children. Much of her time is devoted to charity; and for her many efficient efforts in behalf of working-women and for the relief of the poor in this city, the name of 'Marion Harland' is as sincerely blessed here, as it is fondly cherished by tens of thousands throughout the land for the charming stories she has written."

For four years longer the connection between church and pastor, than which few have been more harmonious and affectionate, continued. To eloquence and scholarship Dr. Terhune united quick sympathies, ready tact, a winning demeanor and an unusual degree of what is known—for the want of a better definitive title—as "personal magnetism." His popularity with all denominations and with all classes was a striking testimony to a happy combination of these traits, and also to his public spirit and executive ability. In classis and in synod, as a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, in municipal and in State reforms, he was always to be depended upon. The weight of influence gained by unblemished character and years of efficient work was ever on the side of right and justice.

In 1876 this prosperous pastorate was severed—to the people suddenly and unexpectedly. To him who had for more than a year watched his wife's failing health with grave apprehension, settling into the conviction that her life depended upon a sea-voyage and many months of restful change—the separation was a sadness, but not a shock. The parting wrench was made purposely brief. The announcement to the congregation, the earnest expostulations of the consistory, the proposal of a "perpetual pastorate during the life of the present incumbent, with a leave of absence of indefinite length," negated by the moved recipient of the extraordinary tribute; the munificent farewell offering of a loving and always liberal parish; the crowding of friends to the steamer on the day of sailing—were compressed into a few weeks.

Dr. Terhune took abroad his whole family, and the Winter of 1876-7 was passed in Rome for the invalid's benefit. While there he officiated as chaplain in the non-liturgical American Church. This is how Charles Thurber, a distinguished Baptist layman who was wintering in Rome, wrote to the New York *Evangelist*:

"Of Dr. Terhune I scarcely dare speak, for fear I may be thought an indiscriminate eulogist. I really wish I could find some fault in him as a preacher. I have been able to find but one—to wit, he did not come up 'out of Jordan' to the ministry;

but even this is not observable in his preaching, and I am not sure that he would preach any better, nor should I love him more, if he should come every Sunday all fresh and dripping out of that celebrated and consecrated stream. His voice is singularly adapted to the pulpit. There is a solemnity in its tones without the slightest affectation of solemnity. It seems to be gauged by his subject, and not to his subject. He always begins to speak with great deliberation. When he rises to pray he closes his lips, and you almost think he will not go on for lack of words or ideas. You are mistaken. He is opening his heart to the reception of the spirit of prayer, and when it is full his utterances flow out so redolent of sweet thought that you are carried away with them, till you scarcely know whether he is praying or yourself.

"His gestures are appropriate, and when occasion requires, emphatic. He does not make them; they are quite spontaneous. His analysis of a text and deductions from it are as natural as the branches of a cedar of Lebanon. It seems as if he just tapped his text and the essence runs out. You never feel that he is wandering from the subject. He uses no stereotyped phrases in his prayers, nor cant in his exhortations. His manner as well as matter is solemn and impressive.

"Out of the pulpit he is exceedingly genial, but never so much so as to detract from true dignity, and judging from the little I have seen, there is nothing at his home to check his flow of spirit.

"I am sensible that there is no need of saying as much as I have on this subject to anybody in America where Dr. Terhune is so well known. My object is to tell how well he is appreciated at Rome."

In the Winter of 1877-8 Dr. Terhune, then resident with his family at Geneva, Switzerland, received a request that he would supply the pulpit of the American Chapel in Rue du Berri, Paris, the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, having been summoned to America by the illness of a relative. For four months Dr. Terhune was his substitute, giving great satisfaction to the regular attendants of the handsome and commodious chapel, and to the many travelers who filled the pews throughout the Winter and Spring preceding the great exposition. Besides the chapel services, he co-operated, with his accustomed zeal and efficiency, with Miss Leigh in her work among French women, and Rev. Mr. McCall in his wonderfully successful mission to the *ouvriers* of Paris. The unerring tact, the nervous eloquence, the easy flow of illustration that made him in his early manhood the idol of the dusky convocations in Virginian groves, opened to him the ears and hearts of the thousands of "blouses" who, on Sunday evenings, thronged the McCall stations of Rue de Rivoli, Lesternes and Belleville.

Robust in mind and body, invigorated and enriched by the sojourn in storied lands, Dr. Terhune returned to America late in the year 1878, and in March, 1879, accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., the pastorate of which he now holds.

A HELPING HAND.—The poor give more than the rich. This proposition holds good as a general principle. Money is by no means the only thing to give in this world; neither do large gifts necessarily contribute more to the happiness of the receiver than small gifts. Go into any country and converse with the people. Ask who ministers most to their happiness. You will very likely be told of some venerated clergyman, whose salary has never been more than enough to barely support him; or some poor widow, who goes from house to house, like a ministering angel, wherever sorrow and suffering demand consolation and relief. It is astonishing how much one without money can give. A kind word, a helping hand, the warm sympathy that rejoices with those who rejoice and weeps with those who weep. No man is so poor, no woman is so poor, as not to be able to contribute largely to the happiness of those around them.

## PERSONAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

REV. BROOKE HEREFORD has resigned the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, of Chicago, to accept a call to Boston.

THE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jr., formerly of New York, has been invited to take charge of the Bible-class at the American Chapel in Paris.

ELIOT CABOT, of Boston, is, it is reported, the person selected by Mr. Emerson's family to write the biography of the Concord philosopher.

PROFESSOR GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, of Rhode Island, is to write the biography of Longfellow, having been selected for that office by the poet himself six years ago.

MR. BENJAMIN LAVINE, a retired merchant of Philadelphia, bequeathed all his estate, valued at between \$20,000 and \$25,000, to the Jewish Hospital Association of that city.

DR. CRUMMELL, the colored rector of St. Luke's Church, Washington, and a graduate of Oxford, is about to publish a volume of sermons entitled "The Greatness of Christ."

PROFESSOR AUSTIN PHELPS is delivering a course of six lectures before the advanced Class at Andover on "The Studies of the Pastor," with special reference to the study of English literature.

THE REV. C. W. ALLEN and Dr. E. B. Foster, each of whom was once pastor of the same church in Pelham, N. H., died on the same day, and were buried on the same day—after years of service elsewhere.

MR. BLAINE'S oration upon the life and character of President Garfield has been engrossed upon a sheet of Bristol-board by a resident of Philadelphia, who intends to present this result of long and patient labor to Mrs. Garfield.

A MR. BRIDGES, a minister of the Reformed Episcopal Church at Farmersville, in the Diocese of Ontario, Canada, has, with his congregation, applied to be received into the Episcopal Church, in which he proposes to become a minister.

MRS. HARRIET E. JESSUP, wife of the Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D.D., Presbyterian missionary to Syria, died in Beirut, April 5th. She was the daughter of the late David S. Dodge, M.D., and niece of the Hon. W. E. Dodge, of New York.

GOVERNOR COLQUITT, of Georgia, has been addressing Methodist meetings in Little Rock, Ark. He is mentioned as an eloquent speaker, who makes what he says interesting to all. He believes in the use of humorous anecdotes in the pulpit.

BISHOP WHIPPLE, of the Episcopal Diocese of Minnesota, declares his intention of licensing two women as lay readers, because no men can be found to fill the places. They are simply licensed to read the service and such sermons as the bishop puts in their hands.

It is understood that Dr. Newman Smyth will accept the offer of the trustees to lecture on theology at the Andover Theological Seminary during the coming year. It is said that \$50,000 has been pledged to endow a new professorship on a more liberal basis than the Abbot chair.

THE REV. DR. E. L. MAGOON, formerly of Albany, but now of Philadelphia, is giving valuable literary and art collections to various institutions of learning. To the University of Rochester he has just given a series of

eighty-five historical pictures, representing the most famous medieval buildings in England, France, Belgium and Germany. They are proof engravings, published in 1854, and elaborately colored by hand by able water-color artists. Other institutions, notably Vassar College, were similarly favored years ago.

THE children of literary people are not always themselves lovers of the pen. One exception may be quoted in the person of the only child of Bayard Taylor. This young lady has much literary ability, and has shown both skill and taste in her translations of German poetry into English.

THE Centre Church, New Haven, Conn., has voted to extend a call to Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., to become pastor. Dr. Smyth has also been invited to lecture to the students of Andover Seminary, so that his rejection by the Board of Visitors does not seem to have impaired either his activity or his usefulness.

MR. W. J. LINTON has published an edition of two hundred and twenty-five copies of an exquisite collection of English lyrics and madrigals, many of them rescued from forgotten byways of literature. Mr. Linton himself set up and put to press the beautiful volume, which is, moreover, illustrated by his own pencil and graver.

ON Sunday, May 7th, the Brooklyn Tabernacle Church, the Rev. Dr. Talmage, pastor, received over one hundred and sixty members, many of whom joined on confession of their faith. Among the latter was Mr. Norman McLeod, son of the late Dr. McLeod, of Barony Church, Glasgow, Scotland, now under the charge of Dr. J. Marshall Lang.

JOSEPH HEAD, who recently died in Boston at the age of ninety-seven, was the oldest living graduate of Harvard College. He belonged to the Class of 1804. The oldest remaining graduate of Harvard is Dr. William Perry, of Exeter, N. H., who is ninety-four years of age. He was born in Norton, Mass., but has resided in Exeter since 1814.

THE REV. DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Trinity Church, Boston, will spend the next year abroad. His parish has granted him leave of absence, and, it is understood, made the proposition to him in order to give him a thorough rest, he consenting on condition that his pay should be discontinued and that a suitable substitute should be secured for the year.

THE splendid library of Freilgrath, the German poet, has been purchased entire by Mr. Montgomery Sears, of Boston. It includes about 5,000 volumes, and is singularly valuable as a collection of rare editions. Many of the books contain the autographs of the authors. In the collection are some fine copies of the first editions of Burns's and of Byron's poems.

THE famous Jesuit Padre Passaglia, who left the Catholic Church some years ago, has addressed a letter of retraction to Monsignor Guastaldi, Archbishop of Turin, and offered to make any public reparation demanded, as a condition of reconciliation to the Church. The efforts of the Polish Jesuit Rozycki, one of Passaglia's pupils, have induced his return to Catholicism.

BISHOP GREEN, of Mississippi, who has been presiding over a council of the Episcopal Church in Vicksburg, is eighty-four years old, and has been a preacher for sixty-two years. He is now, and has been for thirteen years past, the Chancellor of the University of the South, and

is the sole survivor of the ten Southern bishops who founded that institution in 1860. His mental faculties are still remarkably vigorous for one of his age. On April 22d the council, because of the old age and increasing infirmities of Bishop Green, which have disabled him from the discharge of Episcopal duties, elected Bishop Wingfield, of California, assistant bishop of the diocese of Mississippi.

A NUMBER of Philadelphia clergymen and laymen have addressed a letter to Bishop Hare expressing their disapproval of the verdict rendered by the jury in the Hinman suit, and their belief that his conduct throughout the case has been governed simply by a sense of duty to religion, and that he has fulfilled that duty with feelings of great personal reluctance.

THE REV. HENRY V. S. MYERS has resigned the pastorate of the South Reformed Church, at Third Avenue and Fifty-second Street, New York, to go to the American Reformed Church in Newburg. The pulpit of the Reformed Church in East New York is left vacant by the resignation, after six years' service, of the Rev. William J. Hill. Mr. Hill accepts a call to the First Reformed Church, of Glenville, N. Y.

AMONG Dr. Talmage's Summer engagements are his orations before the Literary Societies of Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; and Trinity College, North Carolina; a Fourth of July oration in Ohio; lectures and sermons at the great Summer encampment at Chataqua, N. Y., and Lakeside, Ohio, and Grimsby, Canada. He will spend half his Summer vacation with his family at White Sulphur Springs, Va., and the rest at Mount Desert, off the coast of Maine.

ROSWELL SMITH, the publisher of *The Century* magazine, has given a check for \$1,000 to the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, in East Thirtieth Street, toward the erection of a chapel in memory of his grandson, Roswell Inness, who died recently. The chapel will be built at Oceanport, N. J., near Long Branch, where the society has a Summer home for the children under its care. It will cost about \$2,000, will be designed especially for the children, and will be called the Roswell Inness Memorial Chapel.

THE installment of the Rev. William E. Merriman, late President of Ripon College, as pastor of a Congregational church at Somerville, Mass., met with some opposition on account of his theology. He declared that he believed in eternal life and eternal punishment, but that he was convinced that the Scriptures do not necessitate the theory that eternal punishment consists in illimitable conscious personal misery, and that death is not in all cases a limit of probation. For those that have no probation on this side of the grave he anticipates a probation in the intermediate state. These are substantially the views taught by Professor Smyth, and which caused his rejection at Andover.

THE Church of the Intercession, at Washington Heights, through a committee, heard several clergymen preach, with a view of choosing one as its rector. Among them was the Rev. William M. Geer, of Oyster Bay, L. I., a son of the Rev. G. J. Geer, Rector of St. Timothy's Protestant Episcopal Church in this city. Mr. Geer's name was carefully considered by the vestry, but he did not receive a call, as his views of church polity were ascertained to be in advance of those held by the Church of the Intercession. The vestry finally called the Rev. Bishop Falkner, of Brooklyn, to be rector. Mr. Falkner was born in England

in 1834, and was graduated from the Union Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) in 1863. He has accepted the call, and entered upon his duties May 21st.

IN the Rev. Dr. Hannan, Archbishop of Halifax, N. S., whose death was reported April 18th, the Catholic Episcopacy in Canada has lost one of its most distinguished members. He had for many years been Archdeacon of Halifax when, in 1870, he was appointed Bishop of Newfoundland, in succession to Dr. Mullock. He declined the appointment, preferring the field of labor where he had wrought for nearly a generation's space, and continued in his archdeaconry till April, 1877, when he was elevated to the archbishopric in the place of the lamented Dr. Connolly. Dr. Hannan visited Rome last Spring, and on his return had a very flattering reception from the Halifaxians, with whom he was always popular—not only with his own people and the poor but with the Protestants as well, as was evidenced by the address presented to him on his retirement from the School Board of the city.

IN the Sala Regia of the Vatican, on March 30th, Leo XIII. conferred the red hat upon five newly-made cardinals. Afterward, at a secret consistory, he performed the ceremony of opening and closing the mouths of the new cardinals, and bestowed upon them their titles, assigning to Cardinal Agostini, the venerable Patriarch of Venice, the Basilica of St. Eusebius; to Cardinal McCabe, of Dublin, who is only the second Irish Cardinal in the history of the Church, the Basilica of Santa Sabina; to Cardinal Ricci, a relative of the late Cardinal Paracciani, and successor of the late Cardinal Borromeo as major-domo to His Holiness, the Basilica of Santa Maria in Portico; to Cardinal Lasagni, who is regarded as "a typical Roman prelate," the Basilica of Santa Maria della Scala; and to Cardinal Angelo Jacobini, who has hitherto been engaged in diplomatic missions, the Basilica of Saint Eustachio.

JAEVUS S. FISHER, aged twenty-six, a theological student of Leesport, near Reading, Pa., became violently insane from his six years' effort to memorize the entire Bible. The Directors of the Poor were informed that it was dangerous to have the young man at home, and he was removed to an insane hospital. Great difficulty was experienced, as Fisher fought desperately after intrenching himself in his improvised chapel in the attic of his father's home. Finally he was attired in his minister's suit of black and told that he was wanted to preach in a neighboring town. He then consented to go. He was quite a brilliant young man, and his memory was wonderful. He could repeat whole books of either the Old or New Testament. Two months ago he said that by July 4th he would have the Bible from Genesis to Revelation at his fingers' ends. His mind gave way under the task. In his attic-chapel he would preach to imaginary congregations, and would lead in the singing. He was once a fine-looking young man, but has wasted away.

ON the evening of April 14th the Rev. Dr. Israel Foote rendered to the vestry his resignation of the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, N. Y., with which he had been connected for a period of twenty-two years. The resignation was accepted, and by an unanimous vote he was tendered the position of *rector emeritus*, with the use of a residence, and an annual salary of \$1,000. When Dr. Foote accepted the charge, the parish was much in debt, and its income did not exceed \$1,500 a year. The indebtedness has meanwhile been removed, and the annual receipts are now nearly, if not quite, \$6,000. The Church property was valued at about \$15,000, while its present worth is estimated at more than \$100,000. In



1849 the number of communicants in the parish was 136 ; the present number is 413 ; the offerings for various objects having increased from \$1,661 in that year to nearly \$12,000 in 1881. The founding of St. James's parish, which is now self-supporting, was due almost entirely to the untiring exertions of the rector of St. Paul's, and largely through his efforts a beautiful recess chancel has been added to the latter church.

THE REV. DR. SAMUEL R. WILSON pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Madison, Ind., was elected a delegate to the general Assembly, but the New Albany Presbytery refused to send him, for the reason, it is said, that he had objected to admitting a woman to plead before the Presbytery in favor of total abstinence and a prohibitory law. Dr. Wilson has published an open letter to the New Albany Presbytery and the Presbyterian Church in general, concluding as follows : " Thus let the Presbyterian people of God everywhere, and all the Church of God, know that the Presbytery of New Albany makes it a test of ministerial standing that her members shall approve of what Paul has forbidden, and shall co-operate with a self-constituted body of women, who, assuming without right the divine name of Christian, are using all their power and influence to secure the enactment of a law, under which, if Jesus were at a marriage feast in Indiana, and were to make and give to the guests, not for medicine, but as a festive beverage, a quart, not to say a hundred gallons, of wine, as He did at Cana, He would be fined and imprisoned ; and the Presbytery of New Albany, if their advocates, Mrs. Leavitt, is correct, would say He has been served exactly right. I would not consent to this deed, and, while regretting the shameful fact that not another elder was found who cared enough for the honor of his Lord to join in the protest, I thank God for the grace and courage given me to stand alone, with Paul and Christ as my examples and teachers.

GENERAL SPINNER, ex-Treasurer of the United States, gives the following as the true story of how he came to adopt his peculiar signature : " It was when I was practicing law in Herkimer County years ago. It was in 1830. Judge Osborn was my law partner. I was scrawling with my pen at my desk one day, and wrote my name several times in that manner. Osborn happened to see it. He said : ' Hello, old Fishhooks ; I'll bet you can't do that again.' I said : ' I'll bet I can.' And I did. I adopted it as my signature then, and I have written my name in that way ever since."

A STAINED glass window was placed in Grace Church recently in memory of the Rev. Nathaniel Bowen, one of the church's early rectors. It is on the north side of the building above the transept, and faces the chancel. The figures are those of St. Peter and Abraham. Another window has been put in position as a memorial to Bishop Wainwright. Two more memorial windows are expected from England. All the window spaces on the first story will then be filled. There are three large and sixteen small ones. The two large transept windows, with four lights each, have been recently set. The north transept window, in memory of Peter Schermerhorn and his wife, displays life-size figures of Noah, Abraham, Melchisedek, Moses and Jacob, and below them scenes from their lives. In the south transept window in memory of Augustus Schermerhorn and his wife, the figures are Zacharias, Elizabeth, St. Joseph and John the Baptist, and beneath them picturesque illustrations of passages in their history. It is intended to have the plain windows in the second story replaced with stained ones. It is stated that \$26,000 has been subscribed for the purpose. The large transept windows, which are twenty-five feet high by thirteen wide, cost \$8,000 each. The smaller windows ranged in cost from \$500 to \$1,200.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### DEAD IN THE SNOW.

WHILE we were yet rejoicing over Danenhower's flattering reception by the Czar and Czarina in the palaces of all the Russias, our American pride gratified by the reception such as has been given to no private citizen, and our Arctic misfortunes were having this bright alleviation, we were struck back by great calamity, and the scene was changed from one over which presided an emperor of the earth to a scene presided over by the King of Terrors. It went through us like a sickening chill of an Arctic blast when we read in the papers :

" I have found Lieutenant De Long and his party ; all dead.—  
" MELVILLE."

Ordinary travelers perished in the snow are a spectacle ghastly enough, but here are eleven heroes stretched on their frozen bier. It takes bravery to face sabre and bayonet, but greater prowess is demanded in such conflict as this. Bayonets sometimes get bewildered and run, but eternal Winter never falls back. Other enemies may get out of ammunition, but the Arctic always has cutting blast unsheathed, and shot of hailstorm, and great fleets of iceberg thundering in the siege. From year to year, and from century to century the great battle of storms goes on. Armageddon of cold and hurricane. Dead in the snow ! " All dead ! " No necrology to tell which perished first, leaving messages for loved ones with others if they ever saw New York ; nor which perished last, himself alone with none but God and the ice. Homesick were they, until the tears froze on their peeled and bleeding cheeks ? Yes, all of them homesick. Messages for wife and child and friend, but none to take them. But I suppose at such time God gives especial grace. They were not unbelievers. " By God's help," De Long says again and again in his letters—" By God's help we will do so and so." And then what a story Noros tells of the day he left De Long and his men to go ahead for supplies. He says : " It was Sunday, and Captain De Long had led

in divine service, the men seated on the banks of the river." God is no more with those who worship by the warm fire of the hearth in the snug home than by those who kneel at an altar of ice, nor as much, nor as near. Where God is needed the most He is present the most. Had they returned we should have greeted them with hurra on hurra ; but that is not the appropriate word now. We need requiem rather than grand march. Our first dirge is for the graduate of one of the public schools of Brooklyn, George Washington De Long. Going out from the midst of this city, leading a retreat across three thousand miles over the sharp glass of unrelenting frost, and then dying with his men in the Balaklava of frozen horrors, overcome by mightier odds than that against which rode the Six Hundred. Genial, highly educated, fearless, passing up from the office of ensign to that of master, and from master to lieutenant.

What a proud day that 8th of July, 1879, when commanding the *Jeannette*, and with a picked crew, and other vessels flagged and decorated and crowded with friends to see them off, the expedition sailed out of the Golden Horn under the benediction of the United States Government, and for the increase of the world's knowledge and the cause of geographical discovery. Widowhood and orphanage mourn the tidings come down in the Siberian blast. God of the widow and the fatherless, pity them. There, also, was Collins, the meteorologist and scientist and able correspondent of the expedition, full of enthusiasm for his work, and a deeply religious man. And there was Ambler, the surgeon, the high-souled Virginian, unflinchingly following those who would be sure to need his skill and care. Kind nurse as well as skillful surgeon. And there were those whose lives were just as dear to them, although their names may not be so widely known—eleven dirges, and the dirge for the homeless sailor shall be as solemn and as tender as that for the chief. Let the United States Government gather up their bodies kept in the ice of Siberian Winter, and fetch the precious remains home to Greenwood and the

village graveyard. Their spirits are with God. Gone out on exploration through all eternity.

One cries out: "What a waste of money and men! What useless bereavement! What prodigality thrust in the hand of death." Not so. All intelligent men will see that Mr. Bennett did a grand thing for science and the world, when, at vast expense to himself, he fitted out the *Jeannette* and turned her prow northward. So all the attempts at discovery have had depreciators: George Stephenson, of the railroad; and Eli Whitney, of the cotton-gin; and Morse, of telegraphy; and Livingstone and Stanley, of African exploration; and the Cabots, and Sir Henry Willoughby, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Captain Ross, and Franklin, and Scoresby, and Dr. Kane, and Hayes, and Schwatska, and De Long, of Arctic attempt. "Now," say many, "let this Arctic enterprise cease; enough life has been lost there; they sleep under the white blankets of the snow; Hugh Willoughby and all his crew, Schelleroff and all his crew, Sir John Franklin and all his crew, Lieutenant De Long and his crew. Why any more human bones thrown to the dogs of the Esquimaux?" I answer that with each expedition the field of human knowledge has been widened, and no good is ever gained without great sacrifice. Thousands of men sacrificed every year to money-making. You do not denounce them as wasting their time. Thousands of men slain in battle. You do not consider their lives as wasted. Surely men going forth not to injure the race but to enlighten it, and falling in the attempt, ought not to be classed with the failures. Whether other attempts at Arctic expedition will ever be made or not, I cannot say; but this much I will say: the human race could not have afforded to stop this work any sooner. We may not be called upon to encourage further attempts, but we have no right to discourage them. You cannot see what good can come of them, but from the way that the human race seems determined to keep pounding against the barred gateway of those icy palaces, should not wonder if some great practical good would yet come of it. What good? I might as well ask you why, twenty years ago, you did not guess the telephone—or sixty years ago, you did not guess the telegraph. Men never kept tolling in any artistic, or literary, or social, or scientific, or political direction, but after a while they found out something valuable—never. Protest as you may against Arctic explorations, these young people in the house to-night will live to hear of twenty of them. Instead of here and there a ship sailing into the north, there will be fleets large as those which fought at Lepanto and Trafalgar, that will bombard and capture the fortresses—the Gibraltar, the Sebastopols of glacier. I do not know but that after scientists all the world over having for centuries been studying the law of storms, and making comparative failure, publishing day by day the weather improbabilities, some Arctic explorer may pick out of its northern nest before it be fully grown, a storm, and examine its wings and its habits, and report to all the earth the best way of understanding the flight of tempests fully grown, simoons, cyclones, Caribbean whirlwinds. In what way practical good will come of Arctic explorations I am not called on to prophesy; but I applaud the heroic past and am in exhilarant anticipation of the future. This whole world is to be given to God; but I think before that the whole world is to be given to the human race, and when the human race has come into the possession of the entire globe, then it can make a full surrender of a round globe to God.

#### RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

For thirty years caricatured. For twenty years worshiped. But the long chapter is ended. How calmly set the sun of the Concord philosopher! Before the ink with which we wrote the mortuary record of the greatest American poet has gone from the pen, we must write the story of the great Concord philosopher. This land is not favorable to a great crop of philosophers. They are indigenous to calmer latitudes. This is a good land for poets, for statesmen, orators, for heroes—but we have only here and there one who becomes a philosopher. Ralph Waldo Emerson had the throne almost to himself. His pen wrought marvels. The great mass of the people had no patience to read him. But all the men attempting literature read him, and through them not a man on this continent but has felt the influence of this philosopher. He was the Thomas Carlyle of America, but far superior to Carlyle was he in kindness and generosity of disposition. The one scolded and fretted, although he scolded and fretted magnificently; the other, for the most part, spoke in love. He had no idea that the world will be driven upward to something better; but drawn upward to something better. I remember when Emerson first touched me with his fascination. I read and read, sometimes scarcely guessing out his meaning; but still I read and read. He was the mighty foe of canting, and helped

all who did not attempt to imitate him. Copyists are always failures, and the most driveling stuff of the last fifty years was written by those who imagined they could be Emersonian or Carlylian. He was industrious, sympathetic, and had a vast capacity to say things that would not have been said had his torch never been lighted. With one hand he closed the door of Longfellow's tomb, while with the other hand he opened the door of his own sepulchre. How rich is New England with the dust of potentates! Otis and Adams, and Webster, and Sumner, and Dana, and Choate, and a great race of kings; some with one kind of sceptre, and some with another—from Miles Standish clear on to Ralph Waldo Emerson!

It all goes to show that there is no discharge in the war with death! The highest as well as the lowest fall under the arrows of the old archer. Blessed are all they who are ready for the transition. About the future destiny of others it is sometimes very unprofitable to speculate. But about our own it becomes us to be vigilant. This mortal must put on immortality. Having sailed out of the harbor and feeling under us the swelling of the great sea, we had better watch the compass and head the right way, since everything depends on our bringing this precious cargo into safe anchorage. Emerson, after a considerable absence, about to start for his home in New England, wrote these words, which might be just as proper for one going to his long home:

"Good-by to flattery's fawning face;  
To grandeur with his wise grimace;  
To upstart wealth's averted eye;  
To supple office, low and high;  
To crowded halls, to court and street;  
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;  
To those who go and those who come—  
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home."

#### THE CLOSE OF STEWART'S.

THE air has been full of excited and absurd talk about the announcement that the famous storehouse of A. T. Stewart would cease business. Since the decease of that merchant monarch the business has been under the control of Judge Hilton, as everybody knows. The winding up of that commercial establishment strikes us differently from the way it has affected others. There are some persons who from their very constitutional characteristics would prefer to ascribe it to an ignoble motive rather than a good one. Some say it was because Judge Hilton was not thrifty. But he has enough wealth to carry on fifty large enterprises. As for myself, I believe Judge Hilton was honest when he said he was tired and now proposed to rest. So far from deserving this disreputable caricature and industrious lying of the public in regard to his private affairs, I think he deserves great credit for his common sense. The simple fact is, he got enough money, and stopped. With ten fortunes he ought to have been satisfied, and was satisfied. He gives example to ten thousand men in this city who have enough, and do not know it. Instead of stopping, like Judge Hilton, while they have health and strength to enjoy what they have garnered, they go on toward their graves asking for more—an ass crouching down for more burdens. There are bank presidents with hands so tremulous from age that they can scarcely write their own names. There are merchants in their counting-rooms looking through their spectacles and trying to see if they can't pick up another sixpence before they die. They ought to have quit fifteen years ago. They ought to have got out of the way and given the boys a chance. But here in this latter part of the nineteenth century we have a man who has enough brains and enough common sense to stop—not because he has struck his head against a tombstone, not because he is paralyzed, or has been unfortunate, but because he has enough. After a man has been as busy as Judge Hilton for many years, he has a right to spend his Winters in peace and his Summers in the great park which he has laid out, adorned and thrown open free to the public in the suburbs of Saratoga. What a commentary on the diseased state of the public mind on the subject of money-getting, that so few people can understand that it is possible for a man to get all he wants of this world's success! All honor to Judge Hilton for this step; but as this great mastiff lies down to rest, all the ratterers of commercial life think it looks big to take a nip at him. What a grand thing it would be for American commerce if in all our country a number of the great houses—the hardware, the drugs, jewelry, drygoods, importing establishments—would disband, the wealthy proprietors saying, "We have sufficient for ourselves, and sufficient for our children, and sufficient for our grandchildren, and sufficient for great philanthropies. We would give opportunities to others who have no chance now." That would hasten the time when at the table of the world's supply every man would have a knife and fork and plate, instead of

having a few men with elbows spread out so far that others cannot get near, and who sit there and stuff, and stuff, and stuff, taking down into their voracious paunches the whole banquet of life, from soup to almond-nuts, and leaving nothing for others but the shells. I think it is one of the most exhilarating facts that in this century we have found a man who had enough money to stop.

#### HOSANNAS FOR THIEVES.

JESSE JAMES, the desperado of the West, has been buried with high honors, with an unusual casket, unusual ceremonies, unusual lamentations. He had been one of a gang who for twenty years had been stopping stage-coaches and rail-trains, and robbing travelers. It is estimated that that gang had in that way stolen over \$230,000. There was not a mad dog or a rattlesnake in Missouri that had not a better right to live than Jesse James! All the public ado has been about the mode of his taking off. Having buried the villain with senatorial and magisterial honors, the people picked up stones from his grave to hurl at Governor Crittenden, who broke up the gang in a different way from what they preferred. I know Governor Crittenden. I saw him at one time when he was delivering in the Congress of the United States a most tender, beautiful and eloquent eulogium on a dead Senator, and I wept at the story of a man I had never seen. The next time I saw him was when he was received at his own village with the thunder of cannon and the blast of trumpets on the day of his nomination to the Gubernatorial office. I have watched him all

the way through, and the attacks upon him for the past few weeks have been simply nefarious. Every possible thing is said to excite his assassination. It cannot be that the people of that State will allow the balked ruffianism of that gang to bring hurt to the best Governor Missouri has ever had. This was a case for quick and efficient surgery. The worst gang of robbers in the United States must be broken up. Other Governors had failed in the attempt, and other sheriffs had been outwitted. The desperadoes would kill a constable with no more compunction than they would feel in killing a fly. Governor Crittenden said, "Here are \$10,000 for the man who will fetch me Jesse James, dead or alive." The reward fetched him. Let the scum of the earth plant a monument heaven-high and hell-deep over this modern Jack Sheppard if they wish to do so; but by all that is good in public sentiment and all that is strong in the law, let them keep their bloody hands off the good and gallant Governor of Missouri. There is in all our communities an element that would like to have outlawry triumphant. It must be put down. It can neither be parleyed with nor coaxed. We are not to be too hypercritical about the mode; mercy and leniency and patience as long as there is hope for reformation; but when the law must strike, let it strike the right one, strike him hard, and strike at once. Away with the indecency which pays twenty-five cents for Guitteau's photograph, and builds a tall monument to James Flisk, the libertine, and threatens the Governor because in breaking up a midnight gang he slew the chieftain of wickedness.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

"For this God is our God, for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM xlviii. 14.

#### ROBERT CAROTHERS.

THE REV. ROBERT CAROTHERS, Principal of the Iowa State College for the Blind, died on March 17th, 1892. He was born in October, 1831, in Alleghany County, Pa. He entered Eldersridge Academy in 1850, and graduated from Jefferson College in 1854. After completing the regular course in Western Theological Seminary, he was licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of Blairsville. His places of preaching were Henry, Ill., Millersburg, O., Tipton, Ia., and Crossroads, Pa. His pastorate of six years at Tipton, Ia., was energetic and eminently successful. The pastorate at Crossroads, Allegheny County, Pa., was in many respects a remarkable one. He was called into the community where he had been known as a boy, as pastor over the church in which he had been baptized, in which he had professed Christ, in which his brother was a ruling elder, and in which his father and grandfather had both served as ruling elders. He served efficiently and acceptably from July, 1866, until July, 1877. During this pastorate he commanded the confidence and esteem of his brethren in the ministry, serving as stated clerk of the Presbytery of Blairsville, and also of the Synod of Pittsburgh.

In July, 1877, Mr. Carothers was elected Principal of the Iowa College for the Blind. When he took charge, the institution was badly demoralized, but his success was such that Governor Gear, in his last message, said it was the best conducted institution in the State, calling attention also to the fact that, in grade of scholarship, it stood in the highest rank of institutions for the blind.

#### ASAHEL MOORE.

THE REV. ASAHEL MOORE, late of the Wisconsin and Maine Conferences, and Superintendent of the Inebriate Home, at Highlandville, in Needham, Mass., died on Sunday morning, April 16th, aged seventy-one years and five months. He was born in Maine; was a graduate of Bowdoin College, Brunswick; joined the old Maine Conference before its division, in which he filled many important charges; was afterward a member of the East Maine Conference. Some years ago he was transferred to the Wisconsin Conference, in which he still held the relation of supernumerary. Five years ago his wife, Charlotte A. McAllister, well known and greatly esteemed in Maine, died. He afterward married again. Mr. Moore was a man of substantial merit, a good scholar, a clear thinker, a sound preacher, a devoted Methodist, a catholic Christian gentleman; even and pure in his daily life, commanding the confidence and respect of all who knew him. A year or two since he accepted the position of Superintendent of the Inebriates' Home, at Highlandville, in Needham, Mass. He was greatly interested in his work, and accomplished good service among the tempted who came under his care. But the institution was left in a bad condition pecuniarily by his predecessor, and Mr. Moore

overtaxed his physical strength in his efforts to recover it from its embarrassments. He endeared himself to the inmates. Nearly his last words, when one approached his bedside as he was dying—one for whom he felt great solicitude—uttered with great effort and tenderness, were, "Look not upon the wine when it is red."

#### J. T. FRANKLIN.

THE REV. JAMES T. FRANKLIN, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Erie, Pa., died suddenly on the night of Friday, April 14th. He returned on that day from the Convocation of the Erie and Warren Deaneries, and spent the evening with an old friend who had come from a distance to visit him. At about 11 P.M., soon after going to his room to retire, he was heard to fall heavily, and was found prostrate on the floor in an apparently unconscious condition. A physician arrived a few minutes later, and pronounced life extinct, the immediate cause being paralysis of the heart. The family of the deceased were absent from the city at the time.

James Taylor Franklin was born in Chillicothe, O., on May 28th, 1846. He graduated from Kenyon College, Gambier, in 1867, and soon after entered the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary at Philadelphia. In 1869, having been admitted to the diaconate, he began his labors at Portsmouth, O., as assistant in All Saints' Church at that place, and after the lapse of a few months he became the minister of Christ Church in the same town. He was advanced to the priesthood in 1870, and in 1877 accepted the charge of St. Stephen's Church, Middlebury, Vermont, where he remained until elected to St. Paul's, Erie, two years ago. His wife and three children survive him.

#### J. H. WATERBURY.

THE REV. JULIUS H. WATERBURY died at his residence in East Boston, on April 8th, aged about fifty-five years. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, Class of 1860, and of the General Theological Seminary, Class of 1854. He then entered the ministry of the Church, and was successively in charge of several parishes which he served with fidelity and success. About six years ago he became Rector of St. John's Church, and resigned to accept the chaplaincy of the Massachusetts State Prison. On retiring from this position he has had charge of St. Matthew's Free Church, Worcester, his family meantime residing in East Boston. He was well known as the editor of several music books. His funeral took place on Easter Monday from the Church of the Messiah, the bishop and rector officiating. The Rev. Dr. Huntington, and the Rev. Messrs. Gray, F. B. Allen, Osborne, Gushee and Harriden served as pall-bearers; also a number of other clergymen were present. The music was sung by the vested choir of the parish. The bishop's address was touching and appropriate, referring to the zealous devotion and whole-hearted consecration of the faithful worker.



## R. W. TRIMBLE.

THE REV. ROBERT W. TRIMBLE, LL.D., rector of Trinity Church, Pine Bluff, Ark., died on April 18th at Little Rock. Dr. Trimble's health had long been so impaired as to render him unable to sustain the work of his parish.

## LEROY M. LEE.

THE REV. DR. LEROY M. LEE, a well-known Methodist minister, died on April 21st at his residence in Richmond, Va. He was born at Petersburg, Va., seventy-four years ago, and had been a preacher and presiding elder over fifty years. For many years he was editor of *The Richmond Christian Advocate*. Dr. Lee was presiding elder of the Norfolk District when the Federal forces took possession of that city in 1862. He was one of the most prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and a fertile writer. Several of his articles have at different times graced the pages of the *SUNDAY MAGAZINE*. He was also the author of a very full and interesting life of his honored relative, the Rev. Jesse Lee, the Methodist evangelist of New England. He was a man of fine abilities, of genial temper, and of much versatility.

## RALPH POTTERGILL.

THE REV. RALPH POTTERGILL, pastor of the Primitive Methodist Church at Fall River, Mass., died on April 22d from smallpox. He leaves a widow and five children, four of whom have the smallpox. He was opposed to vaccination and would neither allow himself nor his family to be vaccinated. One of his children has since died; three others are very sick, and the mother is also down with the same disease. Mr. Pottergill has been a leading clergyman in his denomination, and was highly respected in Fall River.

## J. K. BURR.

THE REV. DR. J. KELSEY BURR, of the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Trenton, N. J., on April 24th, of consumption, at the age of fifty-seven. Dr. Burr was a member of the American Revision Committee of the New Testament. He also edited "Wheeldon's Commentary on Job."

## J. P. KIMBALL.

THE REV. JAMES P. KIMBALL, of Amherst, Mass., was stricken with apoplexy on Friday afternoon, April 28th, while walking in his garden, and died in a few minutes. He was graduated at Amherst College in 1849. He was pastor for several years at Falmouth and Haydenville, Mass., and was for six years Secretary of the American Tract Society. He leaves a widow and six children.

## J. W. WEAKLEY.

THE REV. JOHN W. WEAKLEY, D. D., of the Cincinnati Conference, died at his residence at Mount Washington, near Cincinnati, April 30th, aged sixty-nine. Dr. Weakley, after studying at Dickinson, graduated at Augusta College, and was admitted into the Ohio Conference in 1837. He taught two years as principal of the preparatory department of the Indiana Asbury University. He was president of Springfield Female College seven years, served as chaplain of the Seventy-fifth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and was a member of the General Conference of 1872.

## T. O. SUMMERS, D. D.

THE REV. THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D. D., LL. D., one of the most eminent ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died in Nashville, Tenn., on May 6th. He was born in England, October 11th, 1812, came to this country and joined the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1835. In 1840 he was sent to Texas, but in 1843 was transferred to the Alabama Conference, continuing a member of it to his death. He was secretary of the Louisville Convention which organized the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and has been secretary of all the General Conferences held since that time. He was chairman of the committee that compiled the hymn-book for the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and has been the general book editor from the organization of the Church. Since 1855 he has been a resident of Nashville, where the publishing house is located. As editor he revised many books and wrote introduction notes, index, etc., for "Wesley's Sermons," "Watson's Sermons," and the "Biblical and Theological Dictionary." From 1863 to 1878 he was general editor, and also editor of the *Christian Advocate*, the organ of the Church. Since 1878 he has been editor of the *Southern Quarterly Review*. He was also Professor of Systematic Theology in the Vanderbilt University, dean of the theological faculty and *ex-officio* pastor of the institution. Dr. Summers was the author

of several commentaries, a "Treatise on Baptism," one on "Holiness," "Sunday-school Teacher," "Refutation of the Theological Works of Paine," and many other books, pamphlets, tracts and sermons. In ability, scholarly attainments and capacity for work he had no equal in the South. On Wednesday, May 3d, he was unanimously re-elected secretary of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then in session at Nashville, and took an active part in its deliberations on Thursday.

## S. S. ROSZELL, D. D.

THE REV. SAMUEL S. ROSZELL, D. D., of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Marshall, Va., April 25th. He was born in Loudoun County, Va., in 1813, and was the son of Stephen G. Roszell, a famous Methodist preacher. He was a man of rare culture, a finished speaker and a brilliant conversationalist. His last charge was Frederick, Md., where he remained until he was forced to retire on account of ill-health. He withdrew to his home near Marshall, Va., where he lived in comparative retirement up to the time of his death.

## ISAAC GERSON.

THE REV. ISAAC GERSON, rabbi of the Congregation Dorech Amuno, died on Saturday evening, May 6th, at his residence, No. 107 Eighth Avenue, aged seventy years. He was known as one of the most pious leaders of the Hebrew worshippers, and at his place of devotion, No. 99 Sixth Avenue, the most strict orthodox forms were observed. Rabbi Gerson was of English birth, but for twenty years past has resided in this country, and for eight years has led the Congregation Dorech Amuno. He died in very poor circumstances, leaving two daughters and a son, the last a resident of Atlanta, Ga.

## H. W. HUNT.

THE REV. HOLLOWAY W. HUNT died at his residence in Metuchen, N. J., on April 28th. He was born in Ringwood, N. J., March 31st, 1800, and received his education at the college and seminary in Princeton. After serving the church in Galway, N. Y., for a short time, he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Metuchen, in 1828, and remained there until 1845. He then supplied the Congregational church at Patchogue, L. I., for a few years, and later the Presbyterian church at Centreville, N. Y. Soon after his settlement in Metuchen he married the daughter of Ezra Mundy, and made that place his home when without charge, and during the last years of his life, living in the esteem of a people who have known him for more than half a century. He was a good man, a faithful pastor and minister. He leaves behind him a widow, two sons—Dr. E. M. Hunt, of Metuchen, and Professor T. W. Hunt, of Princeton—and two daughters. One of his daughters is the wife of the Rev. Charles W. Cooper, pastor of the church of Centreville, N. Y.

## GEORGE MAIRS.

THE REV. GEORGE MAIRS, who died on April 10th, was a lifelong resident of Argyle, N. Y. His father was the first pastor of the United Presbyterian Church of Argyle (then Associate Reformed). He came to this country from Ireland in 1793, and was in the same year called to the pastorate of the Argyle church. His son, the Rev. George Mairs, Jr., was born in Argyle, in March, 1798, and was graduated at Union College in 1820. He was licensed by the Associate Reformed Presbytery of Washington, on the fifth of March, 1823, being then twenty-five years old. On September 3d following he was ordained and installed as the assistant successor of his aged father. For some years the father and son divided the labors of the pastorate between them. After the father's death, which occurred October 10th, 1841, the son continued his ministry in the church until 1851, when, on account of his enfeebled health, he demitted his charge and was never after actively engaged in the work of his office.

## J. M. HUNTING.

THE REV. JAMES M. HUNTING, aged eighty-seven years, died at his home in the village of Jamaica, L. I., on Saturday, May 13th, after a short illness, he having been confined to his house but a few days prior to his death. He was one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers on Long Island. He was pastor of the church at Bridgehampton, Suffolk County, for many years, and was born at Sag Harbor. Of late years he had been without a charge, and until a few years ago kept a boarding-school for boys. In February last the deceased and his wife celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. He leaves a widow, one son, the Rev. James Hunting, and two daughters.

# RECREATIONS FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

*'And searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so.'*—ACTS XVII. 11.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

276. What excuses did Moses make for not obeying God's command to go to the release of his brethren in Egypt?
277. Who was appointed, therefore, to accompany Moses? And why?
278. What event followed the death of Saul at Gilboa?
279. When David the king ordered the numbering of the children of Israel, who were exempt?
280. Give two instances in which the Midianites and the Ishmaelites are mentioned as one and the same people.
281. Mention the first occasion in the Bible where a blessing is accompanied by the "laying on of hands."
282. What remarkable event in the history of Israel is connected with the separation of the tribe of Levi from the other tribes?
283. Who was it obtained a blessing for himself and his posterity, because he was jealous for the honor of God?
284. From what passage may we conclude that Jacob must have had a severe struggle with the Amorites some time during his travels?
285. Who is it gives us the only definition of religion which is recorded in the Bible? Quote passage.
286. Quote a passage in which Jehosaphat shows his great confidence in God at a time of great danger.
287. On what mount did Jesus stand when He wept over Jerusalem?
288. What two persons are mentioned in the Old Testament as having fasted forty days?
289. What prophecy concerning the Messiah was given to King Ahaz to assure him of his deliverance from the King of Assyria?
290. From which tribe of Israel was their first king chosen?

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

### Single Acrostic.

No. 21.

1. The mother of Ishmael.
2. A prophetess of the tribe of Asher.
3. The mother-in-law of Ruth.
4. A daughter of Zephothad who asked Joshua for land.
5. The wife of Nabal.
6. A celebrated wicked woman in the New Testament. The initials give the name of the mother of Samuel.

### Double Acrostic.

No. 22.

1. The place where the first miracle was performed.
  2. A king of Israel killed by a bow "drawn at a venture."
  3. The name which Jesus called Nathanael.
  4. A man who, having insulted David, was only saved by the intercession of his wife.
- The first and last letters spell the names of two brothers, one of whom displeased, while the other pleased, God.

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

No. 1.

- Isa. lv. 3, 4; Luke xv. 23; Acts xxiv. 5.
1. **W**HEN the lost prodigal returned  
His father's heart with pity yearned;  
A mark of honor on his hand  
Was placed by his glad sire's command:  
That sign of dignity  
I mean our *first* to be.
  2. When God's sure mercies were conferred.  
According to Isaiah's word,  
What David was designed to be  
Besides commander, look and see:  
This for our *second* take,  
For our great Captain's sake.
  3. Behold, you now Paul's title find,  
According to Tertullus's mind;  
But that reproach for Jesu's sake,  
He could for greatest honor take:  
Then let Him be our *whole*;  
We follow heart and soul!

## BURIED PROVERB.

No. 3.

1. "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid" (Prov. iii. 24).
2. "Only by pride cometh contention" (Prov. xiii. 10).
3. "When the wicked cometh, then cometh also contempt" (Prov. xviii. 3).
4. "Then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work" (Eccles. viii. 17).
5. "All that cometh is vanity" (Eccles. xi. 8).
6. "He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame" (Prov. x. 5).

## ANSWERS TO RECREATIONS IN JUNE.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

261. Enoch, the seventh from Adam (Jude 14).
262. St. Thomas, when he saw Jesus after the resurrection, says, "My Lord and my God" (John xx. 28).
263. He [*Jehu*] did not put away the golden calves which Jeroboam had set up (II Kings x. 29-31).
264. "And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity" (St. Matt. vii. 23).
265. Moses, in recording God's answer to his prayer, says, "But, as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord" (Num. xiv. 21).
266. From St. John, in the Book of Revelation (Rev. ii. 14).
267. St. Luke tells us that "Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep"; also that on next day they came down from the hill (Luke ix. 33-37).
268. The Psalmist says, "He rained flesh also upon them as dust, and feathered fowls like as the sand of the sea" (Ps. lxxviii. 27).
269. "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn" (I Cor. ix. 9, and I Tim. v. 18).
270. The Prophet Jeremiah (Jer. vi. 16).
271. King Herod was punished by God with a fearful disease because he listened to the voice of flattery, and delighted therein (Acts xii. 23, 23).
272. Bar-jesus (Acts xiii. 6).
273. It is mentioned by St. Luke as the distance between Jerusalem and Mount Olivet (Acts i. 12).
274. "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom: pride, fullness of bread and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy; and they were haughty and committed abomination before Me" (Ezek. xvi. 49-50).
275. The Evangelist St. Luke (St. Luke iii. 38).

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 19.—ABRAM—MOSES.

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. A-duh-a-m . . . . . | II. Sam. xxiii. 13. |
| 2. M-egidd-o . . . . . | Judges v. 19.       |
| 3. R-ufu-s . . . . .   | Mark xv. 21.        |
| 4. A-morit-e . . . . . | Ezekiel xvi. 3.     |
| 5. M-alchu-s . . . . . | John xviii. 10.     |

No. 20.—JERUSALEM—Matt. v. 35.

- |                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. J-ericho . . . . .     | Mark x. 46.            |
| 2. E-phesus . . . . .     | Rev. ii. 1-4.          |
| 3. R-ome . . . . .        | Acts xxviii. 16.       |
| 4. U-s . . . . .          | Job i. 1; James v. 11. |
| 5. S-a-repta . . . . .    | Luke iv. 28.           |
| 6. A-lexandria . . . . .  | Acts xviii. 24.        |
| 7. L-ystra . . . . .      | Acts xiv. 8-13.        |
| 8. E-zion-geber . . . . . | I. Kings ix. 26.       |
| 9. M-iletus . . . . .     | Acts xx. 17.           |

## ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

No. 17.—JABEZ—I Chron. iv. 9, 10.

- Four things Jabez prayed for:
- That God would bless him, indeed.
  - That He would enlarge his coast.
  - That God's hand would be with him.
  - That He would keep him from evil.

## SCRIPTURE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

No. 1.

- Genesis xxxvii., xiv. 4-8.
- Exodus ii., iii. 10.
- Ether i., ii., vii., viii.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose" (Romans viii. 28).

## LEAVE 'GOD TO ORDER ALL THY WAYS.

Written by GEO. NEUMARCK, (1653).

Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, (1855).

Melody by GEO. NEUMARCK.

Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

*Slow.*

1. Leave God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in Him what-e'er be - tide,

Thou'lt find Him in the e - vil days Thy all suf - fi - cient strength and guide ;

Who trusts in God's un - chang - ing love, Builds on the rock that nought can move.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2. What can these anxious cares avail,<br/>         These never ceasing moans and sighs?<br/>         What can it help us to bewail<br/>         Each painful moment as it flies?<br/>         Our cross and trials do but press<br/>         The heavier for our bitterness.</p> <p>3. Only thy restless heart keep still,<br/>         And wait in cheerful hope ; content<br/>         To take what'er His gracious will,<br/>         His all-discerning love hath sent.<br/>         Doubt not our inmost wants unknown<br/>         To Him who chose us for His own.</p> <p>4. He knows when joyful hours are best,<br/>         He sends them as He sees it meet ;<br/>         When thou hast borne the fiery test,<br/>         And art made free from all deceit,<br/>         He comes to thee all unaware,<br/>         And makes thee own His loving care.</p> | <p>5. Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,<br/>         Think God hath cast thee off unheard,<br/>         And that the man, whose prosperous life<br/>         Thou enviest, is of Him prefer'd.<br/>         Time passes, and much change doth bring,<br/>         And sets a bound to every thing.</p> <p>6. All are alike before His face ;<br/>         'Tis easy to our God most High<br/>         To make the rich man poor and base,<br/>         To give the poor man wealth and joy.<br/>         True wonders still by Him are wrought,<br/>         Who setteth up, and brings to nought.</p> <p>7. Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,<br/>         But do thine own part faithfully ;<br/>         Trust His rich promises of grace,<br/>         So shall they be fulfill'd in thee ;<br/>         God never yet forsook at need<br/>         The soul that trusted Him indeed.</p> |
|--|--|



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**NANTUCKET.**

NANTUCKET was first settled in 1659 by Thomas Macy, who emigrated from Salesbury, Mass. It is an island, in the Atlantic, of an irregular triangular form, almost sixteen miles long from east to west, and for the most part about three or four miles wide, with an area of about forty-five square miles, and is separated from Martha's Vineyard on the west by a channel eight miles wide. It has a level surface in the south and is slightly hilly in the north. The soil is light, and, with the exception of some low pines, the island is treeless. The climate is mild in Winter and cool in Summer, and the island is a favorite Summer resort. When first discovered the island was partially covered with oaks and other deciduous trees and conifers, but the destruction of the trees has made the island almost a desert. It was included in the grant to the Plymouth Company in 1620, in 1664 annexed to New York, and in 1693 ceded to Massachusetts. The town was incorporated as Sherburne in 1673, and in 1795 the name was changed to Nantucket. When it was first settled, there were about 1,500 Indians on the island. They decreased

to 358 in 1763, when a pestilence carried off 222 of them. The last one of full blood died in 1821, and the last half breed in 1854.

Nantucket was formerly chiefly noted as a seat of the whale fishery, having been at one time the chief whaling

port of the world. The fishery from the shore commenced about 1670, and was continued till 1760. The first sperm whale was captured in 1712, and immediately after small vessels were fitted out for short cruises. The size of the vessels and the length of the cruises gradually increased until, in 1750, there were about 150 vessels engaged in the business, extending their voyages as far as Davis Straits and the coast of Brazil. The Revolutionary War destroyed this business, but after its close it was revived. The first ship was dispatched to the Paci-



OLD CHURCH AND HOUSES ON ORANGE STREET, NANTUCKET.

fic in 1791. The town increased in size and prosperity till 1846, when it was visited by a conflagration, which destroyed nearly a million dollars worth of property. After this the whale fishery, and with it the prosperity of the town, declined. The fishery began to revive before the breaking out of the Rebellion, but afterward became extinct.

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But a new importance has of late years been given to this quaint old island in that it has become a fashionable Summer resort, only rivaled by the greater attractions of Martha's Vineyard. The old whaling-station, with its world-famed fleet of cruisers, has slowly given way to a transformation at the inspiration of that adventuresome, erratic, leisure-loving and purse-free being known as the American tourist; and places that year after year attract, during their idle season, the wealthy workers in large cities, attain in time a reputation that is quite congenial to that vast class who are able not only to visit but to stay at one place for months. Let Fashion and Beauty pause over night in the tracks of the bachelor pioneers, and a popular Summer resort is quite likely to spring up. Then, as in the case of Coney Island with its beach-side cities, the masses will wonder why capital did not create the charming caravansaries long ago.

Distance is conveniently annihilated. Even the White Mountains are close to our doors. Fashion, surfeited with the bewilderments of the leading resorts, seeks new fields and waters, and when the fancy is pleased Fashion rests.

It is difficult for one who has not mingled with the remnants of the old fishing families at 'Sconset and Polpis—who has not conversed with the oracles of Tuckenuck, Muskejet and Gravel—to understand the alarm which the proposition to construct a narrow-gauge railway along the south shore, from Surfside to 'Sconset, excited. The surveyors are at work; two routes are under consideration; the cost of the shorter and more direct is estimated at \$25,000—of the larger, at \$40,000. Parties in New York are interested in the scheme, and are said to be hopeful of success. The shriek of the railway whistle will surprise the gulls, and the snort of the steam-engine will astonish the ancient mariners; but if the railway is built, the passengers who ride over it will have six or eight miles of magnificent sea-view—broader, grander and freer than anything of the kind in New England. Then, too, in the line of improvement, seaside hotels like those at Manhattan and Brighton beaches are likely to be reared within a year or two.

Such changes the old families believe will destroy the character of the island; they certainly will change it vastly, yet the crowds of Summer pleasure-seekers demand the accommodations. So, in truth, Nantucket changes daily, and is destined to be the subject of change for years. The old landmarks are passing away; but few are now preserved. The people point with pride to the North Church, which was built in 1711, and is still in use; and to the small house on Centre Street, which was built as long ago as 1632; and then, reverting to the new order of things, show the visitor the monument erected as a memorial of the war, and bearing the inscription "Eternal honor to the sons of Nantucket who, by land and sea, gave their lives to preserve a United Country, 1861-1865. The Sancota Head Lighthouse—a little more than a mile from 'Sconset, the southeastern extremity of the island—is a local attraction very dear to the fishermen, and well it may be, as it has one of the finest Fresnel lights on the entire eastern coast.

From Sancota Head the traveler's attention will be directed to Sesacacha Pond, of pure, sweet water, abounding with fish, and he will be dolefully told how a village was built on the site of the pond in 1676, how it was peopled for 140 years, and why the last house was razed in 1820. The traveler is captivated with the Nantucket of to-day; the native lives still in the whaling excitement of two generations ago. The old and the new are brought together at every turn. The bustle of fashionable life has overmatched the bustle of a deplored business. Fishing, once

followed as a profitable industry alone, is now to a great extent pursued for pleasure; or, at least, the places of the professional fishermen are being gradually taken by the amateur and city sportsmen. But with all the mutations of time, life hangs easy, the lengthening hours of the day are enjoyed by native and visitor alike to their fullest extent, and the Nantucket of marvelous whaling fame is on the inevitable drift toward the full-fledged Summer watering-place, with all the belongings that wealth, fashion and beauty demand.

Cod-fishing is the special industry of Nantucket, farming and fishing being the chief occupation of the people. The surrounding waters literally abound with fish of various kinds, and on the treeless island there are several ponds containing a large variety of the finny tribe. At Siasconset, one of the two first towns of Nantucket, everybody fishes, from the aged grandparents to the tiny toddlers. An infant's first play-toy is a float or broken rod, and boys of five or six years of age are experts. The fishermen's boats put out for about a mile, and to a novice it is one of the most exciting and picturesque sights imaginable to see the fishing-boat—manned by a man and a boy, occasionally a little girl—plunge through the leaping, bounding, rolling, frothing surf. On the return a suitable billow is selected, and, with a dexterity begotten by years of practice, the fisherman spins his stout little boat into its crest, and is borne like a flash to the tawny sands.

Blue-fishing is also one of the attractions. In the course of a Summer fishing cruise the cost of a single blue-fish to the amateur and average city sportsman will range from three to thirty dollars per pound in actual money for yacht-hire, stores, equipment ammunitionable necessities, to say nothing of the time spent, the clothes ruined, and the fingers torn. But to the true sportsman who knows his business, and to the men who fish for the profit that the market guarantees, blue-fishing is an excitement, a delight.

The blue-fish is a pelagic or wandering fish, passing its Winters in the South and its Summers in the North. In March and April they are found off the Carolina coast. About the 20th of May they make their appearance off the coast of New Jersey. Barnegat is a favorite ground for them, where set nets have taken as many as 6,000 in a single day. The May fish range from two to twelve pounds in weight, are poor in flesh, and ravenous as sharks. In June they are found equally abundant off and in Fire Island inlet, and in the few days thereafter are scattered off Montank Point, the east end of Long Island, Shagwauna Reef, and other reefs adjacent. By or near the 30th of June, depending something on the forwardness of the season, they have spread themselves over the reefs of New London, and to the eastward, on to Block Island, and thence through Fisher's Island Sound. By the 20th of August they are in plentiful supply all through, inside and outside of Vineyard Sound, Nantucket, etc. They have gained flesh, and become quite palatable. The size here described is seldom found to the westward of the Connecticut River. On the main of Long Island Sound it is quite interesting to see them drive the menhaden, or mossbunkers, in shoals, causing a "sleek" on the water as they spill their oil when they chop them up with their great sharp teeth.

About the middle of July the small creeks and rivers, from Stamford eastward to the Connecticut River, abound in a size weighing about a quarter of a pound, which in a month grow to half a pound, and these feed on a size still smaller, recently spawned, and scarcely an inch and a half in length. About the 1st of September the small fry are sufficiently large to venture into the Sound, and then they

swarm in the creeks and harbors, affording great sport to lads, who catch them with a float line, with shrimp for bait. By the month of October both large and small fish are fattened.

The peculiarity of this fish is that by about the middle of October the large size, that weigh from nine to fourteen pounds, are generally found from Nantucket to Watch Hill, around Block Island and outside of Montauk Point; while from Stamford eastward to New London, on the outer reefs, they are of a uniform size and of about two and a half pounds weight, and those in the harbors and creeks are a mixture of small fish just spawned and a size that weighs from one-eighth to one and three-quarter pounds. Another singular feature is that by or about the 12th of October, or the first freezing weather, these fishes, of all sizes up to two and a half pounds, vacate the northern harbors and sounds, and so sudden has been their departure in many seasons that a change of tide has utterly emptied the waters of their teeming fish-life.

More singular still, the great mass of fish, except the newly spawned, take the coast within one or two miles of shore, part of them stopping, if the weather permits, at the inlets of Fire Island, Egg Harbor, Townsend's, Canarsie Bay, Cape May, and so on along shore, using up all the feed therein, and by the month of December they are found in the creeks and rivers of North and South Carolina, where they remain through the Winter, to migrate next season to Northern waters.

The principal location of the professional or business process of catching the fish is on Siasconset Beach at Nantucket. Long lines, attached to stakes driven into the sand, are thrown out beyond the surf, and at the first nibble are quickly jerked in, when the fish are removed from the hook, the bait reset, and the line again cast. The fish are gathered in wagons and removed to the wholesale markets, where they are disposed of readily.

No description of Nantucket would be complete without a mention of the best-known person on the island. He is a man of vast importance, who does all sorts of public duties, and has greater responsibilities resting upon him than any other resident. The steeple of the old church on Orange Street is his favorite rendezvous when not engaged in his many vocations on the ground. If a fire breaks out he rushes to this lookout and sounds an alarm; whenever a mail-steamer with tourists from New Bedford, touching at Martha's Vineyard, appears in sight, he ascends to his post and announces the intelligence by lusty blasts on a huge horn. In the Winter, when communication is had with the island only once in two days, his signal of the arrival of the mail is eagerly listened for and produces for a time quite an excitement. The old houses at Nantucket are built in a quaint style, with platforms on the roofs, whence, in her days of whaling prosperity, the approach of the fleets could be watched by the families of whalers. Old residents, deploring the decay and almost total abandonment of this industry, still cling to their long-observed habit, and the house-tops generally present a curious scene about the time the excursion steamboats are expected.

Names are important things in this earthly career of ours, and one humorous correspondent accounts for the name of Nantucket as follows: The oldest inhabitant, who owned the group of islands of which this is one, gave them to his daughters, ere he died. Rhoda took Rhode Island, Elizabeth took the island since named for her, Martha took and named Martha's Vineyard, and as for the remaining island, Nan-took-it. This interesting legend has not the merit of antiquity, as it can be traced back no further than 1870.

There is another and more beautiful legend. The Indian tradition is that the Great Spirit was once smoking when He partly filled His pipe with sand. When the mixed remains were emptied from the pipe into the sea, they formed the island of Nantucket. The name is said to be an Indian modification of Nautikon, a name left by the Norsemen who visited it in the eleventh century. The best authority pronounces it a corruption of an Indian word meaning "far away." It is called Natocko, on the map of 1630.

The island was visited in 1602 by Gornold, who discovered Martha's Vineyard. In 1604 Champlain and Poutrincourt landed there and remained several days, for the relief of the men of their command who had been wounded in a battle with the Indians at Oatham. Weary and dispirited, they ceased their explorations at Nantucket, and returned to Port Royal, naming the island, "Ile Doutense." In 1641, Mayhew, of Martha's Vineyard, was made Governor of all the Islands of the vicinity. In 1659 he deeded three-tenths of the island to ten men for thirty pounds of money and two beaver hats, and one family, presumably that of Thomas Macy, before mentioned, settled on Nantucket.

In 1685, the Indian King, Philip, visited his subjects on Nantucket. Missionaries to the Indians prosecuted their labors persistently and vigorously so that in 1711, when the first white church was formed, the Indians had already four churches.

#### Street-singing, and its influence on the Reformation in Germany.

In calculating the forces which influence any great movement in the present day, the last which would be taken into account would be that of street-singing. So low has it fallen in public estimation, that when we see the few miserable beggars who now and then parade our streets, disturbing workers by their inharmonious voices, we can scarcely imagine that street-singing was an instrument scarcely less powerful than preaching itself in bringing about the greatest event of modern times. This was partly due to the fact that it was in Germany that this movement first arose.

The Germans have from earliest days shown themselves to be a music-loving people, and it is not, therefore, surprising that song should have played a great part in their history. Interwoven also with their love of music is a certain romantic nature, which shows itself in that admiration of the noble and heroic, which has given to German poetry a beauty and depth of sentiment often lacking in the French. And as the Reformation in Germany was not, as in England, begun by the King and aristocracy, but sprang from the people themselves, so we find that the amusements of the people were often instrumental in spreading the Reformed doctrines.

No picture of the Middle Ages is complete without the figure of the wandering minstrel. To the men and women of those times he must have filled the place now taken, not only by our world of fiction and poetry, but also by our newspapers. He is, however, generally placed, not among the homes of the peasantry, but in castles and amid lords and ladies; his song

"Was not framed for village churls,  
But for high dames and mighty earls,"

and among them he has certainly the most imposing appearance.

Still it must not be forgotten that the people also had their pleasures, that minne-singers, though of a humbler





SUMMER LIFE IN NANTUCKET—GIVING WARNING OF THE APPROACH OF THE STEAMER.—SEE PAGE 113.

type, were welcomed at wayside inns and among the simple village folk, and sang the old traditional stories or volklieder which seem common to all ages and all times.

"And in the nights of Winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amid the snow;  
When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the fire-brands close;  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows;

"When the good man mends his armor,  
And trims his helmet's plume;  
When the good wife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told"—

the story of Siegfried and of Hagen, of the constancy of Gudrum, or of other national German heroes, whose names were honored chiefly because they lived in the—

"Brave days of old."

This method of amusement lasted among the people long after it had fallen into disuse among the great folk; and as the towns grew and prospered, and the inhabitants formed themselves into guilds and companies for their own protection, there arose the institution of the "Master Singers." "Versification, out of fashion at the court of princes, was now patronized by ropemakers, smiths, bakers, potters, weavers, wheelwrights and tailors; all had their songs celebrating their various mysteries." It thus



NANTUCKET.—CLEARING UP FOR SUMMER VISITORS.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN NANTUCKET.—SEE PAGE 113.

very naturally came to pass that street-singing also gained a prominence probably unknown before, and the street-singers became to the humbler classes in German towns and villages an important element of their social life. Perhaps the favorite street-singers were the children; and it seems to have been a common custom for them to parade the streets at night, singing, as Luther did in his own childhood, for the sake of gaining a supper. At times the songs sung were not very edifying, often they were indited simply in the glorification of self-indulgence. At other times they had a political tendency, or contained broad hints against the clergy. "Do not the very children sing in the streets," said Luther, "those well-known lines—

"Of all foul spots the earth around  
The foulest spot in Rome is found?"

Very frequently they were on religious topics, of which this rough translation is a specimen:

"Oh, kingdom of heaven, I rejoice  
In thy glory;  
In the beauty of God and the dear mother.  
The angels with their crowns  
Also sing and rejoice.  
O God, who art so lovable,  
Watch over me."

This fashion of rhyming and singing was so much in vogue that the way in which it might be used as a means for teaching was acknowledged long before Luther's time. "Now," exclaimed the friar Berthold, a popular preacher of the thirteenth century, when he wished to make an impression on the minds of his hearers, "if there is any ballad-maker in my congregation, let him mark these words, and put them into a song, and let it be short and sweet, and ring so prettily that the little children may learn it and sing it."

But when Luther applied his match to the train of gun-powder which had been laid long before, when the great explosion came, and everywhere men began to think and to argue, and the Reformers were fighting the great battle for the truth which has won for us the light and freedom we now possess, then it happened that this fashion of street-singing helped to carry the Gospel to many unlettered people, and was the means of greatly helping forward the Reformation.

The street-singers, however, could have had little influence had the songs themselves been lacking. Fortunately

the leading spirit of the movement had an ardent love of music, and was a true poet. Sympathizing with the people's love of song, Luther, together with some of his friends, composed a small book of Spiritual Songs, and gave in these words his reasons for so doing: "That it is agreeable to God to sing spiritual songs no Christian can, I consider, deny, because we have not only the example of the prophets and kings in old times who praised God with singing and rhyming, with verses and all kinds of stringed instruments, but also such a custom, especially with psalms, has been common everywhere in Christendom from the beginning; and, therefore, to make a good commencement, and to encourage others who can do it better, I have with some others put together a few spiritual songs, in order to bring into fashion the Holy Gospel, which now by God's grace hath again arisen. These composed, for four voices, for no other reason than that I wish that young people, who ought to be trained in music and in all good arts, should have something profitable to learn, instead of love ballads and carnal songs, so that purity and pleasure should be united as it is fit in youth."

The eagerness with which the German people responded to Luther has been thus described by a modern writer: "The delight which the people had for centuries taken in mortal queens and heroes, and had preserved in songs and ballads, was now elevated by the Church songs to joy in the heavenly King, the strong hero who had conquered death. Worldly longing became heavenly; the carnal pain of passion, pious melancholy; fidelity toward the earthly loved one, glorified faith in the heavenly bridegroom of the soul. The people's song was sanctified through the Gospel; for Christianity never annihilates the natural gifts and powers of a nation or individual, but rather sustains, fosters, penetrates and hallowa. A hymn was scarcely composed before it was sung at all doors, and the people stood by the itinerant singer, and before he had finished were joining in the choruses with loud voices; soon it had penetrate into all churches and houses, and whole cities were won for the faith of the Gospel at one blow.

Various stories are current among the Germans concerning the enthusiasm created by these hymns, and some of them give us a curious insight into the life of those times, and illustrate the way in which street-singing helped on the work of the Reformers. Here, for instance, is one scene. It is a Summer day in the year 1524, and in the town of Magdeburg the townsfolk are passing hither and thither busy at their accustomed work. But in the market-place they linger, for there stands an old man—by trade a clothworker—singing:

"In my deep need I cry to Thee,  
Hear me, O Lord God, my sighing,  
Turn graciously Thine ear on me,  
For grace, not justice, crying.  
Lord, reckon not to me each sin,  
Each duty I have failed in;  
Or who can stand before Thee?"

"Nothing but grace can hide my sins,  
But Thou art all-forgiving;  
For in Thy sight no deed is pure,  
E'en of the purest living,  
And in himself none glory can;  
All, all must tremble every man,  
Save for thy sovereign mercy.

"Therefore, in God I put my trust.  
Not in my works affiance;  
On Him alone my hopes I rest,  
In Him I place reliance.  
Safe on this rock I stand secure,  
In His own word and promise sure,  
Who will not change nor tarry.

"And should it linger through the night,  
E'en to the dawning morrow;  
Yet will my heart through God's own might  
Neither despair nor sorrow.  
True faith from Him can never turn,  
Should once it in the spirit burn,  
Resting on God's salvation.

"How great soe'er our sins may be,  
God's grace them far exceedeth;  
His hand to help doth never lack  
To strengthen him who needeth;  
He is the Shepherd of the sheep,  
And Israel will redeem and keep,  
And all his sins will pardon."

This song has not been long published, and it contains a new doctrine; but both the music and the words suit the spirit of the hearers. They listen eagerly, and many press forward to buy copies of the hymn, of which the singer has many with him.

But all this is very unsatisfactory to the powers that be, and soon orders are sent from the burgomaster that the street-singer is to be imprisoned. The people are alarmed, but by no means cowed, and before night-time we read that two hundred of the citizens have gone in a body to the town-hall to demand his liberation. It was not always safe to stir the populace too deeply, and so we may hope that in this case the petition was granted and the old man allowed to go his way.

But those of a higher class took comfort in the hymns of Luther and his friends, and it was by no means uncommon for wealthy persons to order certain favorite songs to be sung before their doors every week by the schoolboys.

Matthesius, the friend and biographer of Luther, has related that not far from Joachimsthal, the town of which he was pastor, there dwelt a noble lady who had lain for some days in great distress and pain. While her attendants were anxiously watching round her, a poor schoolboy was heard outside her door singing—perhaps for his supper—the verse—

"And should it linger through the night,  
E'en to the dawning morrow."

The lady listened and repeated—

"Yet will my heart through God's own might  
Neither despair nor sorrow."

God sends us this little boy to admonish us that we should not give up waiting on Him though He tarry long. Let us again cry to Him, trusting in His word, His blood, His precious oath, and soon we shall see His help.

The women who were with her fell on their knees, and before long their prayer was turned into praise.

Another song, published by Luther in the same year as the above, was calculated to call up less peaceful feelings. In 1523 the first blood had been shed for the Reformed Faith, and three young monks, Each, Voes and Lambert, had been burnt at Brussels for heresy. They had shown great courage and constancy to the last, and had declared that they would "die for the name of Jesus Christ, and for the truth of His Gospel." To commemorate the martyrdom of the two first mentioned of these youths, Luther composed a hymn, or it might rather be called a religious ballad.

A few verses of Mr. Massie's translation will give a good idea of the original, and it is not difficult to imagine the effect they must have produced when the story they told was not thought of as a bygone tale, but the relation of an actual fact which might be re-enacted any day in the midst of the hearers.



"By help of God I fain would tell  
A new and wondrous story,  
And sing a marvel that befell  
To His great praise and glory.  
At Brussels, in the Netherlands,  
He has His banner lifted,  
To show His wonders by the hands  
Of two youths richly gifted  
With rich and heavenly graces.

"One of these youths was called John,  
And Henry was the other;  
Rich in the grace of God was one,  
A Christian true his brother.  
For God's dear Word they shed their blood  
And from the world departed,  
Like bold and pious sons of God,  
Faithful and lion-hearted  
They won the crown of martyrs.

"Two fires were lit, the youths were brought,  
But all were seized with wonder,  
To see them set the flames at naught,  
And stood as struck with thunder;  
With joy they came in sight of all,  
And sang aloud God's praises,  
The Sophist's courage waxed small  
Before such wondrous traces  
Of God's almighty finger.

"Their ashes never cease to cry,  
The fires are ever flaming,  
Their dust throughout the world doth fly,  
Their murderers' shame proclaiming.  
The voices, which with cruel hands  
They put to silence living,  
Are heard though dead throughout all lands  
Their testimony giving,  
And loud Hecannahs singing."

This ballad also became very popular, and its echoes were soon heard in every street.

At times those interested in the new teaching themselves employed this fashion of singing for the spread of the Gospel. A gentleman named Bonnesdorf, who owned land near Magdeburg, used to spend much time and money in traveling throughout the country distributing Christian books. One day he came to a village which bore a very ill name. He heard within a tavern the sound of music and dancing, and entering asked if he might be allowed to watch the merry-makers. When the dance was over, the gentleman requested the musicians to play for him an air he might name. They complied; and he chose a tune which went to the words of a hymn composed by John George Albinus, and beginning with this line:

"Not in anger smite us, Lord."

Then, kneeling down, he sang it himself to the end. The hearers were deeply moved; some rose and left the house; others knelt also and joined in the hymn; and, when he stood up to address them, listened attentively to all he said. This incident was the means of greatly influencing for good many persons in that village.

The hymn, however, which seemed to make the greatest impression on the German people was that beginning with the words—

"A strong castle is our God."

This hymn was, it is said, composed by Luther during the time when the Diet of Spire was being held. From Germany it soon spread to other countries, and in 1532 it was sung in the church at Schweinfurth, in Bavaria, in spite of the opposition of the Catholic priests. Soon the street-singers had caught up the strain, and bands of children were heard singing it through the streets at night; whereupon we are told "the Reformation was soon estab-

lished in that town." In 1547, the year following Luther's death, the town of Wittenberg fell into the enemies' hands, and Melancthon, with his two friends, Jonas and Creutziger, were compelled to take refuge in Weimar. As they entered the town they were met by a little girl singing—

"A castle is our God, a tower,  
A shield and trusty weapon;  
He saveth us by His strong power,  
From all the ills that happen.  
The old arch fiend, I trow,  
Is in good earnest now,  
Great might and cunning are  
His panoply of war,  
On earth there is none like him."

"Sing on, little maid," exclaimed Melancthon. "You don't know what famous people you comfort!"

The influence of Luther's songs, carried as they were from one town to another by the street-singers, was acknowledged by those living at the time.

"Who can doubt," says one writer, in speaking of the hymn—

"Rejoice now, Christians, one and all,"

"that by this hymn many hundreds of Christian have been converted to the faith of Jesus, who had never before heard the name of Luther; but his noble and dear words won their hearts over to the reception of the truth, so that, in my opinion, the spiritual songs have contributed not a little to the spread of the Gospel." While Congenius, a Jesuit, has said: "The songs of Luther have killed more souls than his books and words."

Much more could be said in illustration of this subject, and it might be shown how the spiritual songs of Paul Speratus, Nicholas Decius, Gerhard, and other friends and followers of Luther, were taken up and sung—"not merely read, but learned by heart, and remained printed in the memories of the people, so that the impression remains in the present day."

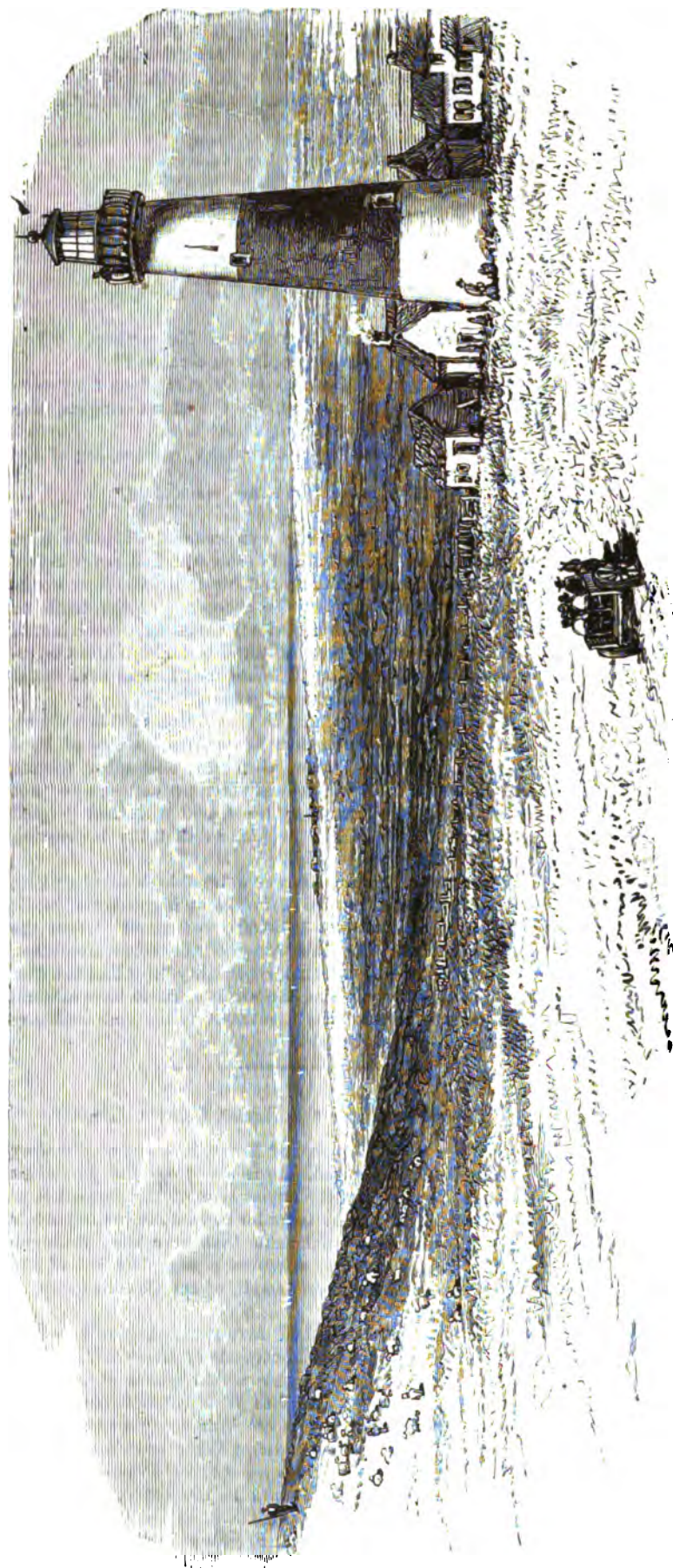
When we consider how means so humble as street-singing helped in the destruction of the great hierarchy which it had taken centuries to build up, we cannot forbear the reflection that "the weak things of the world are chosen to confound the things that are mighty"; and in the case of the little street-singers, the words seem to have a literal fulfillment—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise."

### The Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

THE *Gerarchia Catholica*, of Rome, is a sort of directory of the Catholic Church. It is due from the publishers early in the year, but the appearance of the present issue was delayed until May in order to include the important nominations and appointments that have been made recently. The *Gerarchia* contains a complete list of the dignitaries, both high and small, of the Church throughout the world.

This book was published first at the beginning of the last century, under the Pontificate of Clement XI. The publication is commonly known and spoken of in Rome, not by its proper title, but as *Il Crocus*, a name derived from the fact that it had its origin in a newspaper printed as early as 1716 by one Giovanni Francesco Chracas.

The present number gives a list of 263 Popes, ending as follows: Joachim Pecci, born in Carpineto, March 2d, 1810, elected February 20th, 1878, and crowned March 8d, is now in his seventy-third year and in the fifth year of his pontificate.



MANTUOET.—SARGO HEAD LIGHTHOUSE, ONE MILE OFF ELABORANT.—SEE PAGE 113.

The Sacred College is now composed of sixty-five cardinals. There are consequently five vacancies, of which only four remain to be filled, since the name of one new cardinal is reserved in *pectore*—that is to say, has been determined upon but not yet published.

The oldest member of the Sacred College is Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux; he is eighty-seven. The youngest is Cardinal Zigliari, only forty-nine, a learned Dominican supposed to be the greatest Thomist living. The nationalities of the Sacred College are as follows: Italians, 34; French, 9; German, 5; Spanish, 4; English, 3; Hungarian, 3; Portuguese, 2; Irish, 1; Polish, 1; Belgian, 1; Turkish, 1; American, 1.

The tallest Cardinal is Howard; the shortest, Jacobini, Secretary of State. The fattest is Bartolini; the thinnest, McCloskey. All agree that the most learned is Bilio, possibly the future Pope. The greatest orator is Alimonda, the greatest student Pitra, the greatest linguist Haynald. Ten cardinals have been selected out of religious communities, fifty-five from the secular clergy. The aggregate age of the members of the Sacred College is 3,390 years, which gives an average of a little over fifty-two years.

Of the sixty-five cardinals, six are of the Order of Bishops, forty-six of the Order of Priests, and thirteen of the Order of Deacons. Only one cardinal is now living who was created as far back as Gregory XVI., Cardinal Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague. He is fourteen years younger than Donnet, but has been a cardinal ten years longer. There are forty-three cardinals of Pío Nino's creation, and twenty-one by the present Pope. Since Leo XIII. was crowned, twenty cardinals have died, averaging five yearly.

It seems only yesterday since Archbishop McCloskey was made a cardinal; yet he stands already in the first quarter of the college in regard to age of creation.

Of the nine patriarchal sees of the Catholic Church, that of Constantinople is vacant, while the others are filled. The Latin rite has all over the world 149 archiepiscopal sees, and the Oriental rite has 27. There are 568 bishops of the Latin rite; 47 of the Oriental rites.

Figures corrected to April 1st, of the present year show that throughout the world the Catholic Church has a hierarchy composed of 1,289 patriarchs, archbishops and bishops.

During his Pontificate, Leo XIII. has erected five archiepiscopal sees, fifteen episcopal sees, seven apostolic vicarates and three apostolic prefectures. The



ordinary denomination of some sees *in partibus infidelium* has been dropped this year. For example, Archbishop Corrigan, Coadjutor of New York, who last year was known as Archbishop of Petra, *in partibus*, is mentioned this year as Archbishop of the titular see of Petra, the *in partibus* being dropped altogether. The Pope has taken this step because many of those ancient sees are no longer inhabited by infidels, but by Christians.

#### AN OLD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

THE First Congregational Church Society of Lynn, Mass., was organized in 1632, and the 250th anniversary of its organization was observed on June 8th last with appropriate exercises. The *Boston Transcript* gives some interesting facts regarding the history of this church. It was founded by the Rev. Stephen Bachiler, who arrived in Boston on June 5th, 1629. The beginning of a series of difficulties which agitated the church in the early years of its existence was the passage by the Court of Boston of the following order: "Mr. Bachiler is required to forbear exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publicly in our Patent, unless it be to those he brought with him, for his contempt of authority, and until some scandals be removed."

Though this injunction was removed in 1633, the troubles continued at intervals until the celebrated Hugh Peters, who arrived in this country in 1635, was employed to preach. He returned to England in 1641, where he was executed for treason in 1660. Mr. Bachiler continued his ministrations

VIEW OF NANTUCKET FROM THE BELL ROOM.—SEE PAGE 113.





with only a few followers, and the magistrates forbade his proceeding. Disregarding their injunctions, he was brought before the Court of Assistants in Boston in 1636 and discharged, on engaging to leave the town within three months. He went to Ipswich, Yarmouth and Hampton, and at the latter place was excommunicated from the church in 1636. Mr. Bachiler died in London, whither he had gone in 1651, in the 100th year of his age. The Rev. Samuel Whiting was installed as pastor of the church in 1636, and it was upon him—"the very learned Samuel Whiting"—that Benjamin Thompson, the first native American poet, wrote a poem. His second wife was Elizabeth St. John, a sister of Oliver St. John, Chief Justice of England in the time of Oliver Cromwell. She is said to have assisted her husband in the preparation of

his sermons. Among the pastors who have occupied the pulpit of this church were the Rev. Jeremiah Sheppard (a street in Lynn is called after him), the Rev. Nathaniel Henchman, the Rev. Parsons Cooke (noted for his love of controversy), and in more recent times the Rev. Joseph Cook. The church has had a trying existence on a great many occasions, and more than once its life appeared well-nigh extinct. On one occasion it had left but eighteen male members, and on another only five male and twenty-one female members. The Society was so embarrassed about 1824 that a parish meeting was held to consider the matter of disbandment, but the storm, which brought things to such a crisis, was safely weathered. The present membership of the church is about 280, and the debt of the society has been paid within a few years.

## NORWEGIAN SONNETS.

By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

"To Norway, to Norway, to Norway o'vre the faem!"

### I.

#### UP THE SKAGER RACK.

It was the point of dawn; and in the bow  
I stood alone, facing the gray northeast.  
Far on the left, like a huge brown sea-beast  
That had been chased and was o'ertaken now,  
Stolen on by night, lay Norway. From the prow  
A hissing of salt spray that still increased  
Rose plainly audible—for the gale had ceased  
And the keel cut the sea-plain like a plow.  
And so with only a ripple on the sea,  
And ne'er a storm-cloud o'er us muttering black,  
We voyaged with an easy course and free  
And—disappointing, now on looking back;  
For the old sagas makes the surges flee  
Like riderless horses up the Skager Rack!

### II.

#### THE SCENERY—GO AND SEE IT.

And speak ye may of grandeur and of gloom  
And all the dread magnificence that lies  
Where through the dale the foam-flecked torrent flies,  
Or gorgeous sunsets o'er the mountains bloom.  
But who shall in the sonnet's scanty room  
Set the majestic magnitude, the size,  
The mighty mountains and the widening skies  
Up on Norwegian table-lands assume?  
This you must see to feel within your heart,  
And cannot know from others: Nature still  
In this defies all imitative art,  
Baffles all schools and soars beyond their skill:  
It is a joy she only shall impart,  
But, once received, it ne'er can cease to thrill.

### III.

#### A TERROR OF THE TWILIGHT.

Far in Norwegian solitudes we strayed:  
Behind us lay a long bright Summer day,  
But evening now was stooping o'er our way,  
When, at a sudden turn, alarmed we staid.  
It was a terror by the twilight made  
Of river, cliff and cloud, and the weird play  
Of sunset's one live liberated ray  
Of sunset's one live liberated ray  
Piercing the horror of the pine-wood shade.  
Stood, like a charred cross, or a huge sword-hilt,  
Against the sky, above the cliff's black line,  
That seemed a bastion by Harfager built,  
A solitary thunder-blasted pine;  
On the dark flood below, the sunset split  
What now was blood and now was wasall-wine.

\* Mountain farm. † Pronounced Ottero.

### IV.

#### THE CLIMB FROM VALLE.

Steep was the climb from Valle: far below  
The aster\* we had left lay lost in mist,  
And still the height rose higher than we wist  
Beyond the ravings of the Otteraa. †  
And now a thin bleak air began to blow,  
And now the bispevel ‡ to turn and twist,  
Here round a tjera § no Summer ever kissed,  
And there behind a hide of hoarded snow.  
The stars dissolved anon; and airy trills  
Of wavering music showed the day begun:  
We tolled to meet the morn—o'er rocks, o'er rills;  
And, breathless but at last, our wish we won—  
The top! and, lo, a countless herd of hills  
Tossing their shining muzzles in the sun!

### V.

#### "PAA HEJA": LIFE ON THE HEIGHTS.

Is there a pleasure can with this compare?—  
To leap at sunrise from your mountain-bed,  
Roused by a skylark reveling overhead,  
And drink great draughts of golden morning air;  
A plunge, and breakfast—simple rural fare;  
Then forth with vigorous brain, elastic tread,  
Hope singing at your heart o'er sorrow dead,  
And strength for fifty miles, and still to spare!  
That joy was ours! O memory! oft restore us  
Those Autumn runs, here in the smoky town,  
When through the woods our nomadic chorus  
Rang freedom up and civilization down!  
Io! my hearts! the world was all before us,  
And we nor owned nor envied king nor crown!

### VI.

#### THE MOUNTAIN LAUREATE.

Morning is flashing from a glorious sun  
On the broad shoulders of the giant fells  
That outreach arms across the narrow dells  
And form a silent brotherhood of one  
Listening their skylark laureate! New begun  
He up the heavens in ever-rising swells  
Carries their thanksgiving in song that wells  
From his small breast as if 'twould ne'er be done.  
What life his music gives them! They are free  
In the wild freedom of his daring wing;  
And in the cataract of his song, the sea  
Of poetry that fills all heaven, they sing;  
He is their poet-prophet in his glee,  
And in his work and worth their priest and king!

‡ Bridle-path. § Mountain lake, tarn.

## THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

II.—“The first draught of fishes” (Luke v. 1-11).

Our Lord had but lately returned to the green hills of Galilee, and now, about the middle of January, Capernaum, one of the most important towns on the western shore, became His home. Probably its position, as it lay in the direct line from Jerusalem to Damascus, may have led Him to make it the central point of His labors in Galilee. It certainly gave Him facilities for intercourse with men traveling the great roads from Egypt to Syria which Nazareth did not afford; and besides, by means of the lake He had ready access to the eastern shore and to the towns in the Jordan valley both north and south.

Though now desolate and forsaken, the entire of that district was, in our Lord's days, crowded with towns and villages, all thickly inhabited. Then, as well as now, the lake abounded with fish; probably no sheet of water of the same extent contains so great a variety of fish in large abundance. Two villages along its shores—the eastern and western Bethsaida—derived their name, “the house of fish,” from the profitable employment thus afforded to hundreds of fishermen all over the lake. Besides the native fishing-boats, many others, for the purpose of traffic or pleasure, dotted its surface, their white sails sparkling in the sun as they spread them before the breeze. To these scenes of busy, active life our blessed Lord, when rejected by His fellow-townsmen at Nazareth, turned His steps. Nowhere else, except at Jerusalem, could He have found so wide a field in which to sow the seed of eternal life; nowhere else could such multitudes of all classes—the sick, the sorrowful, the sinful—have come within His reach. Therefore it is that all that district is, almost even more than Jerusalem itself, associated in our minds with the life and teaching of Christ.

In the early morning of one of those days, “the people,” as we are told, “pressed upon Him to hear the word of God,” as He stood on the pebbly beach by the water's edge. For, although the lake is almost encircled by mountains, these never come down into the water, but always leave a little fringe of strand. There Jesus stood watching, we may suppose, the boats, as one after another they came to shore, while the people gathered around Him, until the increasing press made Him seek a more convenient position from which to address them. Close by, drawn up on the beach, were two boats—one of them belonging to Andrew and his brother Peter, the other to the brothers James and John. The fishing being over, these were engaged mending their nets, cleansing them from weeds, and laying them out to dry to be ready for the coming night's fishing. Sad and weary they must have felt, for the past night had been one long toil of unrequited labor. How little did they expect that soon their sorrow should be turned into joy, their recent failure forgotten!

Jesus entered into Simon's ship, and at once prayed him to move out a little from the land, probably that He might be the better heard, and “He sat down, and taught the people out of the ship” (verse 1-3). Thus, they who had come “to hear the word of God,” whether led by curiosity or by a sincere desire to learn, were not sent empty away—they got that for which they came.

And now Jesus, having finished speaking to the people, said to Simon, “Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.” What a strange command! to launch into the deep waters, those (in lakes) the least likely in which to find fish; and that, too, in broad daylight, when during the livelong night, the best time for fishing, they had caught nothing! To a fisherman, and

especially to Simon, who had been familiar with fishery from childhood—for his father was a fisherman—the trial of faith must have been great. He knew that under present circumstances there was, humanly speaking, no prospect of success. Had the suggestion come from Andrew, would he not have answered, “What folly to make the attempt!” Why, then, does Simon with unhesitating obedience reply, “Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net?” (verse 5). Because, even then, he had begun to walk by faith. This divine principle it was that led him, in simple, unquestioning obedience, to “launch out into the deep,” and recommence labor hitherto so fruitless.

For we must bear in mind that this was not Simon's first interview with Jesus. He and Andrew, and probably John, also, had, some months before, met Him on the banks of the Jordan, when, after the Passover, they were returning from Jerusalem to Galilee. It is even possible that they may have paused at Bethabara (Bethany beyond the Jordan), where the Baptist was baptizing, and stood amongst the crowd, before whom he bare witness of “One” then present, whom they “knew not.” Two of them had listened to that same voice, exclaiming as Jesus walked by, “Behold the Lamb of God!” And can we doubt that the hearts of Andrew, Simon and John were then, at once and for ever, attracted toward their future Lord and Master? Since then, must not those days have been meditated upon, and talked over, and the earnest hope expressed that they might again meet the Christ? Could Simon forget the voice, the look of Jesus as He spoke these, His *first* recorded words to him, “Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas.” And Andrew and John, could they forget that evening when, invited by Christ Himself, they remained with Him far on into the night? It is from St. John himself that we gather these details of those first interviews between Jesus and His three disciples (i. 35, 40-42).

St. Luke alone mentions the miracle which forms part of this narrative, but both St. Matthew and St. Mark record the effect which it produced on the partners in fishing, Andrew and Peter, James and John—an effect so powerful that they, one and all, determined to devote themselves to their Lord (Matthew iv. 18-20; Mark i. 16-20). So great a miracle was indeed calculated to give them an insight into the glory of Christ's Person which they had not before, and this it seems to have done.

We may pause for a moment to learn *this* from the miracle; that God is ever ready to bless His servants while occupied in their lawful employments. He did so with the shepherds at Bethlehem when tending their flocks; the Magi when studying the stars; and here, how rich the blessing granted to four poor fishermen while “mending their nets”! These Bible facts teach us the duty of diligence in business, and encourage us to expect God's blessing to rest upon us while faithfully pursuing our earthly callings.

Now see the grand result which rewarded Simon's ready obedience; the inclosure of such a multitude of fishes that the net broke. The act of launching the net was *his*. As owner of the ship, *he* said to Jesus, “I will let down the net,” but the reward was shared by all; “they inclosed a great multitude of fishes”—so many, indeed, that their net broke, or rather began to break. All the night long had they toiled and caught nothing, now they have drawn in almost too many. And this was the result of simple obedience to the command of Jesus.

Seeing the net about to break, the fishermen “beckoned” to their partners in the other ship to come and help them.

They came, and soon both ships were filled, "so that they began to sink," and Peter, overcome by this sudden manifestation of the power of Jesus, fell down before Him, saying, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord" (verses 7, 8).

What led Peter to utter that cry? Was it not he felt the presence of One so manifestly the Lord of creation? The sense of his own sinfulness rushed in upon him, as is ever

similar, but in spirit so dissimilar (Matthew viii. 34; ix. 1). The next time we see Peter lying at his Master's feet, how different is his request!—not "Depart from me," but "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life" (John vi. 68). It may be that his feelings, after witnessing this miracle, were like those of the centurion; that Peter felt himself unworthy that Jesus should remain in his ship, even as the Roman soldier



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHERS.

the case with those brought face to face with divine holiness and power. Then it is that high thoughts of self are laid low, and sin is felt to be exceeding sinful. It was this that caused Adam and Eve, after their fall, to hide themselves among the trees of the garden; it was this that made the Israelites, at the giving of the law, entreat Moses not to let God speak with them, lest they die (Exodus xx. 19).

How dreadful would it have been for Peter, had Jesus granted his prayer! as He did that of others, apparently

felt himself unworthy that He should come under his roof.

So far was Peter's prayer from driving his Lord from him, that, in gracious acceptance of the spirit, and therefore disregarding the words of his petition, Jesus said unto him, "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men" (verse 10), the full meaning of the words implying, "Thy future occupation shall be to catch men for life eternal, instead of catching fish for death."\*

\* See Dean Alford upon these words.



By these words addressed to Peter, he and his partners were called to the work of their apostleship in language which they, as fishermen, could best understand. As their occupation hitherto had been to cast their net into the sea and bring fish to land, so henceforth they are to cast the Gospel-net into the world, and inclose within it many among the heathen, catching them, not for death, but for life.

And when we follow Peter and see him fulfilling his mission after his Lord's ascension, what a marvelous blessing attended his preaching! As at the command of Jesus he let down his net and inclosed a multitude of fishes, so, by the same authority, he preached the Gospel to the Jews, and by his first sermon gathered about three thousand souls into the Church of Christ (Acts ii. 41). This miracle was therefore a prophecy of the success which should be granted to the apostles as "fishers of men"; and not to them only, but to all faithful preachers of the Gospel. As long as the world lasts they shall find that their labor is not in vain.

This miraculous draught of fishes proclaims as distinctly as did the miracle of turning water into wine that our Lord Jesus Christ is the Sovereign Lord of nature. There is, however, this difference between the two miracles: that wrought at Cana was upon what we may call productive nature; this, in the Sea of Galilee, upon animated nature, and, in particular, upon one part of it, "the fish of the sea." Two other of Christ's miracles—the second miraculous draught of fishes, and the tribute-money found in the mouth of a fish—declare this same truth: the absolute dominion of Christ over the animal creation.

### III.—"The second draught of fishes" (John xxi. 1-17).

VERY early in our Lord's ministry, and at the close of a long discourse to the eager listeners on the beach of the Sea of Galilee, Jesus said to Simon, the fisherman in whose boat He had been speaking, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." Strange command to one who had toiled all night and caught nothing, to resume fishing when daylight and the stir of an awakened world promised renewed failure. But it was obeyed, and immediately "they inclosed a great multi-

tude of fishes: and their net brake." This miracle revealed to Simon that He who had given the command was the Sovereign Lord of nature; and with this revelation came, so powerfully, the conviction of his own sinfulness, that, falling down before his future Lord and Master, he exclaimed, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Gently correcting His disciple's mistaken request, Jesus reassured him by the promise, "Henceforth thou shalt catch men." Immediately upon bringing their ships

to land, Simon and the others with him joined themselves, and for ever, to the company of Jesus (Luke v. 1-11).

Since that first miraculous draught of fishes—our first introduction, too, to the Sea of Galilee—we have often followed our blessed Lord thither, and now, once more, we meet Him there. But how changed! Not now the "Man of sorrows," but Christ, the risen Saviour, about to ascend to His Father.

The Passover was now completely over. The eleven Apostles had, in obedience to their Lord's command, returned to Galilee, and were waiting His promised appearance (Matt xviii. 10). Seven of these, Simon Peter, Thomas, Nathanael, James and John, and two others not named, seem to have been living together. The two unnamed were probably Andrew and Philip. Andrew would naturally be with his brother Peter; and Philip, who was of Bethsaida, "the city of Andrew and Peter," would, as naturally, join their company. We can believe that often and earnestly they talked together about the probable time and manner of their Lord's coming. Would He surprise them, as before, in the "upper chamber," suddenly, without a note of warning, "the doors being shut" (John xx.

19-26). They must wait and see. Meantime they returned to their old calling; for they were poor, and must labor for their support.

Thus it was that as the evening closed in upon one of those days of expectation, Simon Peter said to his fellow-fishermen, "I go a-fishing," and they answered, "We also go with thee." But that night they caught nothing; and as the early dawn began to tinge the hills with light, their hearts sank within them, not expecting then to realize the Psalmist's experience, "Heaviness



THE OENKER.—SEE PAGE 127.

may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" (Psalms xxx. 5).

But now, suddenly, "Jesus stood on the shore," about a hundred yards off, but the disciples knew Him not. It was not their Lord's will that they should recognize Him at once—at the right moment He would manifest (show) Himself to them by a direct act of His will. Until then, like Mary at the tomb, the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, and others to whom the risen Jesus appeared, the Apostles knew not their Lord. To them the figure standing on the beach seemed that of a stranger, a traveler in need, probably, from the question He put to them—"Children, have ye any meat?"

But this Stranger, this unknown One, did not need the morning meal; pain, want, hunger, are now to Him things of the past. Still, He felt for those who *did*. He knew the previous night had brought them no fish, and their hunger and cold in the chill morning air touched His heart. In full sympathy with His brethren then, as before His death and resurrection, He felt their privations as His own, and the friendly salutation as of one interested in their welfare, was designed to win their confidence—"Children" being in the East a familiar mode of address.

To the inquiry whether they had caught anything, the fishermen answered "No," and were immediately directed to "cast the net on the right side of the ship," and they should "find." There was nothing strange in the command. It is quite possible for fishermen to be close to a shoal of fish and yet not discern it, while to those at a distance it is perceptible. The disciples, therefore, thinking probably that the Stranger standing on the beach, a higher level than theirs, discerned a shoal by the color of the water to be near the ship; or, perhaps, willing to believe that their Adviser was more skilled in fishing than they themselves were, at once cast the net as directed, "and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes."

St. John, who relates this incident, struck by the similarity between this net full of fishes and the former miraculous draught when the net brake, no longer doubts who the Stranger on the shore can be. Turning to Peter, he exclaims, "It is the Lord!" And St. Peter, too, remembers that day when he was first called to be a fisher of men. Its details are engraven on his heart; and now, with characteristic haste, "he girt his fisher's coat unto him," and as the beloved disciple was the first to recognize his Lord, so was St. Peter the first to rush to Him, casting himself into the sea. The rest followed "in a little ship" (the small boat attached to the larger fishing-boat), "dragging the net with fishes."

Jesus once said respecting a great multitude who had continued with Him "three days" and had "nothing to eat," "I have compassion" on them, and by a miracle He fed them to the full. Will He, now that He has risen, feel the same compassion? This narrative affords the answer. As the disciples gained the shore they found "a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread" (verse 9). Whence it came they knew not, nor did they care to inquire—that their risen Lord willed it so was enough for them to know.

The newly-caught fish have yet to be brought to land. Jesus tells the fishermen to bring some of it; and immediately Peter, again foremost in action, draws the net to land "full of great fishes"—the net, we are especially told, unlike the former net, remaining unbroken. And now, all things being ready, "Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine," or breakfast (the literal translation of the word). Solemnly, as they had seen Him do before, Jesus

took bread and distributed it, and the fish likewise, to the disciples. He did not now, it would seem, as upon another occasion (Luke xxiv. 43) after His resurrection, share their meal with them.

While they sat at meat there does not appear to have been a word spoken. The disciples knew it was the Lord who now, as in former days, sat with them, and none durst ask Him (for that very reason), "Who art Thou?"

"When they had dined, Jesus said to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" Three times He puts to him this searching question, each time calling His apostle, not by his apostolic name Peter or Cephas, but Simon. "Lovest thou Me more than these?" Jesus asks—"more than these" (thy fellow-disciples) love Me? It was not long since Peter, alluding to these, had boastfully said, "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I." But now, humbled by His fall, and feeling the full force of his Lord's words, he takes no notice of the question as to the intensity of his love compared to that of his brethren; he simply appeals to the great Searcher of hearts, and says, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." It was in reply to the question of his Lord put the third time that Peter uttered these words. He "was grieved"—perhaps began to suspect that there must be in the heart of his Divine Master some doubt of his love. Could he be surprised if there had been, as the threefold question brought vividly to his recollection his own threefold denial of his Lord? Humbled to the dust, Peter dare not say, as his former self might have said, "Lord, Thou knowest that none love Thee as I do," but "Lord Thou knowest all things," every utterance of my untrustworthy heart lies open to Thee; yet, Lord, "Thou knowest that I love Thee."

This honest declaration of His apostle's love satisfied his Lord, and He at once reinstated him in the apostolic office, telling him to go and act the shepherd's part to the flock—the "lambs" and the "sheep" purchased by His own blood. How comforting to the penitent apostle must have been this commission, plainly intimating that the place he had held among his brethren was still his—that his sins and shortcomings had not robbed him of his Divine Master's favor—that all had been forgiven! Henceforth the faithful shepherding of the "lambs," little children in Christ (Isaiah xl. 11), and the "sheep," "young men" and "fathers" (I. John ii. 12-14), would evidence the reality of his love for Christ, "that great Shepherd of the sheep."

It may have been in reference to this charge that St. Peter in his First Epistle (v. 1-4) exhorts the elders, being himself also an elder, to "feed the flock of God which is among them." So far was he from thinking that upon himself alone this honor had been conferred, that he exhorts his fellow-laborers to diligence in feeding "the flock of God."

Some of the lessons to be gathered from this narrative lie almost on its surface. For instance, this third appearance of the risen Saviour to His Apostles being granted to them while engaged with their boats and nets, taught them, and should teach us, that so far from worldly industry being an impediment to spiritual life, it may, if not abused, be made a means of special blessing. And this may well encourage those who are obliged to toil day by day, whether by the sweat of their brow as laborers in the field, or in work more laborious still, in the higher walks of active business, requiring rather the brain than the hand.

For it is a mistake to regard work as in itself an evil. The punishment awarded for Adam's sin was not that henceforth he should work (he had done that before his fall (see Genesis ii. 5-7), but that his labor should be more

severe and less productive: he should henceforth toil in the sweat of his brow, while the ground, cursed for his sake, should bring forth to him thorns and thistles (Genesis iii. 18, 19). And as work was before the Fall, so will there still be work after all things have been made new, for we read, "His servants shall serve Him" (Rev. xxii. 3).

And as the draught of a net-full of great fishes drew from the beloved disciple the exclamation, "It is the Lord!" ought not the gathering in their season of the fish of the sea, each after his kind to its place, to be traced to the same Hand? This, which takes place every year, is due to the same almighty power that brought the fish on "the right side" of the fishing-boat on the Lake of Galilee, the infallible sign that He who had ordered the net to be cast there was Christ, the Lord of nature.

To the disciples this miracle conveyed very special teaching. When Jesus first called them, He told them they should be fishers of men (Mark i. 17; Luke v. 10), and something about this spiritual fishing they were taught by the parable of the draw-net (Matt. xiii. 47, 48)—both good and bad should be gathered within the net. It warned them that their labor would be toilsome and often discouraging—perhaps with, apparently, no success; but it also assured them that their Master's eye would ever watch and guide them, and that, though unseen, He would assuredly work with them (see Mark xvi. 20).

From the days of St. Augustine, Bible students have seen in this second miraculous draught of fishes a symbol of the glorious ingathering of the whole Church of God on the Resurrection morning. Unlike the former draught, when the "net brake," representing the Church in her present state—a net gathering "of every kind, bad and good—this symbolizes the Church to be gathered in at the end of time, from the four quarters of the world, all brought safe to land, not one missing, not one cast out as "bad," all God's elect gathered into the heavenly garner (John xvii. 24).

And when that net is drawn to land, the Lord Himself will be on the shore waiting to welcome His servants, and will make them sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of His Father (Matt. xxv. 51; Luke xii. 37, xxii. 30; Rev. vii. 17, xix. 9). This marriage-supper of the Lamb on the Resurrection morning, is it not symbolized by the feast on the shore, and the gracious invitation of the risen Lord, "Come and dine"?

### THE CENSER.

THE censer is a vessel in which incense is burned before the altar, in the Roman Catholic, and in many of the Episcopal Churches in England and in this country.

Its use is in direct continuation of the example of the Jewish Church. It was used in the Temple service in the daily offering of incense, and yearly on the great Day of Atonement, when the High priest filled the censer with live coals from the sacred fire on the altar of burnt offering and bore it into the sanctuary, where he threw upon the burning coals the "sweet incense beaten small," which he had brought in his hand (Lev. xvi. 12, 13). In this case the incense was burned while the High priest held the censer in his hand, but in the daily offering the censer in which the live coals were brought from the altar of burnt offering, was set down on the altar of incense.

The daily censer was called *miktareth*, while that used on the Day of Atonement was called *machtah*. The daily censers were of brass, and in the time of the second Temple, of silver, while the yearly one was of gold. The shape, too, was probably different. The daily censers

must have had a base or stand to admit of their being placed on the golden altar, while those employed on the Day of Atonement had probably only a handle. It is conjectured that this distinction is alluded to in Rev. v. 8, viii. 8, where the angel is represented with a golden "censer," and the four-and-twenty elders, each with a golden "vial."

The use of the censer was enjoined upon the Jews in the strongest possible manner, and the most minute directions are given by Jehovah to Moses, for their employment in the services of the Tabernacle.

When used in the Roman Catholic worship, the vessel is called a thurible, and the one who carries it, a thurifer. Its form is usually that of a vase, with a cover perforated to allow the scented fumes of the burning incense to escape. It is usually carried by three chains, which are attached to points around the lower portion, while a fourth is sometimes connected with the above, being united to the ring or handle, and is used at intervals to raise the upper portion or covering of the censer and allow the incense to escape more freely.

In the eighth century, thuribles were commonly used, and directions for their due adoption enjoined by the authority of the local synods. At Rome there are thuribles of gold in the treasury of the Church of St. John Lateran, reputed to have been given by the Emperor Constantine. There is an old silver censer at Louvain, more than twelve at Milan Cathedral, seven at Metz Cathedral, four of silver gilt at Notre Dame, Paris, and some remarkable specimens at Rheims and Treves.

The thurible is used at High Mass, at Vespers, at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at funerals, public thanksgivings, etc.

The thurifer is ordinarily a chorister, or acolyte, but on great occasions he is a sub-deacon, a deacon, or even a priest.

### THE POWER OF HOME.

THE great hope of a nation is centred in its homes. They are wonderful in their forming and their restraining power, if they are what they should be. But, alas for us! if we fail to make them mighty forces to withstand corruption and drive back the tide of evil. If we are to have honest men in our halls of legislation, men to whom principle is more than party, and honor more than the spoils of office, the fathers and mothers have a work to do at home. If we would stay the tide of intemperance, there are the best opportunities to work around our own fireside, among our own children, for lessons early learned are longest remembered.

It is pitiful to think how many children grow up in unloving homes, where harsh words and bitter fault-finding are the rule, and gentle, kindly tones the exception. Weary mothers, well-meaning, doubtless, but "encumbered with much serving," speak many bitter words to those around them; fathers, absorbed in business, take little time to amuse and instruct their children, while merry, cheerful laughter is too often hushed with harsh, impatient words—words that may yield an awful harvest by-and-by.

If we could see the great aggregate of misery and sin directly traceable to unhappy homes, I think we would let the unkind word more often remain unsaid. What if little feet leave a track upon the clean floor, and little hands drop mittens or stemless flowers on the carpet sometimes; it scarcely calls for the bitter words mothers so often use. If a husband forgets an errand at the village store, he may be as likely to remember it another time, if



gently reminded, as when harshly reproached with "never remembering anything!"

Too many times the first lessons in deceit and falsehood are learned at the mother's side; fathers by their practice, teach their boys to give scant weight and short measure.

I knew a mother who opened her door to receive some unwelcome visitors one day, telling them she was so glad to see them, when her little daughter of five spoke up in utter astonishment: "Why, mother, you said you did hope they were not coming here!"

We may think that if we teach them the Decalogue, it is enough, but our children will be very likely to pay more attention to our practice than to our precepts; and "if father or mother does so, we can."

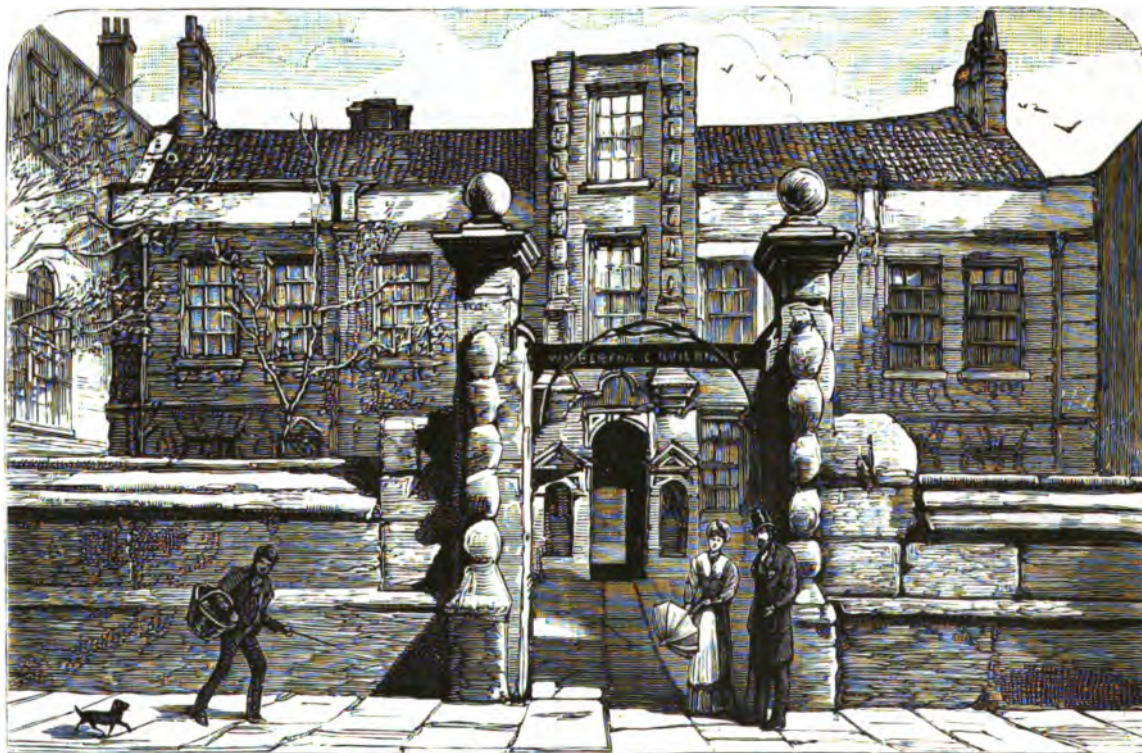
We have each of us our work to do, parent and child, and are mutually responsible for the condition of our home. Do we do our part toward making it the pleasantest

There is, at least, one pleasant room, with some of the many little things that make home pleasant—a few pictures (and many, if possible), that early the young may learn to love beauty, and the older ones may rest their tired eyes upon them when life grows dreary, as even here it sometimes may. It shall be a home good enough for visitors, but not too good for "our own," and never by any chance so elegant that sunshine, home-light, and our family are shut out.

Let us make our homes places of rest and peace, of purity and good cheer; schools where all that is noble and pure is taught; and, above all, types of that other home, where enters nothing that maketh a lie.

### THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILBERFORCE.

ONE of the chief points of attraction in Hull, England, is the fine old mansion known as the "Wilberforce Build-



THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILBERFORCE, AT HULL, ENGLAND.

spot on earth? If we do our duty faithfully, God will help us; if not, "sin lieth at the door."

Fathers and sons are too often driven away from the homes, that should be most sacred and most dear, to the bar-room, where intoxicating drinks and vulgar stories are all too common. Wives and daughters grow sad and heartbroken, and go mad sometimes, because fathers and husbands forget to bring sunshine home with them.

Let me give you a little sketch of my ideal home.

It is full of comforts, though it may be bare of luxuries. Whether it rains or shines, indoors there is warmth and brightness. If the father has cares, he does his best to forget them, that they may not darken other hearts. The mother has worries, but is not anxious to prove herself a martyr, so lovingly and cheerfully she casts her burden on Him who is able to bear it, and makes home bright and shining. Seeing father and mother wise and cheery, the children will early learn to do their part; when trouble comes, as to all it must, it loses half its weight if met and borne together.

ing," where the great William Wilberforce was born in 1759, and in which as early as 1639 Charles II. was temporarily a guest. The interior of the mansion, which stands on High Street, is full of interest; the walls are covered with old oak wainscot, grown black with age; the floor of the hall is laid with slabs of black and white marble, and the staircase is noble. The history of the building runs back to the close of the sixteenth century, but its chief celebrity consists in the fact that it was the birthplace of the man who did more than any Englishman of his age to bring about the abolition of the negro slave trade.

It is human nature to love to make experiments in everything, but very often at the expense of others.

A MAN would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down all the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the valuable, and should be secured because they seldom return.



## A GOOD FELLOW.

BY MARION HARLAND.

## PART I.

THE ineffable quiet of a village Sabbath brooded over embowered streets. Sabbath sunshine filtered through green leaves and slept upon broad lawns smooth from Saturday's mowing. It was ten o'clock, but the dew still clung to the grass-beards in the shades, and in exhaling

tempered the air into delicious freshness. A few emulous robins were piping the finale of the matins begun by a full chorus, the bees swinging about the syringa-bushes filling up the rests in the shrill music.

"Breathing is a luxury to-day," sighed Edna Pym,



"SHE RAISED THE CLUSTER OF ROSES SHE HELD, AND STUDIED THEM IN DREAMY CONTENT."—SEE PAGE 130.

pausing at the churchyard gate to take a long draught of the cool fragrance. "What a *good* place this world is, after all! Who could have th- heart to find fault with it on a morning like this?"

She looked like one who would not find it hard to say this, and much more to the same effect. Twenty-two years old, healthy, well-educated, and with ample facilities for the gratification of refined tastes, betrothed to the man of her choice; she brought to the enjoyment of these advantages a gay, bright spirit and loving heart. Her father's extensive grounds skirted the street on the opposite side of which was the entrance to the inclosure surrounding the Episcopal church. A small iron gate was set in a low stone wall overrun with ivy and rose-creepers. The Pym, the richest people in Highfield, had aimed to give the edifice and its environs the air of an English parish church, and been moderately successful. If ivies did not take kindly to stone walls which were ice-cold during six months of the year, the woodbine, fastened gray fingers eagerly upon the rough surface, and now covered the walls up to the eaves with a robe of tenderest green, streaked with the red of young leaves.

Silas Pym had left his native town, a poor boy of sixteen, to return, at fifty, a retired merchant with an income that was princely in the eyes of neighbors who "put away" money at the rate of a hundred dollars per annum, and were accounted thrifty by their compeers in doing this much. At sixty he was the autocrat of the region, a man of steel and granite in commercial dealings, but in gift, liberal. He had done much to build up the pretty village and to maintain public pride in its prosperity, acting cheerfully and energetically as mayor for several successive terms. He was a churchwarden and the largest subscriber to the rector's salary in the parish; had made important repairs in the church building at his own expense, put in a beautiful memorial-window at the death of his wife, four years after his return to his birthplace, and for years had supplied from his conservatories flowers every Sunday morning for the chancel and pulpit.

It was therefore with a very natural air of proprietorship that his eldest daughter laid her hand on the gate used by few except the Pym, it being their nearest approach to the sanctuary and the one most remote from the town. The church stood on the top of a hill. The Pym grounds rolled gently to the southward; the rambling streets stretched north, east and west at convenient and comfortable grades of the declivity. Looking away to the open country, swept by her young eyes, Edna saw a graceful line of blue hills fading into pearly-gray distance, green meadows threaded upon the silver ribbon of a winding river; here and there a tangled knot of residences about a gleaming spire—and over all the June heavens.

"A good world," she repeated. "'This is the day the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it.' Some days *happen*—seem to have come along to us of themselves. God made this one. I am thankful that He made me, too!"

She raised the cluster of roses she held and studied them in dreamy content, smiling as she touched tenderly petal and bud. They were *Maréchal-Neils*, all of them, creamy buff, with amber hearts, heavy with the mingled aroma of Damascus roses and Southern magnolias. She made a pleasant picture, while she thus mused and waited. Her chestnut hair was shaded to umber by the simple Summer hat. The black grenadine dress, fitted to every curve of her rounded figure, was severely plain in fashion. The cravat of mull and lace, the soft trimmings of her hat, the deep lawn cuffs were pure white. Edna had "views" respecting church-toilets. The village grocer's daughters

caviled at her "green taste." The farmers' wives and girls outshone and overshadowed her as tulips the lily-of-the-valley. She looked fresh, sweet and withal strong—with the strength of an unspoiled nature sound to the core.

That she *was* waiting became presently evident in her restless pretense of rearrangement of the roses, in her frequent glances at the church-clock and along the narrow street that ran crookedly down into the village. Ten strokes rang out from the church-tower. Mr. Pym had given the bell, and the musical mellowness of its tone was the pride of his daughter's heart. She frowned now, pulled open the gate and passed in, the latch falling into place behind her with a vibrant clang.

As the flutter of her skirts disappeared in the church porch, a young man entered the further end of the vista formed by the double row of elms. He walked swiftly and well, swinging his cane high at each step and not slackening his speed with the steep rise of the hill. Pausing at the gate, he sent a searching look across the lane into the green boskiness of the Pym plantations. His eye caught sight of a yellow rosebud lying on the ground; he stooped for it with a low laugh, put it in his buttonhole, entered the churchyard and went up the path leading to the porch. Removing his hat at the door, he stopped to look in. Edna was settling her flowers in the font at the left of the chancel. The light from her mother's memorial window fell directly upon her face, chastened from its recent petulance by the thought of the time and place. She did not see the intruder until the echoes stirred in the quiet house by his reverent footfall made her look around.

"Good-morning, sweet saint!" he said, in guarded tones. "I have been standing in the lobby for the last ten minutes, thinking what a lovely altar-piece you would make."

Edna looked at the clock on the front of the choir-gallery.

"It is just three minutes since I came into the church. I waited for you at the gate until ten o'clock—waited *really* ten minutes! I am tempted, sometimes, to dub you 'Mark the Unready.' I think you will be late—on Thursday!" returning to the arrangement of her flowers, with the air of one who dared not watch the flight of her last missile.

He replied by a look she felt and accents that raised a richer red to her cheeks.

"Do you?" was all he said.

She went on hastily, but more seriously:

"I did hope you would be in time this morning! I thought we would have a solemn, quiet talk here before anybody else came—a sort of informal consecration of ourselves and our new life. On Thursday, everything will be so public that we shall not be able to appreciate fully what we say and do. And [next Sunday we shall not be here."

"We shall be together!" was the whispered answer.

Two old ladies who were the invariable *avant-couriers* of the rest of the worshipers, were tottering up the aisle. The *tête-à-tête* was at an end.

"And I have said nothing of all I wanted to tell him!" thought Edna, with a pang.

Mark held open the door of her father's pew, followed her into it, and seated himself beside her. She sank to her knees with the echo of his whisper in ear and heart; knelt so long that the two old ladies looked significantly at one another, and her attendant, who had held up his hat to his eyes for the conventional thirty seconds, was moved to more curious speculations as to the subject of her petitions than usually visited his brain.



They were a fine couple, thought many, eying them that Sabbath with interest natural in the circumstances, the women settling among themselves that it must be "the thing" for young ladies to go church the Sunday immediately preceding "the day," or Miss Pym would have staid at home. Fashions change so in these matters that the rank and file must look sharply to the leaders if they would not be quite distanced.

Mark West had been called handsome and *distinguished* so often and so long that he had grown comparatively indifferent to compliments, careless of criticism of his appearance and manners. Six feet high, square-shouldered and erect, he had developed his magnificent physique by the most popular appliances known to Young America. He belonged to a rod-and-rifle club, a skating club, a tennis club, a boating club and a cricket club; was an able fencer and boxer, and a capital judge of horse-flesh. He danced and rode well; was creditably posted in current literature and popular art; was perfect in temper and in health. His features were regular, his eyes deep-blue, large and eloquent; his hair was darker than Edna's, but the mustache and sweeping side-whiskers, pronounced by the grocer's daughters "just too towey," were of the same golden-chestnut as were her luxuriant locks. He looked like a young prince of the blood, sitting in the Pym pew on that June Sabbath, clad in a faultless Summer suit, the dawn of a near and supreme joy touching eyes and lips.

In his city home, he was "with" his father, a prominent merchant and importer of drygoods.

"I am able to do well by my daughter," the retired merchant had said to the active business man.

"And I can do something for my son," was the response. "I expect to take him into partnership next year. In that event, I need not remind you that his future prosperity will be, humanly speaking, tolerably certain."

It was not an agreeable task to question a father as to his son's fitness to enter the family of the catechist, but Mr. Pym was a believer in thorough measures, at whatever cost to himself.

"What would you say with regard to his business talents, energy, etc., if he were not your son, Mr. West?" he asked, in his most straightforward style. "Excuse me! this is a matter of vital importance to me, you understand."

West, Sr., turned a sunshiny face upon his contemporary. His laugh and voice were very like his son's, Mr. Pym observed with sudden warmth of heart.

"As he is my son, my dear old friend, I may say to you what another man might misunderstand—that there isn't a cleaner, better-tempered, steadier boy living. He has literally no evil habits. There are not many fathers who can say that in these fast days. I do not claim brilliant talent for him, or superhuman enterprise, but the woman who trusts her happiness in his hands will find him true and fond, sound in heart and in morals."

"Is he a good worker?" Mr. Pym put the question steadily, feeling all the while that it was ungracious.

"I hear no complaint of him," rejoined the other, stiffly. "The rules of this establishment are tolerably strict, and he is required to conform to them. Perhaps"—with a touch of *hauteur*—"it would be prudent for you to confer with the head of his department!"

Mr. Pym checked the speaker's movement toward the call-ball on his desk.

"Not at all! You must comprehend, West, that this is not a mere matter of dollars and cents with me."

I do! I gave away a daughter in marriage last year—to a good enough fellow, too; yet I could not divest myself of the impression that his asking for her was a piece

of arrant effrontery. I am not so selfish as to consult only my son's happiness in this negotiation. If I did not honestly believe that he will make Edna happy he should not marry her with my consent."

Won to corresponding frankness by this avowal, Mr. Pym went on in very un-American-father style to say that he intended to give Edna a furnished house and thirty thousand dollars as a dowry.

"She will take this as her portion of my estate," he added. "I can promise her nothing more at my death. There are four other children to be provided for. With Mark's income as a partner in your business, they ought to be able to get along comfortably."

Mr. West assented heartily. When his guest had gone the merchant sat, moved and thoughtful, for some minutes, than rang for a clerk.

"Tell Mr. Mark West that I want to see him."

Father and son had a long conversation, the former doing most of the talking, the latter listening respectfully. Mark emerged from the private office at the close of the interview, tugging meditatively at his whiskers, and for an hour after returning to his desk was preternaturally quiet and abstracted.

To Edna, the year of her betrothal was as clear sunlight as is ever vouchsafed to mortal existence. Mark ran up from town twice a week, spending every Sabbath with her. He was sweet-tempered, generous to lavishness, merry of heart and speech, and unquestionably devoted to her. Her father enjoyed the sight of her happiness and Mark's deferential attentions to himself; her two sisters and the twin boys, who were the younglings of the flock, worshiped their prospective brother-in-law, and he was popular with her acquaintances and friends. The girl's heart might well brim up to her closed eyes with sweet waters of hope and happiness in kneeling to ask God's blessing on the last Sabbath of her singlehood.

"O, Lord! correct me, but with judgment; not in Thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nothing!"

"Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!"

The preacher's voice blended with the rustling of the rising congregation. The words fell harshly upon Edna's ear. It was strange—was it also ominous? that the first text of the morning service should be one so utterly irrelevant to the thoughts filling her soul. Was there correction—could there be judgment in so "good" a world? Could the dear Father, who had loaded her with blessings, be angry with the thing He had made?

She wished the excellent rector had selected more appropriate passages for her praise-service; wished yet more fervently that the text of the sermon had not been such as warranted the gleam shot by fun-loving Mark from under his eyelashes at her.

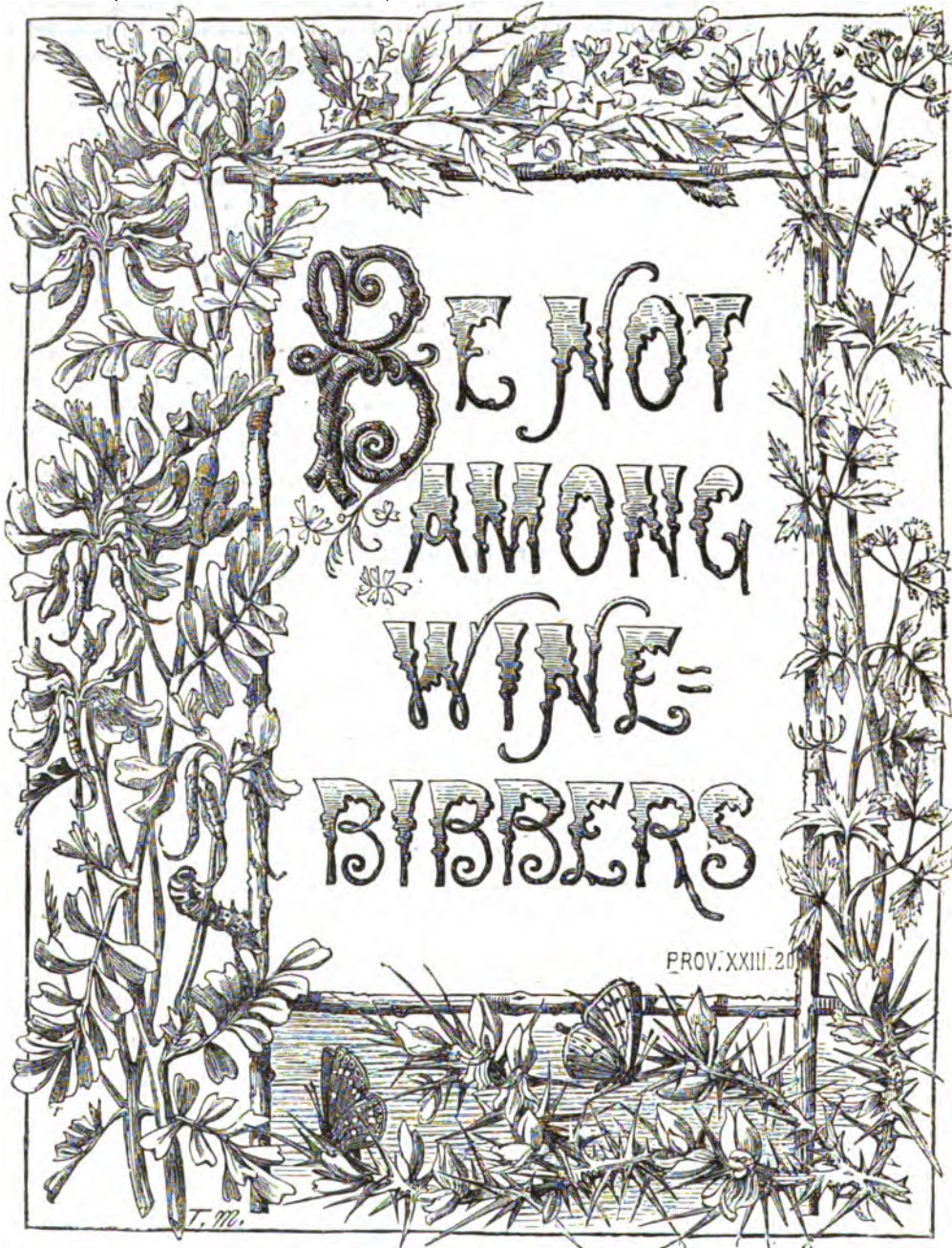
"And the men took of their victuals, and asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord."

Yet the discourse was commonplace. The auditors who had pricked up their ears at the "sensational" text soon subsided into their wonted Sunday attitude of body and mind. "Took" was defined as the reception of evidence. The Israelites believed in the circumstantial testimony of the crafty Gibeonites' clouted shoes, old garments, dry and moldy bread, and asked not enlightenment of the Lord, the omniscient and all-wise Shepherd of His people. Human rashness and human fallibility; divine ability to instruct and divine willingness to guide were the leading themes of the neat essay. The rector was no orator, nor were his hearers critical. If his truths were trite they had the less difficulty in accepting them. With a somewhat

embarrassing tincture of self-consciousness in the sudden remembrance that the daughter of his most influential parishoner was to be married in four days, and sat in her conspicuous broad aisle pew, with solemn eyes riveted upon him, the good teacher hurried over the allusion to the folly of entering into the holy bonds of wedlock without reference of the momentous business to the arbitrament of a higher power. This duty done, he drew a long

"He made a great deal out of it!" Edna's tone was as earnest as his was careless. "He set me to thinking, soberly and deeply. I wonder, Mark dear, if we have really asked counsel, and in the right spirit. Another passage occurred to me during the last prayer. I could almost have believed that it was spoken in my ear. I tried hard to say from my heart.

"If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."



breath and proceeded to dwell with emphasis upon selfish political intrigues and the iniquitous practices of trade prevalent in large cities. Into these, he assured his provincial congregation, the commercial part of such communities would never have fallen had each motive and transaction been tested by the injunctions of the Revealed Word.

"He made something out of that odd text, after all," observed Mark, on the way home.

Mark looked down at her affectionately, as her voice shook and eyes filled

"I hope you did not succeed! I don't consider this a fit occasion for the exercise of Christian submission. An audible voice from heaven would not make me give you up. Don't look shocked, pet. I am willing to be religious for your sake, to attend no end of Sunday services and week-day vespers, but don't ask me to be willing to sacrifice the happiness of a lifetime at the dictate of superstition."





A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.—THE "HOO-KOO-DILL" IN A HARKEN OUDHOE.—SEE PAGE 134.



"Superstition!" repeated Edna, rebukingly.

"Call it 'piety,' if you prefer. My creed is a comfortable persuasion that we were put into this world to be as happy as the natural vicissitudes of life will allow us to be. The most sensible policy is to shape our course so as to get as much pleasure and avoid as much pain as possible. I don't imagine that the Lord troubles Himself with the arrangements for our wedding, or that He has a very distinct idea of our individuality. It would be as reasonable to expect my father to draw up a daily bill-of-fare for every cashboy in his employ. He does not know three of them by sight or name. He orders that the little rascals' wages shall be paid regularly, and lets them shift for themselves after that. What difference does it make to them whether they have muffins or rolls for supper, or take sugar in their tea? Fancy his look should they besiege his office with hourly inquiries as to his opinion on the question of treacle or butter with their daily bread! There are a great many millions of ants upon this one ant-hill of ours."

"Don't, dear!" pleaded the girl. "You cannot guess how such wild talk wounds me!"

They were sauntering along a wooded path, fringed with ferns and elastic with mosses. Edna staid her lover's heedless foot from treading on a broken bird's egg that had fallen from a tree overhead. It was like a bit of pale-blue porcelain, exquisitely thin and clear, lined with finest white silk. She handled it lovingly in holding it up to him.

"I believe the God—my Father—cares what becomes of the baby bird that left this yesterday," she said. "That He cares what it has for supper, sees that its simple wants are all supplied. And we are of more value than many robins."

"Keep your faith, dear child! We shall not quarrel while it makes you so lovely and happy. Doesn't your favorite book say something about the sanctification of the unbelieving husband by the believing wife? Don't give me up as a hopeless subject!"

"Hopeless!" Edna smiled proudly into the face bent down to hers. "I should be shocked and uneasy if I did not know that you talk to tease me and for the pleasure of hearing your own nonsense. What you need is the habit of saying what you really think and feel. Young men in this day," she continued, with what Mark considered a bewitchingly argumentative air, "study superficiality in speech, nonbalance of manner where the greatest interest are involved. It is not 'good form' to talk of books or sentiment; 'in wretched taste' to discuss scientific truths; and 'not at all the thing, you know,' to allude, even distantly, to the immortal soul. Your education has been fearfully neglected. The better part of you needs to be developed."

"I always thought that you were out out for a home missionary," responded Mark, gayly. "You should be greatly obliged to me for giving you a sphere and soil that has not been exhausted by injudicious farming."

When Edna reached home she put away the broken shell carefully, enveloping it in jeweler's pink cotton.

"My wee scrap of a sermon!" she said to herself, with a smile that passed into a sigh.

[To be continued.]

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.—*Napoleon.*

The Christian religion, rightly understood, is the deepest and choicest piece of philosophy that is.—*Sir T. More.*

## A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT

AN attractive and interesting feature was introduced into a recent entertainment given by the young people of the Harlem Congregational Church, in Association Hall, at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Fourth Ave., New York. This unique feature was a "broom drill" by seventeen young women, dressed in suits of white unbleached muslin, trimmed with turkey red and in Zouave hats. Under the lead of their captain, Miss Florence Timpson, who was armed with an elongated leather duster, this band of Amazons went through the complete manual of arms, showing marked efficiency in the use of their special implements. They were especially formidable when they formed a hollow square and "charged brooms," their appearance suggesting that they would be dangerous assailants if provoked to the use of the broomstick. The novelty of the entertainment made it peculiarly enjoyable to everybody present. The "Broom Drill" is likely to become the special attraction of church fairs, taking the place of the spelling-bee and other worn-out features of these entertainments.

### A PRAYER IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

RULE me, O Master, with an iron rod,  
Rather than rule me not; let Thy strong hand  
Force my reluctant soul to Thy command,  
If I refuse Thy guiding eye and nod.  
Spare not the goad with pricking keenness shod,  
If wild I start aside or willful stand:  
Send the rough East wind, if Thy breezes bland  
Allure me not to love my King and God.

For oh, I know Thy service is most sweet,  
Thy yoke is easy, and Thy burden light,  
Whene'er my will lies captive at thy feet:  
O Love, constrain me by Thy gracious might,  
And I with joy my Conqueror will greet,  
And crown His bleeding brow with garlands bright!

## LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

It has been questioned whether the cathedral of Lincoln is not, upon the whole, the most beautiful cathedral in England. The cathedrals of the two archiepiscopal sees, Canterbury and York, may, in the minds of some, claim a superiority; but most probably the best judges would assign it to Lincoln. Its natural situation greatly adds to its imposing effect. In that vast fenny country—that immense level of fertile land reclaimed from the marshes, a rocky height boldly rises, and on this rock is founded Lincoln Cathedral. For six counties round the towers are a prominent object, visible even from the distant Derbyshire hills. It rises in the valley of the Witham, high above the houses of the city—high above the trees and gardens—high above the ivied castle-keep.

The general plan of a cathedral is familiar to most readers. We will take the three dimensions of space—length, breadth and height. The cathedral contains in length, (1) the choir, (2) the transept, (3) the nave. The choir, of course, signifies the "singing-place." The transept is the cross wall, the projecting wing of a cruciform church. The nave is the western portion of the church; it is derived from the Latin *navis*, and signifies the ship of Christ. We have, of course, the north aisle, the south aisle, and the mid alley. Lastly, we have the dimension of height. We have, (1) the base tier; (2) the "triforium"—a Latin word, signifying thoroughfare, a passage, or arcade, between the lower arches and the clerestory; (3) the

clerestory—that is, the clear story, the upper tier of windows. All these are found in Lincoln Cathedral, in rare beauty and perfection. We cannot speak at length of the arches, the flying buttresses, the flowing traceries, the canopied niches, the tall pinnacles. The exterior is equally magnificent. Above the western front are two towers, "each worthy to be the central steeple of the noblest cathedral." But it has its own central tower, so wonderful that the language of enthusiasm has been almost exhausted respecting it. No English cathedral, no continental cathedral can vie with this broad central tower.

One beautiful part of the cathedral, called the Presbytery, is adorned with ingenious sculpture representing scriptural subjects, the work of English artists. These represent the Patriarchs, David, the Greater Prophets, the Minor Prophets, the Fall, the Death of Christ, the Resurrection, Reward and Martyrdom, Proclamation of the Everlasting Gospel, Celestial Harpers, harping with their harps, with various other illustrations from Holy Writ. In the ages when the Bible was practically a sealed book to the people, these sculptures would serve a useful purpose in promoting among the people a knowledge of Scriptural subjects, and the desire for further information concerning Divine things.

The See of Lincoln dates from the reign of William the Conqueror. Its first bishop—Remigius, or Rémi, a Benedictine monk—accompanied the invading army, leading a contingent of armed men contributed by the Abbot of Fecamp. He was in some degree related to the Norman duke, who promised him an English bishopric if the expedition proved successful. On the death of Wulfwy, the Bishop of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, he was consecrated to that see, in 1067.

Dorchester had for about two centuries existed as one of the Saxon sees, its first bishop, Alheard, being one of King Alfred's trusty thanes. Between Alheard and Wulfwy there had been eleven bishops. The fourth of these, Leofwin, had in 958 removed the see of Lindsey, of which he was the last bishop, to Dorchester.

Lindsey originally formed part of the Mercian see of Lichfield, till in 678 Egfrid, King of Northumbria, defeated the Mercian King, Wulfere, and he then erected the province of Lindsey into a separate diocese, the seat of which was at Sidaester, supposed to be Stow, between Lincoln and Gainsborough. A few years later, another new see was erected at Leicester, which had a succession of bishops till 869, when the diocese was also merged in that of Dorchester.

The inroads and settlements of the Northmen or Danish invaders seem chiefly to have caused these disturbances in the Saxon dioceses, and the concentration of sees, so that Dorchester, at the time of the Conquest, comprised the old sees of Lindsey and Leicester. In 1072 a council held in London ordered the removal of the seats of bishoprics from towns or "vills" to cities, and in consequence of this order Remigius transferred his see from Dorchester to Lincoln, where it had also the advantage of the protection of one of the great royal fortresses then being erected throughout the kingdom.

Remigius built a Norman cathedral, on the model of the old cathedral of Rouen, in his native country. Of the original building of Remigius only fragments remain, incorporated with the present cathedral; while that of Rouen, which he copied, was destroyed by fire in 1200. He seems to have been a man of learning and virtue, as well as of great energy, and is praised by William of Malmesbury and other chroniclers.

His successor, Robert Bloet (1094–1123), was consecrated at Hastings, where many prelates were then assembled for

the consecration of Battle Abbey. He was chancellor to William Rufus. He bore no good reputation, and died suddenly when hunting in company with Henry I., at Woodstock.

After a short episcopate of a year, when Walter of Coutance was translated to Rouen, the see of Lincoln was vacant for two years, during which, in 1085, an earthquake, the most destructive recorded in English annals, overthrew the cathedral built by Remigius. Next year, Hugh of Avalon, near Grenoble, known in history as St. Hugh of Lincoln, succeeded to the see, which he filled till his death in 1200. By him the present cathedral was founded, and far advanced, the work being carried on with great vigor, the bishop often working with his own hands. He had been a monk in the Great Charterhouse, then in the zenith of its fame, and came to England to found a Carthusian convent at Witham, in Somersetshire, on the invitation of Henry II., of whom he became a great favorite. He was with difficulty persuaded to leave his quiet cell at Witham, the *solo episcopari* seldom having been more unaffectedly applicable than in his case. But in his more conspicuous sphere of action he showed great energy and ability. His personal character was also high. "He only wants now to be rightly known in order to be more appreciated. We can still admire the upright, honest, fearless man; we can still revere the earnest, holy, Christian bishop." So writes Mr. Dimock, in the introduction to his edition of an ancient metrical life of the bishop, which was written at the time of his canonization, in 1220. Up to the time of the Reformation there was no saint in the English calendar of such reputation as Hugh of Lincoln, with the exception of Thomas of Canterbury. He seems to have been a humble and devout man, according to his light, and as far as the corruption of the Christian Church then admitted. He died at London, and was conveyed in state to be interred in his cathedral, the kings of England and of Scotland, John and William, three archbishops, nine bishops, and a great host of abbots and other dignitaries, being present at the interment.

There was a second Bishop Hugh, of Wells, so called from his having been previously archdeacon of Wells. In his episcopate (1209–1235) the cathedral was nearly completed. He incurred the displeasure of King John for resorting to Archbishop Stephen Langton for consecration. The Archbishop of Canterbury was then in exile, and the kingdom was under the interdict of Pope Innocent. John seized the temporalities of the see of Lincoln, which were not restored till after his submission to Pandulph, the Papal Legate, in 1213.

In the life of the next bishop, Robert Grosstete (1235–1253) we have to do with a reputation far higher than any ecclesiastical dignity.

Robert Grosstete was one of the most remarkable men in the early literary history of England. The affix Grosstete was given to him on the Continent, after the manner of the times, in recognition of his great mental capacity. In England and by his contemporaries he is always styled Bishop Robert of Lincoln. His biography is by far the most important and interesting of all the bishops of the see.

Born in 1175, of humble parentage, at Stradbroke, in Suffolk, he came to Lincoln a poor friendless boy. Begging in the streets, the good mayor of that day spoke kindly to the little fellow, and, hearing his story, was touched by his artless honesty and quick intelligence. It was the turning-point of his life, as a similar incident was for the boy Luther three centuries later, when singing and asking alms before the house of the burgher Cotta. The mayor sent the poor little stranger to school, and became

his good patron. In due time he went to Oxford, and turned his time and opportunities to the best advantage. He studied Greek, and became a proficient in the language under his tutor Nicolas, called the Greek, being one by nation. Nicolas, a wealthy man, became much attached to his pupil, and afterward took him with him to Paris for study. He had already mastered Hebrew, by the help of the Jews, who at that time were in considerable numbers at Lincoln.

On returning from Paris, Robert lectured at Oxford on philosophy and divinity. At the age of twenty-three he had such reputation that William de Vere, Bishop of Hereford, invited him to reside in his household. On this occasion, Giraldus Cambrensis, whose name is known as a historian of distinction, and whose account of Ireland in that age, whither he went as tutor to the young King

John, is the best extant, wrote a letter to Bishop William, full of praise of the young scholar. Robert remained, however, at Oxford till he attracted the notice of Hugh de Wells, Bishop of Lincoln. Oxford was then in the diocese of Lincoln, and Bishop Hugh felt it a duty as well as a pleasure to advance the distinguished Oxford lecturer, and he was successively made prebend and arch-deacon.

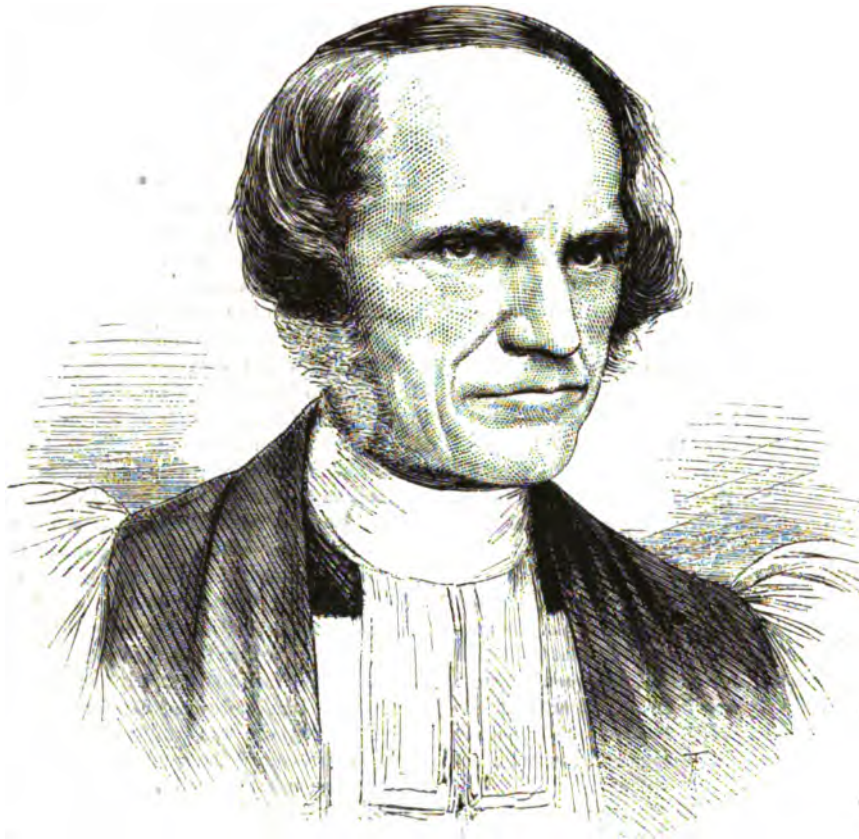
Up to this time Robert had been chiefly noted for his learning. But about this time a dangerous illness, in 1232, led him to serious thought, and caused him on his recovery to devote himself wholly to the service of God and the highest good of men. He resigned several dignities to which he had been promoted, retaining only his prebend's stall in the cathedral. He passed his time in services of devotion and works of charity, his chief recreation and solace being in minstrelsy, his skill in playing the harp being spread far and wide. He was a poet of no mean note; two of his poems, "Roman de Romans," or "Romance of Romances," and "The Castle of Love," being long compositions.

At the age of sixty he succeeded his patron, Hugh de Wells, in the bishopric of Lincoln. He owed his preferment solely to his merit and his reputation, and the free election of the clergy. His elevation only increased his humility. "Robert, by divine permission, the poor minister of the church of Lincoln," he wrote with unaffected

simplicity. Once, when entertaining Henry III on one of his royal progresses, the King expressed his surprise to find a man of the bishop's humble extraction and scholarly habits acquit himself with so much dignity and elegance as host. The bishop replied that, from the beginning of his studying the Holy Scriptures he had endeavored to imitate the models of true courtesy and honorable life found therein.

In regard to appointments and promotions in his great diocese, he carefully sought out the men whose qualifications he thought fittest for the benefices. "I dare not," he said, "for the love of God, confer the care of souls upon any one who will not sedulously discharge the office in person. For the office of the ministry is of the greatest importance, requiring one who applies himself to it with diligence, prudence, vigilance and fervor; who preaches

the Word of the Lord in season and out of season; who exhibits himself an example of good works; who, when he gives salutary admonition, and is not regarded, can grieve and lament; whom no prejudice, passion, enmity, gift nor partiality can turn from the path of rectitude; who delights in his work, and whose sole desire is to save souls." Acting on this high principle, he gave sore offense to influential



THE RIGHT REVEREND C. WORDSWORTH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

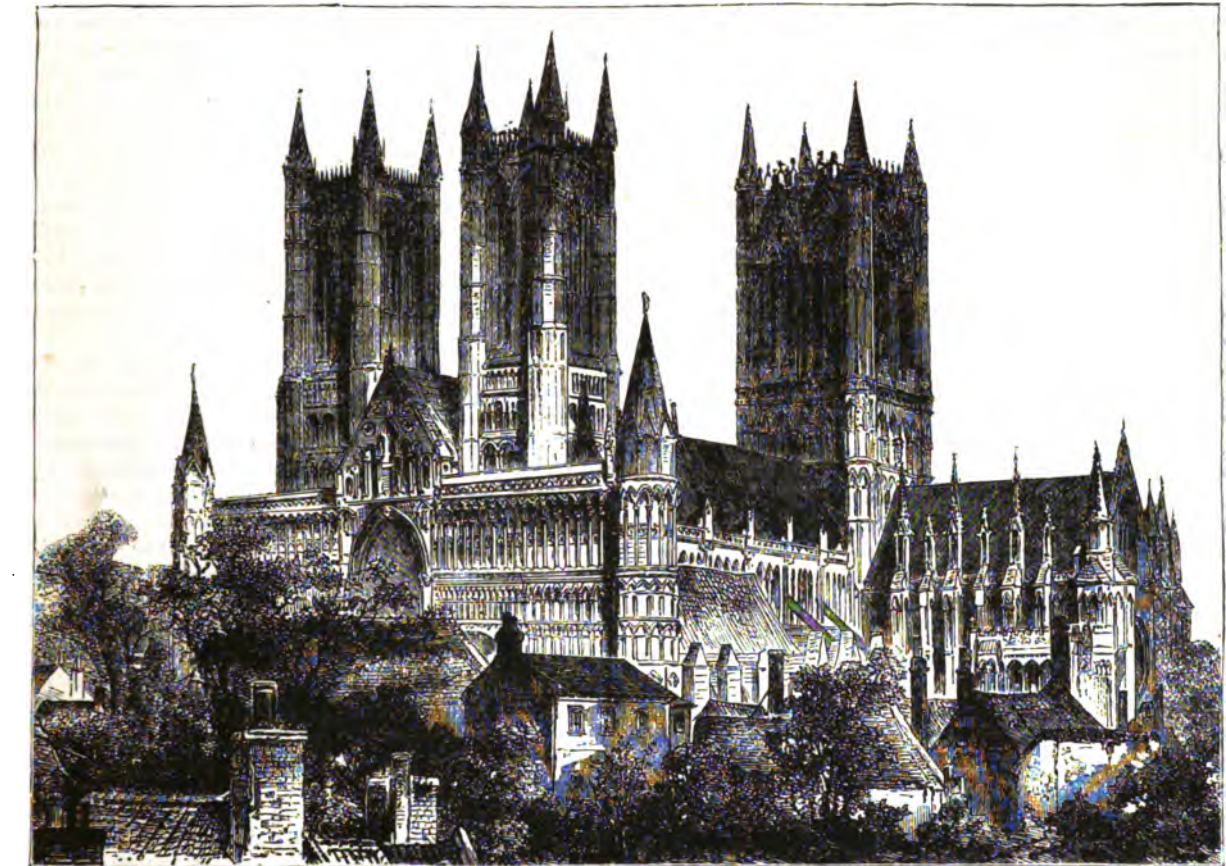
patrons, and even to the King and to the Pope. On one occasion the Pope commanded him to appoint a young Italian, his nephew, to the first vacant canonry. Should he refuse to obey this mandate, the bishop was to be excommunicated; and the bull ended with the celebrated clause *non obstantis*, notwithstanding all laws or customs that might contravene. The good bishop wrote a reply to the Pope, in which he said that "this *non obstante* clause strikes at the root of all obedience to the divine law and of all confidence between man and man. No sin can be more opposed to the doctrine of the apostles, more abominable to Jesus Christ, than to defraud and rob those souls, which ought to be the objects of pastoral care, of that instruction which, by the Scriptures, they have a right to. Such mandates ought not to be obeyed, though an angel from heaven should command it." Never had the Holy Father, Pope Innocent, heard such language. His rage knew no bounds. "Who is



this dotard that dares to judge my actions?" The good bishop was excommunicated. Before this another Pope, Gregory IX., had promised to Roman clergy all the vacant benefices in England. When this bull arrived, Grosstete cast the parchment with indignation from him, saying, "If I should commit to them the care of souls I should be the friend of Satan." At the age of seventy-seven the bishop was cited to Lyons, where the Pope then resided. The fatigue and annoyance of the journey broke his enfeebled health. He died in the Autumn of that year, 1253. "I rejoice," exclaimed the Pope, "my great enemy is removed." But all good men mourned the loss of Robert Grosstete.

In the time of the next bishop, Henry Lexington, there was a cruel persecution of the Jews of Lincoln, an event celebrated in an old English ballad, "St. Hugh of Lin-

coln," and referred to by Chaucer in the "Priores's Tale." A child being found dead in a well, the Jews were accused of having sacrificed it at their Passover. Numbers of Jews were tortured and massacred, and the rabble, incited by the clergy, plundered and misused the poor, unoffending strangers. Such outbreaks of violence, now known only in the darkest lands of superstition, were not unfrequent in England in the Middle Ages. About twenty years before many Jews had been killed in Norwich upon a similar accusation.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

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The election of Bishop Henry Lexington, who had been dean, is noticeable as having been made by the chapter in direct opposition to the king, who had nominated Peter de Aquablanca, then Bishop of Hereford.

Of the ten bishops who filled the see from 1258 to 1420 there is nothing worthy of being here noticed, although the names of some of them appear in connection with public

events or with the completion of the cathedral. The last of them, Philip Repingdon, was in early life a zealous Wyckliffeist; but having made a public recantation at Paul's Cross he was loaded with honors. Pope Innocent VII. intruded him into the see of Lincoln, which he held from 1405 to 1419, when he resigned on being made a cardinal by Pope Gregory XII. His successor, Richard Fleming (1420-1431), was nominated at Rome and consecrated at Florence, the papal authority then overriding all national independence either of court or clergy. But in 1424, on the Pope translating him to the vacant see of York, King Henry V. refused to restore the temporalities, and the bishop remained at Lincoln. Here in the following year, 1425, he executed the sentence of the Council of Constance, which ordered the body of Wyckliffe to be exhumed as a heretic, his bones to be burned, and the ashes

thrown into the nearest river—the Swift, at Lutterworth, in the diocese of Lincoln. A whole generation had passed since Wyckliffe's death when this deed was done, of which old Fuller, the historian, says: "And thus this brook did convey his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow sea, and this into the wide ocean. And so the ashes of Wyckliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." Richard Fleming's name is, however, associated with a more reputable event, he having been the founder of Lincoln College, Oxford. Passing five bishops of lesser note (1431-1480), John Russell, also Chancellor of the University of Oxford, was highly praised by Sir Thomas More as a man of piety, learning, and knowledge of affairs. His successor, William Smith (1496-1514), also Chancellor of Oxford, was praised by Thomas Fuller, who says: "A good name is as ointment poured forth; and this man, wherever he went, may

be followed by the perfumes of charity he left behind him." The foundation of Brasenose College, Oxford, was one of these good services; and at Lichfield he founded a hospital and a school.

During the episcopate of John Longland, confessor to Henry VIII, the sees of Oxford and Peterborough were created out of portions of the vast Lincoln diocese. The succeeding bishops were Henry Holbeach (1547-1551); John Taylor (1552-1554), deprived on the accession of Queen Mary; John White (1554-1556), translated to Winchester; Thomas Watson (1557-1559), deprived on the accession of Queen Elizabeth. In the next hundred years there were nine bishops, the most notable of them being John Williams (1621-1641). In the same year as his appointment to the see of Lincoln he was made Keeper of the Great Seal on the removal of Lord Chancellor Bacon. Williams was the great opponent of Laud. In 1641 he was promoted to the see of York, and was succeeded by Thomas Winniffe till 1654, when he was expelled during the Civil War. He retired to Lamborne, in Essex, of which place he had formerly been "the painful minister," as Fuller says.

The next occupant of the see, Robert Sanderson (1660-1663)—the most eminent casuist of the English Church—was a man of devout spirit and exemplary piety. It was of him that King Charles I. said, "I carry my ears to hear other preachers, but my conscience to hear Mr. Sanderson." In 1642 he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. During the Civil War he was deprived of his chair; he then retired to Boothby Pagnel, where he was allowed to remain, till, at the Restoration, he was elevated to the see of Lincoln. During his retirement, at the request of the pious Robert Boyle, he wrote his treatise "De Obligatione Conscientiæ." His life was written by good Isaac Walton, who thus concludes his interesting memoir: "Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. It is now too late to wish that my life may be like his, for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and do as earnestly beg of every reader to say, Amen. Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile!"

The present bishop, sixteenth in descent from Bishop Sanderson—Dr. Wordsworth, appointed in 1869, worthily sustains the historical associations of the see. His immediate predecessor, Dr. Jackson, is the present occupant of the see of London, and of his predecessor, Bishop Kaye (1827-1853), the memory is still cherished. Of the intervening thirteen bishops since Sanderson's time (1663-1827) the most noted were Thomas Tenison (1691-1694) and William Wake (1705-1715), the memory of both of whom is chiefly associated with Canterbury and the primacy, to which they were translated from Lincoln. Of one bishop, Thomas Barlow, in the reigns of James II. and William III. (1671-1691), the almost incredible statement is current that he never held a visitation within his diocese, and that he never even saw his cathedral.

Of great or good men, not of episcopal dignity, connected with Lincoln, the only one we have space left to mention is "Holy George Herbert," who in 1628 received the prebend's stall at Layton Ecclesia, in the County of Huntingdon. Finding that the church of the parish had fallen into decay, he determined, as an act of duty, to undertake its restoration, notwithstanding the expostulation of his mother, who said, "it was not for him, with weak body and empty purse, to undertake to build churches." He replied, that "he must do it, although he became thereby, at the age of thirty-three, an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God that, if he were able, he would

rebuild the church." And, with some aid from personal friends, he accomplished the work.

The name of the city recalls its varied ancient associations: "Lin-dun," the river-hill, referring to the lofty site washed by the river, and "Coln," the contraction of the Roman *Colonia*. According to legend and the old chronicles, Vortimer, king of the Britons, was buried here in 473, and here King Arthur defeated Cerdic the Saxon in 501. Twice in the ninth century the city was sacked by the Danes; recovered by King Edmund in 940; occupied by Sweyn in 1013, and Canute in 1014. There was a royal mint in Lincoln from the time of Alfred to that of Henry III. In the wars of Stephen and of John, and many other troubled times of English history, notable events are recorded. Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., Richard II., Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III. were all at Lincoln, some of them frequently, and on memorable occasions. Henry VII., Henry VIII., James I., Charles I., William III. were among the later sovereigns whose visits to Lincoln are recorded. From 1695 there was no royal visit till the Prince Consort, in 1849. Many of the streets and edifices retain in their names associations with these historical events, some of them carrying the mind back to the oldest records of the place. Danes Gate and Mint Wall are names still marking ancient historical events. One of the most venerable Roman remains in the country is the ancient Roman archway known as the New Port, by which the city was entered on the east by the Roman Road, the Ermine Way, which for fifteen miles is the modern highway from Lincoln to Barton and Hull and the eastern coast.

To the grand site of the cathedral crowning the city-covered hill we have already referred. The building itself is of vast size and imposing aspect, with extraordinary beauty and variety of architectural detail. The great or rood tower (so-called from its standing immediately over the rood screen) is described as "the finest central tower in the world." In the northwest tower the famous bell Great Tom used to hang. It was cast in 1610, cracked in 1827, and, on being recast in 1835, was replaced in the rood tower, with two quarter bells. Its height is six feet, diameter at mouth nearly seven feet, and weighs five tons eight hundredweight. The south-west tower contains a peal of eight bells. The west front is of imposing size, though less rich in sculpture than that of some of the other cathedrals; but none have a more beautiful appearance than the east end of Lincoln, which with the chapter-house forms a fine architectural composition.

In walking round the church there are many objects that attract attention, both in grandeur of effect and in interest of detail. Among the curious sculptures there are grotesque heads and figures, one of which Fuller calls "The devil looking over Lincoln." The masons of these old times must have been humorous or satirical fellows, this sculpture consisting of a leering figure mounted on the back of a doleful-looking penitent. The eye turns from it to a sundial on the same side of the building, the inscriptions on which recall the mind to more serious reflection, one of the mottoes being "*Cite præterit ætas*"—"Time passes swiftly"; and the other, "*Pereunt et imputantur*"—"The hours perish, but their records stand against us."

Entering by the west door, the grandeur of the nave arrests attention. The general style of architecture is Early English, passing from the simpler aspect of the nave and transept to the more elaborately ornamented choir. The boldness of the architect's design in erecting the great central tower on four arches, giving the combined idea of strength and lightness, is regarded as an

inspiration of genius. The tower is 223 feet high to the roof, and 238 feet to the top of the parapet. The whole length of the interior is 468 feet. The chapter-house, earlier than those of Wells or Salisbury, is a decagon, the first English example in polygonal form. The central pillar, composed of ten hexagonal shafts surrounding a stone pier, is of Purbeck marble. Near it is a socket, with the broken stump of the ancient processional cross. The two circular windows in the transept are of remarkable beauty. The southern or "Prentice window" is said to represent the eye of the bishop, in medieval symbolism supposed to represent the episcopal outlook for the influence of the Holy Spirit. The northern window is said to figure the dean's eye watching against the intrusion of evil influences.

There are a few notes in ecclesiastical history, of much interest respecting this cathedral. At one time, in the Papal days, among other grievous disorders, a disgraceful feud raged between the chapter and the bishop. One of the canons preaching on the subject, exclaimed, "Were we silent, the very stones would cry out!" and suddenly, the central tower fell with a heavy crash, and the whole cathedral was shaken to the foundations. A story is told of two beautiful windows—that one was the work of the master; the other of the apprentice, who was murdered on account of his superior skill. Similar stories are told of other edifices. John of Gaunt was married in this cathedral. At the time of the Reformation, vast treasures were found here: 2,621 ounces of gold, 4,285 ounces of silver, countless gems, rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, pearls, diamonds. During the civil wars, the cathedral was turned into a barrack by the soldiers of the Parliament, and in these disturbances the structure was greatly injured. The chapter has expended many thousand pounds in the reparation of the fabric.

#### HISTORICAL ERRORS.

A FAMOUS author has just published in Berlin a book called "Stair Wit in the World's History," which, however, might have been called also "Flunkyism in History." We extract a few facts from the book: Max Piccolomini was neither the son nor nephew of Octavio; Octavio was only made a Prince in 1642, therefore seven years later than stated by Schiller. The Maid of Orleans, as is known by all, was not burned for witchcraft, and under romantic circumstances, related by Schiller. The "Manthurm" (toll-gate tower), at Bingen, has been converted into "Mause-thurm" (mouse tower). The Mount Pilatus in Switzerland, is a Mons Pileantus—a mountain capped with clouds, as by a hat. Sir Thomas Moore described Utopia (Nowhereland), which some learned people after him thought to be a country which really existed. Cyrus could never have thought of burning Croesus, as his religion would not allow the fire (a pure element) to be violated by the burning of a body. There was never any labyrinth in Crete. The Pythagorean theory does not come from Pythagoras. Diogenes never lived in a tub. Rome, Mommsen declares, was never a town built on seven hills. The Roman history is replete with these fabulous statements. The myth of the burning of the Alexandria Library is only known from authors who lived six hundred years after the event is said to have happened. The great Elector, at the signing of the peace of St. Germain-en-Laye, did not exclaim, "*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*" "I am tired of reigning over slaves," Frederick the Great is said to have pronounced on his deathbed; but these words are entirely opposed to the

character of that Prince, and most probably they are apocryphal. Henry IV. of France did not say, "I wish all peasants to have a fowl to eat on Sunday" (*La poule au pot*). Siéyès did not vote for the execution of Louis XVI with the words "*La mort sans phrase.*" Cambronne did not say "The guard dies, but never surrenders." Charles Wolfe, in his "Burial of Sir John Moore," says he was buried at night by moonshine, whilst he was really buried at eight o'clock in the morning.

#### FORTUNE'S FIELD.

He who grumbles all the time,  
Who will make no strong endeavor,  
O'er life's obstacles to climb,  
And remains an idler ever,  
Never on his brow shall wear  
Fortune's laurels rich and fair.

"What am I?" Thus does he sigh.  
"What am I? Long I've been hoping  
I might catch luck passing by."  
Ah, deceived man! lazy moping,  
Catches nothing fit to own—  
That is caught by work alone.

Th' eagle soaring in the sky  
Far away from earth's dominion,  
Braves the sun with steady eye,  
Borne on ever-active pinton;  
Once his wings are closed in rest  
Down he falls to earth's green breast.

Does the fisherman remain  
In his cottage by the billows,  
Sleeping on through sun and rain,  
Courting dreams on pleasant pillows,  
When he seeks to fill his nets?  
Oh, no! that would bring regrets.

In his trusty boat, oft-tried,  
Pulling at the oars, behold him,  
When the sunrise paints the tide,  
Till the twilight shades enfold him;  
All the bright hours of the day  
He is pulling on his way;

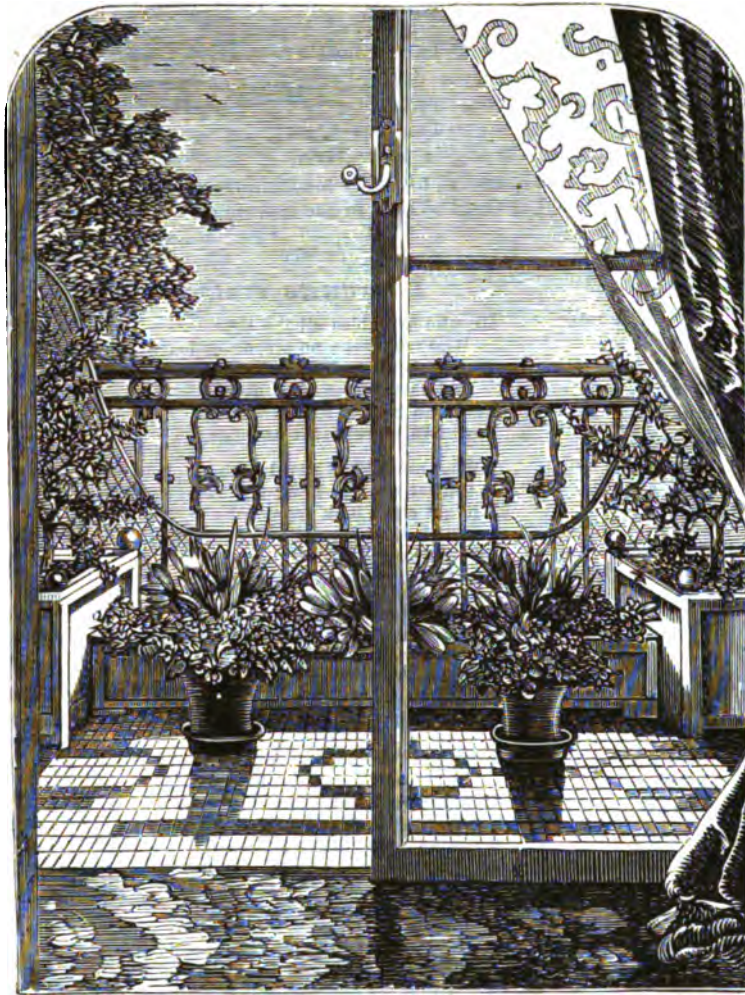
On his way till he beholds  
In his net the harvest fished for;  
On his way until he folds  
To his heart the blessings wished for;  
On his way until the prize  
He has sought beside him lies.

So must he strong effort make—  
Earnest from its first beginning—  
Who would compensations take  
That are really worth the winning;  
Only seeds of labor yield  
Richest crops in Fortune's Field.

#### RIDLEY AND LATIMER AT THE STAKE.

THE night before his death Ridley supped with the family of the mayor. At the table no shade of the stake darkened his face or saddened his talk. He invited the hostess to his marriage; her reply was a burst of tears, for which he chid her as if she were unwilling to be present on so joyous an occasion, saying at the same time, "My breakfast may be sharp, but I am sure my supper will be most sweet." When he rose from table his brother offered to watch with him all night. "No, no," replied he; "I shall go to bed and (God willing) shall sleep as quietly to-night as ever I did in my life." The place of execution was a ditch by the north wall of the town, over against Baliol College. Ridley came first, dressed in his black furred gown and velvet cap, walking





FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR A BALCONY.

between the mayor and an alderman. As he passed Bocardo, where Cranmer was confined, he looked up, expecting to see the archbishop at the window, and exchange final adieus with him. Cranmer, as Foxe informs us, was then engaged in debate with a Spanish friar, but learning soon after that his fellow-prisoners had passed to the stake, the archbishop hurried to the roof of his prison, whence he beheld their martyrdom, and on his knees begged God to strengthen them in their agony, and to prepare him for his own. On his way to the stake, Ridley saw Latimer following him—the old man making what haste he could. Ridley ran, and, folding him in his arms, kissed him, saying: “Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flames or else strengthen us to abide it.”

They kneeled down and prayed, each by himself; afterward they talked together a little while, “but what they said,” says Foxe, “I can learn of no man.” After the sermon usual on such occasions, both undressed for the fire; Latimer, stripped by his keeper, stood in a shroud. With his garments he seemed to put off the burden of his many years. His bent figure instantly straightened, withered age was transformed into what seemed vigorous manhood; and standing bolt upright, he looked “as comely a father as one might lightly behold.” All was now ready. An iron chain had been put round the martyrs, and a staple driven in to make it firm. The two were fastened at one stake. A lighted fagot was brought and laid at Ridley’s feet. Then Latimer addressed his companion in

words still fresh—after three centuries—as on the day on which they were uttered: “Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.” The flames blazed up rapidly and fiercely. Latimer bent toward them, as if eager to embrace those ministers, terrible only in appearance, which were to give him exit from a world of sorrow into the bliss eternal. Stroking his face with his hands, he speedily, and with little pain, departed. Not so Ridley. His sufferings were protracted and severe. The fagots piled high and solidly around him, stifled the flames, and his lower extremities were burned, while the upper part of his body was untouched, and his garments on one side were scarcely scorched. “I cannot burn,” he said; “let the fire come to me.” At last he was understood; the upper fagots were pulled away; the flames rose; Ridley leaned toward them; and crying: “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!” his body turned over the iron chain, the legs being already consumed, and he fell at Latimer’s feet.—*From the History of Protestantism.*

#### FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR PRIVATE DWELLINGS.

We present our readers with two very handsome designs for the ornamentation of windows and balconies, which combine the qualities of cheapness and elegance. It is not generally known that by taking advantage of handsomely formed vases, no matter how common the material,

and filling them with earth, quick-growing annuals may be introduced and luxuriate through the Summer season. For balconies nothing can be finer than young “century plants”; they thrive in dry places, and will flourish in spite of neglect. A very little attention to matters of this kind would afford our housekeepers a fine opportunity of displaying their taste and beautifying their dwellings in a way that lends additional charms, because sanctified by household industry.

#### SAGACITY OF SHEPHERD DOGS.

CHARLES HANCOCK, the celebrated painter of animals, relates the following anecdote of some Scotch collie dogs:

“I was once staying with Lord Kinnaird, at his seat in Scotland, when his lordship expressed a wish that I should see some of his prize sheep, which were then feeding with some hundred more on the brow of a hill, nearly three miles from the house. Calling his shepherd, he kindly asked him to have the prize sheep fetched up as quickly as he could. The shepherd whistled, when a fine old sheep-dog appeared before him, and seated on his hind-quarters, evidently awaited orders. What passed between the shepherd and the dog I know not, but the faithful creature manifestly understood his instructions.

“Do you believe the dog will bring the sheep to us out of your large flock?” I asked.

“Wait a while, and you will see,” said his lordship. “The dog now darted off toward the sheep, at the same

time giving a significant bark, which immediately called forth two younger sheep-dogs to join in the mission. Accustomed as I was to the remarkable sagacity of the collie dogs, I was amazed at what now took place. On one side of the hill was a river, on the other side a dense forest. One of the younger dogs, on arriving at the foot of the hill, turned to the left, while the other darted off to the right hand. The former stationed himself between the sheep and the river, while the latter stood between the sheep and the forest. The old dog now darted into the middle of the flock, when the sheep scampered right and left, but were kept at bay by the two watchers. The old dog speedily singled out the particular sheep desired, and in a few minutes the three dogs were quietly driving them toward them."

#### VULTURES AND VULTURE-HUNTING.

THE young Crown Prince of Austria, well known to the upper circles of London society from his visit to England a year or two ago, proves in a very striking manner the remarkable proficiency in the handling of the sporting-rifle, and the very praiseworthy intelligent love for the scientific aspect of sport, which distinguish the heir to the Hapsburg throne. The youthful prince has recently written a book which contains a fund of most interesting sporting incidents, throwing new light upon some of the most vexed questions among naturalists, and describes in a genial and strikingly unaffected manner a sporting tour covering districts very little known, even in Austria, and, as we believe, never yet visited by English or American sportsmen, namely, the lower reaches of the Danube in Hungary and Slavonia, near the conflux of the two most important tributary streams of the Danube, the Drave and the Theiss, the latter of terrible memory.

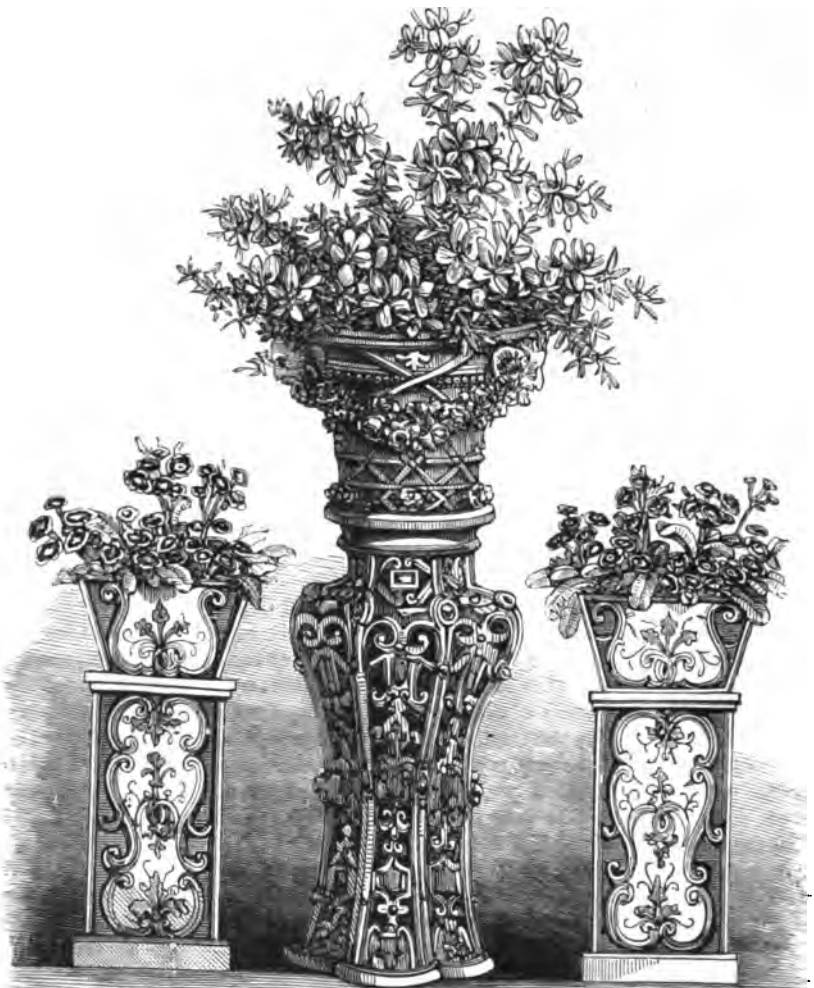
Long had the Crown Prince entertained the desire to visit these parts when at last, in 1878, the longed-for opportunity offered itself. Professor Brehm, the well-known writer, whose works on ornithology have been translated into every European language, and who is a personal friend of the Crown Prince, happened to be then staying on a visit in Vienna. His company on this expedition was a dear object to his imperial pupil, and finally he consented to join the expeditionary forces as head of the scientific department, having as a very able coadjutor the no less well-known authority on birds, Professor von Homeyer, President of the Berlin Ornithological Association.

At Cervice the party was met by Count Rudolf Chotek, who, with his brother, owns this and some other very extensive districts in South Hungary. He was the bearer of excellent news, and the wild "Slavonian Alps," the ridge bearing the name of Fruska Gora—an extensive, richly-timbered, and in many places very steep chain

of mountain-like hills, which was to be the sporting-ground for the next three or four days—were, according to Count Chotek's description, the home of some most interesting species of feathered game, among them that mighty monster, the monk, or cinereous vulture, the largest European bird.

The first forenoon of their stay at Cervice was lost to sport, for it happened to be the great *fête* day of the Greek Church—their Easter Sunday; and, as the majority of the Slavonians belong to that faith, the departure was postponed till after church time. They had not penetrated very far into the fine old forests that skirt these hills when the party caught sight of the first monk vulture. Considerably larger than any European eagle, this bird measures when full-grown, from nine to ten feet in the span, weighing when he is in a gorged state as much as, if not more than, a brittled roebuck.

Seen from a distance, when he is circling in the air, the wings spread to the full but perfectly motionless; the long bald neck contracted; he is the emblem of royal freedom and strength; what a contrast when you get close to him; for a more disgustingly filthy beast it would be difficult to imagine, not only for our eyes, but also for our nose, a stench of a quite unbearable character pervading the air some yards off; and should the loathsome bird be only wounded and not killed outright, he will, in his rage, belch forth the fetid, oozing filth stowed away in its



FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR A BALCONY—FLOWERS, STANDS AND VASES.

goitra. He feeds only on carrion in the most advanced stages of decomposition, instances of this being narrated which we would rather spare our readers. A long, wrinkled, wholly bare neck; a lazy, blurred eye; and, most significant of all, strangely undeveloped talons which are small, excessively weak, and flesh-colored, are the chief characteristic features of this most ignoble of birds. What a vast, unspeakable difference between him, the cowardly giant, and his most deadly enemy, the eagle—much smaller, but the type of ferocious courage and of royal nobility of character, whose brilliant eye, strong muscular talons with fangs exhibiting an amazing strength, noble proportions, and withal of cleanly habits, carrion never being touched by an eagle—very rarely, indeed, does he condescend to touch dead animals, however recently slain—form a strong contrast.

The Crown Prince, who had never before shot a monk vulture, while perhaps doubting Brehm's extraordinary tales of his disgusting character, was burning to slay one. To shot, be they of the largest size, the vulture, protected by amazingly strong and dense feathers, is seemingly perfectly invulnerable, the rifle being the only weapon capable of bringing him down; a circumstance fully borne out by the experience of the party, who fired at least twenty shots with buckshot at vultures, and with the exception of one who was only some few yards off, not one was killed with shot. A vulture aerie had been discovered on the heights of the hills, and thence the prince now hurried, arriving at the place of ambush breathless with climbing the very steep ascent, and trembling with excitement. It must have been an intensely interesting watch. There, in the top branches of an old oak of mighty girth, was the huge nest, on a level with the sportsman, for the tree stood at the foot of a precipice at the top of which the sportsman was hidden. Game of every kind passed him in close proximity; a large stag came thundering through the dense brushwood, a few yards off, and the tracks of a couple of wolves were imprinted in the muddy soil, while large eagles and smaller vultures kept circling round the eminence with tantalizing persistency.

Of the view, grand as it was, encompassing the vast Hungarian plain before him, the broad Danube at his feet, and the forests stretching away to his right and left as far as the eye could reach, the author saw but little. His eyes were bent upon two spots high up in the bright heavens. Presently they vanished, and a second later a rushing sound, "louder than I ever heard," apprised him of the close proximity of the two vultures, who were making for their aerie. The next minute they were perching on a branch close to the nest.

"Before I brought up the rifle I knew I should miss; the weapon trembled in my hands like a reed, and in vain were all my efforts to bring the sight of the rifle to bear upon the broad breast of the larger of the two vultures."

Presently the loud crack of the rifle rings out, and both birds, with a sound like the rushing of tempestuous winds, circle off. The graphic manner no less than the charming candor with which the author describes his feelings of utter despair makes this one of the most telling and exciting bits of the whole book.

A second vulture was shortly discovered by one of the "Jagers," and relying this time less upon the steadiness of his nerves, the Crown Prince used his shotgun. A handful of feathers was all the evidence that his aim at least had been true. A third bird of the same species was, after a prolonged search, surprised by the sportsman, perched on a low branch, evidently in a state of gorged surfeit. This time, the distance being very close, the

buckshot took effect, and the bird came flapping through the branches, and rolled down a slight declivity with a noise similar to that of a stag breaking through dense underwood. He was, however, not dead yet, and so overpowering was the stench that hung around the scene of his last agonies, that, when the Crown Prince came rushing down, he started back, overpowered by the disgusting miasma. So pungent was the odor that even the Slavonian half-barbarian beater, who was attendant upon the prince, would at first not hear of carrying the odoriferous "bag" back to Cerevie; and when it did finally get on board the steamer, the whole ship was in less than five minutes infected with the pestilential stench.

Brehm, who, it seems, had once in South America essayed to skin a monk vulture, declared that he would not repeat the experiment for all the riches of the world. The author does not say on whom the task finally devolved; he mentions, however, that, fortified by a sound dinner, and with the fragrant fumes of a strong cigar playing about their nostrils, they did attempt to "measure" the four or five vultures shot that day, and adds, "that was the utmost human nerves could bear."

We previously referred to the great hatred existing between the eagle and the vulture families, and, as several incidents in this expedition proved, it is especially the mountain-eagle that pursues the far larger monk vulture with unexampled ferocity, the Crown Prince himself being witness to as strange an episode in ornithological experience as it is well possible to fancy. He had been watching for some time a monk vulture's aerie in close proximity to where he was hidden. High over his head circled one of the parent birds, and still higher a smaller bird, which, from the manner of flight, he judged to be a mountain-eagle. Suddenly they both disappeared, he saw something dash down, and, before he had time to collect his senses, a huge ball of feathers, with here and there a wing protruding, came whizzing down, and thundered right into the aerie. The noise of breaking branches was such as is made by a large stag when breaking cover, and it grew in violence from minute to minute.

"I could see nothing of what was going on above me, save now and again a vulture's wing of gigantic size, or the smaller, darker-hued one of the eagle. It was a mountain-eagle, for presently I saw his noble head, covered with yellow, brownish feathers, protrude over the high walls of the aerie, but disappear the next instant, to make room for the loathsome, craning neck, the hue of raw flesh, with not a single feather on it, appertaining to the vulture." The aerie was so strongly built as to be impenetrable even to a rifle-ball, and the heads of the combatants vanished too quickly to afford time for aim. The author was just deliberating what he had best do, when "the aerie began to sway to and fro; big branches and earth, component parts of the structure, began to rain upon me, standing as I was at the base of the oak, and following them a gigantic vulture came thundering down, and would have struck me had not a stout branch broken his fall. On this he remained lying, as if badly wounded." A shot put an end to him, and the body continued its fall and pitched right by his feet.

"The echoes of my shot had not yet died away when the noise in the partly-wrecked aerie recommenced, and a large mountain-eagle rose and flew away, but on the opposite side of the tree, and"—now comes the most surprising part of the story—"following him close the monstrous figure of a second monk vulture. So astonished was I that I failed to take advantage of the favorable instant, and my shot, fired when the bird was some distance off, missed."



As there were certainly only two birds, one eagle and one vulture, in that featherly ball, the descent of which he had watched, no other explanation can be given than that the third bird, the one he shot, being a female, was quietly sitting on her eggs the whole time the sportsman was watching at the bottom of the tree, and that the two combatants

had fallen with crushing force right upon the mother-bird, and hence her crippled condition. If we remember the huge size of the birds, the one some six or seven, the other two probably close on to ten, feet in the span, we must agree with the Crown Prince when he says that this was the most exciting incident of the whole expedition.

## KOMPERT'S STORIES OF JEWISH HOME LIFE.

### II.

But happy conclusions are not frequent in these tales. Kompert has not joyous things to tell—a melancholy atmosphere hangs over the Ghetto and its inmates, and is reproduced in their lives. "Schlemiel" is one of these sad genre pictures, full of sorrows, petty and great, for which no man is responsible. Schlemiel\* is a Hebrew word signifying Theophilus, or beloved of God. This in ordinary Jewish parlance is the designation for awkward, luckless folk to whom nothing in the world succeeds. The name is derived from that of a certain man of whom it is related in the Talmud that he was executed by the Rabbis for doing a thing which many others had done before him with impunity. The incapacity of a Schlemiel is spoken of in the same pitying fashion that a Scotchman designates an idiot as "innocent." The Hebrew reverences quick intelligence and success, and a dreamer is to him an incomprehensible and pitiable being. Above all he despises a Schlemiel—a man who breaks his finger when he puts it into his waistcoat pocket, who tumbles on his back and injures his nose; whose bread always falls on the buttered side; who neglects to seize by its little toe the occasion others seize by the head; who always comes at the wrong time; who all his life long gets up left foot first, in whose hands gold turns to copper. The acute-witted inmates of Jewry have little sympathy and less pity for this type of man, who rarely though occasionally appears among them. Kompert tells the sad life-story of such a Schlemiel, a heart of gold, well intentioned, not devoid of wit, yet so hopelessly awkward and unfortunate that nothing comes to good at his hands. The words, "Thou art a veritable Schlemiel" greet him already in his childhood. At the age of thirteen Jewish boys must make their *bar-mitzvah*—that is to say, they must take upon themselves the responsibility of their own sins, till then borne by their fathers. This act is an entrance upon the state of manhood; henceforth he is called "a son of the commandment," for he is now held capable of supporting the burden of the six hundred and thirteen rabbinical commandments which are regarded as a digest of the whole Law. On this occasion the boy must read before the assembled congregation a chapter of the Thora (Pentateuch). This reading is made from a copy without vowel points, and must be chanted in the national mode, every fault being instantly noted and commented by the congregation, who have pointed copies before them. This is a great day of parental solicitude, and, if the trial is well borne, of rejoicing. Our hero Anselm sang and read bravely from the height of the footstool on which he had been perched to reach to the level of the sacred books. But a Schlemiel was not to get off so easily. A noise made him turn, he and the stool rolled over, there was an end of his *bar-mitzvah*, and his own father murmured, "But thou art indeed a Schlemiel." And thus henceforward. Other peddlers carried off purchases before his very eyes; the object of his

affection was taken by another, because he was too deeply smitten to speak. Even into the smallest details of existence misfortunes pursued him. Thus, when his father died he trembled at the grave so violently that the knife of the *schmessa* who made the customary rent in his garment entered into Anselm's hand and wounded him. And yet again, when very poor, he one day obtained the luxury of a goose to place before his wife and children at the Sabbath-eve feast, this very goose proved a source of annoyance. When brought to table it was found to be impure, a nail having entered into its flesh, and the family were obliged to see the long-anticipated morsel removed as unclean. Then even his long-suffering wife hurled at Anselm's head the words he has learnt to dread: "But verily thou art a Schlemiel." Coming from her lips it broke his heart. A few days later his body was found in the river. "A misfortune has happened to him," said the Ghetto, and they gave him proper burial. Yet even dead, he still proved a Schlemiel—his corpse nearly brought one of his grave-diggers to an untimely end. "A Schlemiel to his grave," said the Ghetto. That was the last stone thrown at this luckless wight.

"Old Babele," that is to say, the old little grandmother, is another genre picture rather than a finished tale, and tells of a malicious little boy who tormented an old demented woman, and of the penalties that befell him for his misdeeds. Some very specially Jewish features are introduced into this sketch, such as the grandmother's despair when she finds that the *tritis* or fringes (Numbers xv. 38, 39) of the boy's garment have been neglected and allowed to become unraveled and twisted, which shows that the due daily attention has not been given to them as is enjoined even to children as soon as they can be made to understand the import of the duty required of them. These fringes consist of eight threads tied into five knots; these knots and threads, together with the numerical value of the Hebrew word "fringes," making six hundred and thirteen, thus referring to the number of precepts that the faithful must ever bear in mind. The merit of the fringes lies in their being duly attached to the "four quarters" or skirts of the garments (Deut. xxii. 13). They are always attached to an under garment made for the purpose, and are of course only worn by men. The old grandmother, when she finds these fringes entangled and untied, fears that her boy is on the road to become a *Posche Israel* (a bad Jew), and has recourse to all manner of Talmudic charms to avert this evil. She is equally distressed when she finds that her granddaughter has been listening to the attentions of a member of the Diet, and improves the occasion by telling the grievous fate of another daughter of Israel who was led astray by the false flatteries of a Christian.

\* Chamisso borrowed this idea for his inimitable and famous tale of "Peter Schlemihl."





VULTURES AND VULTURE-HUNTING. - SEE PAGE 141.



## WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," Etc.

## CHAPTER XIX.—LIGHT AND SHADE.

It was now the month of Marob. The middle day of it had been dreary all over England—dreariest of all, perhaps, in London. Great blasts had gone careering under a sky whose miles-thick vault of clouds they never touched, but instead hunted and drove and dashed earth-clouds of dust into all unwelcoming places, throats and eyes included. Now and then a few drops would fall on the stones, as if the day's fierce misery were about to yield to sadness; but it did not so yield; up rose again a great blundering gust, and repentance was lost in rage. The sun went down on its wrath, and its night was tempestuous.

But the next morning rose bright and glad, looking as if it would make up for its father's wildness by a gentler treatment of the world. The wind was still high, but the hate seemed to have gone out of it, and given place to a laborious jollity. It swept huge clouds over the sky, granting never a pause, never a respite of motion; but the sky was blue and the clouds were white, and the dungeon-vault of the world was broken up and being carted away.

Everything in the room where the Raymonds were one by one assembling to break their fast was discolored and dark—whether with age or smoke it would have needed more than a glance to say. The reds had grown brown, and the blues a dirty slate-color, while an impression of drab was prevalent. But the fire was burning as if it had been at it all night and was glorying in having at length routed the darkness; and in the middle of the table on the white cloth stood a shallow piece of red pottery full of crocuses, the earnest of the Spring.

Mr. Raymount was very silent, seemed almost a little gloomy, and the face of his wife was a shade less peaceful in consequence. There was nothing the matter, only he had not yet learned to radiate. It is hard for some natures to let their light shine. Mr. Raymount had some light: he let it shine mostly in reviews, not much in the house. He did not lift up the light of his countenance on any.

The children were rosy, fresh from their baths, and ready to eat like breakfast-loving English. Cornelius was half his breakfast ahead of the rest, for he had daily to endure the hardship of being at the bank by nine o'clock, and made the best of it by claiming in consequence an utter immunity from the *petite morale* of the breakfast-table. Never did he lose a moment in helping anybody. Even the little Saffy he allowed with perfect frigidly to stretch out a very long arm after the butter—except indeed it happened to cross his plate, when he would sharply rebuke her breach of manners. It would have been all the same if he had not been going till noon, but now he had hurry and business to rampart his laziness and selfishness withal. Mark would sooner have gone without salt to his egg than ask Corney to pass it.

This morning the pale boy sat staring at the crocuses—things like them peeping out of the Spring mold of his spirit to greet them.

"Why don't you eat your breakfast, Mark, dear?" said his mother.

"I'm not hungry, mamma," he answered.

The mother looked at him a little anxiously. He was not a very vigorous boy in corporeal matters; but, unlike

his father's, his light was almost always shining, and making the faces about him shine.

After a few minutes, he said, as if unconsciously, his eyes fixed on the crocuses:

"I can't think how they come!"

"They grow!" said Saffy.

Said her father, willing to set them thinking:

"Didn't you see Hester making the paper-flowers for her party?"

"Yes," replied Saffy, "but it would take such a time to make all the flowers in the world that way!"

"So it would; but if a great many angels took it in hand, I suppose they could do it."

"That can't be how!" said Saffy, laughing; "for you know they come up out of the earth, and there ain't room to cut them out there!"

"I think they must be cut out and put together before they are made!" said Mark, very slowly and thoughtfully.

The supposition was greeted with a great burst of laughter from Cornelius. In the midst of a refined family he was the one vulgar, and behaved as the blind and stupid generally behave to those who see what they cannot see.

"Stop, stop, Cornelius!" said his father. "I suspect we have a young philosopher where you see only a silly little brother. He has, I fancy, got a glimpse of something he does not yet know how to say."

"In that case, don't you think, sir," said Cornelius, "he had had better hold his tongue till he does know how to say it?"

It was not often he dared speak so to his father, but he was growing less afraid of him, though not through increase of love.

His father looked at him a moment ere he replied, and his mother looked anxiously at her husband.

"It would be better," he answered quietly, "were he not among *friends*."

The emphasis with which he spoke was lost on Cornelius.

"They take everything for clever the little idiot says!" he remarked to himself. "Nobody made anything of me when I was his age!"

The letters were brought in. Amongst them was one for Mr. Raymount with a broad black border. He looked at the postmark.

"This must be the announcement of cousin Strafford's death!" he said. "Some one told me she was not expected to live. I wonder how she has left the property!"

"You did not tell me she was ill!" said his wife.

"It went out of my head. It is so many years since I had any communication with her, or heard anything of her! She was a strange old soul!"

"You used to be intimate with her—did you not, papa?" said Hester.

"Yes, at one time. But we differed so entirely it was impossible it should last. She would take up the oddest notions as to what I thought, and meant, and wanted to do, and then fall out upon me as advocating things I hated quite as much as she did. But that is much the way generally. People seldom know what they mean themselves, and can scarcely be expected to know what other people mean. Only the amount of mental and moral



force wasted on hating and talking down the non-existent is a pity."

"I can't understand why people should quarrel so about their opinions," said Mrs. Raymount.

"A great part of it comes of indignation at not being understood and another great part from despair of being understood—and that while all the time the person thus indignant and despairing takes not the smallest pains to understand the neighbor whose misunderstanding of himself makes him so sick and sore."

"What is to be done then?" asked Hester.

"Nothing," answered her father, with something of a cynical smile, born of this same frustrated anxiety to impress his opinions on others.

He took up his letter, slowly broke the large black seal which adorned it, and began to read it. His wife sat looking at him, and waiting, in expectation sufficiently mild, to hear its contents.

He had scarcely read half the first page when she saw his countenance change a little, then flush a little, then grow a little fixed, and then quite inscrutable. He folded the letter, laid it down by the side of his plate, and began to eat again.

"Well, dear?" said his wife.

"It is not quite what I thought," he answered, with a curious smile, and said nothing more, but ate his toast in a brooding silence. Never in the habit of *making* secrets, like his puny son, he had a strong dislike to showing his feelings, and from his wife even was inclined to veil them. He was, besides, too proud to manifest his interest in the special contents of this letter.

The poor, but, because of its hopelessness, scarcely indulged ambition of Mr. Raymount's life, was to possess a portion, however small, of the earth's surface—if only an acre or two. He came of families both possessing such property, but none of it had come near him except that belonging to the cousin mentioned. He was her nearest relation, but had never had much hope of inheriting from her, and after a final quarrel put an end to their quarrelling, had had none. Even for Mammon's sake Mr. Raymount was not the man to hide or mask his opinions. He worshiped his opinions indeed as most men do Mammon. For many years, in consequence, there had not been the slightest communication between the cousins. But in the course of those years all the other relatives of the old lady had died, and, as the letter he now held informed him, he was, after all, heir to her property—a small estate in a lovely spot among the roots of the Cumberland hills. It was attended by not a few thousands in Government securities.

But while Mr. Raymount was not a money-lover in any notable sense—the men are rare indeed of whom it might be said absolutely they do not love money—his delight in having land of his own was almost beyond utterance. This delight had nothing to do with the money-value of the property; he scarcely thought of that; it came in large part of a new sense of room and freedom; the estate was an extension of his body and limbs—and such an extension as any lover of the picturesque would have delighted in. It made him so glad he could scarcely get his toast down.

Mrs. Raymount was by this time tolerably familiar with her husband's moods, but she had never before seen him look just so, and was puzzled. The fact was, he had never before had such a pleasant surprise, and sat absorbed in a foretaste of bliss, of which the ray of March sun that lighted up the delicate transparencies of the veined crocuses—purple and golden—might seem the announcing angel.

Presently he rose and left the room. His wife followed

him. The moment she entered his study behind him he turned and took her in his arms.

"Here's news, wife!" he said. "You'll be just as glad of it as I am. Yrndale is ours, after all!—at least so my old friend Heron says, and he ought to know! Cousin Strafford left no will. He is certain there is none. She persistently put off making one, with the full intention, he believes, that the property should come to me, her heir-at-law and next-of-kin. He thinks she had not the heart to leave it away from her old friend. Thank God! It is a lovely place. Nothing could have happened to give me more pleasure."

"I am indeed glad, Raymount," said his wife—who called him by his family name on important occasions. "You always had a fancy for playing the squire, you know."

"A great fancy for a little room, rather," replied her husband, "not much, I fear, for the duties of a squire. I know little of them; and happily we shall not be dependent on the result of my management. There is money as well, I am glad to say—enough to keep the place up, anyhow."

"It would be a poor property," replied his wife, with a smile, "that could not keep itself up. I have no doubt you will develop into a model farmer and landlord."

"You must take the business part—at least till Corney is fit to look after it," he returned.

But his wife's main thought was what influence would the change have on the prospects of Hester. In her heart she abjured the notion of property having anything to do with marriage—yet this was almost her first thought! Inside us are played more fantastic tricks than any we play in the face of the world.

"Are the children to be told?" she asked.

"I suppose so. It would be a shame not to let them share in our gladness. And yet one hates to think of their talking about it as children will."

"I am not afraid of the children," returned his wife. "I have but to tell them not. I am as sure of Mark as if he were fifty. Saffy might forget, but Mark will keep her in mind."

When she returned to the dining-room Cornelius was gone, but the rest were still at the table. She told them that God had given them a beautiful house in the country, with hills and woods and a swift-flowing river. Saffy clapped her hands, cried, "Oh, *mamma!*" and could scarcely sit on her chair till she had done speaking. Mark was perfectly still, his eyes looking like ears. The moment her mother ceased, Saffy jumped down and made a rush for the door.

"Saffy, Saffy, where are you going?" cried her mother.

"To tell Sarah," answered Saffy.

"Come back, my child."

"Oh, do let me run and tell Sarah! I will come back *instantly!*"

"Come here," insisted the mother. "Your papa and I wish you to say nothing whatever about it to *any* one."

"O-oh!" returned Saffy; and both her look and her tone said, "Where is the good of it, then?" as she stood by her mother's side in momentary check.

Not a word did Mark utter, but his face shone as if it had been Heaven he was going to. No color, only light came to the surface of it, and broke in the loveliest smile. When Mark smiled, his whole body and being smiled. He turned and kissed Saffy, but still said nothing.

Hester's face flushed a "celestial rosy red." Her first thought was of the lovely things of the country and the joy of them. Like Moses on Mount Pisgah, she looked back on the desert of a London Winter, and forth from

the heart of a blustering Spring into a land of promise. Her next thought was of her poor: "Now I shall be able to do something for them!" Alas! too swiftly followed the conviction that now she would be able to do less than ever for them. Yrndalet was far from London! They could not come to her, and she could not go to them, except for an occasional visit, perhaps too short even to see them all. If only her father and mother would let her stay behind! but that she dared scarcely hope—ought not, perhaps, to wish! It might be God's will to remove her because she was doing more harm than good! She had never been allowed to succeed in anything! And now her endeavor would be at an end! So her pleasure was so speedily damped. The celestial red yielded to earthly pale, and the tears came in her eyes.

"You don't like the thought of leaving London, Hester?" said her mother, with concern—she thought it was because of Vavasor.

"I am very glad for you and papa, mother, dear," answered Hester. "I was thinking of my poor people, and what they would do without me."

"Wait, my child," returned her mother. "I have sometimes found the very things I dreaded most serve me best. I don't mean because I got used to them, or because they did me good. I mean they furthered what I thought they would ruin."

"Thank you, dear mother; you can always comfort me," rejoined Hester. "For myself I could not imagine anything more pleasant. If only it were near London!—or," she added, smiling through her tears, "if one hadn't a troublesome heart and conscience playing into each other's hands!"

She was still thinking of her poor, but her mother was in doubt.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I suppose, father," said Cornelius, "there will be no occasion for me to go to the bank any more?"

"There will be more occasion than ever," answered his father—"will there not be the more to look after when I am gone? What do you imagine you could employ yourself with down there? You have never taken to study, else, as you know, I would have sent you to Oxford. When you leave the bank it will be to learn farming and the management of an estate—after which you will be welcome to Yrndalet."

Cornelius made no reply. His father's words deeply offended him. He was scarcely good at anything except taking offense, and he looked on the estate as his nearly as much as his father's. True, the father had not spoken so kindly as he might, but had he known his son, he would often have spoken severely. From the habit of seeking clear and forcible expression in writing, he had got into a way of using stronger vocal utterance than was necessary, and what would have been but a blow from another was a stab from him. But the feelings of Cornelius in no case deserved consideration—they were so selfish. And now he considered that mighty self of his insulted as well as wronged. What right had his father to keep from him—from him alone, who had the first right—a share in the good fortunes of the family? He left the study almost hating his father because of what he counted his injustice; and, notwithstanding his request that he would say nothing of the matter until things were riper, made not even an effort to obey him, but, too sore for silence, and filled with what seemed to him righteous indignation, took the first opportunity of pouring out everything to Vavasor, in a torrent of complaint against the fresh wrong. His friend responded to the communication very sensibly, trying, without exactly saying it, and without a shadow of success,

to make him see what a fool he was, and congratulating him all the more warmly on his good fortune that a vague hope went up in him of a share in the same. For Cornelius had not failed to use large words in making mention of the estate and the fortune accompanying it, and in the higher position, as Vavasor considered it, which Mr. Raymount would henceforth occupy as one of the proprietors of England; therefore, as a man of influence in his county and its politics, he saw something like an approximate movement in the edges of the gulf that divided him from Hester—she would, not unlikely, come in for a personal share in this large fortune; and if he could but see a possibility of existence without his aunt's money, he would, he almost said to himself, marry Hester, and take the risk of his aunt's displeasure. At the same time she would doubtless now look with more favor on his preference—he must not yet say *choix*! There could be nothing insupportably offensive to her pride at least in his proposing to marry the daughter of a country squire. If she were the heiress of a rich brewer, that is, of a brewer rich enough, his aunt would, like the rest of them, get over it fast enough! In the meantime he would, as Cornelius, after the first burst of his rage was over, had begged him, be careful to make no allusion to the matter!

Mr. Raymount went to view this property, and returned more delighted with house, land and landscape than he expected. He seldom spoke of his good fortune, however, except to his wife, or betrayed his pleasure except by a glistening of the eyes. As soon as the warm weather came they would migrate, and immediately began their preparations—the young ones by packing and unpacking several times a day a most heterogeneous assemblage of things. The house was to be left in charge of old Sarah, who would also wait on Cornelius.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE JOURNEY.

It was a lovely morning when they left London. The trains did not then travel so fast as now, and it was late in the afternoon when they reached the station at which they must leave the railway for the road. Before that the weather had changed, or they had changed their weather, for the sky was one mass of cloud, and rain was falling persistently. They had been for some time in the abode of the hills, but those they were passing through, though not without wonder and strange interest, were but an inferior clan, neither lofty nor lovely. Through the rain and the mist they looked lost and drear. They were mostly bare, save of a little grass, and broken with huge brown and yellow gulleys—worn by such little torrents as were now rushing along them straight from the clouded heavens. It was a vague, sorrowful region of tears, whence the streams in the valleys below were for ever fed.

This last part of the journey Saffy had been sound asleep, but Mark had been standing at the window of the railway-carriage, gazing out on an awful world. What would he do, he thought, if he were lost there? Would he be able to sit still all night without being frightened, waiting for God to come and take him? As they rushed along, it was not through the brain alone of the child the panorama fitted, but through his mind and heart as well, and there, like a glacier it scored its passage. Or rather, it left its ghosts behind it, ever shifting forms and shadows, each atmosphered in its own ethereal mood. Scarcely thoughts were they, but strange other consciousnesses of life and being. Hills and woods, and valleys and plains, and rivers and seas, entering by the gates of sight into the live mirror or the human, were transformed to another

nature, to a living wonder, a joy, a pain, a breathless marvel, as they pass. Nothing can receive another thing—not even a glass can take into its depth a face, without altering it. In the mirror of man, things become thoughts, feelings life, and send their streams down the cheeks, or their sunshine over the countenance.

Before Mark reached the end of that journey there was gathered in the bottom of his heart a great mass of fuel,

peatedly expressed his dissatisfaction that they had not put four horses to. For some time they drove along the side of a hill, and could see next to nothing except in one direction; and when at length the road ran down into a valley, and along the course of a swollen river, it was getting so dark, and the rain was coming down so fast, that they could see next to nothing at all. Long before they reached their new home, Saffy and Mark were sound



there stored for the future consumption of thinking, and for reproduction in forms of power. He knew nothing of it. He took nothing consciously. The things kept sinking into him. The sole sign of his reception was an occasional sigh—of which he could not have told either the cause or the meaning.

They got into their own carriage at the station. The drive was a long and a tedious one, for the roads were rough and muddy, and often steep, and Mr. Baymount re-

asleep; Hester was sunk in her own thoughts, and the father and mother sat in unbroken silence hand in hand. It was pitch-dark ere they arrived; and save what she learned from the thousand musics of the swollen river along which they had been driving for the last hour, Hester knew nothing of the country for which she had left the man-swarming city.

They turned and went through a gate, then passed through trees and trees that made yet darker pieces of the



night. By-and-by appeared the faint lights of the house, with blotchy pallors thinning the mist and darkness. Presently the carriage stopped.

Both the children continued dead asleep, and were carried off to bed. The father and mother knew the house of old time, and revived for each other old memories. But to Hester all was strange, and what with the long journey, the weariness, the sadness, and the strangeness, it was as if walking in a dream that she entered the old hall. It had a quiet, dull, dignified look, as if it expected nobody; as if it was here itself because it could not help it, and would rather not be here; as if it had seen so many generations come and go that it had ceased to care much about new faces. Everything in the house looked sombre and solemn, as if it had not forgotten its old mistress, who had been so many years in it, and was such a little while gone out of it. They had supper in a long, low room, with furniture almost black, against whose windows heavy roses every now and then softly patted, caught in the fringes of the rain-gusts. The dusky room, the perfect stillness within, the low mingled sounds of swaying trees and pattering rain without, the sense of the great darkness folding in its bosom the beauty so near, and the moaning city miles upon miles away—all grew together into one possessing mood, which rose and sank, like the water in a sea-cave, in the mind of Hester.

But they did not linger long at the table. Fatigue made the ladies glad to be shown to the rooms prepared for them. The housekeeper, the ancient authority of the place, in every motion and tone expressing herself wronged by their intrusion, conducted them. Every spot they passed was plainly far more hers than theirs; only law was a tyrant, and she dared not assert her rights! But she had allotted their rooms well, and they approved her judgment.

Weary as she was, Hester was charmed with hers, and the more charmed the more she surveyed it. I will not spend time or space in describing it, but remember how wearisome and useless descriptions often are. I will but say it was old-fashioned to her heart's content; that it seemed full of shadowy histories, as if each succeeding occupant had left behind an ethereal phantasmic record, a memorial imprint of presence on walls and furniture—to which she now was to add hers. But the old sleep must have the precedence of all the new things. In weary haste she undressed, and ascending with some difficulty the high four-post bed which stood waiting for her like an altar of sleep for its sacrifice, was presently as still and straight and white as alabaster lady lying upon ancient tomb.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

WHEN she woke it was to a blaze of sunlight, but caught in the net of her closed curtains. The night had passed and carried the tears of the day with it. Ah, how much is done in the night when we sleep and know nothing! Things never stop. The sun was shining as if he, too, had wept and repented. All the earth beneath him was like the face of a child who has ceased to weep and begun to smile, but has not yet wiped away his tears.

Raindrops everywhere! millions upon millions of them! every one of them with a sun in it! For Hester had sprung from her bed, and opened the eyes of her room. How different was the sight from what she saw when she looked out in Addison Square! On each side she saw green, undulating lawn, with trees and meadows beyond; but just in front the ground sloped rapidly, still in grass,

grew steep, and fell into the swift river—which, swollen almost to unworkfulness, went rolling and sliding brown and heavy toward the far off sea: when its swelling and tumult were over it would sing; now it tumbled along with a roaring muffled in sullenness. Beyond the river the bank rose into a wooded hill. She could see walks winding through the wood, here appearing, there vanishing, and, a little way up the valley, the rails of a rustic bridge that led to them. It was a paradise! For the roar of London along Oxford Street, there was the sound of the river; for the cries of rough human voices, the soprano of birds, and the soft mellow bass of the cattle in the meadows. The sky was a shining blue. Not a cloud was to be seen upon it. Quietly it looked down, as if saying to the world over which it stood vaulted, "Yes, you are welcome to it all!"

She thanked God for the country, but was soon praying to him for the town. The neighborly offer of the country to console her for the loss of the town she received with alarm, hastening to bethink herself that God cared more for one miserable, selfish, wife-and-donkey-beating coxcomb of unsavory Shoreditch than for all the hills and dales of Cumberland—yea, and all the starry things of His heavens. She would care as God cared, and from beauty gather strength to give to sorrow.

She dressed quickly, and went to her mother's room. Her father was already out of doors, but her mother was having breakfast in bed. They greeted each other with such smiles as made words almost unnecessary.

"What a lovely place it is, mamma! You did not say half enough about it," exclaimed Hester.

"Wan't it better to let you discover for yourself, my child?" answered her mother. "You were so sorry to leave London, that I would not praise Yrndalet for fear of prejudicing you against it."

"Mother," said Hester, with something in her throat, "I did not want to change; I was content, and had my work to do! I never was one to turn easily to new things. And perhaps I need scarcely tell you that the conviction has been growing upon me for years and years that my calling is among my fellow-creatures in London!"

She had never yet, even to her mother, spoken out plainly concerning the things most occupying her heart and mind. Every one of the family, except Saffy, found it difficult to communicate—and perhaps to Saffy it might become so as she grew. Hester trembled as if confessing a fault. What if to her mother the mere idea of having a calling should seem a presumption!

"Two things must go, I think, to make up a call," said her mother, greatly to Hester's relief. "You must not imagine, my child, that because you have never opened your mind to me, I have not known what you were thinking, or have left you to think alone about it. Mother and daughter are too near not to hear each other without words. There is between you and me a constant under-current of communion, and occasionally a passing of almost definite thought, I believe. We may not be aware of it at the time, but none the less it has its results."

"Oh, mother!" cried Hester, overjoyed to find she thought them thus near to each other, "I am so glad! Please tell me the two things you mean."

"To make up a call, I think both impulse and possibility are wanted," replied Mrs. Raymount. "The first you know well; but have you sufficiently considered the second? One whose impulse or desire was continually thwarted could scarcely go on believing herself called. The half that lies in an open door is wanting. If a call come to a man in prison it will be by an angel who can let him out. Neither does inclination always determine

fitness. When your father was an editor, he was astonished at the bad verse he received from some who had a genuine delight in good versa."

"I can't believe, mauma," returned Hester, "that God gives any special gift, particularly when accompanied by a special desire to use it, and that for a special purpose, without intending it should be so used. That would be to mock His creature in the very act of making her."

"You must allow there are some who never find a use for their special gifts."

"Yes; but may not that be that they have not sufficiently cultivated their gifts, or that they have not done their best to bring them into use? Or may they not have wanted to use them for ends of their own and not of God's? I feel as if I must stand up against every difficulty lest God should be disappointed in me. Surely any frustration of the ends to which their very being points must be the persons' own fault? May it not be because they have not yielded to the calling voice that they are all their life a prey to unsatisfied longings? They may have gone picking and choosing, instead of obeying."

"There must be truth in what you say, Hester, but I am pretty sure it does not reach every case. At what point would you pronounce a calling frustrated? You think yours is to help your poor friends: you are not with them now: is your calling frustrated? Surely there may be delay without frustration! Or is it for you to say when you are *ready*? Willingness is not everything. Might not one fancy her hour come when it was not come? May not part of the preparation for work be the mental discipline of imagined postponements? And then, Hester—now I think I have found my answer—you do not surely imagine such a breach in the continuity of our existence, that our gifts and training here have nothing to do with our life beyond the grave. All good old people will tell you they feel this life but a beginning. Cultivating your gift, and waiting the indubitable call, you may be in active preparation for the work in the coming life for which God intended you when He made you."

Hester gave a great sigh. Postponement indefinite is terrible to the young and eager.

"That is a dreary thought, mother," she said.

"Is it, my child?" returned her mother. "Painful the will of God may be—that I well know, as who that cares anything about it does not! but *dreary*, no! Have patience, my love. Your heart's deepest desire must be the will of God, for He cannot have made you so that your heart should run counter to His will; let Him but have His own way with you, and your desire He will give you. To that goes His path. He delights in His children; so soon as they can be indulged without ruin, He will heap upon them their desires; they are His, too."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### GLADNESS.

SCARCELY had Hester reached her own room when the voices of children came shouting along some corridor, on their way to find their breakfast; she must go and minister, postponing meditation on the large and distant for action in the small and present. But the sight of the exuberance, the foaming overflow of life and gladness in Saffy, and of the quieter, deeper joy of Mark, were an immediate reward. They could scarcely be prevented from bolting their breakfast like puppies, in their eagerness to rush into the new creation, the garden of Eden around them. But Hester thought of the river flowing turbid and swift at the foot of the lawn; she must not let

them go loose! She told them they must not go without her. Their faces fell, and even Mark began a gentle expostulation.

"No, Mark," said Hester, "I cannot let you go alone. You are like two kittens, and might be in mischief or danger before you knew. But I won't keep you waiting. I will get my parasol at once."

I will attempt no description of the beauties that met them at every turn. But the joy of those three may well have a word or two. I doubt if some of the children in heaven are always happier than Saffy and Mark were that day. Hester had thoughts which kept her from being so happy as they, but she was more blessed. Glorious as is the child's delight, the child-heart in the grown woman is capable of tenfold the bliss. Saffy pounced on a flower like a wild beast on its prey; she never stood and gazed at one, like Mark. Hester would gaze till the tears came in her eyes. There are consciousnesses of lack which carry more bliss than any possession.

Mark was in many things an exception—a curious mixture of child and youth. He had never been strong, and had always been thoughtful. When very small he used to have a sacred rite of his own—I would not have called it a rite but that he made a temple for it. Many children like to play at church, but I doubt if that be good; Mark's rite was neither play nor church. He would set two chairs in the recess of a window—"one for Mark and one for God"—then draw the window-curtains around, and sit in silence for a space.

When a little child sets a chair for God, does God take the chair or does he not? God is the God of little children, and is at home with them.

For Saffy, she was a thing of smiles and tears just as they chose to come. She had not a suspicion yet that the exercise of any operative power on herself was possible to her—not to say required of her. Many men and women are in the same condition who have grown cold and hard in it; she was soft and warm, on the way to awake and distinguish and act. Even now when a good thought came she would give it a stranger's welcome; but the first appeal to her senses would drive it out of doors again.

Before their ramble was over, what with the sweet twilight gladness of Mark, the merry noonday brightness of Saffy, and the loveliness all around, the heart of Hester was quiet and hopeful as a still mere that waits in the blue night the rising of the moon. She had some things to trouble her, but none of them had touched the quick of her being. Thoughtful, therefore, in a measure troubled by nature, she did not know what heart-sickness was. Nor would she ever know it as many must, for her heart went up to the heart of her heart, and there unconsciously laid up store against the evil hours that might be on their way to her. And this day her thoughts kept rising to Him whose thought was the meaning of all she saw, the centre and citadel of their loveliness.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DOWN THE HILL.

WHEN Franks, the acrobat, and his family left Mrs. Baldwin's garret to go to another yet poorer lodging, it was with heavy hearts: they crept silent away, to go down yet a step of the world's stair. I have read somewhere in Jean Paul of a curiously contrived stair, on which while you thought you were going down you were really ascending. I think it was so with the Frankses and the stair they were upon. But to many the world is but a treadmill, on which while they seem to be going up and up, they are only serving to keep things going round and round.

The Frankses were on the down-going side of the hill Difficulty, and down they must go, unable to help themselves. They had found a cheaper lodging, but entered it with misgiving: their gains had been very moderate since their arrival in London, and their expenses greater than in the country. Also Franks was beginning to feel or to fancy his strength and elasticity not quite what they had been. Their first suspicion of the approach of old age and the beginning of that weakness whose end is sure, may well be a startling one. The man has begun to be a nobody in the world's race—is henceforth himself but the course of the race between age and death—a race in which the victor is known ere the start. Life with its self-discipline withdraws itself thenceforth more to the inside and goes on with greater vigor. The man has now to trust and yield constantly. He is coming to know the fact that he was never his own strength, had never the smallest power in himself at his strongest. But he is learning also that he is as safe as ever in the time when he gloried in his might—yea, as safe as then he imagined himself on his false foundation. He lays hold of the true strength, makes it his by laying hold of it. He trusts in the unchangeable thing at the root of all his strength, which gave it all the truth it had—a truth far deeper than he knew, a reality unfathomable, though not of the nature he then fancied. Strength has ever to be made perfect in weakness, and old age is one of the weaknesses in which it is perfected.

Poor Franks had not got so far yet as to see this, and the feeling of the approach of old age helped to relax the springs of his hopefulness. Also his wife had not yet got over her last confinement. The baby, too, was sickly. And there was not much popular receptivity for acrobatics in the streets; coppers came in slowly; the outlay was heavy; and the outlook altogether was of the gray without the gold. But his wife's words were always cheerful, though the tone of them had not a little of the mournful. Their tone came of temperament, the words themselves of love and its courage. The daughter of a gamekeeper, the neighbors regarded her as throwing herself away when she married Franks; but she had got an honest and brave husband, and never when life was hardest repented giving herself to him.

For a few weeks they did pretty well in their new lodging. They managed to pay their way, and had food enough—though not quite so good as husband and wife wished each for the other, and both for their children. The boys had a good enough time of it. They had not yet in London exhausted their own wonder. The constant changes around made of their lives a continuous novel—nay, a romance; and, being happy, they could eat anything and thrive on it.

They were now reduced to one room, and the boys slept on the floor. This was no hardship, now that Summer was nigh, only the parents found it interfere a little with their freedom of speech. Nor did it mend the matter to send them early to bed, for the earlier they went the longer they were in going to sleep. At the same time they had few things to talk of which they minded their hearing, and to the mother at least it was a pleasure to have all her chickens in the nest with her.

One evening after the boys were in bed, the father and mother sat talking. They had a pint of beer on the table between them, of which the woman tasted now and then, that the man might imagine himself sharing it with her. Silence had lasted for some time. The mother was busy rough-patching a garment of Moxy's. The man's work for the day was over, but not the woman's!

"Well, I dunnow!" he said at last, and there ceased.

"What don ye know, John?" asked his wife, in a tone she would have tried to make cheerful had she but suspected it half as mournful as it was.

"There's that Mr. Christopher as was such a friend!" he said; "you don't disremember what he used to say about the Almighty, and that? You remember as how he used to say a man could no more get out o' the sight o' them eyes o' Hisn than a child could get out o' sight o' the eyes on his mother as was a-watchin' of him!"

"Yes, John, I do remember all that very well, and a great comfort it was to me at the time to hear him say so, an' has been many's the time since, when I had no other—leastways none but you an' the children. I often think over what he said to you an' me then when I was down, an' not able to hold my head up, nor feelin' as if I should ever lift it no more!"

"Well, I dunnow!" said Franks, and paused again. But this time he resumed. "What troubles me is this: if that there mother as was a-lookin' arter her child, was to see him doin' no better 'n you an' me, an' day by day gettin' funder on the wrong way, I should say she warn't much of a mother to let us go on in that 'ere way as I speak on."

"She might ha' got her reasons for it, John," returned his wife, in some fear lest the hope she cherished was going to give way in her husband. "P'raps she might see, you know, that the child might go a little further and fare none the worse. When the children want their dinner very bad, I ha' heerd you say to them sometimes, 'Now kids, ha' patience. Patience is a fine thing. What if ye do be hungry, you ain't a dyin' o' hunger. You'll wear a bit longer yet!' 'Ain't I heerd you say that, John—more 'n once, or twice, or thrice?"

"There ain't no need to put me to my oath like that, old woman! I ain't a-goin' for to deny it! You-needn't go to put it to me as if I was a pris'n'ar at the bar, or a witness as wanted to speak up for him! But you must allow this is a-drivin' of it jest a *leelle* too far! Here we be come up to Lon'on a-thinkin' to better ourselves—not wantin' no great things—sich we don't look for to get—but jest thinkin' as how it wur time—as th' parson is allus a-tellin' his prishioners, to lay by a shillin' or two to keep us out o' th' workus, when 't come on to rain, an' let us die i' the open like, where a poor body can breathe!—that's all as we was after; an' here, sin' ever we come, fust one shillin' goes, an' then another shillin' goes as we brought with us, till we 'ain't got one, as I may almost say, left! An' there ain't no luck! I'stead o' gettin' more we get less, an' that wi' harder work, as is a wearin' out me an' the b'ys; an'—"

Here he was interrupted by a cry from the bed. It was the voice of little Moxy, the Sarpint o' the Prairies.

"I ain't wore out, father! I'm good for another go."

"I ain't, neither, gov'nor. I got a lot more work in me!"

"No, nor me," cried the third. "I likes London. I can stand on my head twice as long as Tommy Blake, an' he's a year older 'n I am."

"Hold your tongues, you rascals, an' go to sleep," growled the father, pretending to be angry with them. "What right have you to be awake at this time o' night—an' i' Lon'on, too? It's not like the country, as you very well know. I' the country you can do much as you like, but not in the town! There's police, an' them's there for boys to mind what they're about. You've no call to be awake when your father an' mother want to be by themselves—a-listenin' to what they got to say to one another! Us two was man an' wife afore you was born!"

"We wasn't a-listenin', father. We was only hearin'—"



'cause we wasn't asleep. An' you didn't speak down as if it was secrets!"

"Well, you know, b'y's, there's things as fathers an' mothers can understand an' talk about, as no b'y's fit to see to the end on, an' so they better go to sleep, an' wait till their turn comes to be fathers and mothers theirselves. Go to sleep direc'ly, or I'll break every bone in your bodies!"

"Yes, father, yes!" they answered together, nowise terrified by the awful threat—which was not a little weakened by the fact that they had heard it every day of their lives, and not yet known it carried into execution.

But having been thus advised that his children were awake, the father, without the least hypocrisy, conscious or unconscious, changed his tone; in the presence of his children, he preferred looking at the other side of the argument. After a few moments' silence he began again, thus:

"Yes, as you was sayin', wife, an' I knows as you're always in the right, if the right be anyhow to be got at—as you was sayin', I say, there's no sayin' when that same—as we was a-speakin' of—the Almighty is the man I mean—no sayin' I say, when He may come to see as we have, as I may say, had enough on it, an' turn an' let us have a taste o' luck again! Luck's sweet; an' some likes, an' it may beas He likes to give his childer a taste o' sweets now an' again, jest as you an' me, that is when we can afford it, an' that's not often, likes to give ourn a bull's-eye or a suck of toffy. I don't doubt He likes to see us enj'in' o' ourselves jest as well as we like to see our little ones enj'yin' o' theirselves! It stands to reason, wife—don't it?"

"So it do seem to me, John!" answered the mother.

"Well," said Franks, apparently, now that he had taken up the defense of the way of the Supreme with men, warming to his subject, "I desay He do the best He can, an' give us as much luck as is good for us. Leastways, that's how the rest of us do, wife! We can't allus do as well as we would like for to do for our little uns, but we always, in general, does the best we can. It may take time—it may take time even with all the inf'ence He has, to get the better o' things as stands in His way! We'll suppose yet a while, anyhow, as how He's a-lookin arter us. It can't be for nothink as He counts the hairs on our heads—as the sayin' is!—though for my part I never could see what good there was in it. But if it ain't for somethink, why, it's no more good than the census, which is a-countin' o' the heads theirselves."

For a time, then, the Frankses went on, with food to eat and money to pay their way, but going slowly down the hill, and finding it harder and harder to keep their footing. By-and-by the baby grew worse, pining visibly. They sought help at the hospital, but saw no Mr. Christopher, and the baby did not improve. Still they kept on, and every day the husband brought home a little money. Several times they seemed on the point of an engagement, but as often something came between, until at length Franks almost ceased to hope, and grew more and more silent, until at last he might well have appeared morose.

Poor Franks, with but a little philosophy, had much affection, which is indeed the present God in a man—and so did not go far in the evil direction. The worst sign of his degenerating temper was the more frequently muttered oath of impatience with his boys—never with his wife; and not one of them was a moment uneasy in consequence—only when the *gov'nor* wasn't jolly, neither were they.

The mind of Franks was mainly a slow, sullen stream of sub-thought, a something neither thought nor feeling but partaking of the character of both—a something more than either, namely, the substance of which both are formed—

the undeveloped elemental life, risen a little way, and but a little way, toward consciousness. The swifter flow of this stream is passion, the gleams of it where it ripples into the light, are thoughts. This sort of nature can endure much without being unhappy. What would crush a swift-thinking man is upborne by the denser tide.

In his own way Franks was in conflict with the problems of life; neither was he very able to encounter them; but on the other hand he was one to whom wonders might safely be shown, for he would use them not speculatively but practically. "Nothing almost sees miracles but misery," perhaps because to misery alone, save it be to the great unselfish joy, is it safe to show miracles. Those who must see ere they will believe may have to be brought to the verge of the infinite grave that a condition fit for seeing may be effected in them. "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN.

THERE is another person in my narrative whom the tide of her destiny seemed now to have caught and to be bearing more swiftly somewhither. Unable, as she concluded, any longer to endure a life bounded by the espionage, distrust, and ill-tempered rebuke of the two wretched dragons whose misery was their best friend—saving them from foreboded want by killing them while yet they had something to live upon—Amy Amber did at last as she had threatened, and one morning when, in amazement that she was so late, they called her, they received no answer, neither could find her in or out of the house. She had applied to a friend in London, and following her advice, had taken the cheap train overnight, and gone to her. She met her, took her home, and helped her in seeking a situation—with the result that, before many days were over, her appearance and manners being altogether in her favor, she obtained her desire—a place behind a counter in one of those huge shops where almost everything is sold. There she was kept hard at work, and the hours of business were long; but the labor was by no means too much for the fine health and spirits which now blossomed in her threelfold.

Her aunts raised an outcry, of horror and dismay first, then of reprobation, accusing her of many things, and amongst the rest of those faults of which they were in reality themselves guilty toward her; for as to the gratitude and affection we are so ready to claim and so slow to pay, the debt was great on their part, and very small indeed on hers. They wrote to her gurdians, of course, to acquaint them with the shocking fact of her flight, but dwelt far more upon the badness of her behavior to them from the first, the rapidity with which she had deteriorated, and the ghastriness of their convictions as to the depth of the degradation she had preferred to the shelter of their—very moth-eaten—wings.

The younger of the two guardians was a man of business, and at once took proper measures for discovering her. It was not, however, before the lapse of several months that he succeeded. By that time her employers were so well satisfied with her, that after an interview with them, followed by one with the girl herself, he was convinced that she was much better where she was than with her aunts, whose dispositions were not unknown to him. So he left her in peace.

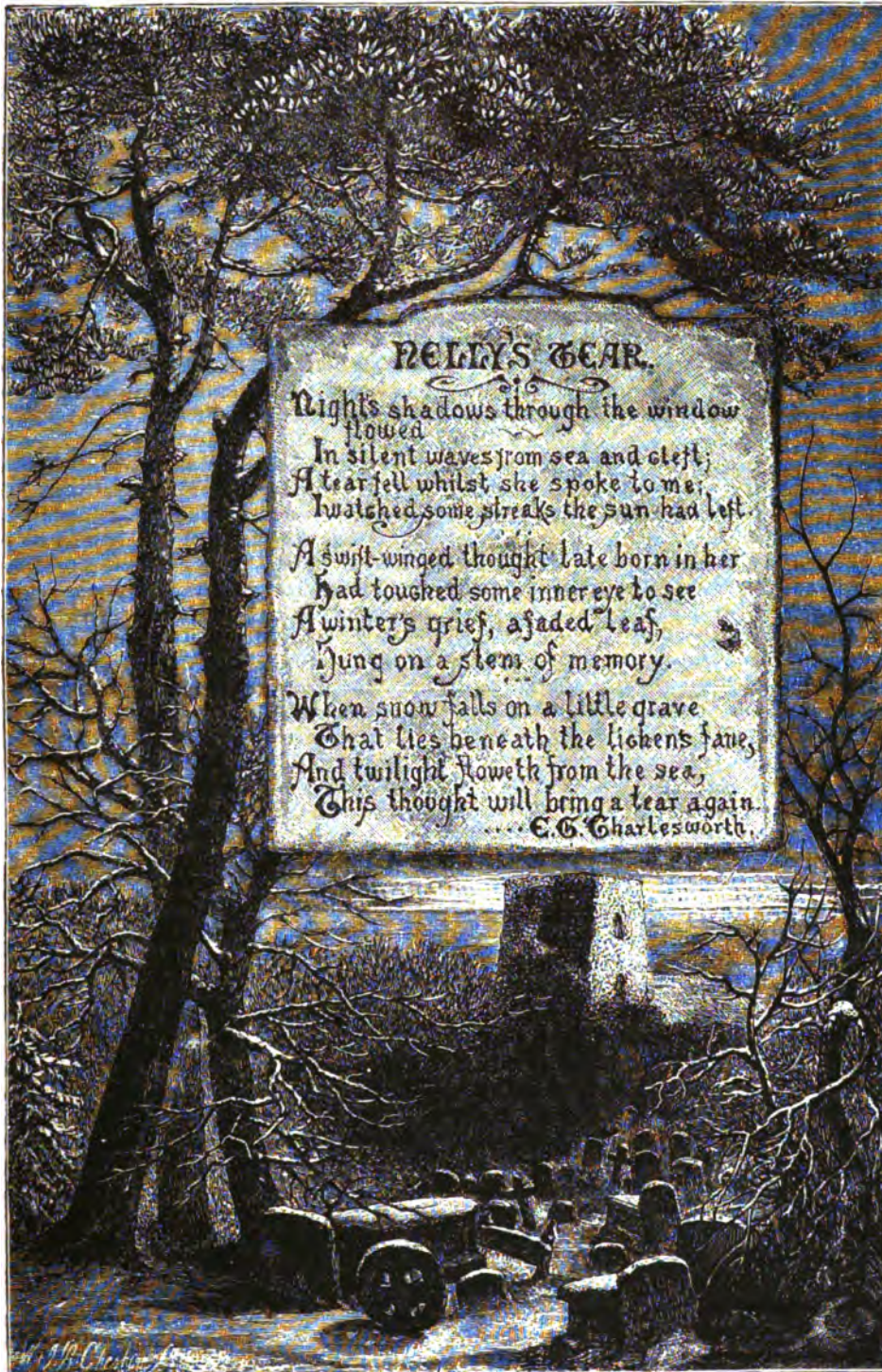
Knowing nothing of London, interested in all she saw, and much occupied with her new way of life, Amy did not at once go to find her friend Miss Raymount. She often recalled her kindness, often dreamed of the beautiful lady

who had let her brush her hair, and always intended to seek her as soon as she could feel at some leisure. But the time wore away, and still she had not gone.

She continued a well-behaved girl, went regularly to church on Sundays, had many friends but few intimates,

is not the safest in the row. He who can walk without falling will learn to walk the better that his road is not always of the smoothest; and, as Sir Philip Sidney says, "The journey of high honor lies not in plain ways."

Such were the respective conditions of Amy Amber and



and lived with the girl who had been her friend before her mother's death. Her new way of life was, no doubt, from its lack of home-ties, and the restraining, if not always elevating influences of older people, dangerous; no kite can soar without the pull of the string; but danger is less often than some people think; and the propped house

the Frankes, when the Raymounts left London. The shades were gathering around the family; the girl had passed from the shadow into the shine. Hester knew nothing of the state of either, nor had they ever belonged to her flock. It was not at all for them she was troubled in the midst of the peace and rest of her new life when she felt



like a shepherd compelled to leave his sheep in the wilderness. Amid the sweet delights of sunshine, room, air, grass, trees, flowers, music and the precious stores of an old library, every now and then she would imagine herself a herald all at once that had turned aside into the garden of the enchantress. Were not her poor friends the more sorely tried that she was dwelling at ease? Could it be right? Yet for the present she could see no way of reaching them. All she could do for them was to cultivate her gifts, in the hope of one day returning to them the more valuable for the separation.

One good thing that came of the change was that she and her father were drawn in the quiet of this country life closer together. When Mr. Raymount's hours of writing were over, he missed the more busy life into which he had been able to turn at will, and needed a companion. His wife not being able to go with him, he naturally turned to his daughter, and they often took their walks abroad together. In these walks Hester learned much. Her father was not chiefly occupied with the best things, but he was both of a learning and a teaching nature. There are few that in any true sense can be said to be alive; of Mr. Raymount it might be said that he was coming alive; and it was no small consolation to Hester to get thus nearer to him. Like the rest of his children she had been a little afraid of him, and fear, though it may dig deeper the foundations of love, chokes its passages; she was astonished to find, before a month was over, how much of companions as well as friends they had become to each other.

Most fathers know little of their sons, and less of their daughters. Because familiar with every feature of their faces, every movement of their bodies, and the character of their every habitual pose, they take it for granted they know them! Doubtless knowledge of the person does through the body pass into the beholder, but there are few parents who might not make discoveries in their children which would surprise them. Some such discoveries Mr. Raymount began to make in Hester.

She kept up a steady correspondence with Miss Damsomma, and that also was a great help to her. She had a note now and then from Mr. Vavasor, and that was no help. A little present of music was generally its pretext. He dared not trust himself to write to her about anything else—not from the fear of saying more than was prudent, but because, not even yet feeling to know what she would think about this or that, he was afraid of encountering her disapprobation. In music he thought he did understand her, but was in truth far from understanding her. For to understand a person in any one thing, we must at least be capable of understanding him in everything. Even the bits of news he ventured to send her, all concerned the musical world—except when he referred now and then to Cornelius; he never omitted to mention his having been to his aunt's. Hester was always glad when she saw his writing, and always disappointed with the letter—she could scarcely have said why, for she never expected it to go beyond the surfaces of things; he was not yet sufficiently at home with her, she thought, to lay open the stores of his heart and mind—as he would doubtless have been able to do more readily had he had a sister to draw him out!

Vavasor found himself in her absence haunted with her face, her form, her voice, her song, her music—sometimes with the peace and power of her presence, and the uplifting influence she exercised upon him. It is possible for a man to fall in love with a woman he is centuries from being able to understand. But how the form of such a woman must be dwarfed in the camera of such a man's mind! It is the falsehood of the silliest poetry to say he defies

the image of his beloved. He is but a telescope turned wrong end upon her. If such a man could see such a woman after her true proportions, and not as the puppet he imagines her, he would not be able to love her at all. To see how he sees her—to get a glimpse of the small creature he has to make of her ere, through his proud door, he can get her into the straitened cellar of his poor, pinched heart, would be enough to secure any such woman from the possibility of falling in love with such a man. Hester knew that in some directions he was much undeveloped; but she thought she could help him; and had he thoroughly believed in and loved her, she could have helped him. But a vision of the kind of creature he was capable of loving—therefore the kind of creature he imagined her in loving her, would have been—to use a low but expressive phrase—a *sickener* to her.

At length, in one of his brief communications, he mentioned that his yearly resurrection was at hand—his butterfly-month he called it—when he ceased for the time to be a caterpillar, and became a creature of the upper world, reveling in the light and air of Summer. He must go northward, he said; he wanted not a little bracing for the heats of the autumnal city. The memories of Burcliff drew him potently thither, but would be too sadly met by its realities. He had an invitation to the opposite coast which he thought he would accept. He did not know exactly where Paradise lay, but if he found it within accessible distance, he hoped her parents would allow him to call some morning and be happy for an hour or two.

Hester answered that her father and mother would be glad to see him, and if he were inclined to spend a day or two, there was a beautiful country to show him. If his holiday happened again to coincide with Corney's, perhaps they would come down together. If he cared for sketching, there was no end of picturesque spots as well as fine landscapes.

Of music or singing she said not a word.

By return of post came a grateful acceptance. About a week after, they heard from Cornelius that his holiday was not to make its appearance before vile November. He did not inform them that he had sought an exchange with a clerk whose holiday fell in the said undesirable month

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### WAS IT INTO THE FIRE?

ONE lovely afternoon in the hot July, when the shops had closed early, Amy Amber thought with herself she would at last make an effort to find Miss Raymount. In the hurry of escaping from Burcliff she left her address behind, but had long since learned it from a directory, and was now sufficiently acquainted with London to know how to reach Addison Square. Having dressed herself therefore in becoming style, for dress was one of the instincts of the girl—an unacquirable gift, not necessarily associated with anything noble—in the daintiest, brightest, little bonnet, a well-made, rather gay print, boots just a little too *auffallend*, and gloves that clung closer to the small, short hand than they ever did to the bodies of the rodents from which they came, she set out for her visit.

In every motion and feeling, Amy Amber was a little lady. She had not much experience. She could not fail to show ignorance of some of the small ways and customs of the next higher of the social strata. But such knowledge is not essential to ladyhood, though half ladies think themselves whole ladies because they have it. To become ladies indeed they have to learn what those things and the knowledge of them are really worth. And there was another thing in which Amy was unlike many who would on



the ground of mere social position have counted themselves immeasurably her superiors: she was incapable of being disagreeable, and from the thing in itself ill-bred recoiled instinctively. Without knowing it, she held the main secret of all good manners: she was simple. Many a one imitates simplicity, but Amy was simple—*one-fold*. She never put anything on, never wished to appear anything, never tried to look pleasant. When cross, which she was sometimes, though very rarely, she tried to be pleasant. If I could convey the idea of her, with her peaceful temperament, and her sunshiny Summer-atmosphere, most of my readers would allow she must have been an engaging and lovable little lady.

She got into an omnibus, and all the way distinguished herself by readiness to make room.

She found Addison Square, and the house she sought. It looked dingy and dull, for many of its shutters were closed, and there was an indescribable air of departure about it. She knocked, nevertheless, and the door was opened. She asked if Miss Rayment was at home.

Now Sarah, with most of the good qualities of an old trustworthy family-servant, had all the faults as well, and one or two besides. She had not been to Burcliff, consequently did not know Amy, else certainly she would have behaved to her as she ought. Many householders have not an idea how abominably the servants they count as patterns of excellence comport themselves to those even to whom special attention is owing.

"They are all out of town, miss," replied Sarah, "except Mr. Cornelius, of course."

At the moment Mr. Cornelius, on his way to go out, stepping on the landing of the stair, and stood for an instant looking down into the hall, wondering who it might be at the door. From his position he could not see Amy's face, and had he seen it, I doubt whether he would have recognized her, but the moment he heard her voice he knew it, and hurried down, his face in a glow of pleasure. But as he drew near the change in her seemed to him so great that he could scarcely believe with his eyes what his ears had told him.

From the first, Corney, like every one else of the family, was taken with Amy, and Amy was not less than a little taken with him. The former fact is not wonderful, the latter not altogether inexplicable. No man needs flatter his vanity much on the ground of being liked by women, for there never yet was man but some woman was pleased with him. Corney was good-looking, and, except with his own people, ready enough to make himself agreeable. Troubled with no modesty and very little false shame, and having a perfect persuasion of the power of his intellect and the felicity of his utterance, he never lost the chance of saying a good thing from the fear of saying a foolish one; neither, having said a foolish one, did he ever perceive that such it was. With a few of his own kind he had the repute of one who said very good things. Amy, on her side, was ready to be pleased with whatever could be regarded as pleasant—most of all with things intended to please, and was prejudiced in Corney's favor through knowing less of him and more of his family. Her face beamed with pleasure at sight of him, and almost involuntarily she stepped within the door to meet him.

"Amy! Who would have thought of seeing you here? When did you come to town?" he said, and shook hands with her.

"I have been in London a long time," she answered.

Corney thought she looked as if she had. "How pretty she is!" he said to himself. "Quite ladylike, by Jove!" "Come up-stairs," he said, "and tell me all about it."

He turned and led the way. Without a second thought,

Amy followed him. Sarah stood for a moment with a stare, wondering who the young lady could be; Mr. Cornelius was so much at home with her! and she had never been to the house before! "A cousin from Australia," she concluded; they had cousins there.

Cornelius went into the drawing-room, Amy after him, and opened the shutters of a window, congratulating himself on his good luck. Not often did anything so pleasant enter the stupid old place! He made her sit on the sofa in the half-dark, sat down beside her, and in a few minutes had all her story. Moved by her sweet, bright face and pretty manners, pleased with the deference, amounting to respect, which she showed him, he began to think her the nicest girl he had ever known. For her behavior made him feel a large person with power over her, in which power she seemed pleased to find herself. After a conversation of about half an hour, she rose.

"What!" said Corney, "you're not going already, Amy?"

"Yes, sir," replied Amy; "I think I had better go. I am so sorry not to see Miss Rayment! She was very kind to me!"

"You mustn't go yet," said Corney. "Sit down and rest a little. Come—you used to like music: I will sing to you, and you shall tell me whether I have improved since you heard me last."

He went to the piano, and Amy stood by him. He sang with his usual inferiority—which was not so inferior that he failed of pleasing simple Amy. She expressed herself delighted. He sang half a dozen songs, then showed her a book of photographs, chiefly portraits of the famous actresses of the day, and told her about them. With one thing and another he kept her—until Sarah grew fidgety, and was on the point of stalking up from the kitchen to the drawing-room, when she heard them coming down. Cornelius took his hat and stick, and said he would walk with her. Amy made no objection; she was pleased to have his company; he went with her all the way to the lodging she shared with her friend in a quiet little street in Kensington. Before they parted her manner and behavior, her sweetness, and the prettiness, which would have been beauty had it been on a larger scale, had begun to fill what little there was of Corney's imagination; and he left her with the feeling that he knew where a treasure lay. He walked with an enlargement of strut as he went home through the park, and swung his cane with the air of a man who had made a conquest of which he had reason to be proud.

(To be continued.)

#### REHOBOAM, FIRST KING OF JUDAH.

STRANGE as it may seem, despite the multifarious marriages of the King, his alliances with neighboring nations, "the House of Solomon" was far from strong at the time of his decease. It may have been that Solomon left other sons besides Rehoboam, though it is strange that we find no notice of them, nor, indeed, of any child, except a casual remark about one of Solomon's daughters (I. Kings iv. 15). If other children survived him, their positions must have been far less influential than that of the sons of David; nor does Rehoboam's succession appear to have ever been contested by any member of the family.

Rehoboam, or rather *Rechavam* ("he who enlargeth the people") must have been very young at his accession. This we gather from the expression by which they "who had grown up with him" are described, and from the manner in which his son and successor, Abijah, characterized the commencement of the reign (II. Chron. xiii. 7).



REHOBAM, FIRST KING OF JUDAH.

There seems, therefore, considerable probability attaching to the suggestion that the notice of his age at his accession—forty-one—is the mistake of a copyist, who mistook the two letters signifying twenty-one for those signifying forty-one. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that Rehoboam was not the son of the Egyptian princess, who seems to have been Solomon's first wife, but of Naamah, an Ammonitess; and we know that it was only after his religious decline that Solomon entered upon alliances with "strange women," among whom the Ammonitesses are especially mentioned.

Of the character of Rehoboam, we know sufficient to form an accurate estimate. David had taken care to commit the upbringing of his son and successor to the prophet Nathan; and so far as we can judge, the early surroundings of Solomon were such as not only to keep him from intimacy with light and evil associates, but to train him up in earnest piety. But when Rehoboam was born, King Solomon had already entered upon the fatal path which

led to the ruin of his race, and the prince was brought up, like any other Eastern in similar circumstances, with the young nobles of a court which had learned foreign modes of thinking and foreign manners. The relation between the aristocracy and the people, between the King and his subjects, had changed from the primitive and God-sanctioned, to that of ordinary Eastern despotism, and the notions which Rehoboam and his young friends entertained appeared only too clearly in the first act of the King's reign. In general we may gather that Rehoboam was vain, weak and impulsive, ready to give up under the influence of fear what he had desired and attempted when he deemed himself secure. Firm religious principles he had not, and his inclinations led him not only toward idolatry, but to a form of it peculiarly dissolute in its character. During the first three years of his reign he remained indeed faithful to the religion of his fathers, either through the influence of the Levites who had gathered around him from all Israel—though even in this case, his motives might be rather political than conscientious—or else under the impression of the consequence of his first great mistake. But this mood soon passed away, and when the state-reasons for his early adherence to the worship of Jehovah had ceased to be cogent, or he felt himself secure on the throne, he yielded, as we have seen, to his real inclinations in the matter.

On the death of his father, Rehoboam seems to have at once, and without opposition, assumed the reins of government. His enthronement at Jerusalem implied the homage of Judah and its

neighbor-tribe Benjamin. According to ancient custom, the representatives of the more distant tribes should have assembled at the residence of the King, when in a great popular assembly the royal dignity would be solemnly conferred, and public homage rendered to the new monarch. But, instead of repairing to Jerusalem, the representatives of the ten tribes gathered at Shechem, the ancient capital of Ephraim, where important popular assemblies had previously been held, and where the first claimant of royalty in Israel, Abimelech, had set up his throne (see Judges ix. 1-23). Only one meaning could attach to their choice of this place. They had indeed come to make Rehoboam king, but only with full concessions to their tribal claims. All that they now required was an energetic leader. Such a one was to be had in the person of Jeroboam, who in the reign of King Solomon had headed the popular movement. After the failure of his attempt, he had fled into Egypt and been welcomed by Shishak. The weak (twenty-first) dynasty,

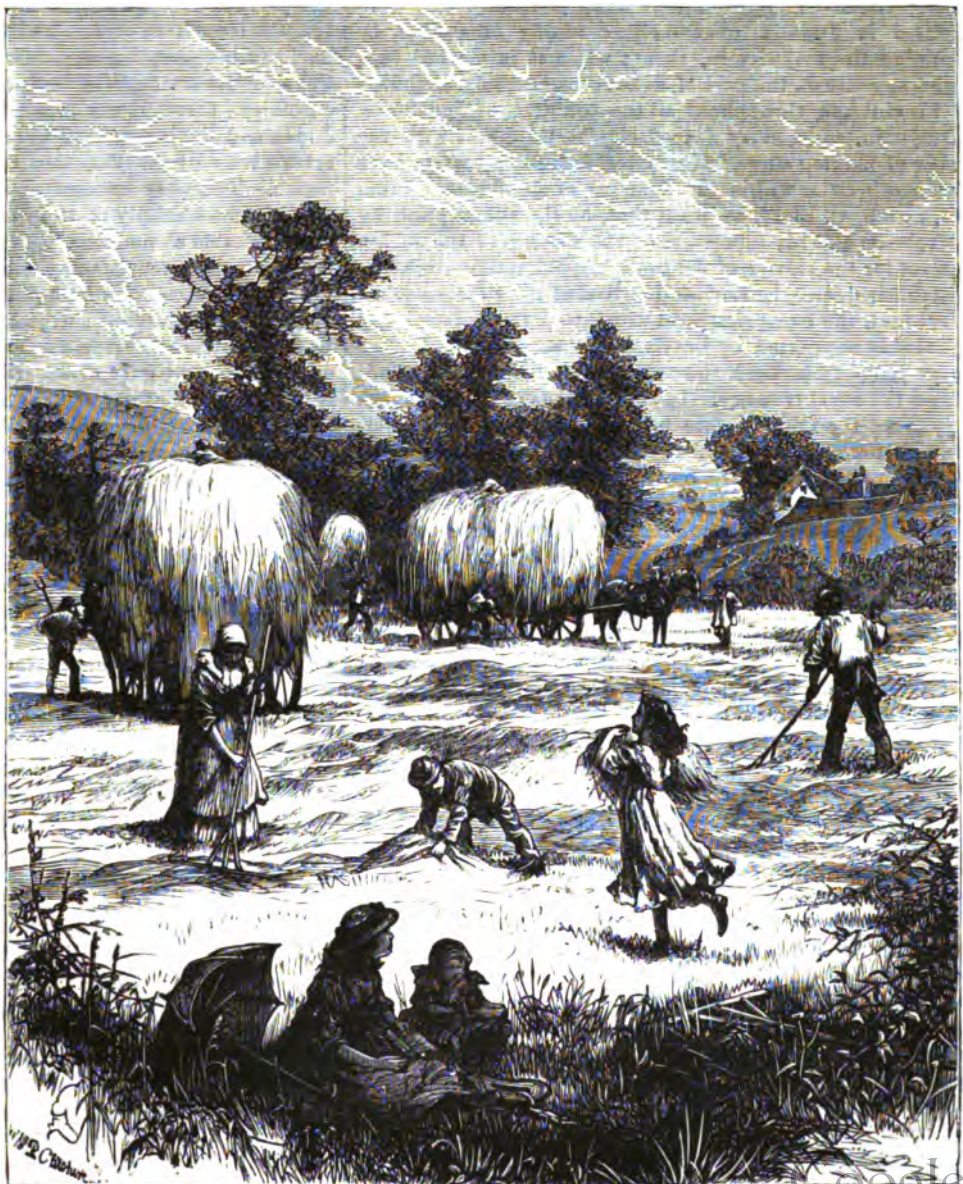


with which Solomon had formed a matrimonial alliance, had been replaced by the vigorous and martial rule of Shishak, probably about fifteen years before the death of King Solomon. The rising kingdom of Palestine—allied as it was with the preceding dynasty—was too close and probably too threatening a neighbor not to be attentively watched by Shishak. It was obviously his policy to encourage Jeroboam, and to support any movement which might divide the southern from the northern tribes, and thus give Egypt the supremacy over both. In point of fact, five years later Shishak led an expedition against Rehoboam, probably not so much for the purpose of punishing Judah as of strengthening the new kingdom of Israel.

The sacred text leaves it doubtful whether, after hearing of the accession of Rehoboam, Jeroboam continued in Egypt till sent for by the representatives or returned to Ephraim of his own accord. Probably he returned of his own accord, but did not go to Shechem till he was sent for by the deputies of Israel. In any case, he was not in Shechem when the assembly of Israelitish deputies met there, but was expressly sent for to conduct negotiations on their behalf. It was a mark of weakness on the part of Rehoboam to have gone to Shechem at all, and it must have encouraged the deputies in their demands. Moderate as these sound, they seem to imply not only a lightening of the "heavy" burden of forced labor and taxation, but of the "grievous yoke" of what they regarded as a despotism which prevented their free movements. It is on this supposition alone that we can fully account for the reply which Rehoboam ultimately gave them. The King took three days to consider the demand. First he consulted Solomon's old advisers, who strongly urged a policy of at least temporary compliance. The advice was evidently distasteful, and the King—as Absalom of old, and most recent men in analogous circumstances—next turned to another set of counselors. They were his young companions, as the text throughout contemptuously designates them. "The children (the boys) who had grown up with him." With their notions of the royal supremacy they seem to have imagined that such daring attempts at independ-

ence arose from doubts of the King's power and courage, and would be best repressed if met by an over-awing assertion of authority. Rehoboam was not to discuss their demands, but to tell them they would find they had to deal with a monarch far more powerful and strict than his father had been. To put it in the vainglorious language of the Eastern "boy counselors," he wanted to say to them, "My little finger is bigger than my father's hips. And now, whereas my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke; my father hath chastised you with whips (those of ordinary slaves), but I will chastise you with scorpions," or whips armed with hooks such as were probably used on criminals and recalcitrants.

Grossly foolish as this advice was, Rehoboam followed it—the sacred writer remarking, in order to account for such an occurrence, "for the cause was from the Lord, that he might perform his saying, which the Lord spake by Abijah the Shimonite to Jeroboam the son of Nebat." The effect was indeed immediate. The shout of Sheba's ancient warcry of rebellion; the assembly renounced their allegiance to the House of David, and the deputies



IN A HAYFIELD.—SEE PAGE 159.



returned to their homes. Rehoboam perceived his fatal error when it was too late to retrieve its consequences. Even his attempt in that direction was a mistake. The King sent Adoram, the superintendent of the tribute and of forced labor—the two forming apparently one department of the King's dues—to arrange, if possible, matters with the rebellious tribes. But this seemed only like trifling with their grievances, and a fresh insult. The presence of the hated official called forth such feelings that he was stoned, and Rehoboam narrowly escaped a similar fate by flight to Jerusalem.

The rebellion of the ten tribes was soon followed by their formation into an independent kingdom. When, on their return from Shechem, the deputies made known the presence of Jeroboam, the tribes sent for him, and in a popular assembly appointed him King over all Israel. Still, it must not be thought that the whole land was absolutely subject to him. When thinking of monarchy in Palestine, it is always necessary to bear in mind the long-established and great municipal rights and liberties, which made every city, with its district, under its Elder, almost an independent state within the state. Accordingly, we find it chronicled, as a noteworthy fact, that King Rehoboam reigned over those Israelites who were settled in Judæan towns—either wholly inhabiting, or forming the majority in, them; while it is marked as a wise measure on the part of Rehoboam, that he distributed "his children throughout all the countries of Judah and Benjamin, unto every fenced city"—no doubt with the view of making sure of their allegiance—it seems to have been otherwise within the domains of Jeroboam. From II. Chron. xi. 13-16, we learn that, on the substitution by Jeroboam and his successors of the worship of the golden calves for the service of Jehovah, the old religion was dis-established, and the Levites deprived of their ecclesiastical revenues, the new priesthood which took their place being probably supported by the dues of their office, and, if we may judge from the history of Ahab, by direct assistance from the royal treasury. In consequence of these changes many of the Levites seem to have settled in Judæa, followed, perhaps, by more or less extensive migration of the pious laity, varying according to the difficulties put in the way of resorting to the great festivals in Jerusalem. It would, however, be a mistake to infer the entire exodus of the pious laity or of the Levites. But even if such had been the case, the feeling in the ancient Levitical cities would for some time have continued sufficiently strong to refuse allegiance to Jeroboam.

And here a remarkable document throws unexpected light upon this history. On the walls of the great Egyptian Temple of Karnak, Shishak has left a record of his victorious expedition against Judah. Among the conquests there named, one hundred and thirty-three have been deciphered—although only partially identified—while fourteen are now illegible. The names ascertained have been arranged into three groups—those of Judæan cities; those of Arab tribes south of Palestine; and those of the Levitical and Canaanite cities within the territory of the new kingdom of Israel. It is the latter which here alone claim our attention. Any conquest of cities within the territory of Jeroboam might surprise us, since the expedition of Shishak was against Judah and *not* against Israel; indeed, rather in alliance with Jeroboam and in support of his new kingdom. Another remarkable circumstance is that these Israelitish conquests of Shishak are *all* of Levitical or Canaanite cities, and that they are of towns in all parts of the territory of the ten tribes, and at considerable distance from one another, there being, however, no mention of the taking of the intervening

cities. All these facts point to the conclusion that the Levitical and Canaanite cities within the territory of Jeroboam did not acknowledge his rule. This is why they were attacked and conquered by Shishak on his expedition against Judah, as virtually subject to the house of David, and hence constituting an element of danger and rebellion within the new kingdom of Israel.

How wonderfully, and, we may add, unexpectedly, documents of secular history—apparently accidentally discovered—confirm and illustrate the narratives of the Bible, and how wise, politically and religiously, how suited to the national life, were the institutions of the Old Testament, even when to our notions they seem most strange, as in the case of Levitical cities throughout the land! For these cities, besides serving other most important purposes, formed also the strongest bond of political union, and at the same time the most powerful means of preserving throughout the country the unity of the faith in the unity of the central worship of Jehovah at Jerusalem. Thus natural union and religious purity were bound up together, and helped to preserve each other.

On the elevation of Jeroboam to the new throne of Israel, Rehoboam made one more attempt to recover the lost parts of David's kingdom. He assembled an army of 180,000 men from Judah and Benjamin, the latter tribe having apparently become almost unified with Judah since the establishment of the political and religious capital in Jerusalem, through which ran the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin. But the expedition was at its outset arrested by divine direction through the Prophet She-maiah. This abandonment of an expedition, and dispersion of a host simply on the word of a prophet, are quite as remarkable as the courage of that prophet in facing an army in such circumstances, and his boldness in so fully declaring as a message from Jehovah what must have been a most unwelcome announcement, alike to king and people. Both these considerations are very important in forming an estimate, not only of the religious and political state of the time, and their mutual inter-relations, but also of the character or "Prophetism" in Israel.

The expedition, once abandoned, was not renewed, although throughout the reign of Rehoboam there were constant incursions and border raids—probably chiefly of a predatory character—on the part of Judah and of Israel.

The remaining notices of Rehoboam's reign concern the internal and external relations of Judah, as well as the sad religious change which passed over the country after the first three years of his rule. They are recorded, either solely or with much fuller details in the Book of Chronicles. The first measure referred to is the building of fifteen fortresses, of which thirteen were on the land of Judah, Hebron forming, as it were, the centre of them—and only two, Zorah and Aijalon, within the later possession of Benjamin. They served as a continuous chain of forts south of Jerusalem, and to defend the western approaches into the country. The northern boundary was left wholly unprotected. From this it would appear that Rehoboam chiefly dreaded an incursion from Egypt, though it does not by any means follow that their fortresses were only built after the campaign of Shishak, which took place five years after the accession of Solomon's son.

The next notice concerns the family relations of Rehoboam. It appears that he had eighteen wives and sixty concubines, following in this respect the evil example of Solomon. Of the wives, only two are named: his cousin Mahalath, the daughter of Jeremoth, a son of David and of Abihail, the daughter of Eliab, David's eldest brother; and Maachah, the daughter, or rather, evidently, the grand-

daughter of Absalom, through his only child Tamar, who had married Uriel of Gibeah. Maachah, named after her paternal great-grandmother (the mother of Absalom), was the favorite of the King; and her eldest son, Abijah, made "chief among his brethren," with succession to the throne. Altogether Rehoboam had twenty-eight sons and sixty daughters.

From these general notices, which must be regarded as referring to the whole reign of Rehoboam, rather than to any single period, we pass to what, as regards the Scripture narrative, is the most important event in this history. The fact itself is told in the fullest detail in the first Book of Kings (xiv. 22-24), and its punishment at the hand of God in the second Book of Chronicles (xii. 2. 12).

After the first three years of Rehoboam's reign, a great change seems to have come over the religious aspect of the country. Rehoboam and Judah did not, indeed, openly renounce the worship of Jehovah. On the contrary, we find that the King continued to attend the house of the Lord in royal state, and after the incursion of Shishak, there was even a partial religious revival. Still the general character of this period was that "Rehoboam forsook the law of the Lord, and all Israel with him," that "he did evil, because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord," and lastly, that "Judah did the evil in the sight of the Lord, and provoked Him to jealousy, more than anything which their fathers had done by their sins which they sinned." The sins consisted in building *Bamoth*, or "high places"—that is, altars on every high hill, and setting up in every grove *Masseboth*, or memorial stones and pillars dedicated to Baal; and *Asherim*, or trunks of trees, dedicated to Astarte (with all the vileness which their service implied). This idolatry was, indeed, not new in Israel, though it had probably not been practiced to the same extent. But in addition to this, we now read of persons "consecrated" to this Syrian goddess, with the nameless abominations connected therewith. This form of heathen pollution was of purely Canaanite origin. As indicating the influence of the Canaanites upon Judah, it may perhaps be regarded as another evidence of the connection subsisting between Rehoboam and the ancient Canaanite cities within the territory of Israel.

The Divine punishment was not long withheld. Once more it came in the course of natural causation, through the political motives which influenced Shishak, and led him to support Jeroboam. In the fifth year of Rehoboam's reign, Shishak marched a large army of Egyptians, Lybians, Sukkium and Ethiopians, with 1,200 chariots and 60,000 horsemen, into Judæa, and after taking the fenced cities along his route, advanced upon Jerusalem, where Rehoboam and his army were gathered. Once more the prophet, Shemaiah, averted a contest which could only have ended in disaster. On showing them that the national danger, though apparently arising from political causes, was really due to their sin against Jehovah, and that it was needless to fight, since, as they had been God-forsaking, they were now God-forsaken, the King and his princes humbled themselves. Thereupon the Lord intimated through His prophet that He would grant them deliverance for a little while, on condition of their submitting to Shishak. The reason for this: "that they may know My service, and the service of the kingdoms of the countries," as well as the terms by which the promised deliverance was qualified, contained the most solemn warning of the ultimate consequences of apostacy. Yet the divine forbearance continued over three hundred and seventy years before the threatened judgment burst upon the nation. But at this time Jerusalem was spared. Voluntary submission having been made, Shishak entered

the city, and contented himself with carrying away the treasures of the Temple and of the Palace, including among the latter the famous golden shields used by Solomon's body-guard on state occasions, for which Rehoboam now substituted shields of brass.

Rehoboam reigned in Jerusalem for seventeen years, and was succeeded by his son, Abijah.

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#### IN A HAYFIELD.

BEFORE the mower's sweeping scythe  
The dewy grasses bend and fall;  
A group of children, gay and blithe,  
Amid the hay keep carnival:  
While rising high, in azure sky,  
The morning sun shines lovingly.

The flowers and grasses slowly fade,  
And o'er their wreaths the children sigh;  
A maiden sees in every blade  
Emblems of hope but born to die:  
Yet in the sky, still rising high,  
The golden sun shines lovingly.

The mower works with haggard eyes,  
For bitter grief is in his breast;  
A lark flies up with startled cries—  
The scythe has swept away her nest;  
Yet, risen high in deep blue sky,  
The sun still shines on lovingly.

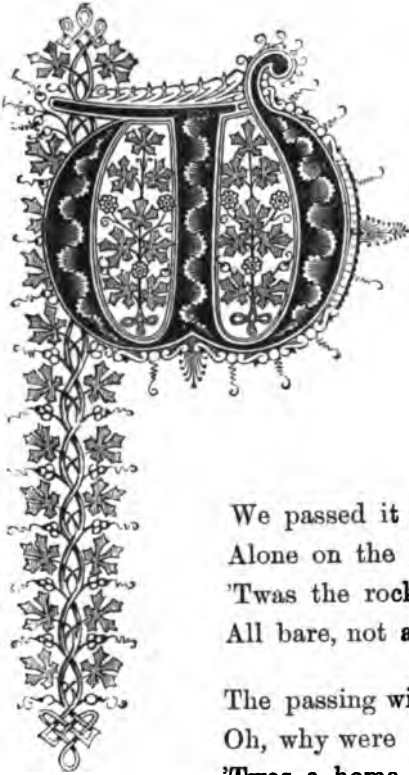
From the church the mourners go  
(The sun is sinking in the West);  
The mower Death has laid one low,  
With fading flowers to be at rest:  
Yet in the sky, 'mid smile and sigh,  
The sun shines ever lovingly.

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#### WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.

COTOPAXI, in 1838, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1854 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tuangurangua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which, in 1337, passed through Torre del Greco, contained 82,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1703, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, and measured nearly, 1,000,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini, near Nicholosa, a cone of two miles in circumference and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1816 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while, in 1860, Etna disgorged twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 100 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles.

## THE ROCK OF MARTIN VAZ.



E passed it at early dawn, and the moon was still on high ;  
 She seemed so sweet and pale in the beautiful morning sky ;  
 We passed it at early dawn, and the sun at last awoke,  
 And up from the golden sea in a flood of glory broke.

We stood 'neath a beauty rare, with a crimson flood around,  
 And left and right, in that flood of light, all living things  
 were drowned ;  
 And we gazed on that crimson veil, o'er heaven's deep azure  
 thrown,  
 And the moon's own placid face, through that veil of beauty  
 shown.

We passed it at early dawn, and we wondered what it could be,  
 Alone on the ocean breast a thing so strange to see.  
 'Twas the rock of Martin Vaz, from the briny depths upreared,  
 All bare, not a blade of grass, neither tree nor flower appeared.

The passing winds, sang they ever unheeded a desolate dirge ?  
 Oh, why were these craggy heights placed sere in the midst of the surge ?  
 'Twas a home for the wild sea-bird, the weary-winged exile ;  
 And the God of love had set on the briny vast that isle.

O thought! that Heaven's great God should care—should care for the lonely bird  
 That cries from the rugged rock where no other voice is heard!  
 O thought! that God's own love had set that isle on the ocean breast,  
 That there the wild sea-bird might drop its weary wing to rest.

So we passed it at early dawn, and the God of love we blest,  
 That He left on the far-off wave for the exile bird a rest ;  
 And we prayed that that rock might stand the brunt of wind and wave—  
 A home for the wandering bird, for the wandering bird a grave !

Oh, brothers! ye in sorrow ; oh, sisters! ye in care,  
 Think of this lonely rock, and of love abiding there !  
 And are not ye much better in your heavenly Father's sight ?  
 And watcheth not He o'er you from early morn to night ?

Shall He not from the barren rock supply thine every need,  
 When opens He His bounteous hand the wild sea-bird to feed ?  
 Oh, trust Him in the darkest hour, His love it faileth never ;  
 What all thy lifetime He hath been, He e'en will be for ever !

NOTE.—Martin Vaz is a rocky islet in the Atlantic Ocean, a few leagues northeast of Trinidad. It belongs to Brazil. It is uninhabited, save by the wild birds, who have taken possession of it, and serves only as a resort for whalers.



## THE HOME-PULPIT.

## DO DREAMS MEAN ANYTHING?

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall dream dreams."—JOEL II. 28.

IN this photograph of the Millennium the dream is lifted into great conspicuity. You may say of a dream that it is nocturnal fantasia, or that it is the absurd combination of waking thoughts, and with a slur of intonation you may say: "It is only a dream"; but God has honored the dream by making it the avenue through which again and again He has marched upon the human soul, decided the fate of nations, and changed the course of the world's history.

God appeared in a dream to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage; in a dream to Jacob, announcing, by the ladder set against the sky full of angels, the communication between earth and heaven; in a dream to Joseph, foretelling his coming power under the figure of all the sheaves of the harvest bowing down to his sheaf; to the chief butler, foretelling his disimprisonment; to the chief baker, announcing his decapitation; to Pharaoh, showing him first the seven plenty years, and then the seven famine-struck years, under the figure of the seven fat cows devouring the seven lean cows; to Solomon, giving him the choice between wisdom and riches and honor; to a warrior, under the figure of a barley-cake smiting down a tent, encouraging Gideon in his battle against the Amalekites; to Nebuchadnezzar, under the figure of a broken image and a hewn-down tree, foretelling his overthrow of power; to Joseph, of the New Testament, announcing the birth of Christ in his own household; to Mary, bidding her fly from Herod's persecutions; to Pilate's wife, warning him not to become complicated with the judicial overthrow of Christ.

We all admit that God in ancient times and under Bible dispensation addressed the people through dreams. The question now is, does God appear in our day and reveal Himself through dreams? That is the question everybody asks, and that question this morning I shall try to answer. You ask me if I believe in dreams. My answer is, I do, but all I have to say will be under four heads.

I. Remark the first: The Scriptures are so full of revelation from God, that if we get no communication from Him in dreams, we ought, nevertheless, to be satisfied.

With twenty guide-books to tell you how to get to Boston or Pittsburg, or London or Glasgow or Manchester, do you want a night vision to tell you how to make the journey? We have in this Scripture full direction in regard to the journey of this life, and how to get to the celestial city, and with this grand guide-book, this magnificent directory, we ought to be satisfied. I have more faith in a decision to which I come when I am wide-awake than when I am sound asleep.

I have noticed that those who give a great deal of their time to studying dreams get their brain addled. They are very anxious to remember what they dreamed about the first night they slept in a new house. If in their dream they take the hand of a corpse, they are going to die. If they dream of a garden, it means a sepulchre. If something turns out according to a night vision, they say, "Well, I am not surprised. I dreamed it." If it turns out different from the night vision, they say, "Well, dreams go by contraries." In their efforts to put their

dreams into rhythm, they put their waking thoughts into discord.

Now, the Bible is so full of revelation that we ought to be satisfied if we get no further revelation. Sound sleep received great honor when Adam slept so extraordinarily that the surgical incision which gave him Eve did not wake him; but there is no such need for extraordinary slumber now, and he who catches an Eve must needs be wide-awake!

No need of such a dream as Jacob had with a ladder against the sky, when ten thousand times it has been demonstrated that earth and heaven are in communication. No such dream needed as that which was given to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage; when we have the records of the county clerk's office. No need of such a dream as was given to Pharaoh about the seven years of famine; for now the seasons march in regular procession, and steamer and rail-train carry breadstuffs to every famine-struck nation. No need of a dream like that which encouraged Gideon, for all through Christendom it is announced and acknowledged and demonstrated that righteousness, sooner or later, will get the victory.

If there should come about a crisis in your life upon which the Bible does not seem to be sufficiently specific, go to God in prayer and you will get especial direction. I have more faith, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, in directions given you with the Bible in your lap and your thoughts uplifted in prayer to God, than in all the information you will get unconscious on your pillow.

I can very easily understand why the Babylonians and the Egyptians, with no Bible, should put so much stress on dreams; and the Chinese in their holy book, "Chow King," should think their emperor gets his directions through dreams from God; and that Homer should think that all dreams came from Jove, and that in ancient times dreams were classified into a science; but why do you and I put so much stress upon dreams when we have a supernatural book of infinite wisdom on all subjects? why should we harry ourselves with dreams? Why should Eddystone and Barnegat lighthouses question a Summer firefly?

II. Remark the second: All dreams have an important meaning. They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. The eyes are closed, the senses are dull, the entire body goes into a lethargy which in all languages is used as a type of death, and then the soul spreads its wing and never sleeps. It leaps the Atlantic Ocean, and mingles in scenes three thousand miles away. It travels great reaches of time, flashes back eighty years, and the octogenarian is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul, before it has entirely broken its chain of flesh, can do all this, how far can it leap, what circles can it cut when it is fully liberated!

Every dream, whether agreeable or harassing, whether sunshiny or tempestuous, means so much that rising from your couch you ought to kneel down and say: "O God! am I immortal? Whence? Whither? Two natures. My soul caged now—what when the door of the cage is opened? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly

when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave?" Oh! this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming! If prepared for the after-death fly, what an enchantment! If not prepared for the after-death fly, what a crushing agony! Immortal! immortal!

III. Remark the third: The vast majority of dreams are merely the result of disturbed physical condition, and are not a supernatural message. Job had carbuncles, and he was scared in the night. He says: "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with visions." Solomon had an overwrought brain, overwrought with public business, and he suffered from erratic slumber, and he writes in Ecclesiastes: "A dream cometh through the multitude of business."

Doctor Gregory, in experimenting with dreams found that a bottle of hot water put to his feet while in slumber made him think he was going up the hot sides of Mount Etna. Another morbid physician, experimenting with dreams, his feet uncovered through sleep, thought he was riding in an Alpine diligence. But a great many dreams are merely narcotic disturbance. Anything that you see while under the influence of chloral or brandy, or "hash-eech," or laudanum, is not a revelation from God.

The learned De Quincey did not ascribe to divine communication what he saw in sleep, opium saturated, dreams which he afterward described in the following words: "I was worshiped, I was sacrificed, I fled from the wrath of Brahmah, through all the forests of Asia. Vishnu hated me. Soeva laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, that made the crocodiles tremble. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with the cancerous kiss of crocodiles, and lay confounded with unutterable slimy things among wreathy and Nilotic mud."

Do not mistake narcotic disturbance for divine revelation. But I have to tell you that the majority of the dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelations. Late suppers are a warrantee deed for bad dreams. Highly-spiced salads at eleven o'clock at night, instead of opening the door heavenward, open the door infernal and diabolical. You outrage natural law, and you insult the God who made those laws.

It takes from three to five hours to digest food, and you have no right to keep your digestive organs in struggle when the rest of your body is in somnolence. The general rule is, eat nothing after six o'clock at night, retire at ten, sleep on your right side, keep the window open five inches for ventilation, and other worlds will not disturb you much. By physical maltreatment you take the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream and you lower it to the nether world, allowing the ascent of the demoniacal. Dreams are midnight dyspepsia. An unregulated desire for something to eat ruined the race in Paradise, and an unregulated desire for something to eat keeps it ruined. The world during six thousand years has tried in vain to digest that first apple.

The world will not be evangelized until we get rid of a dyspeptic Christianity. Healthy people do not want this cadaverous and sleepless thing that some people call religion. They want a religion that lives regularly by day and sleeps soundly by night. If through trouble or coming on of old age, or exhaustion of Christian service, you cannot sleep well, then you may expect from God "songs in the night"; but there are no blessed communications to those who willingly surrender to indigestibles. Napoleon's army at Leipzig, Dresden and Borodino came

near being destroyed through the disturbed gastric juices of its commander. That is the way you have lost some of your battles.

IV. Another remark I make is that our dreams are apt to be merely the echo of our day-thoughts.

I will give you a recipe for pleasant dreams. Fill your days with elevated thought and unselfish action, and your dreams will be set to music. If all day you are gouging and gasping and avaricious, in your dreams you will see gold that you cannot clutch, and bargains in which you were out-shylooked. If during the day you are irascible, and pugnacious, and gunpowdery of disposition, you will at night have battle with enemies in which they will get the best of you. If you are all day long in a hurry, at night you will dream of rail-trains that you want to catch while you cannot move one inch toward the depot.

If you are always over-suspicious and expectant of assault, you will have at night hallucinations of assassins with daggers drawn.

No one wonders that Richard III., the iniquitous, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field, dreamed that all those whom he had murdered stared at him, and that he was torn to pieces by demons from the pit. The scholar's dream is a philosophic echo. The poet's dream is a rhythmic echo. Coleridge composed his "Kubla Khan" asleep in a narcotic dream, and waking up, wrote down three hundred lines of it. Tartina, the violin-player, composed his most wonderful sonata while asleep in a dream so vivid, that waking he easily transferred it to paper.

Waking thoughts have their echo in sleeping thoughts. If a man spends his life in trying to make others happy and is heavenly-minded, around his pillow he will see cripples who have got over their crutch, and processions of celestial imperials, and hear the grand march roll down from drums of heaven over jasper parapets. You are very apt to hear in dreams what you hear when you are wide-awake.

V. Now, having shown you that having a Bible we ought to be satisfied not getting any further communication from God, and having shown you that all dreams have an important mission, since they show the comparative independence of the soul from the body, and having shown you that the majority of dreams are a result of disturbed physical condition, and having shown you that our sleeping thoughts are apt to be an echo of our waking thoughts, I come now to my fifth and most important remark, and that is to say, that it is capable of proof that God does sometimes in our day, and has often since the close of the Bible dispensation, appeared to people in dreams.

All dreams that make you better are from God. How do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? It does not take a very logical mind to argue that out. Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. The dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustine, the Christian father, gives us the fact that a Carthaginian physician was persuaded of the immortality of the soul by an argument which he heard in a dream. The night before his assassination the wife of Julius Cæsar dreamed that her husband fell dead across her lap.

It is possible to prove that God does appear in dreams to warn, to convert, and to save men. My friend, a retired sea captain and a Christian, tells me that one night while on the sea he dreamed that a ship's crew were in great suffering.

Waking from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on his vessel—they thought he was going crazy—sailed on in another

direction hour after hour, and for many hours, until he came to the perishing crew and rescued them, and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

In 1695 a vessel went out from Spithead for West India, and ran against the ledge of rocks called the Caskets. The vessel went down, but the crew clambered up on the Caskets, to die of thirst or starvation, as they supposed. But there was a ship bound for Southampton that had the captain's son on board. This lad twice in one night dreamed that there was a crew of sailors dying on the Caskets. He told his father of this dream. The vessel came down by the Caskets in time to find and to rescue those poor dying men. Who conducted that dream? The God of the rocks, the God of the sea.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his marvelous book entitled "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following fact that he got from Captain Yount, in California, a fact confirmed by many families. Captain Yount dreamed twice one night that one hundred and fifty miles away there was a company of travelers fast in the snow. He also saw in the dream rocks of peculiar formation, and telling in his dream to an old hunter, the hunter said: "Why, I remember those rocks; those rocks are in the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred and fifty miles away."

Captain Yount, impelled by this dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered men together, took mules and blankets, and started out on the expedition, traveled one hundred and fifty miles, saw those very rocks which he had described in his dream, and found the suffering ones at the foot of those rocks, brought them back to confirm the story of Captain Yount. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevada.

God has often appeared in resource and comfort. You have known people—perhaps it is something I state in your own experience—you have seen people go to sleep with bereavements inconsolable, and they awakened in perfect resignation because of what they had seen in slumber.

Dr. Crannage, one of the most remarkable men I ever met—remarkable for benevolence and great philanthropies—at Wellington, England, showed me a house where the Lord had appeared in a wonderful dream to a poor woman. The woman was rheumatic, sick, poor to the last point of destitution. She was waited on and cared for by another poor woman, her only attendant. Word came to her one day that this poor woman had died, and the invalid of whom I am speaking lay helpless upon the couch, wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her dreams she said the Angel of the Lord appeared, and took her into the open air and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread; and pointed in another direction, and there were mountains of butter; and in another direction, and there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The Angel of the Lord said to her: "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think He will let you, His child, hunger and die?"

Doctor Crannage told me by some divine impulse he went into that destitute home, saw the suffering there, and administered unto it, caring for her all the way through. Do you tell me that that dream was woven out of earthly anodynes? Was that the phantasmagoria of a diseased brain? No; it was an all-sympathetic God addressing a poor woman through a dream.

Furthermore, I have to say that there are people in this house who were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christ-

endom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream, thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him, "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw overboard that ring, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire and the air was lurid with consuming wrath.

While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring that ring up, if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again"; and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air, and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the One who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

A German was crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and in his dream he saw a man with a handful of white flowers, and he was told to follow the man who had that handful of white flowers. The German, arriving in New York, wandered into the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, and Mr. Lamphier—whom many of you know—the great apostle of prayer-meetings, that day had given to him a bunch of tube-roses. They stood on his desk, and at the close of the religious services he took the tube-roses and started homeward, and the German followed him, and through an interpreter told Mr. Lamphier that on the sea he had dreamed of a man with a handful of white flowers and was told to follow him. Suffice it to say, that through that interview and following interviews, he became a Christian, and is a city missionary preaching the Gospel to his own countrymen. God in a dream!

John Hardonk, while on shipboard, dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come, and that the roll of the ship's crew was called, except his own name, and that these people, this crew, were all banished; and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. If you do not believe these things, then you must discard all testimony, and refuse to accept any kind of authoritative witness. God in a dream.

The Rev. Herbert Mendes was converted to God through a dream of the last judgment; and I doubt if there is a man or woman in this house to-day that has not had some dream of that great day of judgment which shall be the winding up of the world's history. If you have not dreamed of it, perhaps to-night you may dream of that day.

There are enough materials to make a dream. Enough voices, for there shall be the roaring of the elements, and the great earthquake. Enough light for the dream, for the world shall blaze. Enough excitement, for the mountains shall fall. Enough water, for the ocean shall roar. Enough astronomical phenomena, for the stars shall go out. Enough populations, for all the races of all the ages will fall into line of one of two processions—the one ascending and the other descending; the one led on by the rider on the white horse of eternal victory, the other led on by Apollyon on the black charger of eternal defeat.



The dream comes on me now, and I see the lightnings from above answering the volcanic disturbances from beneath, and I hear the long, reverberating thunders that shall wake up the dead, and on one side I see the opening of a gate into scenes golden and amethystine, and on the other side I hear the clanging back of a gate into bastiles of eternal bondage, and all the seas lifting up their crystal voices, cry, "Come to judgment!" and all the voices of the heaven cry, "Come to judgment!" and crumbling mausoleums, and Westminster Abbeys, and pyramids of the dead with marble voices, cry, "Come to judgment!" And the archangel seizes an instrument of music which has never yet been sounded, an instrument of music that was made only for one sound, and thrusting that mighty trumpet through the clouds, and turning it this way, he shall put it to his lip and blow the blast that shall make the solid earth quiver, crying, "Come to judgment!"

### A WOMAN'S GIFT TO A WORTHY CHARITY.

We give on this page an illustration of the Furniss Cottage, a two-story brick building now in course of erec-

tion in One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, near Tenth Avenue, and which is to be used by the Ladies' Association of Sheltering Arms, to whom it was given by Miss S. C. R. Furniss. It is named to commemorate Mrs. Sophia Furniss, the mother of Miss Furniss. It will accommodate forty boys, and is intended as a training-school for the trades and professions. The building is of

the Gothic style of architecture. The last annual report of the Ladies' Association showed that two hundred and twenty-five destitute children were cared for during the past year. During the month of May, the finishing touches were put upon the Cottage. The same generous heart that prompted the building has added to the first gift still another, of all furniture, bedding, clothing, etc., necessary for the family of boys about to occupy the house. Nothing has been omitted. A good library of reading books, carefully selected by the donor herself, will be placed upon the shelves before the boys move in. Every possible want, down to the minutest, has been carefully anticipated, and from tooth-brush to door-scraper nothing lacks. It will have a good start in what we trust will prove as good a work. The opening exercises took place at 2 P.M., Saturday, May 20th. Appropriate addresses, and singing by the children, made part of the ceremony. After the exercises the other buildings of the

Sheltering Arms were thrown open for the reception of visitors.

## HOPE CHESTLEWAITE'S TROUBLE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

EVERYBODY was stunned by the news, and no one would have believed it. The very last man, you know, to connect with anything of that sort, etc., etc.

But, oh! the dreary heartache of one poor little woman, as she sat in her desolate home, and thought and thought and thought, until her temples throbbed wildly, and the earth seemed slipping from beneath her.

What could it all mean? Was she dreaming, or really awake and suffering all this?

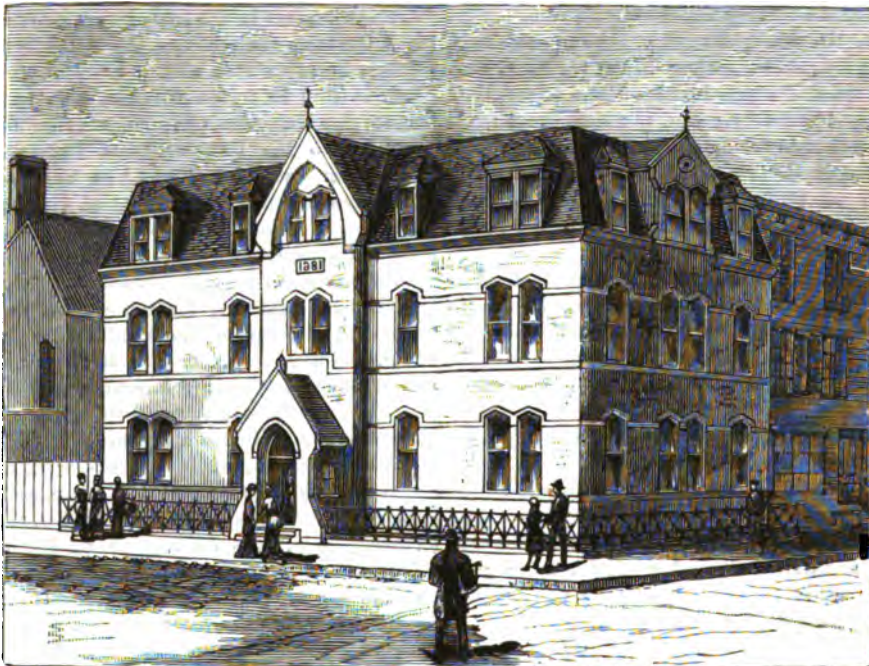
Then she walked aimlessly about through her small domain, taking in every tasteful detail, paused before the articles which she and John had made together, mechanically took up and put down the various nicknacks, most of which were wedding presents, murmuring like one distraught:

"Only three years—three short years!—and it has come to this!"

How could she live her life without him? The night before she had watched agonizingly for his appearance, for hope still remained to her then. But to-day—oh! that black to-day!—if it could only be blotted out!

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Hitherto Avon Place had been a peaceful little Eden into which no serpent had entered. It was one of those pleasant sur-



THE FURNISS COTTAGE FOR THE INDUSTRIAL TRAINING OF BOYS, NEW YORK CITY.

prises, in the way of a street, sometimes found in a quiet city, that seem to have their excuse for being in the needs of genteel families with small means.

It was very much like a village, with the houses all alike; for everybody knew everybody else, and felt a neighborly interest in them. They were people, too, to be interested in. Young married couples always went to Avon Place, broken-down households where the master had been taken away, and an occasional independent single woman, still young, set up her household gods in some one of the neat dwellings.

They all had courtyards in front, and these little eight-ten-by-ten gardens were kept with the greatest care. Roses, honeysuckles and pansies rioted all through the Summer and Autumn, and sometimes an urn or a rustic box imprisoned a blaze of geraniums, fringed with long, drooping sprays of some delicate green thing, whose only accomplishment was climbing and clinging.



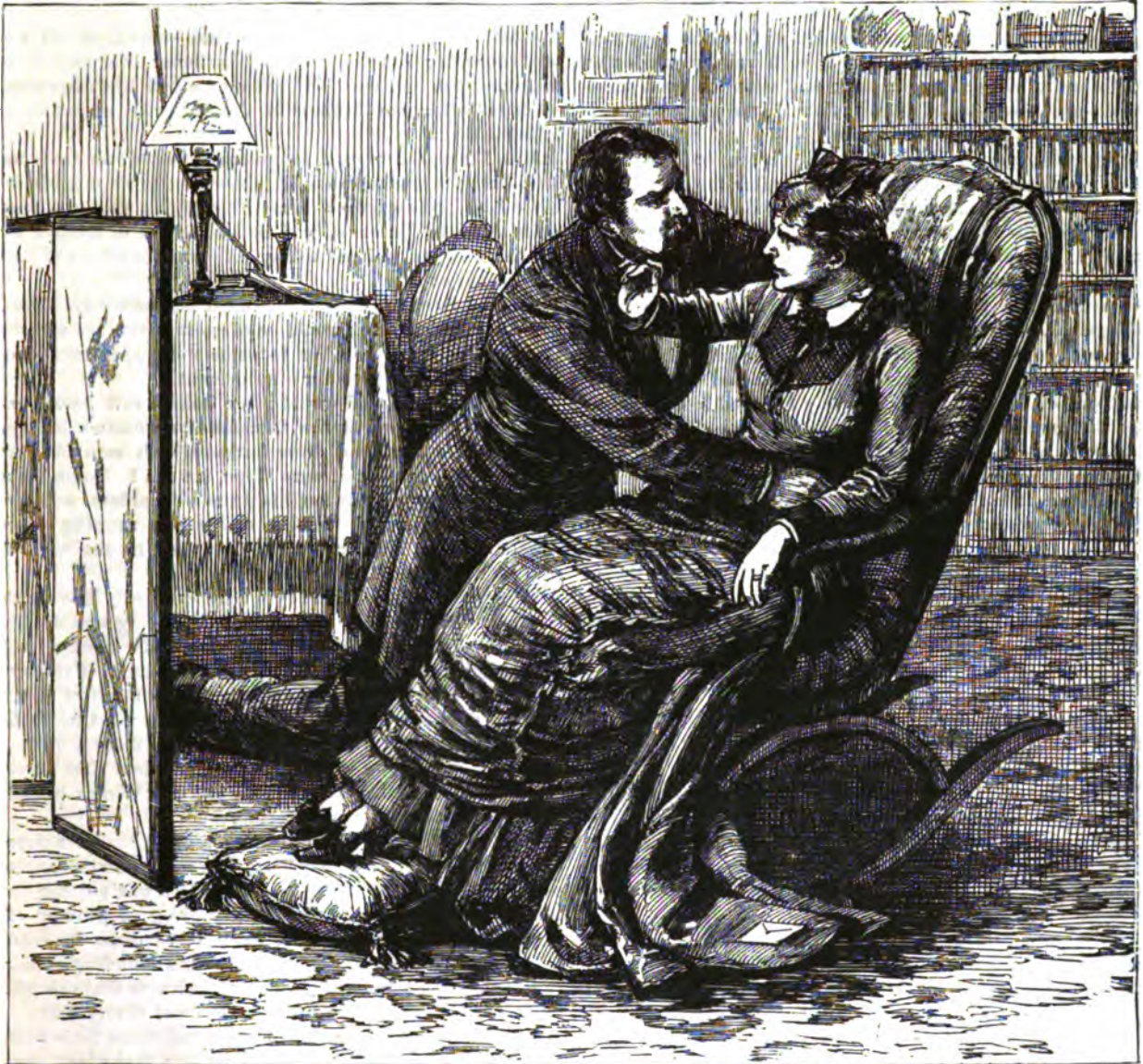
An enterprising florist, well acquainted with human nature, had established himself at one corner; he knew well that some kinds of people have needs which can only be gratified by a moderate amount of growing plants in Summer and cut-flowers in Winter. Not expensive orders, certainly, "But they count, you know," says the wary merchant, and trims his sails accordingly.

So they had their florist in Avon Place, and many other comforts and elegancies of life. Inside, too, the houses were exceptionally pretty; but it was universally admitted

gave him a lift, and then, as Hope expressed it, they reveled.

This reveling was usually inaugurated by the presentation of a modest bouquet to herself—which poetical extravagance the little woman always recognized as the herald of good-luck—and it culminated in a visit down-town to meet John, and lay their two heads together for the purchase of some much-desired and long-talked-of article of furniture.

Those meetings on the broad highway of busy life were



HOPE CHESTLEWAITE'S TROUBLE.—"SHE PUSHED THIS MAN WHO HAD BEEN HER HUSBAND FROM HER."

that the Chestlewaite was the most attractive of all. It was a perfect little bijou of a home; and almost everything in it had been planned and made by the four hands pertaining to two particularly united hearts.

When pale, pretty Hope Deane gave up her tiresome public-school teaching and married John Chestlewaite, every one rejoiced. He was so strong both in body and mind, and his great broad shoulders looked so able to bear her burdens as well as his own. He was a literary man—sub-editor on one of the city papers—hard-working, and often out late at night, with a very moderate salary; but, occasionally, a brilliant article for one of the monthlies

almost as great a treat to Hope as though they had been parted for months instead of hours; and, walking along in her nicely-fitting best clothes, conscious of prettiness, at least, and secure in the devoted affection of the strong heart, "tender and true," that shined her in its inmost depth, Hope Chestlewaite was a very happy little woman. How she looked among the crowd for the broad shoulders that towered Saul-like above their fellows—the well-set head, and somewhat stern, irregular face that lighted up as if a sunbeam had crossed it when he caught sight of her!

He was not a beauty by any means, this John Chestlewaite; and trying to view him on these occasions in an

utterly impartial spirit (as if she ever could), his little wife sometimes wondered if passers-by would not think him a trifle cross-looking in the abstract, and if they could ever imagine what this same preoccupied man was to her.

Business transacted and shop-windows gazed into—Hope dearly loved shop-windows, and John never seemed in a hurry when he was with her—they took their dinner "on the European plan." This was another poetical fiction of Mrs. John's, and simply meant that they patronized the cheapest restaurant that was good and respectable, and, carefully counting the cost beforehand, got as nice a little dinner as the money left for this purpose would purchase. But Hope always had her ice-cream—for John laughingly said that she was like the children in her fondness for sweet things, and, if left to herself, would order nothing but dessert for dinner; and with his good management or self-denial (which, John?) the money invariably held out for this indulgence.

Then the coming home, with John's arm to lean upon, and the gloating over their purchases after they got there, like two happy children—it was simply delicious.

Each of the little houses in Avon Place had its two tiny parlors, separated by folding-doors, and its small dining-room at the end of the hall; but John Chestlewaite had turned the two parlors into one by taking away the doors altogether, and this made a very respectably-sized room. He had constructed a famous sofa, too, out of a huge packing-box; it had springs and the softest of cushions, and was covered in the most lovely Oriental-looking fashion with some mysterious fabric in stripes. The prevailing hues were scarlet, black and cream-color, effectively embroidered with saphyr; and Mrs. Hope whispered in confidence to a friend that the chief ingredients in this gorgeous covering were scarlet flannel, unbleached muslin and old black velvet, feather-stitched with odds and ends of worsted. A pile of cushions in one corner, before which was spread a Moorish-looking rug, was treated in the same way.

Mr. and Mrs. Chestlewaite laughingly declared that they had set up housekeeping with these two pieces of furniture and some pictures, and had given the whole of their minds to every added article. This was the room in which they lived, evenings, at least, and it had just the brightest, coziest, most home-like look that a room could possibly have. There was always a low-down grate fire—Hope declared that she would rather go without butter on her bread and sugar in her coffee (they eschewed tea) than not have this, and John ditto; and the centre-table, with a brilliant Argand burner, was always covered with the newest periodicals.

John's handsome books were arranged in an Eastlake affair which he had made himself at odd moments, with a little help from the carpenter in turning; and which he proudly declared had cost him just one dollar. Successfully ebonized, and the shelves trimmed with scarlet fringe and brass-headed nails, it was a very pretty and serviceable piece of furniture. There were a number of fine engravings, the frames of home-manufacture and very tasteful, odd-looking brackets and all sorts of nicknacks.

Everything about the house seemed to look a little different from what other people had; and this is always a charm of itself. People said it was a little Paradise, and Adam and Eve enjoyed it hugely. They were considered the model couple of Avon Place, and their popularity was unbounded.

There was only one flaw in John's otherwise perfect character—he was too soft-hearted. All sorts of females in distress took advantage of him, and rifled his pockets of change that he could ill-afford to spare; and he was

moved to sympathy by the queerest and most disjointed narratives, which any moderately sharp woman would have seen through at once.

Two women, who called themselves "oftens"—a good name, Hope, said, on the whole, though not conveying exactly what they meant to express—were haunting him constantly; now borrowing money to pay their room-rent, now the means of taking themselves off somewhere permanently—a journey, by-the-way, upon which they never went.

But there was another woman of higher grade who clung, ivy-like, to John Chestlewaite, and whom little Mrs. Chestlewaite did not approve of at all.

John, she knew, was as good as gold—true metal all the way through; but these women bothered him and took his time from her, until she felt very much like disposing of them after the fashion of dealing with superfluous kittens.

Miss Diver, the person in question, had never been to the house; her attacks on Mr. Chestlewaite were made at his office. She excused herself by saying that she was quite alone in the world, and had no friend or relative to aid her, and was obliged to depend upon the efforts of her pen for her support.

She had frequently heard of Mr. Chestlewaite's kindness, and his influence, etc., would be of great advantage to her. Couldn't he introduce her to some newspaper men who would be likely to give her employment?

He both could and would; for John's soft heart was particularly touched at the thought of a woman's having to come in contact and drive bargains with men for her daily bread—suppose it were Hope, instead? So he took Miss Diver figuratively on his broad shoulders, and by dint of considerable trouble and much running after sundry editors, he managed to put her in the way of making a few hundreds a year.

The young lady's bright eyes were decidedly keen, and she proved a very sharp business-woman, being sent finally as correspondent to Washington. Here she haunted all the society mansions from whence issued sounds of revelry by night—how she effected an entrance to many of them being best known to herself—and wrote the most personal and gossiping letters that had appeared for many a day.

Hope Chestlewaite was genuinely glad when Miss Diver was thus comfortably disposed of, and the Winter passed pleasantly and swiftly into Spring.

Why is it that, at this hopeful season, when all nature seems calling upon us to rejoice, untoward circumstances so often force us to mourn? Avon Place was putting on its prettiest dress, and the little gardens gave promise of speedy and abundant bloom, when there came to John Chestlewaite's wife, without any previous clouding of her peaceful sky, a sudden blackness of darkness that she will never forget if she lives to wear a crown of silvery hair.

John had kissed her good-by, as usual, some little time before noon, saying that he would be late that night, probably as late as two A.M., and she must not sit up for him; and away went the wife, singing, to her household duties, and away went her husband, whistling, down the street.

It was a busy day, and toward evening Hope stole out for a little fresh air, and had quite a chat with Mr. Richards, the florist. She could not resist his violets, in whose little purple chalices the very essence of the Spring seemed to be distilled—ah! how faint the odor of violets made her for long months after!—and he gave her such a generous supply for the small sum she felt able to invest in such perishable property, that the parlor was filled with fragrance.

It was such a darling room, thought the little wife, as



she seemed to have some particular call to make it prettier than ever to-night. She looked like a picture herself, with her brown hair waved back over her neat little head, and three long thick curls falling from the comb behind, as John liked to see them; her garnet-colored cashmere, too, with its dainty white ruffles, was his favorite dress. She was no longer pale, for she looked plump and blooming now, and there was an unutterable light of happiness in her eyes.

She sewed and read until she was tired; and, for a wonder, no one came in that evening. Then she sent her little maid to bed, and kept up the watch alone. It was foolish, of course, when he had to be out late so often; but she had taken it into her head to watch for John that night, and watch she would.

Two o'clock came and past, but no John—three—four; and the first rays of dawn, peering curiously into the pretty parlor in Avon Place, discovered the haggard, sleeping face of the little mistress nestled among the cushions of the lounge. There were ashes now where a cheery blaze had been; and the pitiless sunshine, growing stronger and stronger, made everything look faded and cold.

Hope suddenly roused herself from her uneasy slumber, and sat up wide awake, painfully conscious of the fact that John had not come in. Poor fellow! how hard he must have worked all night!—a press of extra writing, probably, for that troublesome paper; very likely he was scratching away now for dear life. She would hasten Gretchen with the coffee—he might return any moment, and would surely need it. What a slave's life it was, to be sure!

But at nine o'clock the master had not appeared; and his anxious wife sent the little German girl down to the office to see what it meant. She brought back a note from the senior editor saying that Mr. Chestlewaite had not been at the office since Tuesday (it was now Thursday), and he had been on the point of calling at the house to see what detained him.

This was frightful—where could John possibly be? Murders, accidents, all sorts of horrors, rushed into her mind; and she sat holding her head; perfectly bewildered, and not knowing which way to turn, when somebody was announced.

A tall, grim man, with a kinder heart than he seemed to have, and who came to give the poor little woman what comfort he could. He knew the husband and wife well, and it had struck him as strange, the day before, when he saw John going on board an English steamer with a showy-looking young lady. Mrs. Chestlewaite was not with them, and he wondered what it meant.

It is astonishing how such news travels; and before she knew it herself, quite a number of Hope Chestlewaite's friends and acquaintances were aware of the fact that she had been shamefully deserted.

Hope looked as if she was listening to Mr. Baskell's account of his last sight of John Chestlewaite, which he tried, poor man, to make as little painful as possible; but she did not appear to think that it particularly concerned her. There was no interruption, rather to the speaker's embarrassment; she grew white and still as he went on, and when he had quite finished, she said, very calmly:

"Thank you, Mr. Baskell—there is some mistake about this," and glided from the room.

He picked up his hat without a thought of anger at her unceremonious departure, and feeling deeply for the poor little wife, went back to his ledger.

Hope Chestlewaite went up to her room and tried to collect herself. It seemed to her that she had been told

some absurd and disconnected story. What would John go to England for with Miss Diver? She took up his coat that lay across the back of a chair. There was a rattle of paper in the pocket. Just like him, exactly!—her letter, of course, that she gave him to mail on Tuesday morning; he changed his coat on Wednesday for a thinner one—and here it was.

She drew it forth; a letter, certainly, but not hers. It began:

"DEAR FRIEND: Not much use, you will think, perhaps, in writing to you to-day, when we are so soon to meet; but knowing of old your gift for forgetting things, I venture to remind you that the steamer sails at three. I am so glad that it is *en route* instead of *adieu*. Yours, as ever,  
LOUISE.

She turned white to her very lips, and read and reread the note until she could repeat every word in it.

Louise—Louise—ah, yes—Louise Diver—she saw it all now. John had left her for that bold, forward woman; and with this terrible conviction, a merciful fit of insensibility came to her aid, as she dropped limp and helpless upon the bed.

She never knew how long she staid there. Gretchen came up and looked at her, finally, and then dashed some cold water in her face in her kind, clumsy fashion; and Hope Chestlewaite came slowly back to life and wretchedness.

All that day, the poor wife wandered aimlessly about the house, having given Gretchen strict orders that no one should be admitted; and when she went to bed at night, it seemed to her as if she must go mad. She had tried to pray, but that heavy iron weight of misery pressed her down to earth. Several times in the night she heard John's knock at the bedroom door, as when he staid out late at work, and she, little coward that she was, had fastened herself in, but, on going to welcome him, she gazed into the darkness of blank space.

It seemed to her that she had lived a lifetime in that one night; but with the dawn of Friday there came back some of her old strength. For Hope Chestlewaite was a proud woman—prouder than she knew; and she began to reflect that this man whom she had idolized had not been snatched from her by death—if he had been, she would have mourned for him all her days; he had voluntarily left her for a woman who was in every way her inferior, deliberately disgracing himself and her, and forcing her to provide for herself as best she might.

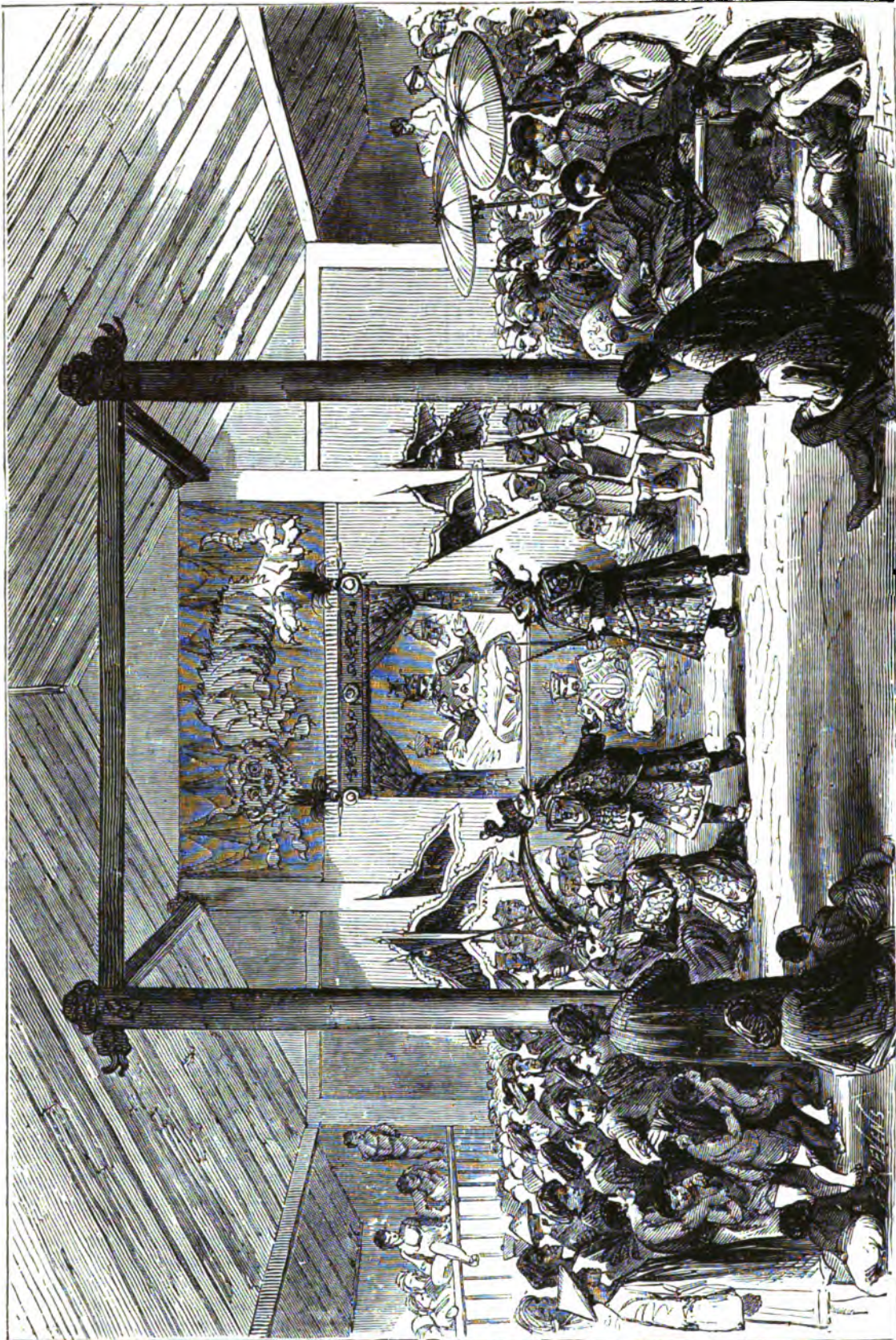
Hers was sorrow with a sting in it; but she resolved to hide this sting as much as possible from the world. She went quietly about her household duties as usual, folded up all John's clothes—he seemed to have taken nothing with him—and put them carefully away; looked up his papers, which she scorned to examine after that note, and, finally, asked herself what she was going to do. Stay where she was, for one thing; whatever came, she would try to keep her home. She had her own little bank-account—her savings when a teacher, and both she and John had resolved not to touch this; but now it would be a great help until she had decided upon some means of support.

She could go back to teaching, if she chose; but she felt disposed to try something different. Sometimes she had laughingly threatened to write a book, but John always discouraged this. He did not want his wife, he said, to become a blue-stocking, or to enter into the struggle for money—he thought it demoralizing.

Now, however, since he had left her to the struggle, Hope resolved to exercise the gift that she believed herself to possess.

She sat down to her desk with a purpose; and having





A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL IN ANAM.—SEE PAGE 170.

sketched an outline of what she meant to do, and written the opening chapter, she sent the sheets for inspection to an old friend of hers—a publisher of high standing, whose opinion of them was most encouraging. So Hope Chestle-

waite wrote on at her novel—living her life-tragedy in the meanwhile as best she could.

Summer had faded into Autumn, and there had been no further tidings of John Chestlewaite.



A new novel had fairly taken the public by storm ; and the little woman who wrote it sat, one dull October afternoon, with a check in her lap that she had just received from her publisher, and which was so much more than she expected, that it seemed almost fabulous.

Hope Chestlewaite was thankful for the money ; it would cover many a need—but she sat there by her lonely fireside, thinking that, after all, she was feeding upon husks in place of the love she still missed so sorely.

She must have fallen into a doze—surely, she was asleep now and dreaming ; for a night-key turned in the front-door lock—a familiar footstep sounded in the hall—a familiar voice was in her ear ; there was the well-known clasp and the tender tones :

“My darling!”

But Hope was wide awake now, and she pushed this man who had been her husband from her—how dared he to pollute her with his touch after what had been ?

A dreadful Enoch Arden sort of feeling took possession of John Chestlewaite ; but it could not be—it was not like Hope, and yet she wore no mourning.

“You did not think me dead, then?” he asked, bewildered.

“No,” replied his wife in clear, ringing tones that were laden with scorn, “I did not think you dead, because I knew you to be alive.”

“Hope, my darling! I have been very near death. Have you no welcome for me?”

She almost relented, his face looked so thin and wan in the firelight—she could see that he had suffered. But did he not deserve to? Had she not suffered?

She forced herself to ask : “Where is Miss Diver?”

“I have not the least idea,” he replied, more and more amazed. “I saw her last on a steamer bound for England.”

“John—John Chestlewaite!”—his quick ear caught the agony in her tones—“do you mean to deny that you went with that woman to England?”

“I do, indeed,” said he, emphatically, as he caught her again in his arms. “I have not been in England at all, but in a hospital in Calcutta. Do I look like a strong, well man?”

“Oh, John—John!” and the little aching head was buried in its old nestling-place with a flood of remorseful tears.

What had become of the dignified stand she intended to take if this man presumed to claim her again ?

John Chestlewaite sat down once more at his own fireside with his wife on his knee ; but Hope half broke away again, as she cried out :

“What did that woman write you such a note for and sign herself ‘Louise’? And you *did* go with her on the steamer—Mr. Baskell saw you.”

“That is easily explained, darling. She signed herself ‘Louise’ because she signs that to everything—it is her *nom de plume*, you know. She came to the office the day before to tell me that the *Bugle* was sending her to London as special correspondent, and to thank me for all my kindness to her, as she said, though I really did not do very much for her, after all. Then I remember that she cried, and said she felt her lonely position so much—”

Hope made a remark here which John smothered in kisses.

“And what a comfort it would be to her if I did not mind it very much to have me see her on board the steamer. I did not feel that I could refuse this, particularly as it was to be the last of her ; and I did not mention it to you, simply because I knew that you thought Miss Diver a nuisance. But, Hope, darling! I never

dreamed of your putting any such construction on my desire to help a fellow-creature. You believe this, don't you?”

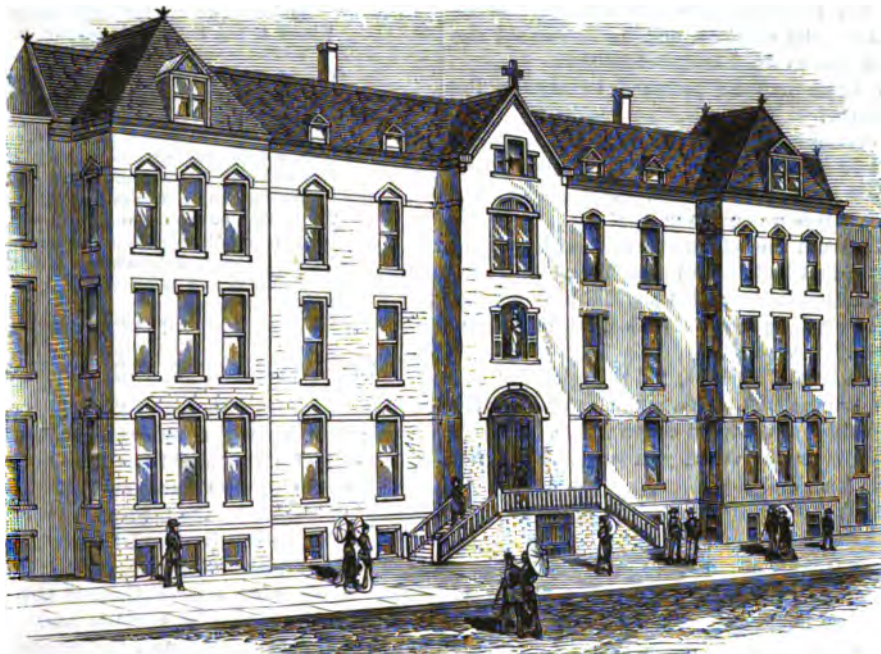
Hope had to say “Yes.”

“I would have seen Miss Diver at the bottom of the Red Sea first!” continued John, quite fiercely, considering his gentle nature. “But the poor girl really was not to blame. She has a hard life of it. I understood the note perfectly, and

thought nothing of it. She seemed delighted to think that she would have some one to see her off, as she was going alone—women think so much of these things, you know—and she was so afraid of my forgetting the engagement until it was too late that she scratched off these lines to remind me. So much for Miss Diver.”

But John Chestlewaite was not allowed to tell his story in peace. While he was explaining about Miss Diver, his wife interrupted him to ask how he got into a hospital, and what took him to Calcutta ; and when he attempted to answer these questions, she insisted upon having his connections with Miss D. satisfactorily accounted for.

It was well into the night before the whole matter was fairly understood ; and then Hope felt quite ashamed of herself ; although John good-naturedly declared that, under the circumstances, her view of the case was perfectly natural. How could she know that, having run back and forth about Miss Diver's luggage, that was detained until the last moment, exposed to the direct rays of an unusually hot April sun, he had a sort of stroke on board the vessel, just as it was about starting, much to Miss D.'s concern and distress ; that he was carried off



CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF "OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY," NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 170.



to Sandy Hook before he recovered his senses; then, in a dazed condition, with the one idea of getting home again, he hired a leaky boat and a half-drunken sailor at dusk; that a sudden squall upset their miserable little craft and nearly drowned them; and that they were rescued by a brig bound to Calcutta, on which John Chestlewaite was taken in a perfectly insensible condition?

He had overtaken his brain for some time past, and now utter prostration and fever ensued, so that when they reached the East Indian capital he was handed over to the hospital authorities as a sick stranger without money or friends.

Months of illness followed, but to the sufferer this time was a perfect blank. Fortunately for him, he had fallen into skillful hands and had excellent nursing, and by slow degrees he regained his hold on life and reason.

The patient insisted upon starting on his return voyage before the doctor would pronounce him fully able to do so, and the kindly M. D., seeing him bent on his purpose, advanced the necessary funds, to be repaid on his arrival. He neither wrote nor telegraphed on the way, because he wanted to take Hope by surprise, and he knew that she must be mourning him as dead long before this.

Over and over again had he pictured to himself the scene of their meeting.

But Hope was crying hard now. How she had wronged him all this time! And, in spite of John's defense of her, she hated Miss Diver more than ever. The reader, if a woman, will say that this was quite natural.

"What is this?" asked the returned truant, as he picked up the slip of paper that had fallen to the floor.

Hope confessed, rather timidly, that she had been writing a book; but John only laughed at the idea, while he congratulated her upon her success.

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I thought that you were too sweet a home sunbeam to make anything of a scribbler, and so I discouraged you on principle. I never would have known your full value, you see, if I had not run away from you!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Avon Place looked somewhat askance at John Chestlewaite at first, and smiled a little privately at Hope's credulity; but the little woman herself felt as if she could scarcely do enough for having ever doubted him.

So the dear old life went on again, and John made his wife a solemn promise that on no consideration and under no circumstances would he ever go to see any woman off on an ocean voyage again.

#### RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL IN ANAM.

THE people of Anam, like those of India and China, depend almost entirely on rice for their nourishment. It is the staple crop, and a general or partial failure entails the greatest misery, often a famine that sweeps off thousands. When a drought sets in, all Anam is moved, and heaven is besieged with sincere prayer for rain. The mode of propitiation is, however, peculiar.

A great festival is instituted in honor of the gods, which lasts a whole day and a night. By day, the main feature is a boat-race between very long perianguas, each holding some forty men, and adorned, stem and stern, with monstrous carved heads. They are decorated with red-and-white banners, and carry gongs, which the rowers beat from time to time to produce the most deafening sounds. Bad as this is, they heighten the din by fearful howls and yells.

The winning boat has a danger not permitted in our

racers. Those behind are permitted to upset the winning boat if they cannot pass it, and they use this permission without scruple. To avoid those collisions the boats cross and recross, giving the scene the appearance of a fantastic dance. Some are sure to go over, but lives are seldom lost, as the Anamites swim well.

In the evening takes place a *haaboy*, or dramatic entertainment. Their dramas are always of the old heroic days of demigods and ancient kings, with an orchestra as bad, almost, as the yells and gongs of the boat-race.

When the rain comes pouring down, making the rice-lands the marsh required for the growth of the grain, they deem the gods propitiated by their offering in the shape of regatta and drama.

#### IN FLETU SOLATIUM.

BY ALFRED ERNIGN.

WHEN sorrow's wave sweeps o'er the soul,  
And changes day to darkest night;  
When all around is wrapped in gloom,  
And vain we cry for light—more light,  
Where is the balm to ease our pain,  
To lift bowed head and breaking heart;  
Oh, where the voice at whose command,  
Our bitter anguish will depart?

Alas! that voice is not on earth;  
Not here we find the healing balm;  
But when we lift our thoughts on high,  
We find the holy saving calm.  
The solace borne on angel wings!  
Is by our loving Father given.  
When sorrow's wave sweeps o'er the soul,  
Think not of earth, but look to heaven.

#### A NEW CONVENT AND HOME FOR GIRLS.

THE Dominican Sisters of the Order of Our Lady of the Rosary have erected a convent and home for girls on the north side of Sixty-third Street, between First and Second Avenues, the present home on East Seventy-eighth Street being inadequate to the requirements of the Sisters. The new building is one hundred feet square and three stories high, with a mansard roof. It is in the Gothic style of architecture, with a projection of the front wall in the centre, surmounted by a gable and cross. In a niche above the entrance, through the projecting centre, will be placed a statue of the patron saint of the Order. Like most Roman Catholic religious institutions, aside from the churches, the interior is quite plain. The basement is allotted to refectories, the kitchen, laundries, sewing-room, office and retiring-rooms. A handsome chapel, sixty-two feet long and twenty-three wide, occupies the easterly side of the first story. A parlor and a class-room occupies either side of the entrance on the same floor. The upper stories are arranged in class-rooms and dormitories. The new Home is estimated to cost \$60,000.

GOOD-NATURE is the best feature in the finest face. Wit may raise admiration, eloquence lead the mind captive, judgment command respect, knowledge attention, beauty inflame the heart with love; but good-nature has a more powerful effect. It adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the homeliest countenance.

THE happiness of the wicked passes away like a torrent—*Racine*.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?

## HOW THE ROUGH HOUSE WAS FOUNDED BY PRAYER.

THE Reformatory of John Falk, at Weimar, was the imperfect beginning of a movement which has spread largely over Germany. The work has branched out into many forms of Christian effort, and has borne manifold fruit. Foremost among the noble workers and leaders stands Dr. Wichern, who passed away to his eternal rest in April, 1881.

Left fatherless at an early age, the scanty means of his mother sustained him at the University, where he manifested the first fruits of that piety and consecration to God which so signally marked his career to its close. We see him now as a *candidat* awaiting ordination and a pastorate. He is with his mother in his native city of Hamburg, a city full of ains and sorrow. Cholera had been making fearful ravages, and was yet striking down its victims, when, in October, 1832, Wichern and a few congenial friends met in the room of a humble schoolmaster. The men were for the most part poor, some of them artisans. They were a society for visiting the sick. Wichern had already given himself to diligent work as a Sunday-school teacher. He studied deeply the state and need of the juvenile population of large cities, gathering statistics over a wide field. He felt that the great need of the young was *home*, and home-like Christian influences.

Amidst the most harrowing scenes Wichern found his benign employment. One little circumstance which he himself tells us may serve to illustrate the whole. A brother and sister were sitting together in one of the dens of Hamburg. "What shall I do?" moans the boy. "Go and drown yourself," said the girl, "and I'll follow you." He went to the water, and had taken off his clothes, when God in mercy sent a friendly hand to save him. The young *candidat*, then twenty-four years of age, brooded anxiously over these things; and then he prayed and thought again, nor did he rest till he saw a way by which, with God's help, he might haply succor those "ready to perish."

The story of those early struggles is a very affecting one, and is told at some length in John de Liefde's "Charities of Europe," and Stevenson's "Praying and Working." Statistics of Hamburg in 1848 show that out of every five children born one was illegitimate; and the condition of the lower and poorer class was something terrible. In other places earnest men had begun to bestir themselves; and Falck at Weimar, Zellar at Beuggen, and others, were already putting forth fruit-bearing efforts to reclaim the moral and spiritual wastes. They had established "houses of refuge and redemption" for the abandoned and neglected children of their neighborhoods, and their example so fired the mind of Wichern that he could get no rest till a similar effort was in operation for Hamburg.

He had neither money nor influence—nothing but his own warm, throbbing heart, and a strong faith in God. As a Sunday-school teacher and as a visitor of the poor he had become acquainted with the awful need for rescue-work; for even if the case of the adults was hopeless, that of the children, at any rate, was not. A House of Refuge must be founded—"not *in* Hamburg, of course, for that would be keeping the children in the very atmosphere they ought to be removed from; but *near* Hamburg, somewhere down in the country, where fresh air and wholesome labor would invigorate the body, and a Christian family life, carried on with patriarchal simplicity, would revive the spirit."

"About this time," he says, "a little, unknown child

came to me in the open street, and with outstretched hands, and begging face, and many tears, tried to kiss the hand that had never done it any benefit, and cried, 'Come with me, come with me, and see for yourself.'" That pleading child was for ever in his thoughts; there could be no rest for him till he had responded to its cry.

These were the thoughts which, on one October evening in 1832, he discussed with his friends and fellow-laborers, the members of the Visiting Society—men as poor as himself in this world's wealth, but rich in faith and love. Ere the meeting broke up the little band had determined, in God's name, to establish a Reformatory. They solemnly promised one another to give their minds no rest till the Rettungshaus was "prayed down from heaven." When meeting in the streets after this, they would whisper to each other, "You don't forget praying, do you?" And such prayers were not to be gainsayed.

One day a gentleman, a Government secretary, who knew nothing of their plan, handed to one of the friends seventy-five dollars to be used for some charitable purpose, and especially to help in raising up an institution for reclaiming criminals. A few weeks later, a clergyman, to whom the distribution of a bequest for benevolent purposes was intrusted, assigned five thousand dollars to the proposed Rettungshaus. Nor did their encouragement end here. "In January some of them started a periodical, which was to spread reformatory intelligence. On the very day of its first publication a lady left a large donation; in a few weeks it crept out that some servant-girls were collecting their mites; a journeyman shoemaker emptied out his saving-box with both gold and silver; many similar gifts flowed in, some of them wrapped up in encouraging texts of Scripture. It was felt that God was strangely working for them; the sympathies and sacrifices of the poor gave them hopefulness and strength; and at length they began to look for some suitable building."

But it was not all unalloyed, uninterrupted success. Far from it; and here it was that the strength of Wichern's character was seen.

There was then in Hamburg the Syndic Sieveking, and there is still near Hamburg the pretty village of Wandabeck; and to those who have read the very touching and noble memoir of the bookseller Perthes, neither of these names will be unfamiliar; the one the name of a family loved and honored through many generations; the other known as the chosen home of Matthias Claudius. Sieveking had a considerable estate lying round the town, and on that part of it which verged upon Wandabeck he presented ground for the Reformatory. It was one of the most charming spots in the neighborhood, and a most choice and picturesque site, and promised to be every way suitable and convenient. Very late on a Winter's evening Wichern hurried into town with the good news; but, late as it was, he assembled his friends for a thanksgiving, for had they not been simply waiting for what God would give them? and now, in three months, they had friends and money and lands!

In a day or two, however, tidings came that the will already mentioned was disputed; a few days latter it was found that the site was useless for building on. This was no light blow, and men less firm might have lost faith and let their purpose slip through their wavering, unsteady hold. But they were perfectly clear about their way, that it was the right way to reach their object, and that God would not disappoint their trust. They might have been

hasty and over-confident; they might be trusting in their success; they might need a warning; and they read the lesson truly, "That we should never build on anything but Him—no, not even on His gifts." And so they went on precisely as before, in prayer and calmness, and as hopeful as when they began. The issue deserves special heed. Mr. Sieveking bethought him one morning of a little place he had in Horn, between Wandsbeck and the Elbe. Unfortunately, it was leased, and the lease had some time to run; and as he went over to try what could be done with the tenants he felt by no means sanguine. Singularly enough, they were anxious to leave. The ground was not extensive, yet admirably adapted to the purpose; and there was a house upon it, no way remarkable, certainly, for it was a little cottage half in ruins, but the rooms could be easily improved; the thatch was pretty good; there was a deep wall close by, the finest chestnut of the neighborhood flung its shadow over the roof; there was a garden, and even a fish-pond, and the name of this spot from time immemorial had been, "Das Rauhe Haus." Improvements were immediately begun (it was the end of April); the will case went in favor of the charities, and was decided with an unusual quickness, and by August the friends were in possession of the money and the building.

The name *Rauhe Haus*, which in German means *rough house*—is really but an awkward translation of an original *patois* name into the more aristocratic vernacular. The house was built some one or two hundred years

ago, by a certain Mr. Ruge, who was, perhaps, as little of a rough fellow as need be. The people had known it ever since by the name of its founder, "Ruge's House," but as the Saxon word *ruge* is the same as the English *rough* and the Dutch *ruig*, learned men thought that it ought to be translated by the corresponding German word *rauh*, just as the French tourist translated "Coward House" by *la Maison du poltron*. The boys of the neighborhood, however, know nothing of this scientific development, and continue to call the house by the name which good Mr. Ruge had thought proper to give it.

But to resume the thread of our story. Courage now came flying back to the faint-hearted. Now that Wichern's faith had created money and house, these in their turn induced faith among his friends. "It is the old story: some men see because they believe, and others believe be-

cause they see." A large meeting was held on the 12th of September, 1833, at which resolutions were carried with enthusiastic applause, and a society was formed. On the 1st of November, Wichern, his mother by his side, entered the *Rauhe Haus* to begin the great work which the Saviour of the lost had prepared for him. There was no public inauguration, no festival, no shouting and applauding. The only demonstration was in the two pictures Sieveking, the honored Syndic, had hung up in the sitting-room—"Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Jesus Blessing Little Children." Nothing could have been more appropriate.

Well, prayer had brought money and house, but what about children? Would the shy, restless, lawless street Arabs of Hamburg go out to the little country house to be taught and trained by the young minister? And, supposing they came, would he be able to endure constant contact with such half-savage, vicious, debased creatures? Prayer prevailed in this also.

Before a week had elapsed three boys came, and the year had not closed when there were twelve, with which number the little house was quite full. This was the first family. Wichern slept with them in the same bedroom, and took his meals with them in the same parlor. It was not exactly the most agreeable company one could wish for one's pleasure. Eight of them were illegitimate; four were brought up by drunken and criminal parents; one lad was known to the police for ninety-two thefts; one had escaped from



DR. EMANUEL WICHERN, FOUNDER OF THE ROUGH HOUSE.

prison. But Wichern and his mother were but too happy to have them. Here was something for which to pray and to suffer, to wrestle and to toil. And what could love more delight in, provided there were some likelihood of saving a few? Certainly it was an arduous task for the young man, who never had such work in hand before. But what he lacked in experience was made up by his kind mother's wisdom. And true, genuine love certainly imparts a wonderful talent for the work of training. The problem which was to be grappled with was, how to win the confidence of young liars and thieves who distrust everybody; how to make obedience a pleasure to young rascals who are resolved to obey nobody; and how to reconcile with an orderly and decent life young vagabonds who claimed the liberty of turning day into night, of running half-naked about the streets, and of dining off



potato-skins and other offal, with a pudding of tallow, such as is used for greasing shoes, by way of additional dainty.

The boys learnt from Wichern the existence of that love which is plenteous in forgiveness, which "believeth all things and hopeth all things, endureth all things," and yet "rejoiceth not in iniquity but in truth." Regular labor in the field and in the workshop soon came to be liked as a recreation, and the school-teaching as an amusement. Freedom, too, was honored as a queen. That ugly earth-bank, which inclosed the place like a prison, was dug away amidst loud hurrahs. Everybody could run away now whenever he liked. But nobody did, or the few who tried came back of their own accord. They found, after all, that the Ruge Hoos was the best place anybody could dream of.

One of the most striking proofs that Providence had gifted Wichern with an extraordinary genius for administrative philanthropy, and with uncommon wisdom in the training of children, was afforded by his adoption of the family system, which was afterward so successfully imitated at the French and Dutch Mettrays. When the old Raube Haus was full with its twelve children, he did not think of enlarging it to hold more. He felt that this patriarchal number was quite sufficient for a man to bestow his parental affection and care upon. There was room enough for building a house for a second family, and he had no objection to enlarge the place for more houses; but to enlarge the house for more children—never!

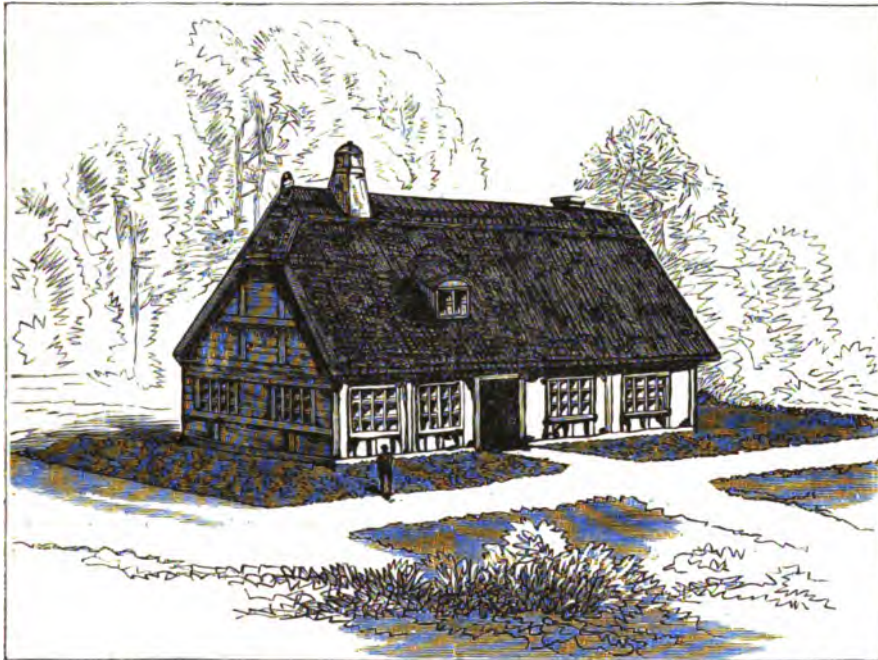
Upon this principle several family-houses were successively built in the course of the ensuing years, pretty little buildings, scattered all over the place in rather irregular order, for the one was built before it was known where the next one was to be located. They took their names from their peculiar form, or from some peculiar event, or other circumstance. And so there are "The Swiss House," and "The Green Fir," and "The Gold Bottom," and "The Beehive," and several others, all peopled with little families of boys or girls.

We have just referred to Mettray, and though we dare not linger now on the tempting theme, we should like just to glance *en passant* at the little township forming the agricultural colony and reformatory of Mettray, a short distance from the city of Tours. It consists of about twenty chalets, or homes, arranged in convenient order, and interspersed with trees and avenues, and having a church in

the centre. Each home is adapted for forty youths and and one or more care-takers, so that the establishment altogether consists of nearly eight hundred boys, forming about twenty large families, who unite in the culture of an extensive farm, and also when assembled for public worship and for military drill, but who are otherwise worked, lodged and fed in their respective homes, under their own "house-father." One of the houses, more prettily surrounded with flowers and ornamental shrubs than any of the others, is allotted to a number of the younger criminals and deserted children under the age of ten years. The other houses, which are named respectively after persons or places, as Paris, Tours, Orleans, Poitiers, Benjamin Delesseret, etc., contain groups of older boys, all of whom have been placed under arrest for leading criminal or vagrant lives, and are committed to Mettray as a place of reformation and detention.

A strict discipline, we are told by an experienced writer, is maintained at Mettray. The punishments inflicted are

private re-monstrance, public reprimands, confinement during recreation hours, withdrawal of privileges and prizes, a dietary of bread and water, and imprisonment in a cell, light or dark, according to the nature of the offense. In connection with petty thefts, an opportunity for re-consideration is afforded each offender by the



THE ORIGINAL ROUGH HOUSE.

erection, in an easily accessible but private spot, of a large box inscribed, "For things lost." When any object is missing no further inquiry is made if, within a day or two, it is found to be placed in this box, whence it can be promptly and quietly restored to its rightful owner. The "colony" possesses a banner, or flag, like that of an army regiment. This is, from time to time, entrusted to the care of the lads in the house whose inmates have received the smallest number of punishments. This mark of trust and honor is highly appreciated, and tends to increase the collective good influence of the members of each household. Thus, at times, when a lad is about to do a wrong act, his companions are bound to exclaim, "Don't do that, or you will prevent us from getting the flag!" On the occasion when the flag is formally entrusted to any particular household, its members take the first rank in a long procession, which, with the music of the band accompanying, files in military order through the extensive walks and avenues of the estate. The two chief elements of the remarkable reformatory success which has characterized Mettray are, first, the adoption of the family system, and, secondly, the

exercise of a permanent kindly oversight over all the youths, even after their dispersion to distant parts of France. The French Government pays 250 francs per annum for each boy sent to Mettray; but the actual cost is about \$90 per head. The average annual value of each lad's labor is about \$7.50. Hence a balance of about \$35 each has to be made up by the voluntary subscriptions of the benevolent.

But this is a long digression. To return to the Rauhe Haus and Dr. Wichern. We have not space to trace the growth of the noble institution through its several stages of development, but we cannot resist quoting from *The Charities of Europe* two or three illustrative passages.

On the 3d of October, 1841, "The Beehive" was solemnly opened. It was so named because the twelve boys who entered it were compared to a swarm of bees, flying from one hive (the Swiss House) into another. It is pretty, strongly-built, and contains six spacious rooms. It is adorned by a beautiful veranda, a present from two ladies, who, after having inspected the house and learned its story, were pleased to give the boys this permanent token of their esteem and satisfaction.

In May, 1842, the first printing-press was set up, the first sheet struck off being the Twenty-third Psalm. Just afterward, fire laid the city of Hamburg in ruins.

On the 19th of October, 1842, we find Wichern at a meeting of his committee in the midst of the *débris* of Hamburg. The Rauhe Haus had not been behind in coming to the rescue; it had proved a place of refuge to many a helpless family, driven out of its home by the raging flames. The fearful disaster had greatly increased the number of destitute children. Urgent applications came in on behalf of at least twenty-four, but there was not room for one. A new house ought to be built, but could this be thought of in present circumstances? There was not a cent left in the Rauhe Haus box, and it was doubtful whether for a year or two to come one cent would be received, so much being required to replace the damage of the fire. Still the cries of the homeless and helpless children were too loud for any objections. The committee resolved to feel the pulse of the public liberality at this critical moment. An advertisement was put in the papers asking \$750 for the building of a house for twenty-four children, at a time when nearly the whole of Hamburg required to be rebuilt! It seemed an injudicious if not an absurd appeal. The advertisement was published on the 21st, and by the 27th \$775 were sent in! I was a touching repetition of the beautiful old story of Exodus xxxvi. 6: "The people bought much more than enough for the service of the work." Another advertisement was issued to stop the pouring in of the gifts, but before this had fully taken effect the treasurer had \$1,000 in hand.

Another festival period now came on for the Rauhausler. No sooner had the breath of Spring freed the frozen fields from their Winter fetters than the boys rushed to the work, and on the 23d of June, 1843, a large double house, capable of containing two families, stood as a new monument of the power of Christian faith and love. These two dwellings, being on their rear, as it were, attached to the chapel, and facing the rising sun, obtained the name of "The Swallows' Nests" (*Die Schwalbennester*). They were destined for two families of girls. So the girls who crowded the Buge Hoos removed to their new abode, and the old house was at once peopled with a fresh supply of boys.

The Revolution of 1848 added many to the inmates, and they came from all parts of Germany. A *pensionat* was built, to receive, as into a boarding-school, the incorrigible sons of persons better off. A training-school for helpers

("brothers" they are called) was established, and these have gone forth to all parts of Germany, and to other parts of Europe, including England. The little "Rauhe Haus" has grown into a village, the different houses clustering within the grounds of fifty acres, as thousands who have gone forth from its hallowed influence cluster around the name and memory of its now sainted founder.

"How did you get all the money," Wichern was asked.

"At the beginning," he says, "we had to ask that question in another form. How shall we get all the money? and we had to answer it before going further. Silver and gold," he adds, "I have none; but we work, and God blesses our work. And whatever else we want we pray for, and expect out of His rich hand, in certain faith it is a faithful and true word He spoke when He pointed us to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field."

An additional house was wanted, but they had no money. The case was laid before God. One evening Wichern sat talking to two old friends, when one of them asked how much the house would cost. The sum was stated, and the money was promised. More was wanted to pay for windows and painting, and the exact amount came from three ladies in different towns, who had had the case laid on their minds. When the chapel was to be built there was no money, but it came in due time, several thousand marks being sent by American friends. In 1843 the lease of the tillage ground expired, and it was necessary to purchase, instead of renting. A suitable plot was procurable for 7,000 Hamburg marks, but 3,000 must be paid at once. They sought the Lord in prayer, and resolved to buy. Just as the cash was wanted, information came that a lady had left 3,000 marks to the Rough House, and that the money was ready. The year 1853 was one of very special need; 8,000 marks were required for current expenses. "Where is now their God?" said some. "Now they will go down. Now we shall see what will become of this fine piety, and living by faith," said others. The cloud was dark, but it had a silver lining. Prayer was heard. A statement was made of their need in the organ of the Rough House, *Das Fliegende Blätter*, and contributions came in from all quarters, including six silver spoons from a clergyman, a necklace from his wife, and ten half-farthings from some poor children she taught sewing, and sums large and small from rich and poor.

Of the general success of the institution, Wichern himself shall speak: "A glance round the circle of those who were children in the house carries us into every region of the world. We find them in every grade and social position. One is a clergyman, another a student of theology, and another of the law; while others are teachers. We find among them officers in the German armies, agriculturists, merchants, partners in honorable firms, presidents of industrial institutions, landscape gardeners, lithographers and artisans of every conceivable craft. One is a sea captain, some are pilots, others are sailors, and some colonists in America and Australia. Besides those who are better off, some may be found among day-laborers, some are men-servants or women-servants, and a few only have been lost sight of."

Of the history of each house—for each has its own, and in some cases, a remarkable one—we cannot speak, nor otherwise than just name the House of the Brethren of St. John, at Berlin, toward the establishment of which, in 1858, the King and Queen of Prussia gave 10,000 crowns. Space will allow us to add only brief reference to the last days of Dr. Wichern, and of the high appreciation of his character and worth by competent witnesses.

A sealed letter given to his family four years before his death, then to be opened, expressed his simple trust in

Christ, his reliance on the merits of His blood for acceptance with God, and his confident hope that God would give him a portion according to the prayer of the great Advocate: "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory."

In an article on "The Rauhe Haus and its Brotherhood," appearing in an English magazine in 1879, many interesting facts as to the organization of Dr. Wichern's noble life-work, and especially as to the "Brethren," are given. Says the writer: The work commenced in 1833, or nearly half a century ago, with a small thatched cottage, into which a few vagabond lads had been gathered. But, year after year, it has gradually expanded into an estate of now more than two hundred acres, on which are erected twenty-five houses, larger and smaller, whose inmates number one hundred and eighty children, and nearly sixty teachers and caretakers. Most of the latter are named "the Brethren of the Horn," and they form, in some respects, the most interesting and characteristic feature of the establishment.

For the Rauhe Haus has largely developed its original plan of a reformatory for neglected or troublesome children. It is the training-place and head-centre of one of the most completely organized systems of popular philanthropy and evangelization that the world has ever seen, by means of its confraternity of "Brothers of the Horn," so called from the village of Horn, a pretty suburb of Hamburg, in which the Rauhe Haus is situated. Another branch of the same brotherhood is located near Berlin, at an establishment named after the apostle St. John. But the confraternities at the Horn and of St. John form really one brotherhood, both founded by Dr. Wichern, both engaged in the same kind of Christian work, and both conducted on the same general and fundamental principles.

The young people at present consist of three divisions. There are sixty boys and sixty girls of the neglected and "Arab" classes, the original objects, as already explained, for whom the institution was founded. These are divided amongst a number of neat cottage homes, containing about a dozen children in each, and each forming a distinct family. During the day these one hundred and twenty children work in larger groups at various industries, and also gather in classes in the schoolrooms. But each dozen return to their own home for meals, play, devotion, and sleep. The home-feeling is most carefully cherished, and in each home are several adult "Brothers" acting as caretakers. These are the teachers, companions, playmates, religious guides, trade and handicraft instructors, nurses, exemplars, and parent-like friends of the little groups under their respective care. The girls are under the management of the Sisters, of whom there are comparatively few.

And this, of course, we deem a matter of the very highest importance, for we believe most thoroughly in the maxim of a modern writer, that "without religion prisons may be reformed, but never the prisoners themselves"; or, as an eminent Frenchman, M. De Tocqueville, declares, no human power is comparable to religion in its efficacy to reform criminals; and it is upon religion mainly that the future of penitent reform must depend."

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need for arsenals nor forts."

How much solemn truth there is in these noble lines of Longfellow; and it should surely be the true Christian's ardent desire to render the poet's aspirations something more than a mere lofty dream.

The Brethren are the labor-instructors. The visitor enters one shop and finds a respectably-dressed Brother acting as a blacksmith, and, at a forge, teaching his little group of pupils how to work in metals. In another building, classes of young carpenters, shoemakers or tailors are similarly busy at their respective handicrafts, under the guidance of the Brothers. One building of considerable size is devoted to printing and bookbinding; for the establishment carries on a large publishing and bookselling business of its own. It further issues one or two serials for its former and present inmates, and for other readers. The outdoor labors also are continuous, year in and year out. Many tons of vegetables, of apples, and other fruits are grown on the estate by the young cultivators. The dairy and the piggery afford useful practice in the care of live stock, and also furnish good food for the establishment.

There are certain specialties in the working of Dr. Wichern's institution that it may be well to enumerate. Thus, in several larger buildings—which are, in fact, handsome boarding-schools—a superior class of children are received, on the payment of comparatively liberal sums by their parents or friends. These "boarders" are youths whose conduct at home has proved so unmanageable that their friends have been glad to consign them to the care of the "Brethren," in order both to reform and educate them. Then, again, a system of patronage is encouraged at the Rauhe Haus. The well-to-do and philanthropic citizens of Hamburg are, individually, invited to become the special patrons of some one of the homes on the establishment, or at least of one or several of the children. This relation being accepted, the gentleman who thus becomes the patron of any of the inmates acts, thenceforth, as a sort of practical "godfather" to each and several of them. He occasionally invites them to his house, or makes them presents, giving them good advice, and assisting them in any special need. And, in particular, when the time arrives for them to leave the institution, he charges himself with the duty of endeavoring to procure them situations, or some means of useful livelihood, where also he continues to exercise some degree of oversight for their good. The children thus patronized in their turn pay special honor to their own particular patrons, and are sometimes permitted to entertain them at their own home on the Rauhe Haus estate.

The custom is kept up of celebrating the anniversary of the foundation of each house in a festival way. Then the house is adorned with wreaths and flowers. The family has a holiday, and a large cake for a treat. The families of the other houses meet with that family at the prayer-room, to offer up thanks for the blessings with which it has been favored during the past year. The history of the foundation, and of some of the events concerning that house, is read; and thus every family keeps up an interest in its own dwelling-place, while at the same time all the children every year have an account of the origin and progress of the entire institution.

Further, every household is under a kindly, paternal and brotherly management. In addition to its care by the elder teachers, each household has a sort of chief monitor or "boy of peace," whose special duty it is to promote good feeling and harmony amongst his comrades. The little boys are also cared for by the older lads in a very brotherly sort of way, both at work and school, and during the hours of relaxation.

And now a few concluding words as to the mainstay of the entire system, the Brothers. They are about forty in number, and are carefully selected from amongst young men of whose religious character, good common-sense, and general handiness and skill, satisfactory proofs and





VIEWS OF THE ROUGH HOUSES AND VICINITY.

testimonials have previously been furnished. It is not asserted that the Raube Haus makes such brethren. It selects them from those whom God has evidently already called and prepared for useful Christian lives. It is on the religious spirit of these brethren that the Raube Haus bases its hopes of institutional success at home, and of missionary and philanthropic usefulness abroad; for they

are a body of lay missionaries whose destinations and labors are world-wide.

About eight hundred brethren have been trained at the Raube Haus, and at its offshoot of St. John's at Berlin. Of these, more than seven hundred have been scattered over Germany, Holland, Denmark, Italy, Switzerland, Great Britain, France, the United States, Palestine, India



and Africa, as town missionaries, prison warders, schoolmasters, hospital nurses, Bible readers, and as superintendents of reformatories, workshops, lodging-houses and other institutions. They are not formally ordained as clergymen, ministers, or even deacons. They retain a lay character and position. They are pledged to no vows of celibacy; many or most become Christian husbands and fathers. But all maintain a permanent connection with the parent establishments at Hamburg and St. John's, and all continue linked with one another in an abiding brotherhood, with carefully-fostered means of intercommunication and of continual sympathy and help.

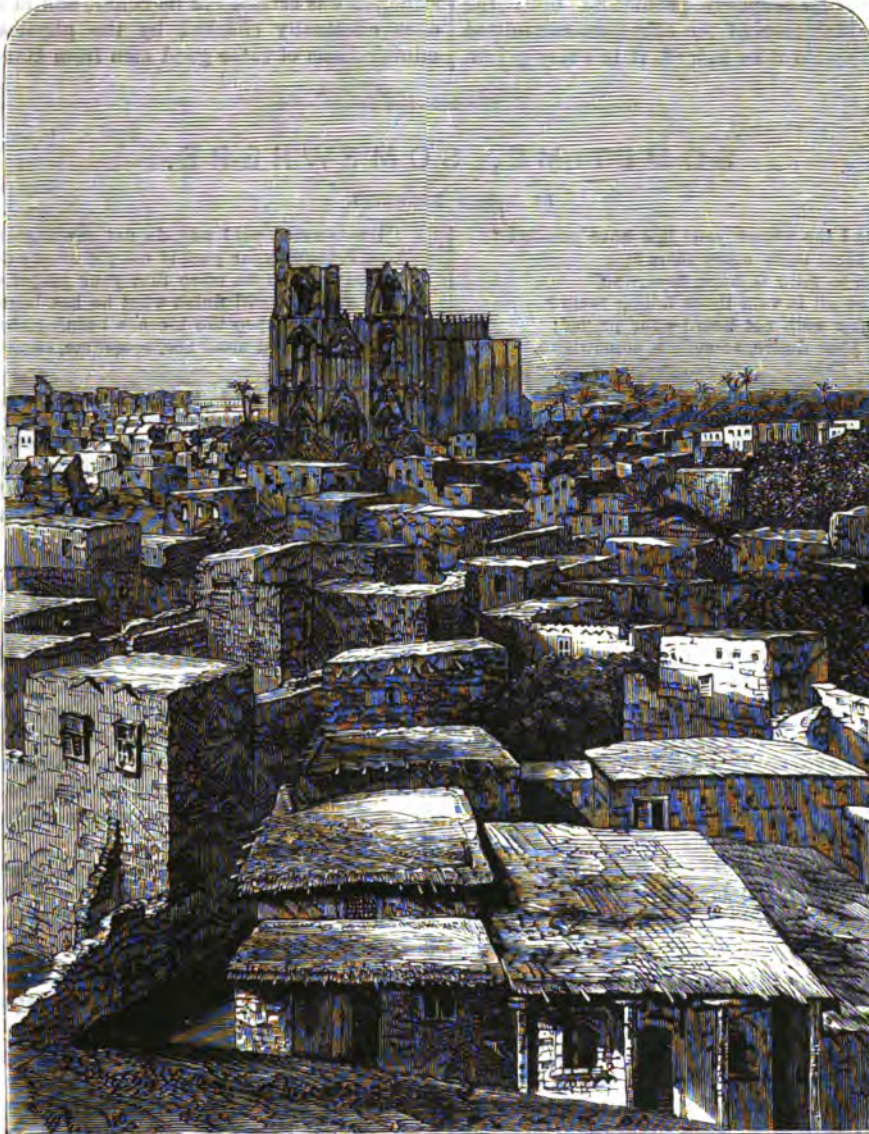
The several hundred brethren scattered over the world, from the Lebanon to the Missouri, constitute a compact regiment of obedient subordinates to the central committee of the Rauhe Haus and St. John's. Their selection is very carefully made. All candidates for the brotherhood must be not younger than twenty years of age and not older than twenty-nine. They must bring certificates, from clergymen and neighbors, of their previous religious and good moral character. They must also furnish proofs of their being well able to support themselves, if necessary, by the

possession of practical skill in some useful handicraft; for the brotherhood will have no incapables, no social failures, no dead weights. All its members must, at least at their admission, be morally, industrially, intellectually and physically, men of good capacity and practical ability. They must bring medical certificates of good health, and must neither be short-sighted nor deaf. They must also be prepared to prepay their traveling expenses to the institution, and the cost of their clothing and books for the first year or two of their course. The whole course of training extends over at least three years. Each candidate must be unmarried, and also free from any

marriage engagements. He must further pledge himself to communicate to the central committee any intention of marriage when, after his settlement in a suitable position, he may fairly contemplate entering upon the responsibilities of domestic life. These conditions are so carefully insisted upon, that more than half of the many hundred candidates, at various times, have been rejected.

The fraternal feeling is cherished by the deepest of influences, those of religion and prayer and individualizing intercourse. At times, reunions of the brethren take place, when as many as can make it convenient to meet a number of their fellow-members, in the same country or district, arrange for a mutual gathering of a religious and social nature. But, however scattered, and however distant the brethren may be from each other, a constant and regular correspondence is maintained with each from the central directorate.

A list of all the members' birthdays is kept at the Rauhe Haus, and as each birthday comes round in course, the name and location of the brother whose nativity it commemorates is announced at the daily worship of the establishment, and he is made a special subject of prayer and fraternal remembrance by the united



CITY OF FAMAGOSTA, THE ANCIENT VENETIAN PORT OF CYPRUS.—SEE PAGE 175.

establishment. Each brother, too, wherever situated, reads daily the same prearranged portions of Scripture, learns the same text, sings the same hymns. Each prays for his distant brethren, and is cheered in the solemn exercise by the knowledge that for him, in turn, a constant offering of loving intercessory prayer is being put up by his confraternity. Union in worship, union in the love of Christ, union in benevolent service to mankind, and daily union in mutual intercessory prayer—these are the grand agencies of the wonderfully binding influences of this great brotherhood, who win respect on every hand.

Indeed, it was at the special request of the sovereign

that the brothers undertook the almost exclusive management of the large prison of Moabit, near Berlin. They have there, with great advantage, superseded as warders the previous class of subordinate officials who were (as is still too extensively the case, in other prisons at home and abroad) mostly old soldiers who had left the army for the army's good. It is a great advantage to substitute for such an objectionable and irreligious set of men a body of Christian officers, practically skilled in useful handicrafts, of which they can become trade-instructors to the prisoners, whilst at the same time furnishing them with good examples of moral and Christian life, and, by sympathy and instruction, effectually promoting both the temporal and eternal interests of the offenders committed to their care. Well would it be indeed, if in every prison

throughout the world, the sub-officers could be exclusively recruited from ranks as well qualified and well disciplined.

The services of the brethren are not limited to prisons, or hospitals, or schools, although abundantly distributed in these several directions. The battlefield and the localities visited by famine and pestilence are also the scenes of their disciplined and benevolent activity. In the war between Germany and Denmark, a band of them rendered most efficient service to the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Similarly, also, when famine and disease desolated the province of Silesia, it was owing to the prompt arrival of many brothers of the Rauhe Haus that the destruction was arrested in its course and in its terrible influence effectually checked by the physical and religious ministrations of these good men from Hamburg.

## SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

UNANSWERED yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded  
In agony of heart these many years?  
Does faith begin to fail? is hope departing,  
And think you all in vain those falling tears?  
Say not, the Father hath not heard your prayer;  
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented  
This one petition at the Father's throne,  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
So urgent was your heart to make it known;  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;  
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted,  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what he has begun.  
If you will keep the incense burning there,  
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith can not be unanswered;  
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails before the loudest thunder-shock.  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

## CYPRUS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

CYPRUS is not mentioned in the Old Testament, unless with Josephus we consider it to be the Chittim of which Balaam prophesied (Numbers xxiv. 24): "And ships shall come from the coast of Chittim, and shall afflict Ashur, and shall afflict Eber, and he also shall perish for ever." But in Jeremiah ii. 10 we read of "the isles of Chittim"; "Pass over the isles of Chittim, and see;" in Daniel xi. 80, "ships of Chittim" advance to the south to meet the king of the north; in I. Maccabees i. 1, we find Alexander described as "coming from the land of Chittim, and viii. 5, Persus as King of the Chittim. Whence the name Chittim appears to include the isles of the Mediterranean coast, as far west, perhaps, as those of Crete and Rhodes, and the islands of the Ægean Sea. Josephus considered Cyprus as the original seat of the Chittim, adducing as evidence the name of its principal town, "Citium." From the town the name extended to the whole island of Cyprus, and perhaps from Cyprus, the nearest island to the coast of Palestine, to islands further west, as a common term for them all.

We find the Island of Cyprus mentioned eight times in the New Testament, but only in the Acts of the Apostles. Two natives of Cyprus are named: one Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple, with whom Paul and his company traveled on the occasion of his last recorded visit to Jerusalem; with him they were to lodge at Jerusalem, in which city, though a Cyprian, Mnason appears to have had property. The other Cyprian is Joses, of whom we read (Acts iv. 36): "And Joses, who by the Apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, the son of consolation), a Levite, and of the country of Cyprus, having land, sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the Apostles' feet."

But when was the Gospel first carried to Cyprus? Who were the first missionaries to that interesting island? They appear to have been Jerusalem-Jews, and the occasion is thus narrated (Acts xi. 19-21): "Now, they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen traveled as far as Phenice and Cyprus and Antioch, preaching the Word unto none but unto the Jews only."

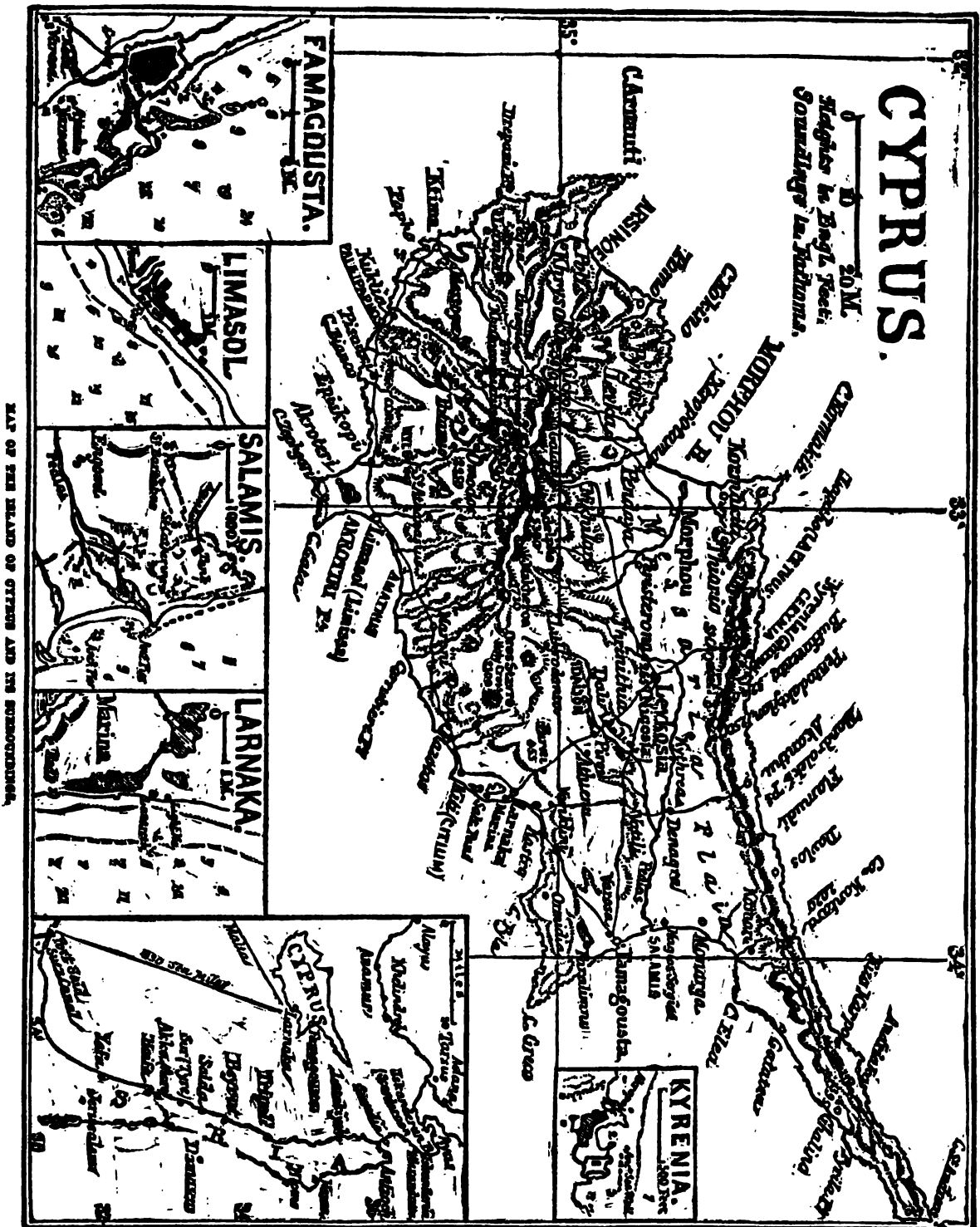
These probably were the first missionaries of the cross to Cyprus. And the scattering of the Jerusalem Church was the means of gathering a Christian church in Cyprus, as also in many other places. For persecution is among the many apparent evils that tend to the furthering of the Gospel of Christ. At Cyprus these Jerusalem Christians seem to have preached only to the Jews; but on their return their views seem to have been enlarged, doubtless by the teaching of God's good spirit, for we read (Acts xi. 20): "And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians (or Gentiles), preaching the Lord Jesus." It seems that to men of Cyprus—especially the missionaries who first carried the Gospel there—the honor is to be accorded of having been among the first to learn that (at all events as far as the preaching of the Gospel is concerned) "there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him," a lesson it required even Peter a vision from heaven to master.

But the chief and most interesting notice the Acts of the Apostles gives us of Cyprus is in connection with the first missionary journey of St. Paul, accompanied as he was on that occasion by Barnabas and Mark. d by Google



The Cyprian Barnabas had, from the first, shown himself a Christian of a noble spirit. We have already heard of his liberality to the early Church at Jerusalem? Then it was Barnabas the Cyprian who, when the newly-con-

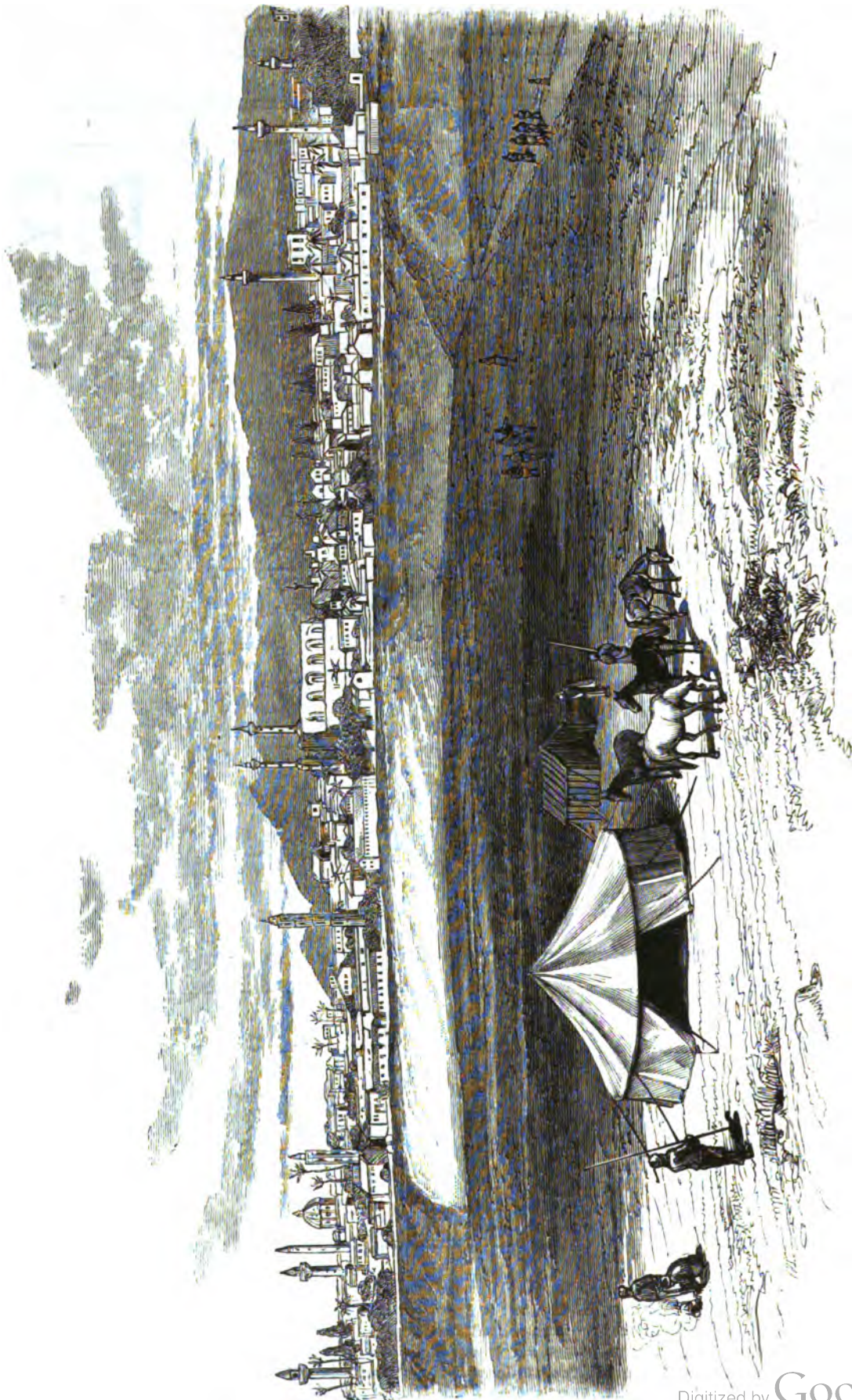
It showed much discernment of character and holy courage on the part of Barnabas. Next, we read of Barnabas, that as a trusty servant of the Church he is dispatched to Antioch to inquire into the state of the Christian Church



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS AND ITS SUBDIVISIONS.

verted Saul first came to Jerusalem (and the disciples were all afraid of him, took him and brought him to the Apostles, and declared unto them his conversion; so that Barnabas first introduced Saul, now no longer a persecutor, but the Christian convert, to the Church at Jerusalem, and was the means of his recognition as one of themselves.

there, composed as it was of Jews and Gentiles. He went, and, when he "had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord." His mission was most successful at Antioch. The Cyprian Levite was so blessed in his work that "much people was added unto the Lord!" And,



VIEW OF THE CITY OF NICOSIA, CAPITAL OF CYPRUS.





MOUNT OLYMPUS.

as though he would not labor there alone, but desired others to share in the good work in which he was so happily engaged, this disinterested Cyprian must go all the way from Antioch to Tarsus and thence fetch Saul (to whose conversion he had already borne such ample testimony at Jerusalem) to assist and rejoice in the establishment and spread of the Gospel at Antioch—conduct as unselfish as it proved wise and successful.

No wonder, then, that these two friends, Barnabas and Saul, should subsequently receive together their apostolic commission as, by direct command from heaven, addressed to the Church at Antioch, "the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed unto Seleucia" (the port on the Mediterranean, at the mouth of the Orontes, on which Antioch was situated, and only some few hours thence); and from Seleucia they sailed to Cyprus.

A voyage of about one hundred miles would conduct the Apostles from Seleucia in Syria to Salamis in Cyprus; the last thirty of which would be under shelter of its lofty promontory. We have often been reminded that Italy has upon the map the shape of a boot, and Ceylon the shape of a pear, and as you look upon Cyprus as drawn on a good map—that, for instance, in Conybeare & Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul"—it bears a strong resemblance to a "hatchet," or "cleaver," or "scimitar." The han-

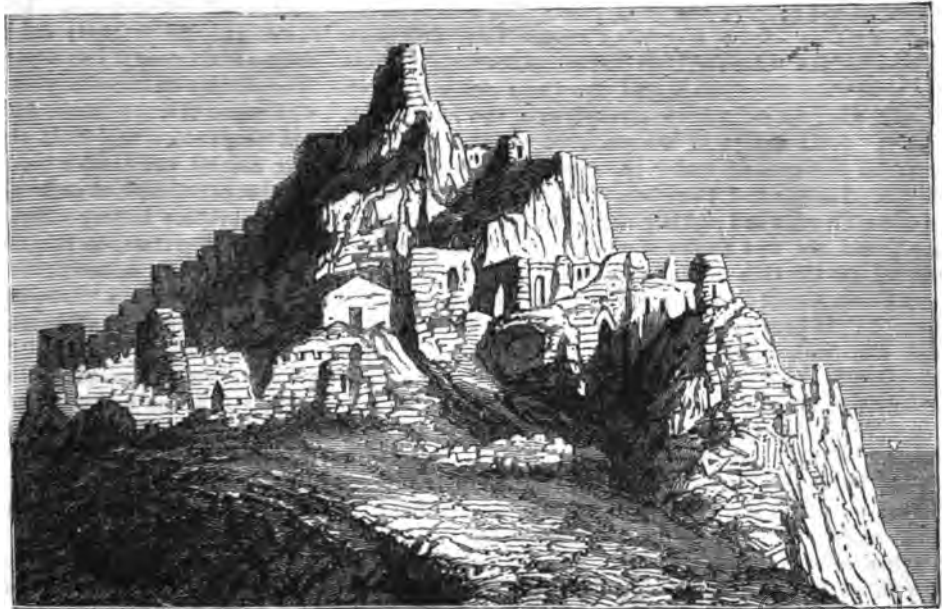
dle runs northeast, pointing toward Seleucia and the north of Syria. Allowing some thirty miles for the handle, the blade from east to west would be one hundred miles long, and perhaps fifty miles broad.

The northern part of Cyprus is very mountainous. The centre forms a plain of some twenty-five miles in breadth and fifty in length, from east to west, watered by the only river in the island. The southern or southeast coast of the island facing the Holy Land appears mountainous and rocky, abounding with many streams. Till a few years ago we had

no accurate charts of the coasts of Cyprus. It has its towns and villages, as Nikosia and Larnaca; but so poor are the buildings and accommodation that they are scarcely worth naming. Its harbors and breakwaters and quays are at present nearly useless. The inhabitants are roughly estimated at 90,000, of whom 60,000 are Greeks, 25,000 Turks, and the rest fellahs and Arabs. The principal language of the island is Greek, Turkish and Italian being spoken by the upper classes only.

Let us review a very graphic and instructive portion of apostolic history, as we find it related in the Acts of the Apostles (xiii. 6-12).

St. Paul, on occasion of his first mission journey (probably A.D. 45) lands at Salamis in Cyprus, in company with Barnabas and Barnabas's nephew, John Mark. In the days of historical Greece, Salamis was the capital of Cyprus. Under the Roman Empire, Salamis was its most important mercantile town—though Paphos, at the south-



CASTLE OF ST. HILARION, CYPRUS. Digitized by Google



western extremity of the island (while Salamis was on the southeastern) appears at that date to have been the seat of government. Dean Howson thus draws the picture of Salamis and its neighborhood (vol. I. p. 152): "A large city by the seashore, a widespread plain with cornfields and orchards, and the blue distance of mountains beyond." This, he says, "composed the view on which the eyes of Barnabas and Saul rested when they came to anchor in the Bay of Salamis."

Many Jews were resident then at Salamis. While other cities had but one synagogue for their use, Salamis had several, for St. Luke speaks of the synagogues of the Jews in which Saul and Barnabas preached the Word of God. We are not told how long they staid at Salamis, only of what they did, namely, preached the Word of God; but it is added, "they had also John," that is, John Mark, Barnabas's nephew, subsequently the evangelist St. Mark, "to his minister"; that is, as they performed their apostolic duties, preaching the Word, and in testimony to the truth thereof working miracles, John Mark waited on them that all things might be done decently and in order. More especially it was Mark's office, we suppose, to baptize the newly-made converts, and so admit them visibly within the Christian Church. For as Christ baptized not but his disciples, so apostles seem to have declined to baptize their converts personally; this office they delegated to another; and perhaps for the good and wise reason thus given by St. Paul (I. Cor. I. 14, 15): "I thank God that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius, lest any should say that I baptized in mine own name."

From Salamis the Apostles, we read, went through the island to Paphos—the ancient ruins of the temple of Venus still mark its site. It was an island well known to Barnabas and Mark—who possessed property in Cyprus, and were of that country—perhaps natives. It is scarcely to be supposed they traveled along the high road, well known in those days, and well frequented, with villages and towns at various stages, without preaching there also the Word of God; and possibly, under Barnabas's guidance, they visited villages and houses, as they proceeded, on the right hand and on the left, and so made full proof of their ministry; but no particulars are recorded. And now Paphos is reached, and a graphic description follows of what took place there. Let us study the picture.

The central figure is Sergius Paulus, the deputy or proconsul of the country—or of Cyprus. The evangelist St. Luke tells us he was a prudent man. Note, first—his office—he was "deputy"—in Latin "proconsul." From the time when Augustus united the world under his own power, the provinces were divided into two classes. It was the great design of the emperor to consolidate the imperial government under show of administering a republic. He retained, therefore, the names and semblances of those liberties and rights which Rome had once enjoyed. He found the two names of prætor and consul in use; prætor was the title of imperial dignity and military command, and consul that of the Senate and civil administration. In the provinces the prætor in Rome was proprætor, and the consul was proconsul. These titles we find accordingly used in New Testament history. The more distant and disturbed provinces of the empire, where military power was to be exercised, the Emperor administered, and thither he sent his proprætor—as Cyrenius to Syria, Pilate and Festus and Felix to Judea; to the nearer and more settled seats of government the Senate sent their proconsuls—as Gallio to Achaia, and Sergius Paulus to Cyprus, where military command was not so needed. And herein we have a trying, searching test as to the historical accuracy and veracity of the New Testament writers, and

especially of St. Luke in his history of the Acts of the Apostles. And as in the history before us, so throughout the Scriptures, the minute accuracy of the historian (as a proof of the veracity of Holy Scripture) is remarkable.

The deputy then called for Barnabas and Saul. What moved him so to do? He might have heard of signs and wonders wrought by the Apostles' hands. If so, it is not said he desired, as Herod of old, to witness a miracle and so to gratify his curiosity! But it is said he desired to hear the Word of God. We know nothing more of Sergius Paulus than this narrative records; but his name betokens his Roman and therefore Gentile parentage, as does also the office that he fills. It seems that the Apostles, out of respect, doubtless, to the Master's bidding, "to the Jew first" (and also to the Gentile), had hitherto confined their testimony to the Jews, and especially to those assembled in the synagogues of Salamis and Paphos. Sergius Paulus (it may be) thought it time that to himself a Gentile, and to those around him, the Gospel should be also preached. Rumors of the preaching had reached his ears; some had spoken of it, doubtless, with dislike and contempt, if not with undisguised hostility; others with feelings of a different kind; and like a prudent man, as St. Luke describes him, "he would hear for himself." Here, at all events, is a candor and impartiality to be highly commended. If nowadays men would come and hear! If they would come and see! If as wise men they would judge for themselves, see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, instead of being idly satisfied with the many false statements rumor sets afloat, it were no vain thing to hope that many who now stand aloof, and speak reproachfully of Christ and of His Gospel, would be brought to a better mind. He calls, then, for Barnabas and Saul, and he would hear himself.

We must suppose the hall of audience opened. The proconsul upon his seat of office. The "lictors" or sergeants (constables, perhaps, were the better word, for they were not soldiers) stood by and in their hands they held the "fasces," their badges of office being the bundle of rods with which the lictors preceded the proconsul; and then on his reaching his seat, they stood by him holding the rods in their hands, insignia of authority. The court is hushed! But while all are heeding Barnabas or Saul as they preach the word of the Lord, and when the apostles had made good progress in their discourse, there is an unexpected interruption. The opponent is well-known in the court. He probably was one officially attached to the court—a sorcerer; one who professed to have familiar intercourse with unseen powers, the spiritual world, and with whom it was in those days the custom for proconsuls and proprætors, and their superiors also in command, to take counsel and to seek guidance in cases of emergency. Of the prevalence of such persons at this time in high places profane history affords abundant evidence. His presence, therefore, on this occasion would create no surprise, however unseasonable his interruption might be thought. He was a "false prophet," under, as we believe, Satanic influence; at times possessed with a devil, at whose bidding he would deliver oracular sayings, sometimes true and sometimes false, as the greater evil might result. He was a Jew by nationality; and bearing the Jewish name of Bar-jesus, or son of Jesus, or Joshua, also assumed to himself the Arabic name of "Elymas" or "wise man," interpreted "sorcerer" in the text. This man withstood Barnabas and Saul, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith. He perceived the good impression made. The countenance of the deputy, perhaps his expressions of delight and wonder, perhaps the inquiries of this prudent and candid man, led both the sor-

cerer and his master the devil to fear they were in danger of losing their prey. They were therefore full of alarm, and alert to avert the dreaded consequences. He withstood the apostles, and he perverted the right ways of the Lord.

Perversion is an easy and ready mode of withstanding the faith. The faith of Jesus unadulterated and undefiled, the word of the Lord in its simplicity and telling power of truthfulness, the "right ways" of the Lord, commending themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God, are indeed hard to withstand. They must be misrepresented either in substance or result; they must be turned aside, perverted in some way or another, and grace made to look like licentiousness, or righteousness as "righteousness over-much," or the character of those who preach or of those who profess the Gospel must be blackened, or the devil and his children will be disappointed. Dear readers, beware of perversion; it is one of Satan's deadliest among his many poisoned shafts, aimed at the soul's destruction. To the law and to the testimony. To God's own written Word. If they speak not according to that word, it is because there is no light in them. And in what awful terms is the perverter, the man who willfully traduces Christ and His Gospel, here described: "O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness." What terms of dire severity; nor are they the words of Barnabas or Saul. It is thus that God Himself denounces the willful perverter of the Gospel, for "Saul, who is also called Paul, set his eyes" on Elymas, and spake these burning, damning words, "filled with the Holy Ghost." And the punishment that immediately ensued vindicated their justice, as by a voice direct from heaven, in the sign that followed (xiii. 11): "And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness; and he went about seeking some one to lead him by the hand." The punishment was immediate, publicly inflicted, acknowledged by the culprit, condign, and apparently irrevocable. But there was mercy mingled therewith, the blindness was to be but for a season. And the temporary blindness of the sorcerer was the method that God was pleased to choose whereby to shed light upon the mind and the heart of the deputy, and together with him, perhaps, upon many others who stood around and witnessed what was said and done. At all events, we are expressly told the deputy believed. He is Paul's first Christian convert that we have named in Holy Scripture, and on believing (it is remarkable, that it is expressly added), he was astonished, not at the miracle he had just witnessed, but at the doctrine of the Lord; for his heart God opened by his grace, as He opened Lydia's heart, to receive the truth as it is in Jesus.

We are told no more either of Sergius Paulus or of Elymas. Was the deputy, like the Ethiopian eunuch on his way home from Jerusalem, baptized? If so, doubtless Sergius Paulus witnessed like him a good confession: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God," and like him, again, "he went on his way rejoicing." Was Elymas a convert, or did he remain not only a pervert, but a perverter of the right ways of the Lord? We cannot tell, but the fact that his blindness was to be but for a season seems to give us a hope that Elymas as well as Sergius Paulus became a penitent, and that a double victory was that day gained before the proconsul's judgment-seat at Cyprus.

The whole island is occupied by two chains of mountains, known in ancient times as the third range of Olympus, and now called after the culminating peaks Kan-

tara, St. Hilarion, Stavro Vouni, and Santa Croce, some of which rise from seven to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The mountains chains inclose and border a few plains round the principal ports and towns—Nicosia, Famagosta, Larnaka, Limasol and Baffa. The many water-courses have all the character of torrents, destructive after heavy rains, and dry in Summer. The most considerable river is the Pedias, which waters the plain of Messaria, where Nicosia, or Leucosia, the modern capital of Cyprus and the seat of the English Government, is situated, nearly in the centre of the island.

Nicosia was the residence of the kings of Cyprus of the Lusignan dynasty, and a beautiful town, until the Turks destroyed part of it in 1570. Although now much decayed, and numbering only 16,000 inhabitants, it still presents a handsome external appearance, with the ancient Gothic pile of St. Sophia rising above the ruined walls and bastions, and surrounded by a luxurious vegetation. The ancient churches and convents have nearly all been converted into mosques, and only a few are still occupied by Greeks and Roman Catholics. The spacious bazaars and khans, as well as the ancient palace of the Venetian governor and the mansions of the Venetian nobles, are crumbling into decay. The chief produce of Nicosia is morocco leather; and calicoes, imported from England, are dyed there in brilliant colors for export to Syria, Smyrna and Constantinople.

Larnaka, the second town, is situated near the south coast, in a marshy plain, about twenty-four miles south of Nicosia. It consists of two parts. The lower town, or La Marina, is the principal trading port of the island, with an open roadstead, but a good anchorage ground at twenty to eight fathoms, and frequently visited by vessels from Smyrna and Malta. Although an exceedingly unhealthy place of residence, owing to the pestiferous exhalations of the neighboring marshes and filthy streets, this port of Larnaka presents a live enough appearance, with its throng of traders and seamen of different nations in the picturesque costumes of the East. The upper town contains the principal buildings; amongst them a dilapidated citadel, a cathedral and a convent, as well as the residences of the European consuls, and the intermediate space between the two towns is occupied by gardens and inclosures.

Near Larnaka is a salt lake, from which large quantities of salt were once obtained by evaporation, but which now is nearly dried up. The houses on this part of the island are built chiefly of clay, one story high, with a sloping roof, surrounded by gardens; the apartments paved with white marble, and comfortably furnished.

On the northeast side of the island the slopes of the mountains are bold and rugged, but even more so on the south side, where they present a deeply serrated outline, furrowed by deep valleys and thickly wooded. The prevailing formation of the southern hills is limestone, which assumes fantastic shapes under the influence of gradual decay and erosion, an example of which may be seen in our illustration of the "Hundred and One Houses," one of the most interesting spots on the coast between Nicosia and Cerina.

The picturesqueness of the landscape is wonderfully enhanced in Cyprus by the ruins of numerous convents and churches in Byzantine and early Gothic style, which everywhere appear on the mountain slopes toward the sea, in the towns, and on the island hillsides.

The most ancient of them seem to have been erected in the earliest times of Christendom, only a few centuries after the Apostle Paul and the Cypriot Barnabas had preached the new faith on the island. The greater number, however, date from the times of the Crusaders, when

minerals are worked. No large quadrupeds are found in Cyprus; but foxes, hares and small game, furred and feathered, abound; bees constitute part of its riches, and the silkworm finds its food everywhere. Of vegetable products cotton is the most important, and excellent wheat and barley can be grown everywhere. Other products of the soil are tobacco, olive-oil, opium, madder, sugar, flax and exquisite fruits, including the orange, lemon, pomegranate, date, fig, pistachio nut, caper, etc.

Noted from olden times are the Cypriotic wines, especially the "Commanderie," grown in the neighborhood of Limasol, near the site of the ancient commandery of the Knights Templars and of Malta. At first topaz-colored, this wine becomes black with age, and is an excellent stomachic. The Muscat and Moroccanella wine



ANTIQUITIES IN THE OSMOLA COLLECTION.

convents formed communities in themselves, inclosing within fortified walls all that was wanted for the spiritual and secular welfare of their inmates.

St. Chrysostom is built on the southern slope of the hills, which overlook the plain of Messaria, one thousand two hundred and fifty-five feet above the level of the sea.

The surrounding gardens contain orange and apricot trees, three hundred years old, and tall cypress trees watch over the entrance to the mausoleum of the foundress, Maria Molino. Marble sculptures and mosaics still cover the walls in some parts of the vast building, and the effect of these ruins is grand in the extreme when viewed on a moonlit night.

With regard to the natural resources of Cyprus, it may well be said that they are almost inexhaustible.

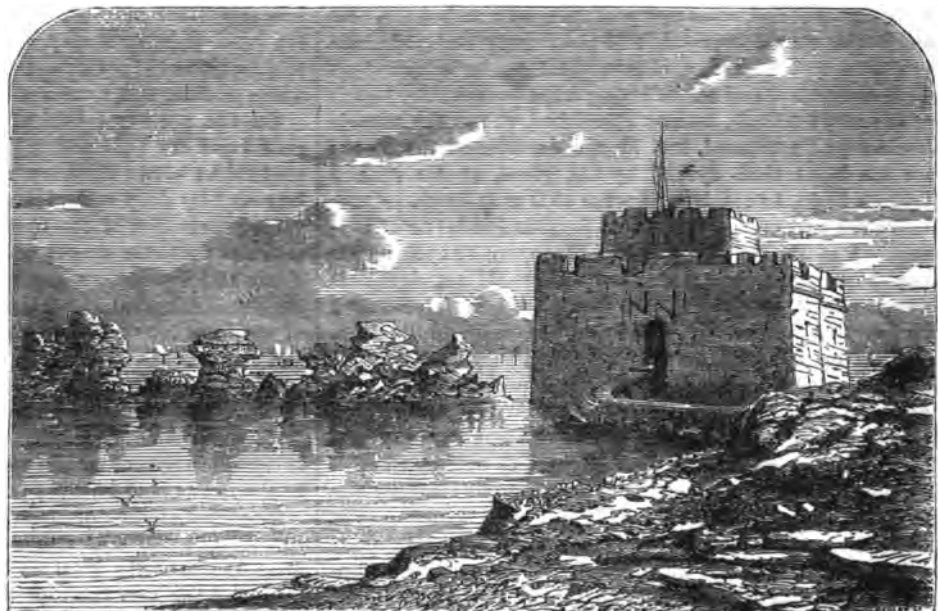
The cultivable surface of the island is estimated at about 2,500,000 acres, of which not much over 130,000 acres now remain under tillage.

The exceedingly fertile soil once maintained a million of inhabitants, which number, under Turkish misrule and neglect, had dwindled down in 1850 to 140,000, mostly Greeks, with about 30,000 Turks, Roman Catholics, Maronites and Armenians. The mountains are partly covered with forests of excellent timber, and the southwest portion contains gold, silver and copper in abundance, with Paphian diamonds, emeralds, opals, red jasper and asbestos; but scarcely any of the

are likewise excellent and highly esteemed in the Levant. Manufacturing establishments there are none, and only salt is manufactured in sufficient quantities (about 10,000 tons) for export. Pottery of quaint shapes is made for home consumption, and the peasantry distill rose, orange and lavender water for sale in the towns.

The Cypriot ladies were famous in ancient times for beauty and grace, and are so to the present day. They are skillful with the needle, and make beautiful embroideries and silk laces, both of which can stand comparison with, and in many instances even far surpass, European stitchery and lacework.

An especial interest attaches to this country for Americans, on account of the magnificent Cypriote collection of General Osmola, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York city. The following account of this cel-



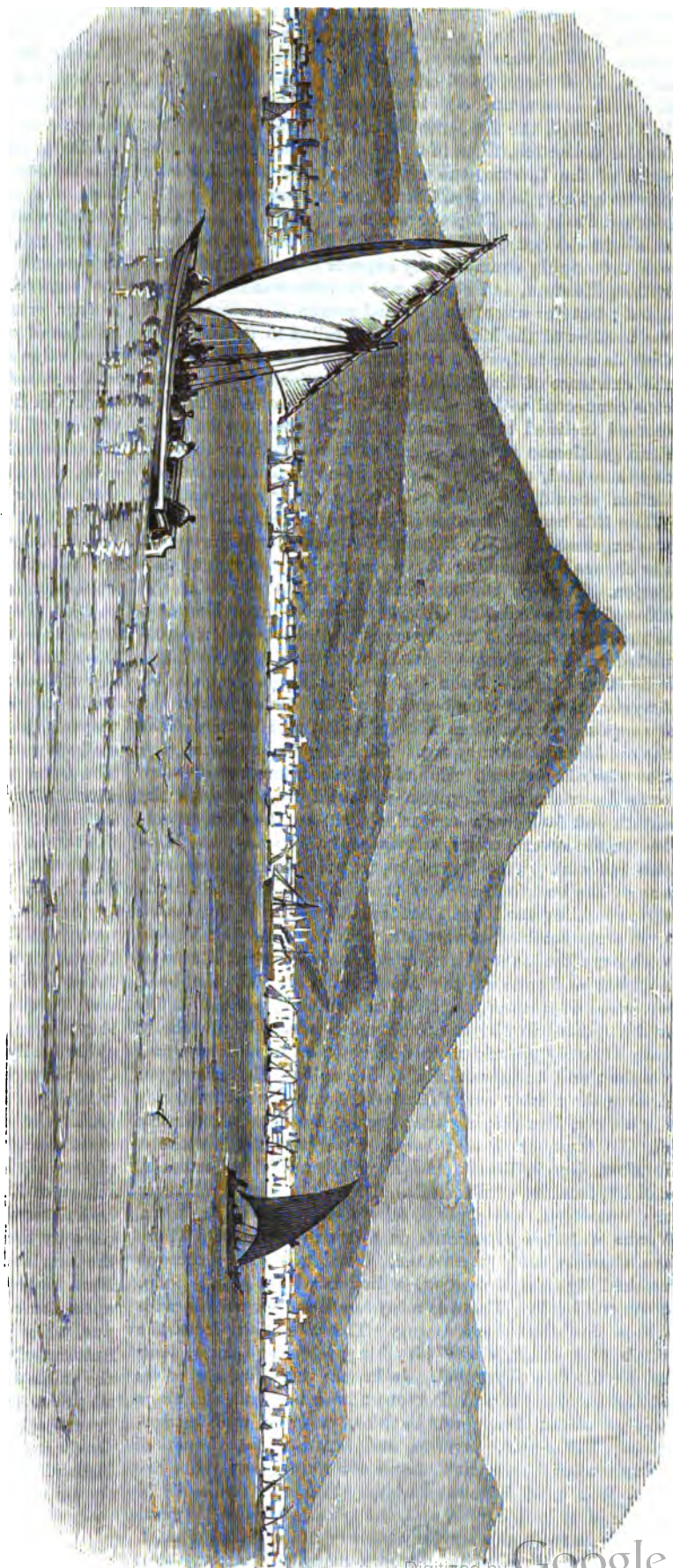
VIEW NEAR THE CASTLE OF ST. HILARIOS.



lection is condensed from "Appleton's Cyclopedia":

"Count Luigi Palma di Cesnola was born in Turin, Italy, July 29th, 1832. In 1848, at the age of fifteen, he left the royal military academy at Turin, and enlisted as a volunteer in the war against Austria. He then returned to the military academy, and graduated, receiving his commission in 1850, which he resigned in 1854. In 1860 he embarked for America. Here for many months he supported himself by giving instructions on the flute and lessons in French and Italian. In the Spring of 1861 he married one of his pupils, a daughter of Commodore Reid, of the United States Navy. Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, he became colonel of the Fourth Regiment of New York Cavalry. He was present with his regiment in eighteen engagements up to the fight at Aldia, June 17th, 1863, where he was wounded, taken prisoner, and confined in the Libby prison, Richmond. At the close of the war he was breveted brigadier-general, became an American citizen, and was appointed consul at Cyprus, his place of residence being Larnaka. There, in 1845 had been discovered a bass relief in black basalt, bearing a cuneiform inscription denoting that it was a present from Sargon, King of Assyria (721-704 B.C.), to his vassal, the King of Chittim. At Larnaka Cesnola heard of a massive stone vase, 7 ft. high and 11 ft. in diameter, weighing 30,000 lbs., and supposed to belong to the ninth or tenth century B.C., which the Emperor Napoleon had just presented to the Museum of the Louvre. His attention was soon attracted by some ancient coins and fragments of terra cotta in possession of the inhabitants of Larnaka, and he began to open some of the tombs, in which he found many objects of antique art. In 1866, while residing at Dali, twenty miles northwest of Larnaka, a curious stone was shown to him several feet below the surface of the ground. He perceived that it was a part of a tomb, and making excavations, he discovered that Dali occupied the site of the Necropolis of the ancient Idalium, a city which ceased to exist almost 2,000 years ago, where once stood a great temple of the Venus of Cyprus. Procuring a firman from the Sultan, he commenced excavations. These were continued, here and elsewhere, for three years, employing some hundreds of men, during which more than 8,000 tombs had been opened, when at last the jealousy of the Turks was aroused, and an edict from the Sultan prohibited all further excavations in Cyprus. But in the meantime Cesnola had accumulated a magnificent collection of antiquities, which in 1872 was purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of

VIEW OF LARNAKA, THE CHIEF COMMERCIAL CITY OF CYPRUS.



New York; a collection which for extent and historical and artistic value is unequalled by any other of the kind in the world. The number of articles is about 13,000, among which were many statues and statuettes, 1,800 lamps, 5,000 vases, 2,000 coins, 1,700 pieces of glassware, 600 gold ornaments, 800 bronzes, and 100 inscriptions. In July, 1870, the Emperor Napoleon made a large offer for the collection, then in Cyprus, for the Imperial Museum of the Louvre, the cost to be paid from his own private purse; but when Cesnola's acceptance of the offer reached Paris, the Emperor was a prisoner. In 1872 Cesnola sent the entire collection to London for sale, where it was thoroughly examined by experts connected with the British Museum, and others, and its value was fully recognized; but for some unexplained reason the attention of the trustees of the Museum was not called to it, and when Cesnola came to London he found that the knowledge of the existence of his collection was confined to a few persons connected with the Museum, and no one in Europe seemed inclined to purchase. At this juncture an American gentleman made a liberal offer for it, which was at once accepted, and Cesnola's cherished desire that his collection should go to his adopted country was realized. When this became known in England, great indignation was expressed that the British Museum should have lost the chance of becoming the possessor of this unique collection. Perhaps the most notable single object is the colossal statue found at Golgos, ten miles from Larnaka, in the buried ruins of whose temple were discovered the mutilated remains of more than 1,000 statues. The colossus is 28 ft. in height. Upon the head is the helmet-shaped Assyrian cap; the long beard is in four curled plaits. It is supposed to represent a high priest, and to date from the eighteenth century B.C. No European museum possesses so old a statue. The oldest heretofore known were some Assyrian and Egyptian statues dating between the eighth and fourteenth centuries B.C. In the Cesnola collection are several other statues probably nearly as old as this colossus. The Egyptian type is well represented, one of the best preserved statues being that of a female figure holding the lotus. Among the works of the Greek type are sepulchral bass reliefs, with inscriptions; Venus, with her attendants; Urania; a life-size draped statue of a priest of Venus of the Macedonian period, the head wreathed with laurel, an olive branch in the right hand, and a symbol in the left; colossal heads with the shelly hair of early Greek art; fine statues of children and youths; and antique heads, of the noblest Hellenic type. Among the marble and alabaster statuettes are Venus holding a dove, Pan playing the pipes, and women performing on the tambourine and harp. There are heads without number, Greek, Roman and Egyptian; heads of animals, and implements of all kinds. The objects in terra cotta are numerous, some plain, others colored red or black. Venus with her attendants is a favorite subject. There are chariots and horsemen, dancing girls, grotesque masked figures, a donkey, a lioness with whelps, bulls, goats and birds. There is a toy-horse on four wheels, with a hole, doubtless for a string. This was taken from the tomb of a child, whose plaything it was, perhaps, long before the first Olympiad. In bronze there are statuettes of Osiris, Minerva and Pomona; bracelets, anklets, rings and amulets; brooches, buckles, tweezers and mirror-cases; battle-axes, javelins and arrow-heads. Vases of every material, size and shape are numerous; there are more than 1,000 different designs. Some of them are 3 ft. high and 4½ in diameter, and, though probably 3,000 years old, are as fresh as when they came from the maker's hand. In the collection of jewelry are rings of various sorts,

some with precious stones, as sapphires, carbuncles and carnelians; clasps, beads and spoons; mortuary plates of pure gold, which were tied upon the forehead of the dead, bearing designs in low relief of acanthus-leaves, lines, scrolls, and sometimes female figures. There are gems and stones engraved with mythological and other designs, Minerva in carnelian, Mercury in jasper, Mars in garnet; heads in onyx and agate; and some fine paste cameos. The collection is specially rich in glassware of every shape, form and purpose; cups ribbed and iridized, blue and ribbed, white opaque; a bowl of dark blue with iridized tints of green and purple; bottles with raised spiral lines in blue and amber, or with serpents in relief trailing over the surface. One wine-cup, with a yellow ground, has feather ornaments in blue and yellow, with serpentine handles of opaque glass. The collection of coins was of great value and interest, but it was lost by the shipwreck of the vessel in which it was sent from Beyrout to England. In it were coins belonging to the best Greek period, the age of Phidias. There were coins of the Greek imperial class, among which were those of Alexander, the Seleucids, and a series of those of the kings of Cyprus. There was one fine gold coin, weighing twenty-two pennyweights, struck by Ptolemy Philadelphus. There were also Indian, Greek Ptolemaic, Cypriote, Roman, Byzantine, Lusignanian and Venetian coins, in gold, silver and bronze. The inscriptions promise to be of great historical value. So recently as 1863, the Duke de Luynes stated that there were only three known inscriptions in the Cypriote language, and these had not been deciphered. In the temple at Golgos alone Cesnola found thirty-four inscriptions, and his whole collection contains about one hundred. In some respects the preservation and discovery of these Cypriote remains is more remarkable than in the case of those of Assyria. The latter were buried in the destruction of the palaces where they were found, the sites of which have been uninhabited almost ever since. But in Cyprus the sites of the tombs have been for many centuries covered over by inhabited towns, and scores of generations have lived and died on the spot, never dreaming of the treasures which lay buried a few feet below. The discovery of the buried temple of Venus at Golgos was in every way remarkable. It was known very nearly where it must have stood. Between 1817 and 1864 French archaeologists expended several hundred thousand francs in excavating for it; but they dug a few miles away, and only found the site of the ancient city, now occupied by a small village. In 1866 Cesnola excavated in the same place, and of course unsuccessfully. In the Winter of 1869-1870 he thought he had found the site of the necropolis, but on digging down came upon the famous temple itself, with its rich collection of antiquities. After that he purchased the ground of the village of Kuklia, sixty miles southwest of Larnaka, which he had satisfied himself was the site of the ancient Paphos, close by the spot where Venus is said to have risen from the sea, and where was the chief seat of her worship. Here he hoped, not without reason, that he should come upon some of the famous works of Praxiteles and Lysippus, when his hopes were blasted by the edict from the Sultan forbidding all further excavations in Cyprus. But the value of what he had already accomplished is beyond all price. Only a single collection of the kind at all approaches his, and that is the famous Kertch collection of Greek antiquities, formed, it is said, by the royal collector Mithridates the Great, which has found a resting-place in the imperial museum of the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg.



## THE VOCAL MUSIC OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS.

BY ALFRETON HERVEY.

HAVING given some account of the instrumental music of the ancient Jews, a few words upon their vocal music will not be amiss. This subject is but little less difficult to treat than the former, for the records and remains are but few, and we can only observe the music in the Jewish synagogues and temples as it has been practiced in times in which a record has been made, and then reach back, by tradition and the Biblical writings, to the music of unrecorded days.

We may certainly believe that King David and King Solomon, from the abundant care they took, and the minute directions they gave, concerning the musical services in celebrating their worship, surely provided the best vocal music attainable. They did not leave either the players or singers to be selected heterogeneously from the mass of worshippers, and less did they permit any or everyone, musical or unmusical, to take part in the musical parts of the service, as is so frequently done now in many churches. The familiar excuse, "If we sing from the heart, God will accept it, no matter how bad it be," had no weight with them. They, each of them, anticipated Paul's command, "Let everything be done decently and in order," and they rigorously appointed those who alone should be permitted to "sing unto the Lord" and "play skillfully with a loud noise." In I. Chron. ix. the names of the singers who were appointed are given. They are recognized as a part of those whose work is to assist in the worship. These were appointed by King Saul; in the fifteenth chapter we read of David's appointments to the same office. When the released captive Jews returned from Babylon, a festival service of praise and thanksgiving was celebrated. Nehemiah tells us that the singers were appointed (Chron. vii. 1), and that they especially were "over the business of the House of God" (Chron. xi. 22); and David, in his eighty-seventh Psalm, when he is singing of the glory of the Church, says: "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there" (verse 7).

In those days there was certainly no such thing as written music. It is, therefore, probable that the singers and players were carefully instructed and rehearsed in their music before appearing in the services. The tunes or melodies were most likely composed by some one and then taught orally to the others. Like in the analogous case of the instruments, the development of singing from speaking can be easily traced. First, while reciting the grand heroic poems of the ancient Jews, the natural inflection of the voice would suggest occasional changes of pitch. The change from a solemn monotone to a dramatic recitative is thus a simple, natural one. Then from the recitative to the simple air or melody is not a far step, and next, by adding a grace note here, a turn there, a pause or hold for especial emphasis, we soon arrive at the full grown aria.

In ancient nations it was the very general custom to recite poems, or read grand descriptive writings in a sort of recitative. We see this developed in the Greek tragedies and comedies, when the recitations of the chorus were always in musical phrases, and to this day the Arabs recite the Koran to a species of irregular chant.

The Jews of ancient Jerusalem, being more highly developed in their musical and poetical natures than many other nations, naturally brought their singing to a higher degree of musical excellence than the surrounding

peoples. They sang their praises, and the kingly poet David wrote for them his beautiful Psalms to sing before the Lord, and from the days of King David to the present, the Jews have been accustomed to sing these Psalms.

And here, I may remark in passing, that it seems to me to be a most incomprehensible thing that in any church service these Psalms should be read. They are grand poems, written to be sung, and David, in frequent places commands them to be sung. They were sung, and when Christianity was established, the singing of the Psalms was not discontinued. The Catholic Church sang them, and it was not until the Protestant reformers discarded so many good things in their endeavors to get rid of all the bad, that these Psalms were ever read. It is an anomaly of the strangest kind to read them. They should be sung, or let alone. The night before our Saviour was betrayed, He met the disciples in an upper room, "And when they had sung a hymn!" The hymn they sung was the *Hallel*, which is a grand hymn of praise, including Psalms cxiii. to cxviii. This *Hallel* is divided into two parts, the first comprising Psalms cxiii. and cxiv., and the second comprising Psalms cxv. and cxvi. It is this second part which is generally supposed to have been sung by our Saviour and His Apostles at the conclusion of the Passover supper, as related in Matt. xxvi. 30, and Mark xiv. 26.

There were two *Hallels* used in the Temple service. The one already alluded to was called the *Egyptian Hallel*, because it was chanted in the Temple while the Passover lambs, which were first enjoined in Egypt, were being slain. It was chanted at the sacrifice of the first and second Pesach, after the daily service on the first day of Passover, after the morning sacrifice on the Feast of Pentecost, and on the eight days of the Feast of Tabernacles, making in all twenty days in the year. During the eight days of the Feast of Tabernacles, the *Hallel* was chanted without accompaniment, but on the other twelve days it was accompanied by the flute-players. The manner of singing it was very impressive. The Levites stood before the altar and sang it verse by verse, the people responsively singing every verse, or bursting forth in solemn hallelujahs at every pause, while the slaves of the priests, the Levites and such others as were appointed, played on flutes. This *Hallel* was also chanted on private family celebrations of the Passover, when it was divided into the two parts above mentioned.

The other was the *Great Hallel*, which consisted of Psalms cxviii. to cxxxvi. In this *Hallel* the response, "For thy mercy endureth for ever," was repeated after every verse as in Psalm cxxxvi. This *Hallel* was chanted on the first evening at the Passover supper, by those who wished to have a fifth cup—one above the enjoined number. It was also chanted on occasions of great joy, as an expression of thanksgiving to God for special mercies.

The Jews to this day use the *Egyptian Hallel* at the morning prayer, immediately after the Eighteen Benedictions, in all the festivals of the year except New Year and the Day of Atonement, omitting Psalms cxv. 1-11 and cxvi. 1-11, on the last six days of the Feast of the Passover, and on the new moon. Before the *Hallel* is chanted, they pronounce the following benediction: "Blessed art Thou, Lord our God, King of the World, who hast sanctified us with Thy Commandments and enjoined upon us to recite the *Hallel*." At the Passover Supper, on the first





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was raised, the Levites leading in song, and the offerers either repeating after them or merely responding. Every first line of a psalm was repeated by the people, while to each of the others they responded by a 'Hallelujah,' or 'Praise ye the Lord.' This service of song consisted of the so-called *Hallel*, which comprised Psalms cxiii. to cxviii. Thus :

"The Levites began: 'Hallelu Jah' (praise ye the Lord)."

"The people repeated: 'Hallelu Jah.'"

"The Levites: 'Praise (Hallelu), O ye servants of Jehovah.'"

"The people responded: 'Hallelu Jah.'"

"The Levites: 'Praise (Hallelu) the name of Jehovah.'"

"The people responded: 'Hallelu Jah.'"

"Similarly, when Psa. cxiii. had been finished, Psa. cxiv. :

"The Levites: 'When Israel went out of Egypt.'"

"The people repeated: 'When Israel went out of Egypt.'"

"The Levites: 'The House of Jacob from a people of strange language.'"

"The people responded: 'Hallelu Jah.'"

"And in the same manner, repeating each first line and responding to the rest, till they came to Psa. cxviii., when, besides the first, these three lines were also repeated by the people (vs. 25, 26) :

"Save, now, I beseech Thee, Jehovah ;"

"Oh, Jehovah, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity ;" and

"Blessed be He that cometh in the name of Jehovah."

two evenings of the Festival, both the Egyptian and the Great *Hallel* are now recited, and the former is still divided, as it was in the days of our Saviour.

Dr. Alfred Edersheim, in his work, "The Temple: Its Ministry and Services," gives a full description of the singing of the *Hallel*, as part of the temple service at the slaying of the Paschal lamb. Shortly before the burning of the incense and the trimming of the lamps was the time for this sacrifice. In its proper turn a body of Israelites, large enough to fill, without overcrowding, the court of priests, and each carrying his lamb under his arm, was admitted. "Immediately the massive gates were closed behind them. The priests drew a threefold blast from their silver trumpets when the Passover was slain. Altogether, the scene was most impressive. All along the court up to the altar of burnt-offering priests stood in two rows, the one holding golden, the other silver, bowls. In these the blood of the Paschal lambs, which each Israelite slew for himself (as representative of his company at the Paschal supper), was caught up by a priest, who handed it to his colleague, receiving back an empty bowl, and so the bowls with the blood were passed up to the priest at the altar, who jerked it in one jet at the base of the altar. While this was going on a most solemn 'hymn' of praise

Dr. Edersheim very pertinently asks: "May it not be that to this solemn and impressive hymn corresponds the Alleluia song of the redeemed Church in heaven, as described in Rev. xix. 1, 3, 4, 6?"

In Emil Nauman's "History of Music" we find also an interesting description of the manner of singing and accompanying the Psalms. He says: "The instruments which accompanied the Psalms consisted of harps, timbrels, psalteries, trumpets, drums, shophars and sometimes flutes.\* The instruments used were most likely selected with especial reference to the character of the Psalms which they were to accompany. Stringed instruments were effectively employed in the accompaniment of the Penitential Psalms; trumpets, drums, shophars, timbrels, an increased number of harps of a larger size, and a greater number of strings being added for hymns of praise. The choruses were arranged and led by a precentor. The modes of singing the Psalms appear to have been multifarious. They were probably sung antiphonally either by the priest and congregation, the divided choirs, or the pre-

\* Thus giving, as noticed in a former article, the three principal divisions of the modern grand orchestra—stringed, wind and percussion instruments. What a grand service of praise these old Hebrews had!



centor and chorus. In such a manner Psalms xii., xx., xxxviii., lxxxv. and cv. were perhaps executed; the response of different voices or choirs would under these conditions be explicable in accordance with the poetical form of the verses.

"The Psalms are constructed on a poetical basis, wherein the division of the couplet into strophe and anti-strophe follows the form of a parallelism in which the ideas are expressed. The division of a verse into three parts is very unusual. The beginning of Psalm xxxviii., divided in the following manner, will clearly illustrate this :

- A. O Lord rebuke me not in Thy wrath;  
 B. Neither chasten me in Thy hot displeasure.  
 A. For Thine arrows stick fast in me;  
 B. And Thy hand presseth me sore.  
 A. There is no soundness in my flesh because of Thine anger;  
 B. Neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.  
 A. For mine iniquities are gone over my head;  
 B. As a heavy burden, they are too heavy for me.  
 A. My wounds stink and are corrupt  
 B. Because of my foolishness.  
 A. I am troubled and bowed down greatly;  
 B. I go mourning all the day long.

The letters A and B denote in every verse the couplets completing the parallelism. We may either suppose that A was sung by the first singer, B as the response by the second, or that they were sung alternately by two semi-choirs. But it is just as probable that the first part was sung by the precentor, and the second by the full choir. This latter supposition is supported by the fact that the second half verse generally intensifies the meaning of the first part of the couplet. Other Psalms were most likely chanted by a smaller choir, the refrain being taken up by the whole congregation. This undoubtedly was the case with the twenty-six verses of Psalm cxxxvi., each of which has the refrain "For His mercy endureth for ever." Psalm cxviii. contains the same refrain, but only in its four opening and concluding verses, and Psalms cvi. and cvii. have this formula at the beginning. To such reiterated exclamations there were probably set musical phrases in which either the whole congregation or the united choir of precentor and priests joined.

The musical purpose of the Psalms is often clearly indicated in the text. Thus, in Psalms xvi., xviii. and clix. there is "Sing to the Lord a new-made song"; in Psalm cxxxvii., "We hanged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof. For they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land." In Psalm cviii., "Awake, psaltery and harp," the instruments are, as it were, summoned to join in the praise of

God; and in Psalms cxlix. and cl. the whole of the instruments which accompany the choir are enumerated. "Sing praises unto Him with the timbrel and harp, praise Him with trumpets, praise Him with the psaltery, praise Him with strings and pipes, praise Him with the cymbals, praise Him with the well-tuned cymbals." The German Bible of Luther contains a number of musical directions. Thus, it is ordered that the chanting of Psalms iv., liv., lv., and lvii., is to be preceded by a prelude, performed on stringed instruments. Psalms xi., xiii., xiv., xviii., xix., xx., xxi., xxxvi., xxxix., xl., xli., li. and liii., have the simple superscription, "A Psalm of David." In reference to Psalms vi., viii., xii., and lxxxi., the directions, "To be sung on eight strings." Psalm lxi. is directed "to be sung to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument." Antiphonal singing is enjoined in the Psalm cxlvii., and also in I. Sam. xviii. 6 and 7.

Enough has been said to show the strange inconsistency and manifest impropriety of ever reading these Songs in public worship, and yet there are those who think that to sing the Psalms is a sure mark of Popery!

But there were other portions of the Bible which were habitually sung in the Temple services—the Song of Miriam and the Song of Deborah had their appointed



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places. As an example of ancient Hebrew music, we give here a tune with a simple pianoforte accompaniment, called the Song of Moses. Rabbi De Sola says that a very ancient Spanish work affirms that it is the veritable melody sung by Miriam and her companions. The harmony and adaptation of the words are, of course, modern :

Here, in the lone waste, Her song let Is-ra-el raise, Un - to

God in the cloud of glo-ry, That guideth her al-way, A - do-

nal, A - braham's God, A - do - nai, We praise For Thy

an-gel is ev-er near, In the cloud to shield by day, In the

fire by night to cheer, Pointing still our homeward way.

The manner of singing in the Psalms the Temple Service is called *cantillation*. This is described as a kind of chant, its character varying from time to time and in different places. Its irregularity rendered it singularly appropriate for the use to poems of a complicated or constantly changing rhythm, such as the Psalms. The rigidity of the form of the single or double chants to which the Psalms are now sung in many churches is really their great fault, for although it gives a congregation of hearers the great advantage of quickly learning its unvarying tune, yet it must remain exactly of the same length and cadence whether the verses be short or long, or whether the paral-

lisms of the poetry run in half verses, whole verses, or in sets of two verses. This defect is partly remedied by the use of the Gregorian tones with their unequal mediations and endings, giving greater freedom and elasticity to the musical recitation, and it cannot be disputed that the Psalms should always be chanted to the Gregorian tones properly and suitably arranged to the words, the different tones to different Psalms, or to different portions of the same Psalm, whenever the parallelism demands such treatment. A most judicious arrangement of the whole Psalter of this character has been made by Richard Redhead, of England, which is largely in use in England, and also in this country, where the Psalter is habitually chanted.

The following chant is in use to the Eighteenth Psalm by the Spanish Jews, and as will be seen by the musical reader, it has a freedom of elasticity unpossessed by any Anglican chant, and few Gregorians.

Of course, there being no such thing as *written* music among the ancient Jews, the whole guide to the singer was a system of accents, denoting the movement of the voice, up or down, and the embellishments added to the fixed tones. There was also a system of *chironomy* or movement of the music-leader's hand, which, when learned by the singers, was sufficiently accurate to give unanimity to the entire body of vocalists. The principal names of the movements in this system are *Ison*, *Oligon*, *Ossia*, *Pentasthe*, *Kouphisma* and *Pelasthon*. The first represents the tonic or keynote—in fact, a movable *do*; the others successively indicate the vocalization of the different intervals above the tonic, namely, the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth. "Even the reading of the Scriptures," says Rabbi De Sola, was "always accompanied by the observance of certain signs or accents, intended to determine the sense, and as musical notes." Cantillation is the outgrowth of this system of accented reading.

The extent to which the music of the modern synagogue resembles that of the old Temple at Jerusalem cannot be clearly determined, for most of the original characteristics are lost, and there are no sculptured remains, as in the case of other nations. The Jews, in their obedience to the Second Commandment, avoided anything like historical sculptures, and the destruction of their Temple almost entirely obliterated the few records they had. But enthusiastic archaeologists have, by diligently studying the traditions preserved in the synagogues by the Eastern and African Jews, determined that there are still in use in the synagogues of Europe and Asia melodies identical with those of the Temple service. It would occupy too much space, and demand too much technical treatment, to go into this subject with any degree of depth. It is enough to merely refer to it, and the reader must accept the *dictum*. It is to the Israelites that we are indebted for the union of music with worship, and in them we recognize for the first time a people to whom the sanguous



charm of music was not all-sufficing—a nation which employed music as a means to an end—to express an ideal. Thus music and poetry, inseparably connected, became the language in which they addressed Jehovah. They were a people who first acknowledged God in all things, and to Him they sang in jubilant strains, or bewailed in

sorrowful accents their sufferings, and expressed their repentance for sins. "If, therefore," says Naumann "Christian music has intensified the tonal art, and made it the language of the heart and soul, it should never be forgotten that to the Hebrews we are indebted for the prolific soil in which it fructified."

## THE COLLECTION BASKET.

We have received a courteous letter from Miss Etta Johnston, of Baltimore, contradicting the statements of Mrs. Ewing in "The Collection Basket" in our June number, and supporting those of our contributor, W. C. Proctor, in our February number, in reference to the treatment of the former slaves in the South. We are at all times ready to correct errors of fact, but simple assertions on one side or the other are out of place. Having given both sides of this question, we must close the discussion. Matters of opinion in our contributed articles must be taken for what they are worth, and go at that; but if the facts are wrongly stated, we shall be thankful to any of our readers who will call attention to them.

**A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER JUSTIFIES PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.**—The increasing tolerance of lax views of theology in the Congregational Church was lately shown anew at Somerville, in Massachusetts. The Rev. Mr. Merriman, who is described as "one of the ablest and most scholarly ministers in the Congregational ranks," and who for several years was President of Ripon College, was under examination before an ecclesiastical tribunal called to test his fitness for installation as a pastor. Mr. Merriman expressed liberal views concerning the Lord's Supper, or communion, and gave an explanation of the atonement which cannot be reconciled with orthodox doctrine as understood in what are called evangelical churches generally. But his greatest divergence from the established theology of Puritanism and of orthodox Protestantism, as a whole, occurred when he gave his convictions touching the future state and future punishment. He declared his belief in a modified sort of purgatory, something against which all Protestantism has been arrayed; and he refused to accept or preach the doctrine that punishment for sin is everlasting. Nor did this Congregational minister, "a man," we are told, "of rare character and power," stop there. He did not shrink from the logical conclusions deducible from his views. Believing in probation after death, he did not deny the necessity nor impugn the efficacy of prayers for the dead! These are the words in which he declared himself touching Christian probation: "As Christ was born and died for all men, so all men will have a Christian probation. All are dear to Christ, and are to have the offer of the great salvation. But there are many who have no probation whatever this side of the grave. They have not even a moral probation, much less a Christian one. I do not believe that the Scriptures necessitate the theory that death is the limit of human probation. I believe that all, before they come to the judgment seat of Christ, will have a Christian probation." Of course, this is in direct opposition to Calvinism, to the orthodox creed of Protestantism generally. Though Mr. Merriman did not avow his belief in the ultimate salvation of all men, it is obvious that he is a Universalist. In the state to which they will go after death, according to him, men will be tried, purged, fitted for heaven, made ready to appear before the judgment seat of God. When cross-examined closely, he reiterated his views, making them clearer and more unmistakable, as

follows: "The line of probation is the final judgment. Between death and then there might be redemptive progress. Evil did not always exist and may be terminated, and the phrase 'everlasting' applied to punishment does not necessitate the theory of illimitable evil or suffering. Nothing in Scripture prevents prayers for the dead." Mr. Merriman could not honestly and logically escape from this conclusion. If probation continues after death, prayers for the dead are just as important, just as efficacious, as prayers for men while under the earthly probation. And yet this Congregational minister, who explained away the old orthodox ideas of the atonement, who did not believe in everlasting punishment, who accepted probation after death, and who did not shrink from approval of prayers for the dead, was pronounced sound in doctrine by the Somerville Council, and was installed as pastor of a Congregational church! He was formally accepted and approved as a spiritual and doctrinal guide for the descendants of the Puritans, to whom his teachings would have been hateful beyond measure. Assuredly New England Congregationalism is passing through very radical changes.—From the *Sun*, N. Y.

**SUBJECTS TO BE DISCUSSED AT THE NEXT ENGLISH CHURCH CONGRESS.**—The following provisional list of subjects for discussion at the Church Congress to be held this year at Derby, England, has been issued by the Subjects' Committee:

**I. Evangelistic Work of the Church.**—1. Abroad: Organization of native churches, missionary centres, medical missions. 2. At home: Neglect of public worship, the Church and revival movements. 3. The duty of the Church to criminals, paupers and vagrants, navvies and canal population. 4. The Jews: Present religious condition, their prospects, duty of the Church to them.

**II. Apologetic Work of the Church.**—1. Rome and Dissent: The Claims of Rome, the deficiencies of dissent, possibilities of reunion or intercommunion. 2. Unbelief: Authority and free thought, science and faith, morality and revelation. 3. Political relations of the Church: The Church and the Crown, the Church and Parliament, the Church and Democracy.

**III. Administration.**—1. Church Discipline: Disciplinary laws as affecting the clergy and negligent clerks, Church courts, canonical obedience. 2. Synodical action: Diocesan synods, Church boards, central council of diocesan conferences. 3. Marriage laws: Prohibited degrees, preliminary safeguards, divorce and separation.

**IV. Inner Work of the Church.**—1. Extension of Church Ministries: coadjutor bishops—suffragan and assistant, the diaconate, minor offices. 2. The religious life of the young educated classes, assistants in shops, etc. 3. The ideal of liturgical worship in the Church of England; proposals for liturgical improvements. 4. The Clergy: Beneficed clergy—the voice of the Church in the appointment of bishops and parish priests, unbeneficed clergy—position and prospects. 5. Temperance work: Remedial treatment of inebriates. 6. Preventive work (special section).

V. Inner Life of the Church.—1. Devotional subject : Devotional study of Holy Scripture, enrichment of private prayer, Holy Communion in relation to personal devotion, association for prayer and progress in spiritual life. 2. Unity of belief in relation to diversifying thought.

VI. Collateral subjects.—1. Morality in trade, politics, private affairs. 2. The Church in relation to the domestic and social life of the people, upper classes, dwellings of the poor, recreations of the people.

#### AMUSEMENTS FOR CHRISTIANS.

—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle recently, Dr. Talmage described the pleasures a Christian might consistently enjoy. The Church has been denouncing hurtful and dangerous amusements for centuries, said Mr. Talmage, and it is time to tell the people what they may do. This world will never be reformed by a religion of "Don't!" There is no reason why Christians should be forbidden to enjoy themselves. I mean to serve a writ of ejectment on all the sinful ones who have squatted on the inheritance of the children of God, and clear it out for the rightful heirs. It is a wrong to say constantly that "This is wrong" and "That is wrong" without showing which is right. I will show you forms of enjoyment good for body and mind.

First, of indoor sports, music—vocal and instrumental. It was one of the things God created. I would recommend the gymnasium. There are Christians who would be benefited by it. Some men pass their lives talking about their immortal souls, when the trouble with them is incompetent livers. To be pious they think they must be poorly. The world scoffs at "muscular Christianity," but a consecrated soul and muscular vigor is what is needed. With such a puny set of Christians as we have in this world we can never capture it for God. Parlor games and amusements will make homes attractive. Don't stand before your children as examples of immaculate goodness. Because your

ankles are stiff and your eyes dim, don't wonder why the children's eyes brighten at the dance. Chess, charades, battledore, calisthenics have not one taint of iniquity about them. Take your families out to places of amusement. The lecture platform has set the world seventy-five years ahead. I commend the croquet ground, the hunter's gun, the fisherman's rod, archery, and other field sports. We want more free air, more sunshine and abandonment to field sports in our lives, and more sunshine and free air in

our theology. The reformers of the world sit in their studies until they grow morbid and think everything is wrong. The children of God are not on their way to the penitentiary, but to a palace. There is no grander recreation than the pleasure of doing good.

**DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.**—The following calculation, based on a text of Revelation, is both curious and interesting. It is copied from the Charlottesville *Jeffersonian*, and will suggest thoughts for those who think: "Revelation, xxi. chapter, 16th verse: 'And he measured the city with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and breadth and the height are equal.' Twelve thousand furlongs = 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed is 943,088,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet, and half of which we will reserve for



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the throne of God and the court of heaven, half of the balance for streets, and remainder divided by 4,096, the cubical feet in the room, sixteen feet square and sixteen feet high, will be 30,843,760,000,000 rooms. We will suppose that the world always did and always will contain 900,000,000 of inhabitants, and a generation will last thirty-three and one-third years—2,700,000,000 persons. Then suppose there were 11,230 such worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years—then there would be a room sixteen feet long, sixteen feet wide and sixteen feet high, for each person, and yet there would be room."







# DECORATION DAY—WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT MEANS.

BY THE EDITOR.

DECORATION DAY! Lift up your eyes and see all over this land, from San Francisco to Canada, the people gathering in the cemeteries. They are bringing flowers. The drums are beating the grand march, and the minute-guns are the heart-throbs of the nation's sympathy. They bring flowers in wreaths; that suggests the conqueror. They bring flowers in crosses; that suggests awful suffering. Some of the flowers are white; that means victory. Some of the flowers are red or crimson; the seed for them was planted at Manassas Junction and Charlotte Court House—planted in grave-trench and covered with the iron rake of battle, blooming now, suggestive of the blood that was spilled and of the ruddy flash of musketry. In this national observance we do not merely put a perishable wreath on the pillow of dust where the dead sleep, but we put a garland upon courage, a garland upon discipline, a garland upon self-sacrifice and a garland upon patriotism.

The military science of the Bible is profoundly interesting. Cain and Abel were the first combatants, and all the disputes between individuals and the families and nations have been only the echo of Cain's club. In Bible times all the men between twenty and fifty years of age were enrolled for the standing army. Then a levy was made for special service. There were only four or five classes exempt—those who had built a house and had not lived in it; those who had planted a garden and not plucked the fruit thereof; those who were engaged to be married and yet had not led the bride to the altar; those who had been wedded for less than one year, and all those very nervous people who would probably run at the sight of an enemy or faint at the sight of blood. These were exempt. The army was put into divisions—the centre, the right and left wings. The defensive weapons were shield, helmet, breast-plate, buckler. The offensive weapons were spear, sword, sling, arrow, javelin, the catapult (which was a great bow, managed by machinery, discharging arrows to a great distance, arrows so heavy that some men could not lift them), and the ballista, which was a great sling swung by machinery, throwing to great distances rocks and balls of lead. The shield was made of woven willow-work covered with three thicknesses of hide, and looped on one side, so that the warrior might thrust his arm in. Attacking an enemy on the level, these shields came close together and made a wall immovable and impenetrable; but attacking battlements these shields were held overhead to resist the fall of missiles. The breast-plate consisted of two pieces of leather, brass covered, one piece falling over the breast, the other over the back, the two pieces of leather fastened at the side of the warrior with buttons and clasps. The ankle and the foot wore an iron boot. The bow was so stout and strong and stiff that it could not easily be bent, and one warrior would frequently challenge another warrior to bend it. The strings of the bows were made out of the sinews of oxen. In a case the shape of an inverted pyramid the arrows were placed and fastened to the back, and when a warrior wanted to dislodge them he put his hand over his shoulder and brought forth the arrows. The wall of the ancient city bent inward, so that the assailing party might be attacked on the flank. The battering-ram was a beam hung on chains in equilibrium. This great war-machine was brought up in front of the wall, and then a great many men would lay hold of the beam and push it back away from the wall as far

as possible, and then suddenly let go, until the beam became a great swinging pendulum of destruction. A tower capable of holding twenty or thirty men was built on the back of an elephant, the elephant made drunk with wine and headed toward the enemy, and what with the heavy feet and the swinging proboscis and poisoned arrows shot from the movable tower, the destruction was something appalling. Chariots of war were driven down, each chariot with two wheels, so that it might turn easily, the driver standing, a sword fastened to the pole between the horses, so that when the horses went ahead the sword would thrust, and when they turned around it would mow down. Sharp, glittering swords were also fastened to the hubs of the chariot. Going into battle the army carried flags beautifully embroidered—the flag of Judah with the lion—the flag of Reuben with the man—the flag of Dan with the cherubim. The noise of the advancing army, what with the rattle of shields and the clatter of hoofs and the rumbling of chariots and the shouting of captains and the vociferation of the entire hosts, was so great that the prophet compares it to the roaring of the sea. While our men of modern time talk much about advancement in the art of warfare, we are not to come to the conclusion that the ancient army was an ungovernable mob.

We are all praying for the day of universal peace. We all want the time to come when the last weapon of war will be changed into an implement of agriculture, and yet there is something within us which is stirred in the presence of armed men. We involuntarily keep step at the sound of the drum. We thrill at the blast of the bugle. We can not help but wave our hats as a regiment passes. While sometimes the dissolute and the vicious take arms, we can not forget that Joshua was a soldier, and Caleb was a soldier, and David was a soldier, and Havelock was a soldier, and Hedley Vickers was a soldier, and Washington was a soldier.

In this national observance we put a garland upon discipline. With the soldiers of the last war, as well as the soldiers of David, it was drill, drill, drill. So it is in all our work in the Church and in the world. It is drill, drill, drill, or no success. How many men not willing to submit to this drudgery are absolutely useless to the Church and State! Because they can not be preachers, or orators, or Christian workers, they are discouraged. It seems so easy to preach, so easy to edit, so easy to bargain, so easy to sculpture the statue, and draft a house, and execute a picture, and medicate a wound, that they will try it; but after they find out that it is only by continuous toil and practice that they can come to be an expert, or to be anything worthy of the name of success, they surrender. It is through oft-repeated drill, or never at all, we learn in all our Christian as well as worldly work, to keep rank.

Again, we in our national observance put a garland on prowess in battle. It is comparatively easy to keep rank on a parade amid a shower of bouquets and hand-clapping and the whole street full of enthusiastic huzzas, but it is not so easy to keep rank in the day of battle, the face blackened with smoke, the uniform covered with the earth plowed up by whizzing bullets and bursting shells, half the regiment out to pieces, and yet the commander crying: "Forward, march!" Then it requires old-fashioned valor. The great trouble of the church of God in this day is the cowards. They do splendidly on parade day and at

the communion when they have on their best clothes of Christian profession; but put them out in the great battle of life, at the first sharp-shooting of skepticism they dodge, they fall back, they break ranks. We confront the enemy, we open the battle against fraud, and lo! we find on our own side a great many people who do not try to pay their debts. And we open the battle against intemperance, and we find on our own side a great many people who drink too much. And we open the battle against profanity, and we find on our own side a great many people who make hard speeches. And we open the battle against infidelity, and lo! we find on our own side a great many men who are not quit sure about the book of Jonah. And while we ought to be massing our troops and bringing forth more than the united courage of Austerlitz and Waterloo and Gettysburg, we have to be spending our time in hunting up ambulances. There are a great many in the Lord's army who would like to go out on a campaign with satin slippers and holding umbrellas over their heads to keep off the heavy dew, and having rations of canvasback ducks and lemon custards. If they can not have them they want to go home. They think it is unhealthy among so many bullets. Oh, for armed men, heroic, men, self-denying men, who can go forth in the strength of the Lord God Almighty to do battle, able to keep rank—men like Paul, who could say: "None of these things move me. Neither count I my life dear unto myself so I may finish my course with joy and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God." Men like John Bunyan, who, after lying years in a loathsome prison, said: "I am determined, God being my helper and shield, to stay here until the moss grows over my eyebrows rather than surrender my faith and my principles." Men like Thomas Chalmers, who, notwithstanding all the jeering in high places at his theory of reform and elevation of the poor, went right on to do his whole work, until Thomas Carlyle, then a boy, wrote of him: "What a glorious old man Thomas Chalmers is! while we stand wringing our hands about the filth and wretchedness of our great cities, see that old man coming out with shovel into the dirtiest puddles of the black port of Edinburgh and clearing the ditches and filling the sewers with living water. What a glorious old man!" Men who are willing to endure for Christ as much as Massena was willing to do for Napoleon. Massena, after forty hours in continuous battle, bloodshot and almost insane from fatigue, was visited by a messenger from headquarters, who said to him: "How long can you hold out?" Turning around, he replied: "Tell the Emperor I can hold out two hours, or six hours, or twenty-four hours, or until France is victor." Oh, that the army of the Lord might be depleted of the cowards and the sluggards, and that the Lord would take the courage of the military companies of this country and convert it and sanctify it and bring it into our churches. We want in all Christian departments men who can stand amid all discouragements and amid all obstacles, and in front of all human and satanic assault—men who can in the strength of the Lord God Almighty, under all circumstances, keep rank. So I make the church a recruiting station where I want to marshal men for this war, in which on one side all the powers of darkness have unlimbered their batteries, while on the other side the rider of the white horse is gathering his troops.

The annual decoration of graves finds us in more thorough peace than in any previous year. Recently the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South has made overtures to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church North, and that closes the last gap ecclesiastical and the last gap national. This year the graves of

Northern and Southern dead were alike covered and without any protest. Time has come to cover up all the scars of battle. The dead are at peace—why not the living? They suffered more than we—can not we, who suffered less, be at peace? These boys in blue and those in gray went down into the same tent for the night. They put their heads on the same pillow of dust. They have stacked their arms. They have ended their march. They have fought their last battle. Sleep on, great host of Federals and Confederates, till the morning light shall break through the rifts of the tent and the trumpets shall sound the reveille of the resurrection. It seems to me very much like this: Two brothers get into an awful fight and they are both slain. The mother hears about it. She comes down and sees them stretched on the grass. She kneels between them. She puts one arm around George and the other arm around Thomas. She does not stop to think which was right or which was wrong. She kisses them both. And so our Northern and Southern brothers went forth into the conflict, and they fall. Now, the United States Government, the mother of us all, comes down to the field, and puts one arm over the grave of the Northern men and the other arm over the grave of the Southern men, pronounces her benediction upon them all. It seems to me that there has been enough suffering on both sides to satisfy the worst man on earth and the worst devil in hell. At Arlington Heights, ten years ago, a Southern woman put a wreath on the grave of her fallen husband. A Northern man, with epaulets, came up, took that wreath, tore it to pieces and threw it to the winds. He had the epaulets of a soldier, but he had no soldier's heart. I would that all the garlands that have ever been laid on the graves of Northern and Southern men were lifted and linked together, each garland a link, and with that long, bright, beautiful chain this whole land might be bound together in peace and amity. That is the only kind of a chain an American will ever consent to wear, and the sooner we put that on the better. But you say, "So many have fallen in battle; why do you come with so much reverence and affection to the graves of those American soldiers?" I will tell you. They are our graves. Just as you have a special love for one plot of ground in Greenwood or Mount Auburn, and upon that you put unusual care, so these graves of the men who have fallen for our country are our graves. Just as when the little boy was putting flowers on a grave a stranger passed and asked: "What are you doing there, my lad?" The boy replied: "This is papa's grave." This is our family plot in the cemetery of the nation. The men who sleep here went out from our homes. The terrible war proclamation came, and the father went down to the village post-office and got the paper and read it, and went home and said to his wife: "Do you think our boy will have to go?" And at night the sons returned from the field, and they said: "Father, you are too old to go; you stay at home and take care of mother, and we will go with the next train." Then there was a hasty putting up of a few valuables, two or four daguerreotypes, and there was a hasty good-by, and the train halted at the depot and there were "three times three" for the volunteers, and they were off. A few weeks passed by and a rumor came of a great battle, and the father went again to the village post-office, and got the paper and opened it with a trembling hand and a trembling heart and read on down, beginning at the top of the list of the killed, on down from line to line till he came almost to the bottom of the page, when he saw something that made him drop as though he were dead. Now, there are over the mantelpiece in that house two pictures of young men who went off in soldiers' dress but never came back,





THE NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY AT VICKSBURG, MISS.

and when Decoration Day comes and the mother is too feeble to go out to the cemetery, she goes out and plucks a few old-fashioned daffodils from the dooryard, and twines them around those two pictures over the mantel, or she takes the pictures down and fondles them. But on Decoration Day this nation goes out to find the graves of those boys and puts on them one wreath for father and one wreath for mother, and the night-dew fills them with tears. It is our great family plot; of course we take care of it.

So each one of those graves is an oath of patriotism. We can not help but love the land for which our fathers and brothers died. Look out how you talk against your country in the presence of a man whose son lies under the sod at Gettysburg. Be careful how you malign the Government in the presence of a woman whose husband fell in the awful charge at Ball's Bluff. Take heed what you say against your native land in the presence of that man whose father starved to death in a military prison. Malign your country in the presence of that old man whose home was desolated by the war, and the color will come back to the faded cheek and the fire to the lustreless eye, and the strength to the palsied tongue, and you shall feel the all-consuming fire of an old man's curse.

This nation, putting its hand on the brow of its fallen fathers and brothers and sons, has sworn before high heaven that it will protect the institutions for which they perished. But, while we put flowers on the graves of those who kept rank till they fell, I must twist a wreath for the brow of the man who kept rank and yet lives. It is time we stopped postponing until men are dead the honor they ought to have while they are alive. And so, although you have put off the accoutrements of war, we will not forget your services. We tender you our thanks in the name of a Government reconstructed, and of a land redeemed from all servitude, so that from where the sun rises on the eastern coast to where it sets on the Sierra Nevadas its burning eye cannot discover a single bondman. Thank God that we believe in this free land, with the determination that by the help of our God and our own arm we always will be free.

Let, then, Decoration Day go down from generation to generation. Strew flowers over the head that ached, over the heart that bled, over the feet that were blistered in the march. O ye throng of departed heroes, stoop down and breathe the perfume of a nation's thanks; stoop down and take the kiss of a nation's love; stoop down and hear the shout of a nation's deliverance; and may God hasten on the time when war itself shall be buried, that grim old breaker of hearts. Carry him out on a rusted shield. Put him down in the most desolate part of the earth. Bury his sword with him. Heap on his gravestone broken chariot wheels. Let widowhood and orphanage clap their hands over his burial and the winds howl for requiem: "This is the second death."

—:o:—

Hold on to your character, for it is, and will be, your best wealth. Digitized by Google



MISSIONARY NOTES.

ENGLISH missionaries have begun to work in the peninsula of Corea—a land from which almost all Europeans have heretofore been jealously excluded. The area of Corea is 90,000 square miles and the population about 10,000,000 souls. The language is quite unlike both Chinese and Japanese, and much difficulty has been experienced in learning it. Some progress has, however, been made in this direction, and a translation of the New Testament has been begun by a Presbyterian missionary named Ross. The first religious tract introduced into Corea has been prepared by his colleague, the Rev. J. Macintyre, and consists of an introduction to the New Testament and a catechism of the chief Biblical doctrines.

MISSIONARIES are needed in Alaska. A missionary writes from Fort Wrangell that in that region persons who are accused of witchcraft are punished with death. A decrepit old woman was recently charged by the natives with being an agent of the devil. As she was unable to prove to their satisfaction that she was not, they tied her to a tree

and left her five days without food. They gave her salt water to drink, and when they had almost worried the life out of her they chopped and hacked her to pieces with knives. This is as bad as the witchcraft business as practiced in Massachusetts two centuries ago.

The oldest of the Protestant missions in China dates from the year 1842. Then only six converts could be found in all China. To-day there are 29 missionary societies at work at 91 central stations and 511 out-stations, 250 ordained missionaries and 78 ordained native clergy, 68 unmarried women teachers, 511 licenced preachers, 71 colporteurs, 90 "Bible women," 400 churches, 18,000 enrolled communicants, about 75,000 adherents, 20 theological schools, with 281 students, 80 higher boarding-schools for boys, with 611 scholars, 38 for girls, with 777 scholars, 177 day-schools for boys with 4,500 students, 82 for girls with 1,800 students, 16 missionary hospitals and

24 dispensaries. At the Mildmay Conference in London Dr. Legge stated that at the present rate of progress, in forty years more Protestant missions ought to report 26,000,000 communicants and 100,000,000 adherents in the middle kingdom. The (American) Presbyterian Publishing House at Shanghai printed, in 1880, 314,000 Bibles and Testaments, 4,672,500 pages of tracts, and 226,763 volumes of miscellaneous books.

THE priests in a certain village in Japan have drawn up a document opposing Christianity, which is signed by all

the inhabitants, and deposited it with the local magistrate. One clause reads as follows: "Therefore we agree that if any native of this village becomes a Christian, we will cease to have any intercourse with him, and if any person dwelling here, not being native, embraces the foreign creed, we will send him back to his birth-place.

THE English Church Missionary Society reports that on the Niger tribe after tribe are ready to receive teachers. On the delta of the Niger

the people by the hundreds are throwing away their idols, and the churches are thronged every Lord's day, while the famous old temple at Bonny, studded with human skulls, is going to ruin.

"THE Children's Special Service Mission," of London, for the conversion and Christian culture of children, has appointed the Rev. W. F. Crafts, of Brooklyn, as its American secretary. To its card of daily Scripture-reading for children he has added Bible book-marks for adults, giving "the Bible in the order of its events."

In 1872 the publication and circulation of the Bible was prohibited in Japan. Only the Gospels of Matthew and Mark were published, and that was done in secret. The publications for the year 1881 were 215,237 volumes, and there were circulated by the American Bible Society alone, 67,798 volumes.



FLOWERS FOR THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

THE REV. JOHN C. HILL, of Fayetteville, N. Y., has resigned his charge, the dissolution of the pastoral relation to take effect October 1st. He is going to China, under appointment of the Board, as a missionary.

DR. JOHN HALL'S Church, in New York, besides \$328,597 for congregational purposes, gives more than \$30,000 for its city mission work. It gives also \$20,000 to the Presbyterian home and foreign missionary boards, and to the other boards in the same proportions.

THE London City Mission employs 447 missionaries, who paid 8,148,801 visits last year, and induced 5,746 persons to attend worship.

THE London Church Missionary Society has offered to contribute \$2,500 a year toward the support of a Church of England Bishop of Japan.

The missionaries in India are now making arrangements to hold a ten-year missionary conference in Calcutta, during Christmas week of the present year. They invite to it all Protestant missionaries, not only from India, but throughout the world. The latest conference of this kind was in 1872, and was of great advantage in bringing together many missionaries who otherwise would never have met.

THERE is a remarkable revival in progress in the Fuh-Chau District, China, in connection with the Methodist mission. One of the native preachers is said to be a man of unusual power, and is described as a "thorough-going American revivalist." Another native, a merchant, brings from twenty to thirty of his porters, clerks and servants to church regularly, and has also purchased a bank-building for the Methodist Anglo-Chinese College.

THE Lady Huntingdon Connection began a mission in Sierra Leone as long ago as 1792. The Church thus founded is still living, with nine chapels, fourteen congregations, sixty local preachers and teachers, and nearly one thousand five hundred members.

ONE of the more useful missionary societies of Europe is the Fosterlands Society of Sweden, formed in 1856. Count Wrangel is its president, and it has a flourishing seminary for the training of missionaries near Stockholm. The missionaries of the society are chiefly in Africa and India.

FROM the North Indian Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church it is reported that there is a growing prospect that the whole Chumar caste, which embraces about half a million of people, will ere long come over in a body to Christianity.

THE REV. H. V. NOYES, of the Presbyterian Mission at Canton, has prepared a concordance of the New Testament in Chinese.

THE Methodist missionary report just issued states that the society has 99 missionaries and 70 assistant missionaries, 218 native ordained and 227 native unordained ministers, 226 native local preachers, 28,127 members and 8,782 probationers, showing a gain of 1,425 members and a loss of 25 probationers. The number of missionaries engaged in domestic missions was 2,246. The total of members was 24,154, and of probationers, 8,418.

THE REV. JAMES SMITH, an English Baptist missionary at Delhi, in speaking of the progress of the Gospel in India, says: "Thirty years ago we used to have a convert every two or three years; now we can count them by scores annually."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian Commonwealth*, writing from Bombay, on a tour around the world, says: "I

have not seen anywhere, even in Turkey, Egypt or India, among the Mohammedan or Hindoo women a single happy or hopeful face."

#### Investigations as to the Ages of the Patriarchs.

ON a full examination of the question of patriarchal longevity, the disparity of their ages to those of later times disappears. A very slight error in the translation of the Hebrew numbers had led to all this apparent disparity. The age of the antediluvians was not to exceed one hundred and twenty years (Genesis vi. 3). "And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he is also flesh, yet his days shall be one hundred and twenty." This was the regular good old age of men, with special variations, both before and for some time after the days of Abraham.

In reading concrete numbers the Hebrews gave the large numbers first, thus: Ninety and seven for 97, forty and seven for 47. The reversal of this rule in the translation of Genesis, v. 8-5, as an illustration will show the error in all similar cases. "Adam lived 130 years, and begat a son," etc. This is correct, according to the rule. Seth was born when Adam was 130 years old, and was his last child. But if the rule were here reversed, as it is in the authorized version, in the fifth verse, it would read thus: Adam lived 3,000 years, and begat a son! This shocked the consciousness of the Christian translator, and he was driven to the rule of the Hebrew uses in case of concrete numerals.

In the fifth verse we have the force of the violated rule thus: "And all the days that Adam lived were 930 years, and he died!" A. V. The true reading of the rule would be, "And all the days of Adam, which he lived, were a hundred years, and thirty and nine years, and he died," making the entire age of Adam 139 years, instead of 930 years.

It will be seen, on examination, that concrete numeral adjectives in Hebrew, as in other languages, agree in number with their nouns. In the case cited in the A. V. the nine is made to agree with hundred in the singular and not with years in the plural. The error is seen at a glance, for the difference between "nine years" and "nine hundred years" is too great to be overlooked in any careful translation of a sacred book. The translator assumed that nine here agreed with the hundred, when it had no such agreement; hundred in the text is itself a concrete numeral, and separately agrees with years, meaning a hundred of years; at the date of this writing "nine hundred," or any number of hundreds above one, without repetition or circumlocution. There were none of the masoretic points in use. In the case of the age of Terah, the father of Abraham, the translators have made the attempt to make two hundred out of one hundred in the word mathim, used in the plural as it might be to agree with years, thus making Terah 205 instead of 105 years old at his death; holding the theory that the word "mae" (or one hundred) would in the plural mathim make twenty). This is contrary to all rule. The Hebrews could, by pluralizing a numeral less than ten, add tenfold to the unit, thus: hemoah, five, hemoahim, fifty. This rule, applied in the case of Terah, would make him ten times 105 years old, or 1,050 years old. In the case of Terah the historic record conclusively contradicts the translation, and hence demonstrates the rule that pluralizing one hundred does not, in the Hebrew tongue, make two hundred, while as to the numerals between two and ten the rule might apply thus: Shelesh, three; sheleshim, thirty, and in like manner to ten. With these corrections, referring to the ages of the patriarchs before

the Noachian deluge, the article of M. de Solaville would show a wonderful uniformity in the age of man since the dawn of history.

From Adam to the Flood the ages would read as in the table below, subject to a few uncertainties in the numbers below 100, as the numerals are sometimes pluralized for purposes of agreement, when they were not increased tenfold. The cases are not always certain; the table to the Flood is substantially true. The table is added, giving the ages of each at the time of his death :

1. Adam, 130 years, and not 930 years.
  2. Seth, 121 years, and not 912 years.
  3. Enos, 114 years, and not 835 years.
  4. Cain, 119, years, and not 910 years.
  5. Mahalaleel, 122 years, and not 825 years.
  6. Jared, 117 years, and not 962 years.
  7. Enoch, 114 years, and not 365 years.
  8. Methuselah, 124 years, and not 966 years.
  9. Lamech, 117 years, and not 777 years.
  10. Noah, 159 years, and not 950 years.
- Average, 120 plus years.—*Popular Science*.

### A HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND.

In the palatinate of Sandomir, situated on both banks of the river Vistula, on Assumption Day, and after the crops have been harvested, the reapers, dressed in their best and decked out in ribbons, assemble to celebrate the harvest festival. A rustic crown of straw, entwined with flowers, bay-leaves and wheat-ears, and ornamented with nuts and berries, is placed upon the head of a young girl who is the belle of the community. The villagers all follow her as she makes her way to the church, where she deposits her crown upon the high altar. After the conclusion of Mass the priest blesses the crown, when the whole party, with songs and music, start for the house of the mayor, who attaches a young rooster upon the top of the crown. If the cock crows, the delight of the procession is unbounded, and they give way to the most positive expressions of joy, for they feel assured that the harvest will be most abundant for the coming year, and that they will be cordially welcomed by their employer. If, on the other hand, the cock fails to crow, and does not peck at the grain in the crown, the multitude are depressed, and accept it as an ill omen, and an indication that the crops will be scant and their employer's welcome frigid.

The procession next make their way to the chateau of their employer, and chant in concert as follows :

"Open your doors! We have harvested your grain, and it is more numerous than the stars in the heavens.

"Come out of your castle and accept the crown which rests upon this young girl's head, for it is the crown of crowns, and is of pure gold and not of wheat!

"We deserve to be received in your palace, for our heads are burned with the rays of the sun, our hands are cut by the sickle, our knees are weary by contact with the cart, our backs are bent by toiling in your fields!

"Let the contents of your larder and your cellar be given us.

"Remember, lord, that roast beef is good for a weary back, mutton for tired knees, veal for blistered feet, geese, chickens and ducks for bruised hands, and brandy and ale for heads parched by the scorching sun."

Then follows an address in prose, or verse and music, when the lord of the castle and his wife and children come forth and make presents to those who have been conspicuous for their industry and assiduity.

The lady of the castle removes the crown from the girl's

head and places it in the centre of a table spread with a white cloth, when a considerable sum of money is presented to the queen of the festival.

The villagers are liberally entertained, and the tables groan under the weight of beef and mutton; and brandy and ale are also freely dispensed.

After the repast there is dancing. The entertainer opens the ball with the village queen, his wife giving her hand to the orator of the day, and the merry-making oftentimes continues until daybreak.

### THE NEW BISHOPS OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

At the recent General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, held at Nashville, Tenn., in May last, the most important act was the election, on May 16th, of five new bishops. The venerable Bishop McTyeire presided. The first ballot was taken, consuming an hour and a half; 241 votes were cast, requiring 121 to elect. The following is the result of the first ballot :

A. W. Wilson, of Baltimore, 122; A. G. Haggard, of Georgia, 99; Linus Parker, of Louisiana, 96; J. C. Granberry, of Virginia, 94; R. K. Hargrave, of Tennessee, 68; N. H. D. Wilson, of North Carolina, 19; R. A. Young, of Tennessee, 42; E. R. Hendrix, of Missouri, 38; A. P. Fitzgerald, of Palifce, 35; W. M. Bush, of Memphis, 34; P. A. Peterson, of Virginia, 32; Young Allen, China Mission, 32; B. M. Messick, Louisville, 28; J. S. Key, Georgia, 26; W. T. Harris, Memphis, 25; G. G. Andrews, Mississippi, 25; Joseph Anderson, White River, 22; E. E. Willie, Holston, 20; W. B. Tudor, St. Louis, 18; John B. McFerrin, Tennessee, 15; J. D. Shaw, North Texas, 14; J. W. Hinton, Georgia, 14; C. W. Miller, Kentucky, 13; W. W. Bennett, Virginia, 11; B. Carver, North Carolina, 11; W. W. Duncan, South Carolina, 11; F. S. Bounds, 10; Dr. Wilson was declared elected Bishop, and the Conference adjourned until 4 o'clock. Upon the reassembling of the Conference the Rev. Linus Parker, the Rev. A. G. Haygood, and the Rev. J. C. Granberry were elected Bishops on the second ballot. Mr. Parker receiving 146 votes, Mr. Haygood, 146, and Mr. Granberry, 140. On the third ballot the Rev. R. Hargrave was elected Bishop, receiving 178 votes, the Rev. R. A. Young, 18; W. H. Wilson, 17; and E. R. Hendrix, 9.

The following brief sketches of the new Bishops is from the *Western Christian Advocate* :

#### ALPHRUS WATERS WILSON, D.D.

Few ministers rose so rapidly for one of his years as he. The son of a prominent and influential minister, the Rev. Norval Wilson, of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Maryland and Virginia, he was born in Baltimore, Md., in the year 1834, converted in Stafford County, Va., when a boy, entered as a student in Columbian College, Washington City, and for a while read medicine. Entered the ministry at the early age of nineteen and was received into the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1853, and very soon took rank in the ministry and was appointed to first-class appointments, including Baltimore. For a time his health was poor and he read and practiced law, and then re-entered the itinerant ministry. When the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was organized, he became a prominent member, and his superior abilities were soon recognized and he was honored by being a delegate at the first General Conference thereafter, to which he has been four times elected. He was also honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. At





A HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND.—SEE PAGE 199.

the session of the General Conference at Atlanta, Ga., May, 1878, he was elected Secretary of the Board of Missions, since which he has been instrumental in greatly enlarging this department. His thorough canvass of the churches throughout the Connection, and appeals, have brought into the treasury a sum which has enabled the Board to meet the growing demands of the foreign missions. His able pulpit and platform talents in behalf of this cause, and rare executive abilities have caused the General Conference to elect him to the Episcopacy. He was a delegate to the great Ecumenical Conference at London, England,

September, 1881, and read a valuable paper entitled, "The Influence of Methodism on other Denominations," which gave much satisfaction. He is the author of a new work, just out, entitled, "Missions," from the Southern Methodist Publishing House. He has all the elements of character for the position, and will make his impress upon the Church in her aggressive movements. Rather medium in height, very compactly built, without being stout. Face covered with beard, very sociable and yet dignified. He was elected on the first ballot, the only one of five to elect.



LINUS PARKER, D.D.

The election of this well-known minister and editor is not so much a surprise to many as the choice of others, as his name has been prominent before the Church for many years, for his eminent services in the pulpit and press of the Church in the extreme South. He is a native of Rome, N. Y., born in 1829, and came to New Orleans, La., in his boyhood, and while engaged in his duties as a clerk in a

drygoods store supplemented his meagre education by rising in the morning at four o'clock to study Latin and Greek, before entering on his store duties. Converted young, he was soon thrust out into the ministry, and in his twenty-first year was received on trial into the Louisiana Conference. Four years' service at two appointments in that State; he was first appointed to New Orleans, and has been laboring ever since in that city as pastor,



BARBARA'S LAMB.—"CALLING THE SHEEP AROUND HER, THE GIRL DECKED THEM WITH GARLANDS AND STREAMERS."—SEE PAGE 208.



presiding elder and editor. Most of his time in the presiding eldership he has been editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*, an able successor of Bishops McTyeaire and Keener, in the editorship. His able and polished editorials have given him journalistic fame outside of the Church, in cultivated circles. He has been elected five times delegate to General Conference, four times in succession; the first time while very young. As a writer he is clear, smooth and forcible, and his paper always contains food for thought. As a preacher he is eloquent and profound, and is noted for bringing out the hidden meaning of Scripture. Coupled with his culture and scholarly attainments, his deep piety, sound judgment, modest demeanor, meekness of spirit, amiable manners, render him popular with people and ministers. He is eminently fit to occupy any station in the gift of the Church. A man of fine presence, tall and large of frame, well filled, without being too fleshy, rather dark-skinned, black and piercing eyes, dignified carriage, courtly appearance and in prime health.

ATTIUS GREENE HAYGOOD, D.D.

Perhaps among the foremost progressive ministers of the Southern Methodist Church. A native of Clarke County, Ga., born November 14th, 1839, and was converted in his teens, and licensed to preach while a student at Emory College, where he graduated with honor in 1859. Entered the Georgia Conference the same year of graduation. Has been in charge of various stations and circuits and Presiding Elder of the Rome and Atlanta Districts. He was a member of the General Conference at Memphis, Tenn., 1870, and was elected Sunday-school Secretary of the Connection, and at the session in 1874 at Louisville, Ky., was re-elected for a second quadrennial term, but resigned in December, 1875, and the same month entered upon the Presidency of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., his *alma mater*, which had honored him in 1870 with D.D. In 1876 his first work appeared, entitled, "Our Children," which had a fine sale, and his most successful book, "Our Brother in Black," appeared in 1881, which has been much discussed because of his advanced views as a Southerner. During his Secretaryship of the Sunday-school department he edited and revised many publications, and also is the author of pamphlets on missions, temperance, Education, etc. Has been identified with all the progressive work of this Church. In connection with his Presidency of Emory College he has been the editor of the *Wealeyan Christian Advocate*, published at Macon, Ga., for four years, a progressive and well-edited paper. Through him Mr. George I. Seney, a prominent layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and banker, of New York, has made gifts to the institutions under Dr. Haygood, for new buildings and equipment of same, the munificent sum of over *one hundred thousand dollars*, which places it next in importance to Vanderbilt University. He was prominently named for the Episcopacy at the General Conference in 1873, at Atlanta, Ga., but no election was held. He is a pleasant and powerful speaker, close thinker, with a judicial cast of mind, rather polemical, but very courteous in his manners. Rather medium sized, with a stout frame without being stout; dark skinned, full suite of hair on his face, shaded with glasses. Quite a general favorite. Elected on the second ballot.

JOHN COOPER GRANBERT, D.D.

This able and gifted professor is a native of the City of Norfolk, Va., born December 5th, 1829. He was noted in his boyhood and youth for his exemplary life, and in his fifteenth year was converted and became a student of Randolph Macon College and graduated with the first

honors in 1848. The same year he was received into the Virginia Conference, and has been identified with this body ever since, filling the best appointments, including Washington City, Richmond and Petersburg. He was Chaplain of both Randolph Macon College and the University of Virginia. He was honored by the former with D.D. When the war broke out he entered the Confederate army as a chaplain and remained till the close of the struggle—a service in which he fearlessly discharged his duties. He was severely wounded in the temple, which injured the sight of one of his eyes, and was taken a prisoner. He was greatly beloved and honored by the soldiers for his heroic devotion to their interests. He held for a time the position of Superintendent of Chaplains for the Virginia Conference. In 1875 he was elected Professor in the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University, which position he has honored, and if he had not been chosen Bishop, it was intended to elect him dean in place of Dr. Summers, because of his varied talents and scholarly culture. He is not an author, but has written considerably for the Church press and with much favor. Has been a member of four General Conferences, and although honored so often by this mark of his Conference he rarely speaks. He has the reputation of being an eloquent, concise, scholarly preacher. He possesses a clear, analytical mind of a judicial cast, and is an able theologian. A man of the purest character, humble in his walk, very retiring in disposition, sweet-spirited. He is of medium height, full-bearded, high forehead, a good habit, without being stout, and eyes shaded with glasses.

— ROBERT KENNON HARGROVE, D.D.

It was quite a surprise to many of the delegates at the strength developed for this minister on the first ballot, as he was not a delegate to the General Conference, and when the second ballot occurred he only lacked two of an election. He is a native of Pickens County, Alabama, born September 17th, 1829, the same year as two others of the new Bishops. Converted at the age of eleven years, he soon became a student of the University of Alabama, and graduated with marked honors. He was admitted into the Alabama Conference in 1857, and soon his talents were recognized, and he was appointed to Mobile, Alabama, and other charges in that State. He was transferred and appointed to Lexington, Ky., and from thence to the Tennessee Conference, still holding the front rank. He was pastor of McKendree Church, the seat of this General Conference, and has been presiding elder of the Nashville and Franklin Districts. When he was elected to the Episcopacy he was in charge of Clarksburgh District. Received A.B. and A.M., from the University of Alabama, and D.D. from Emory College, Oxford, Ga. Was for some time Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the University of Alabama, then President of Centenary Institute, Alabama, and President of Tennessee Female College. His relation as one of the Commissioners at Cape May has given him fame in American Methodism. He has been a member of three previous General Conferences, and was a member of the Book Committee, and the Board of Missions, for the past four years, and has held other places in the Church of important trusts. He is a man of broad culture and progressive views, and, though not widely known in authorship, has written much and well. He is a strong preacher and an able theologian. It is believed that while his name has not been before the Church for the Episcopacy, that he has all the elements of a character to make a successful and useful Bishop. He is of good height, large, well-filled frame, pleasant countenance, with slight beard, quite gray for his years.



## BARBARA'S LAMB.

SWEET Barbara Leigh! Gentle as the May sunshine that nestled lovingly in her golden hair, fair as the flowers she gathered in the happy fields, she drew to herself, as by a spell, the hearts of all the little children in the village. A little child herself, she won from her followers a loyalty and devotion which one might compare to that shown (in fairy tales) by elves toward their dainty Queen.

One golden afternoon in the late springtime, Barbara, surrounded by her youthful train, roamed in the fields where many sheep and lambs were pastured. It was a sunny hillside, and the children walked knee-deep in the rich grass and clover, starred with myriads of wild flowers. The very winds bore along with them showers of fallen petals, and the fragrance of opening buds. The yellow primrose, the lordly foxglove and the ragged-robin, lifted their heads proudly above the low herbage, while the white anemones and strawberry-blossoms, and the sweet pale violets, nestled close to the ground at the roots of old trees, or beneath the semi-shade of tangled thickets.

Tired with running from flower to flower, and chasing the red butterflies, Barbara threw herself down on the soft grass to rest. Young Ned twined a wreath of bright-eyed marguerites and crowned her head, whose unbonneted tangle of fluffy golden hair was mischievously tossed by every idle breeze that happened along that way. The other children filled her lap with blossoms, which she bound together with the long grasses; then, calling the sheep around her, the laughing girl decked them with garlands and streamers, until they looked like the sacrificial offerings led to the altar in the old days of Greece.

The sun sank lower and lower in the western sky, the shadows crept further and further up the hillside, and the time came when the children, tired out with play, turned their steps homeward. Barbara led some of the little ones to their own doors, kissed them good-night, and with two girls of her own age, walked in the early twilight toward her mother's cottage.

They had crossed the stepping-stones of the brook, and were walking through the low meadow-land, when a faint cry or moan came to their ears. What was it? The bleat of some poor little lost lamb, strayed from its fold!

Creeping through the bars of the fence, they sought among the thickets and tangles of wild roses, until they found the little creature, lying exhausted upon the ground, and cruelly torn by the brambles. Touched by its piteous plight, the little girls stroked it, and tried to soothe its plaintive cries with gentle words.

"Let's make it a bed of leaves, and fix it comfortably," said Angie.

"We can let it sleep here to-night," Edith suggested, "and perhaps to-morrow we can find out where it belongs."

"But we mustn't leave the poor little lamb here alone all night," said Barbara, tenderly, as she watched Edith bending over the little thing. "Only its mother's comforting voice can hush the ailing one."

The thrushes in the trees sang louder and louder as the shades of evening fell over wood and field, and a misty purple cloud rose in the sky. A storm was approaching.

"We must not linger," said Edith; "for it is growing dark, and they are expecting us home long before now."

"Yes," rejoined Barbara, "you and Angie had better go right home, and you can stop and tell my mother that I shall be late, for I am going to take the lamb up to Farmer Gray's. It must be one of his, and I could never sleep in my warm bed to-night if we were to leave this poor little thing out here in the storm to die."

She lifted it in her arms as she spoke, and it nestled trustingly against her bosom.

"It's awfully kind of you, Barbara," said Angie, half ashamed because she could not offer to accompany her. "I hope you won't get caught in the rain."

"Oh, I'm not afraid. Good-night, Angie and Edith. Don't forget to tell my mother."

And Barbara started across the meadows with the lamb in her arms.

It was already quite dusk, and Farmer Gray's house was nearly a mile away, up the hill; but the brave little heart trudged on, taking the shortest "cuts" across the fields. Through thicket and hollow she went, and through winding and moss-covered ways; but now darkness obscured her path, and the sudden rain began to fall. Her helpless burden seemed to grow heavier and heavier, and when at last Farmer Gray's lighted windows gleamed before her she was wet through, and almost crying with fright and fatigue.

Farmer Gray opened the door in response to a faint little knock, and gazed in astonishment at the apparition upon which the lamplight fell. There stood Barbara's drenched figure, a frightened look in her big blue eyes, her wet golden hair hanging in disordered masses against her cheeks; and hugged tightly in her arms lay the poor little white lamb!

"Bless my soul! Why, you poor little drowned chick! You don't mean to say that you have come all the way through the rain to bring back that runaway lamb?"

"Yes, sir," answered Barbara, wearily. "If you will give it some warm milk, I think it will be all right again."

"No doubt of it. But you need looking to, as much as the other lamb," said the kind-hearted farmer. "Here, wife, give this poor little strayed Barbara some dry wraps, and some warm supper. I'll attend to the other. Are you fond of lambs, my girl? Well, then, this one shall be your own, and I'll send it down to your house to-morrow?"

"Oh, thank you, sir, ever so much. I shall take such good care of it." Then, leaning back wearily, "I'm very tired now."

Just at this moment there was a knock at the door, and in came Barbara's big brother, Frank, who had been sent by the anxious mother as soon as she had learned her daughter's whereabouts.

"You had better let her stay here to-night," said Mrs. Gray.

"Thanks," Barbara murmured, "but I think I should rather go home to mother."

"It has stopped raining," said Frank, "and I'll wrap you in this big shawl, and carry you over all the wet places."

So away they went; and that night Barbara slept beneath her mother's roof, while the little lamb she had rescued rested peacefully upon the hillside farm.

But the next morning Barbara did not rise bright and early, and came singing down-stairs, as was her wont. The little girl was ill. There was an unnatural flush upon her round cheeks, and the great blue eyes were strangely languid. When Farmer Gray came, bringing the wee lamb for Barbara, she welcomed it with a tired, sweet smile, then her golden head drooped, and she fell into a restless sleep.

There was sorrow in the village when the report went abroad that Barbara Leigh was dangerously ill with fever. The children came every morning, bringing fresh flowers, but they were not permitted to enter the sick room.

The dreaded crisis came at last, when the little patient lay in an almost breathless trance, close upon the borderland of death. Would the feeble spark revive, or would

it die out for ever? No one dared make answer to that question—not even the doctor.

One bright, still morning, as the watchers sat silently around the little bed, the young lamb—which had been nursed and tended for Barbara's sake—suddenly bounded

those anxious watchers breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving. They knew that now Barbara would get well.

More than a year had passed since that day. Barbara's pet is a full-grown sheep, but nobody thinks of calling it anything else than "Barbara's lamb"; and if you were to



"BUT WE MUSTN'T LEAVE THE POOR LITTLE LAMB HERE."

into the chamber, uttering a half-frightened, half-playful cry.

Barbara's big blue eyes opened, and turned toward the playful creature. A smile overspread her wan face, and her lips murmured inaudibly. Then the eyes closed again, but this time upon a natural and refreshing slumber; and

pass the brookside cottage almost any pleasant Summer afternoon, you would doubtless see a golden-haired child fitting among the flowers or seated beneath the elms, and by her side—always by her side—a white, mild-eyed sheep, so big and so contented-looking, that you would not dream it to have been once a poor, crying, feeble little lost lamb.





"BARBARA'S LAMB."



## MY GOOD MOTHER WILL PRAY ME ASHORE.\*

BY GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY BROWNE.

## PART I.

Some ago—but the date now I need not recall—  
A story was told me of ocean,  
Of two sailor boys floating, when shipmates had all  
Been swept by the waves to some deep coral hall  
Mid the wall of soul-rending commotion.

A wild voice then piped out, as the billows rushed o'er,  
"Oh, Tommy, I say, be'ant you frightened?"  
But the answer came back thro' the horrible roar,  
It was, "No! my good mother will pray me ashore;"  
And a sail in the distance soon whitened.

Into memory sunk that brief tale, simply told,  
And often it had application;  
When the tempest of battle has over us rolled  
And our comrades have sunk, soon to mingle with mold,  
While we were borne through desolation.

When War's terrible missiles were screaming in air,  
Threatening death to brave bosoms, unshrinking,  
Who can doubt that bright legions of angels were there  
On errands of mercy in answer to prayer,  
When in ruin we seemed to be sinking?

## PART II.

While the demons of war held their orgies of wrath—  
A court-martial—tribunal unbending—  
Summoned forth two deserters, who, false to their troth,  
And craven in spirit, and sunken in sloth,  
Fled their standard, their steps homeward wending.

The first at the bar as a culprit arraigned  
Was a sullen-eyed, ill-favored pleader,  
Whose very defense was with treason so stained,  
That sweet Mercy for him not one syllable deigned,  
And to death he was doomed as ringleader.

The second called up was a gallant-browed youth,  
His face with intelligence beaming.  
He denied not the charge, though it wrought his sore ruth;  
Yet Justice's scales equiposed, for, in truth,  
His aspect had something redeeming.

In his breast was a letter, whose contents made known  
That at least, as a son, he was dutiful;  
And faithful in all things, but saving alone  
This act of desertion, for which life should atone,  
Were it not for that missive so beautiful.

It breathed loyalty, blessing and love in each page,  
It was fragrant with honor and purity;  
To that widow, oh, spare the sole prop of her age,  
And forbid that a woe which no time could assuage,  
With dark sorrow becloud her futurity.

While the Court held the lots that determined his fate  
Each cast eloquent glance at the other;  
Till as sympathies kindled, his crime lost in weight;  
And the penalty mild proved that through that dark strait  
The soldier was prayed by his mother.

\* This was an actual occurrence in the command of General Browne, when encamped on the Rappahannock. The admiration awakened by the letter of a Christian mother was the means of saving a young soldier's life.

## A MALAGASY HERO WHO OFFERED HIMSELF FOR HIS KING AND COUNTRY.

On the summit of the hill upon which Antananarivo is built, there stands out in bold relief against the prevailing blue sky, the huge palace known as Besakana, or "Very Wide." Upon this spot there once stood a building which was erected by King Andrianamasinavalona; and the story of its origin has thrilled the hearts of countless myriads of Malagasy, who have justly felt proud of their relationship to a man whose noble spirit of self-abnegation led him to offer his life as a sacrifice for his King and his country.

Before the King began to build his palace, he sent for the diviners and astrologers; and these men appointed what they supposed to be a lucky day on which the King ought to erect the first corner-post of the building. "And," said the diviners and astrologers, "in order that the building be successfully raised, in order, also, that thy kingdom be made prosperous, it will be necessary for thee to make a human sacrifice. And the first corner-post which the King erects must be sprinkled with human blood."

Forthwith the King sent out a proclamation saying: "Gather ye! gather, all ye beneath the skies!" And the people assembled in tens of thousands at the place where they were accustomed to hear proclamations relating to the business of the kingdom. And when the people were thus assembled, the King stood up and said: "The diviners and astrologers tell me that in order that the palace be successfully built, in order, also, that my kingdom be prosperous, it is necessary for me to make a human sacrifice. So this is what I have to say to you, O my people.

God hath given me this land; let them come to me those who so love me that they are willing and ready to give up their native land, and wife and children, and father and mother, and even life, for my sake; for I must make a human sacrifice."

No sooner had the assembled hosts heard that than they all fled; and to the north, south, east and west, they ran as fast as their legs would carry them; and the King, wondering, bewildered and astonished, was left alone by himself.

To the west of the capital are the grand Betamitatra rice-plains, and upon a very picturesque islet rising out of the plains is built the village called Anosizato. On the day of the proclamation there was a man named Batrimofoloalina, an inhabitant of this village, who, instead of attending the grand proclamation, was working in his rice-field at Anosizato. When he saw the people running away he asked what it meant. At first no one would give him full information, and the only reply he could extract from the panting and breathless runaways was, "The King wants to make a human sacrifice! The King wants to make a human sacrifice!" At last, however, he succeeded in making a man tell him the cause more freely.

Batrimofoloalina said nothing, and he returned to his rice-field; but not to work, for he went to a little puddle, where he washed his bespattered legs; his spade also he cleansed, and then he took it home, and placed it in a corner of his little reed hut. Without saying anything to his wife and family, he straightway went to the palace yard, and as he entered by the old stone gate which is on

the north side, he saw the King pacing up and down the palace-yard, with head bent down, and the King was evidently in deep meditation. Up went Ratrimofoloalina, with that form of salutation which is due to a ruler in Madagascar :

"Long may you live, O King. May you reach to old age! May you never be an invalid! May you be happy! What was the drift of your proclamation to-day, for I was not in time to hear it?"

Then answered the King: "No one so loveth me that he will consent to be a sacrifice in order to make me prosperous. When I asked for a sacrifice the people all fled from me. What then is your opinion, Ratrimofoloalina?"

When Ratrimofoloalina heard this, he stripped himself of his lamba, threw it aside, and advanced toward the King:

"Let me be a sacrifice for thee, O King. I will give my life for my King, in order that his palace be successfully built and his kingdom made prosperous."

"Are you willing that your body should be cut?" asked the King.

"Yes, I am willing," said Ratrimofoloalina.

"Are you really willing to be killed?" inquired the King.

"Yes, I am willing," said the man; "willing to be sacrificed for thy good, O King."

"Well," replied the King, "you had better go home and ask your wife and children about this matter; and if you are in the same mind to-morrow morning, come here, and you shall be sacrificed."

Ratrimofoloalina went home, but he said nothing to his wife and children, and on the morrow he returned to the palace yard. The King was again pacing up and down the yard. Ratrimofoloalina, after having saluted the King, said, "I am of the same mind this morning that I was yesterday, and in order that thy palace be successfully raised, in order also that thy kingdom be made prosperous, I have come to be sacrificed."

The King turned aside to some officers, and said:

"Here! bring that piece of wood; bring also those ropes yonder," and pointing to the wood and the ropes, he said, "Strap him down!"

The victim was soon surrounded with men who carried formidable-looking spears and gigantic knives, and as he was being tied down the King kept an eye on him, in order that he might see whether he would wince or relent; but the man most bravely bore it all. While he was being strapped down, crowds of people were peering through the wooden fence of the palace yard, and they shouted out, "You are a fool, Ratrimofoloalina, to give your life to no purpose! You are a fool to forsake your wife and children. You are a wretch, and woe be to you!"

All these warnings failed to move the heroic patriot; and the King, when he saw that the man was sincere, called some of the officers aside, and said, "Don't kill him! Don't kill him! Don't kill him! Bring a pot of *odinat*,\* and pour that over him." To another the King said, "Cut off a bit of one ear only; cut off a bit of one ear only!"

Up came an officer with a big bloodthirsty-looking knife, and simultaneously with the cutting off of a piece of his ear the blood-red dye was thrown over him, and a pretty spectacle Ratrimofoloalina presented.

People who at a distance were looking on thought that Ratrimofoloalina had been beheaded; and these swiftly fled lest they, too, should be asked to sacrifice themselves for the King.

Though Ratrimofoloalina was so sadly wounded, he did

\* A red dye, in which the natives dye their lambas.

not murmur; and the King, looking at the brave and noble man, cried out: "Cut the ropes! cut the ropes! stand him up." And as he was raised up, the blood and blood-red dye streamed down his stalwart frame.

The King forthwith gave him a lamba made of banana-bark, a token of special royal favor in those days. Then said the King to Ratrimofoloalina: "Because out of love for me you gave your life for me, what shall I do for you? Shall I give you miloh cows? and when any run dry I will substitute them. Shall I give you a fighting bull? and every time his horns are broken in fight I will give you another. Shall I give you rice-grounds? and every time the floods cover them with sand I will give you more. Shall I make all my subjects pay you two shillings for every house they possess? Or shall I make you to be one of my own noble ruling family? Choose what you like, and whatsoever your request be it shall be granted to you.

Ratrimofoloalina was glad when he heard that, and said: "I thank you for your kindness, but let me go home first and ask the opinion of my wife and children."

The King answered: "Go home and ask the opinion of your wife and children; and come again to-morrow morning, and whatsoever request you make it shall be granted to you."

That night Ratrimofoloalina and his wife and children pondered well the request which should be made; and on the morrow he returned to the palace. After having saluted the King he said: "Concerning the miloh cows and the fighting bulls, they are things which can come to an end very soon; and I do not wish that your subjects should be made to pay taxes to me; and neither do I like to be loaded with the honor of becoming one of your relatives, because I like you to be the sole sovereign of this country." And then placing his hand on his breast, he said: "Remember my offspring! Remember my future offspring. May that please your majesty. Let none of my descendants ever suffer death for any offense."

On hearing that request the King said, "I see you are a far-seeing man; but I will grant you your request, for whose is the land but mine? Whose is the power to make laws and govern but mine? And this is what I will do: 1. The blood of yourself and your descendants shall no more be shed, for this one sacrifice is enough. 2. You and your descendants shall no more be bound with iron chains, for this one binding is enough. 3. Neither you nor your offspring shall be counted guilty of wrong. And this league with you shall all my posterity keep with your posterity, and this covenant between us shall not be broken for ever and ever."

Accordingly the King made a proclamation to this effect at Andohalo, where a stone was set up to commemorate the event.

And in the proclamation the King said:

"Ratrimofoloalina, from this day forth your name shall be changed, and you shall be called Taimatimanota ('Not Dead though Transgressing'), and of that tribe thou shalt be the head."

This proclamation caused some to fear lest Ratrimofoloalina should take advantage of the privileges thus conferred upon him, and others were jealous, so Andriamampandry said to the King:

"I could not sleep last night."

"Why?" inquired the King.

"Ratrimofoloalina is the King now," replied Andriamampandry, "and he can do as he likes with our wives, our slaves, and our oxen, for he is never to be guilty for any wrong he may commit."

"I see," said the King, "that he has obtained an

\* Bull-fighting was practiced in those days, but now it is illegal.



advantage over me; but for all that I cannot alter my covenant with him."

The King sent for Ratrihofoloalina, and said: "I am a King, therefore alter not my word; but concerning my subjects' property—do not take their possessions by force; for if you do that, you are a King like me. But concerning my property, do as you please, whosoever may be

that for two reasons: 1. This covenant between us two is like a link; and if the two links become wide apart knock them, so that they close. That is to symbolize that our friendship must always be close. 2. If your descendants are guilty of taking the property of the sovereign, they must bring the links to whoever is sovereign, and they shall not be counted guilty."



THE SEASIDE SANITARIUM AT ROCKAWAY.—SEE PAGE 210.

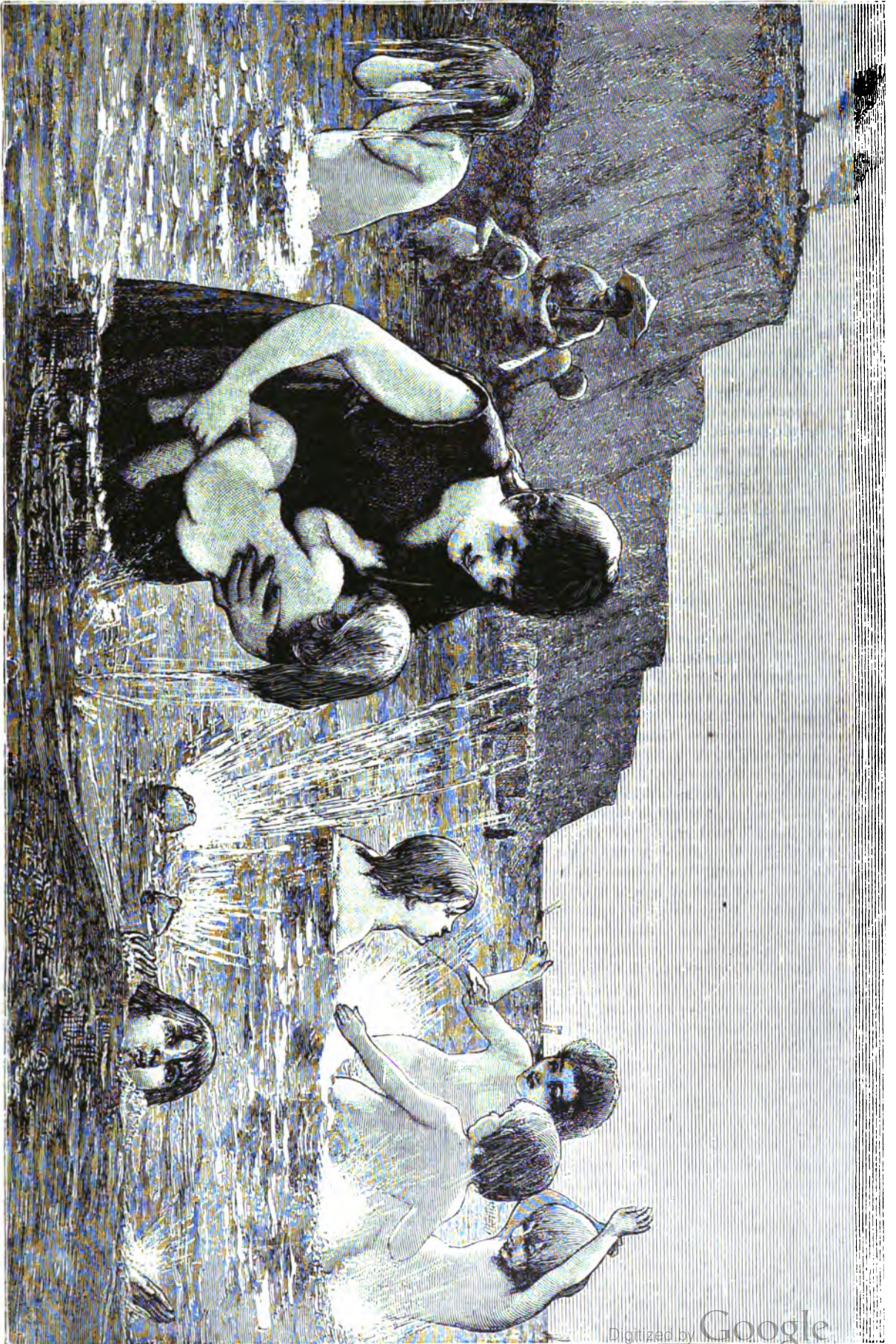
angry; for my word shall never be broken as long as my descendants rule in this land."

Ratrihofoloalina answered: "How may I be assured that your word will never be broken?"

The King replied: "When you and your descendants present the allegiance-money, do not use a dollar or broken money as other people; but present two silver links; and

Now it might be thought that the members of this tribe would presume upon the privileges they possess; but such is not the case, for those who belong to "The not-dead-thought-transgressing" tribe say they should be ashamed to take advantage of the position won for them by their noble head. Out of this interesting tribe have come many who have bravely served Christ in Madagascar.





THE FIRST DIP.—SEE PAGE 110.



## THE LITTLE ONES AT THE SEASIDE.

A PLEASING commentary on the sweltering season in the great metropolis is the surprisingly low rate of mortality among the children. One of the causes of this gratifying result is the labors of the special corps of physicians, who during the Summer visit the crowded tenements, under the direction of the Board of Health, and give medicine and advice for the benefit of the little ones, thus saving hundreds of little lives. These labors are supplemented by outdoor picnics, harbor excursions and seaside sanitariums maintained by the fashion, wealth and humanity of the city. The Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild has done and is doing a noble work in giving health and life to poor and sickly children and their mothers. It is a perfect delight to see these little folks enjoying the sail, the music and the "goodies" of the great dinner-hour, and one wishes that the entire city could become better acquainted with such methods of doing God's service, so that the opportunity for prolonging life or making it more cheerful need not be restricted by the want of funds.

Among the seaside sanitariums hundreds of children have greeted their old friends, Mr. Henry King and his noble-hearted wife, at the retreat on the Rockaway shore. Although this enterprise is carried on under the auspices of the West Side Relief Association of New York, its benefits are not confined to that geographical limit of the city.

The Association has been in existence many years, and has provided comfort for sick children and their mothers every Summer. Its operations are of an eminently practical character, and worthy of the fullest support of the public.

The lady visitors and agents, in going about among the poor denizens, find hundreds of women and children whose health demands far more than a day's excursion in the harbor, or a trip to inland groves. Gathering the children and the mothers who desire to accompany them into groups, free transportation is given to the old hotel at the fourth landing at Rockaway. Upon their arrival at the sanitarium volunteer physicians examine each one, and supply such medicine as may be required immediately. Generally the mothers and children are permitted to stay one week; but if the condition of health remains low, further time is granted. Food of a plain, but wholesome character—consisting of meat, bread, milk, tea, oatmeal, potatoes and other vegetables, with rice, hominy and nutritive soups—is given in abundance. Morning and evening all the inmates go down to the beach for a bath, and happier souls would be difficult to find.

In connection with this, we give also an illustration of a French scene where the good Sisters of Charity take the poor and sick children of France's thickly-settled cities, and give them their first dip in the life-giving salt sea. God bless all such agencies, whether at home or abroad.

## INFORMATION FOR THE CURIOUS.

**LUCKY DAYS.**—It is curious to note that in India a rainy day is considered unlucky for a wedding, and that in Scandinavia Thursday, the day of Thor, or thunder, was also of bad omen. St. Eloy, in a sermon, warns his flock from keeping Thursday as a holy day; and Dean Swift, in a letter to Sheridan, rhymes Thursday to "cursed day." The Esthonians consider it unlucky, and in Devonshire it has but one lucky hour. Mr. Jones, who, by-the-way, makes no mention of Thursday as the fatal day of the Tudors, does not attempt to generalize from these curious facts, which, indeed, we have picked out from different parts of the book. Unlucky days in Cochin China—perhaps among the Mohammedan Malays, but we are not told—are the third day of the new moon, being that on which Adam was expelled from Paradise; the fifth, when the whale swallowed Jonah; the sixteenth, when Joseph was put into the well; the twenty-fourth, when Zachariah was murdered; and the twenty-fifth, when Mohammed lost his front teeth. The ancient Egyptians were like the Chinese in their careful observance of lucky and unlucky days, and Mr. Jones may turn with profit for his next edition to Mr. Michell's amusing Calendar, in which they are detailed at length. Mr. Jones says that from ancient Egypt the evil or unlucky days have received the name of Egyptian days, given them in "a Saxon MS. (Cott. MS. Vitel, c. viii. fo. 20)." They are the last Monday in April, the first in August, and the "first Monday of the going out of the month of December," which leaves us somewhat in doubt as to all the Mondays in that month.—*From the Saturday Review.*

**AGNOSTIC CHURCHES IN GERMANY.**—In June, 1889, there was formed at Gotha a "Bund freireligiöser Gemeinden Deutschlands," and at the close of the year 1890 the number of free religious societies and clubs belonging to this bund was 136, and there were, besides, several newly formed societies and clubs which had not yet joined the

national organization. There are at present about twenty active free religious speakers, some of whom do service for several societies. The facts here given are to be found in the "Freireligiöser Kalender" for 1892, published at Gotha. There is one of these "freireligiöse Gemeinden" in Berlin, having a membership of over eight hundred names. This society has a settled speaker, Herr Schäfer, who addresses it every Sunday morning in "a hall." The speaker offers no prayer and reads from no book. Congregational singing before and after the discourse is the only exercise. Connected with the society is a "Religionschule," which is attended by 148 children. To the religious instruction of these children the speaker of the society devotes four hours a week. The children are instructed in the mythology and history and principles of the great historical religions; and Christianity is made no exception, but is treated in exactly the same way as the other religions. Belief in a personal God who can hear and answer prayers, in a divine Saviour and in miracles, is classed among the superstitions. The children are furthermore taught they have a religion of their own, different from Christianity and the other great religions—a religion based upon ethical and rational principle, and one which has to do with the present life. This school and society are a fair type of others in other cities, and represent a movement which is gradually assuming considerable proportions. It thus appears that Germany must be added to those nations in which an attempt is being made to build up a religious organization which is both non-theological and non-Christian.—Berlin correspondent of the *Nation*.

**AN ANCIENT STATUE OF CHARLEMAGNE.**—In the Carnaval Museum, in Paris, there is a bronze statnette of Charlemagne, which formerly belonged to the treasury of Metz Cathedral. From the whole bearing, workmanship and technique of it, it may safely be taken as a portrait of

the great Emperor of the Franks, which was made, if not in his lifetime, at all events immediately after his death. The present official architect of the district and Cathedral of Metz, Herr Tornow, has succeeded in discovering that in 1682 the treasury of the cathedral possessed such a statuette, which every year, on January 28th, the anniversary of the Emperor's death, was exhibited on a tower during thirty-six hours, surrounded by burning tapers. Herr Tornow has also found on the platform of the stair-turret, to the south side of the choir, a white marble altar-plate, resting on four cut-stone feet, on which the figure was formerly fixed. After the breaking down of the tower in 1764, the oldest inhabitants say that they heard from their parents and grandparents that the statuette was, up to the French Revolution, kept in that tower which the people still call Tour de Charlemagne, and placed on the small table mentioned. In order to commemorate the fact, a copy of the statuette will be made, and fixed on the same place where formerly the original was. The legend is that the statuette was presented to the cathedral by the Emperor himself.—*Kölnische Zeitung*.

**THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.**—According to MM. Behm and Wagner's *Bevölkerung der Erde*, Europe has a population of 315,929,000 inhabitants; Asia, 834,707,000; Africa, 205,679,000; America, 95,405,000; Australia and Polynesia, 431,000; the Polar regions, 82,000; giving a total of 1,455,923,000, being an increase of 16,778,000, according to the latest known censuses. At the end of 1877 Germany had a population of 43,943,000; Austria and Hungary (1879), of 38,000,000; France (1876), of 36,900,000; Turkey in Europe, of 8,860,000; Russia, of 87,900,000. In Asia, China possesses 434,900,000 inhabitants; Hong Kong, 180,144; Japan, 34,300,000, according to the census of 1878. The British possessions in India number 240,200,000 people; the French possessions, 280,000; Cochin China, 1,600,000; the East Indian Islands, 34,800,000; the islands of the South Sea, 878,000. The area of Africa is estimated at 29,383,000 square kilometres, divided as follows: Forests and cultivated land, 6,300,000; savannahs, 6,235,000; steppes, 4,200,000; deserts, 10,600,000. The inhabitants of British North America number about 3,800,000; of the United States, 50,000,000; of Mexico, 9,485,000; and of Brazil, 11,100,000. The Polar regions extend round the Arctic Circle with an area of 3,859,000 square kilometres, and the Antarctic regions about 600,000. The population of the former is small, with the exception of Iceland, which has 72,000, and Greenland 10,000.

**AMERICAN POSTAGE-STAMPS.**—The portrait of Benjamin Franklin on the one-cent stamp, in imperial ultramarine blue, is after a profile bust of Rubrecht. The head of Andrew Jackson on the two-cent stamp, in vermilion, is from a bust by Hiram Powers. The Washington head on the green three-cent stamp is after Houdon's celebrated bust. The head on the old five-cent was that of Zachary Taylor. The Lincoln profile, in red, on the six-cent stamp, is after a bust by Volk. The seven-cent stamp, in vermilion, gives the head of Stanton, after a photograph. The head of Jefferson, on the ten-cent stamp, in chocolate, is drawn from a life-size statue by Hiram Powers. The portrait of Henry Clay, in neutral purple, on the twelve-cent stamp, is after a bust by Hart. The head of Webster on the fifteen-cent stamp, in orange, is after the Clevinger bust. The portrait of General Scott on the twenty-four-cent stamp, in purple, is after a bust by Coffee. The head of Hamilton on the thirty-cent stamp, in black, is after the Cerrachi bust, and the portrait of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, in carmine, on the ninety-cent stamp, is after Wolcott's statue. The style in which these adhesive

stamps are printed and the clearness of outline of the several portraits, as well as the artistic excellence of the engraving, reflect credit on the head of the Post-office Department, Mr. Creswell, under whose authority they were executed. The seven, twelve and twenty-four-cent stamps have been retired from use. The new five-cent stamp is a portrait of Garfield, from a photograph of which the Queen had a copy, and which was approved by Mrs. Garfield.

**THE VENERABLE BEDA.**—Bæda, the venerable Bede, as latter times styled him, was born in 673, nine years after the Synod of Whitby, on ground which passed a year later to Benedict Biscop as the site of the abbey which he reared by the mouth of Wear. The youth was trained and his long tranquil life was wholly spent at Jarrow, in an offshoot of Benedict's house which had been founded by his friend Ceolfred. Bæda tells us in his own charming way a story of his boyhood there: how one of the great plagues which followed the Synod of Whitby swept off every monk who knew how to sing in choir save the abbot and this little scholar of his, and how the two stoutly kept up the service, and dropping only the anti-phones, struggled through the Psalms amid much weeping and sobbing till the rest of the brethren were sufficiently instructed in the church chant to suffer the full service to be restored. Bæda never stirred from Yarrow. "I spent my whole life in the same monastery," he says, "and while attentive to the rule of my Order and the service of the Church, my constant pleasure lay in learning or teaching or writing." The words sketch for us a scholar's life; the more touching in its simplicity that it is the life of the first great English scholar. The quiet grandeur of a life consecrated to knowledge, the tranquil pleasure that lies in learning and teaching and writing, dawned in fact for Englishmen in the story of Bæda. While still young he became a teacher, and six hundred monks, besides strangers that flocked thither for instruction, formed the school of Jarrow. It is hard to imagine how, among the toils of schoolmasters and the duties of the monk, Bæda could have found time for the composition of the numerous works that made his name famous in the West. But materials for study had accumulated in Northumbria through the journey of Wilfrid and Benedict Biscop, and the libraries which were forming at Wearmouth and York. The tradition of the older Irish teachers still lingered to direct the young scholar into that path of Scriptural interpretation to which he chiefly owed his fame. Greek, a rare accomplishment in the West, came to him from the school which the Greek Archbishop Theodore had founded beneath the walls of Canterbury, while his skill in the ecclesiastical chant was derived from a Roman cantor whom Pope Vitalian had sent in the train of Benedict Biscop. Little by little the young scholar made himself master of the whole range of the science of his time; he became, as Burke rightly styled him, "The Father of English learning." The tradition of the older classic culture was revived for England in his quotations of Plato and Aristotle, of Seneca and Cicero, of Lucretius and Ovid. Virgil cast over him the spell that he cast over Dante; verses from the "Æneid" break his narratives of martyrdoms, and the disciple ventures on the track of the great master in a little eclogue descriptive of the approach of the Spring—"The Making of England."—*J. R. Green*.

HOLD on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.





THE SCENE IN PROSPECT PARK AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL PARADE.



## CHILDREN'S DAY IN BROOKLYN.

THE great day of the year for the juveniles of Brooklyn, and a good many of their elders as well, is "Children's Day," as the annual parade of the Sunday-school Union in the City of Churches has come to be designated. The custom was established fifty-three years ago, and has been observed ever since. Wednesday, May 25th, was the day fixed for this year's festival, and it proved, fortunately, one of the most beautiful which the Spring has brought. The public schools were closed, according to custom, and there was but little business transacted in the public offices, courts or stores. The flags were floating gayly from the City Hall, Court House, new Municipal Building, United States Court, Post Office, the theatres, and from a thousand private residences in every part of the city. The children assembled at their respective church edifices at two o'clock, and half an hour later the indoor exercises were begun. After brief addresses, singing, prayer, Scriptural reading and benedictions, the youngsters were formed in two ranks and marched to their respective stations, where they were reviewed by pastors and people, and toddled along with bright faces and pretty dresses. There were 51,500 children and teachers on parade. This immense army, which carried the bright, silken and tinselled banners and guidons of 128 Sunday-schools, was divided into seven divisions. The kaleidoscopic effect of the thousands of children, with their variegated attire and many-colored ribbons floating in the refreshing breeze, under the radiant sunlight, formed a scene of rare beauty. Bands of music accompanied the schools. It is estimated that not less than 30,000 people viewed the parade in Prospect Park. After the parade many of the schools sought the picnic grounds, where upon snowy cloths were spread tempting luncheons to the juvenile appetite. The greater number of the children, however, repaired to their respective church class-rooms, where the weary ones were welcomed by loving relatives and friends, who had the feast ready for them. The festival passed off without mishap of any kind, and is pronounced the most successful ever known.

June 1st was the day appointed for the parade of the Sunday-schools of the Eastern District of Brooklyn. Nearly 20,000 children were disappointed at finding that a rain had set in during the previous night. Before the parade in Bedford Avenue, the schools, numbering forty-eight, met in twenty divisions in as many churches, where the anniversary hymns were sung and addresses were made. The exercises in the churches lasted for an hour, and then the children marched to Fourth Street, and the intersecting streets, where the line was formed, the head of the column resting at Bedford and Division Avenues. In front of the fountain at this point was a reviewing stand. Bedford Avenue was thronged with spectators along the whole line of march, and every available window and doorstep was crowded. Flags and bunting were displayed freely. In front of St. John's and Christ Churches the lines of flags extended across the street. At 3:30 P.M. the march began. Two lines of four abreast marched close to the curb down Bedford Avenue to Hayward Street, and then marched back eight abreast in the middle of the avenue. The appearance of All Souls' (Universalist) school with the others attracted special attention. It was estimated that 17,500 persons marched in the parade.

These Sunday-school parades are given annually in Brooklyn during the latter part of May and the early part of June. The last of the present year's series took place June 8th, when the children of the schools connected with the Eastern Sunday-school Union marched

through the streets of that section of the city known as Bowronville. The children of eight Sunday-schools, numbering 3,000 in all, were arranged in two divisions, which were preceded by the Twenty-third regiment band.

## A MEMORABLE SENTENCE.

*Correct Transcript of the Sentence of Death Pronounced against our Saviour Jesus Christ.*

THE following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks which the journal *Le Droit* has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now I am not aware that it has ever been made public in the German papers. The sentence is word by word as follows:

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.

"In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas;

"Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the prætor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove.

"1. Jesus is a misleader.

"2. He has excited the people to sedition.

"3. He is an enemy to the laws.

"4. He calls Himself the Son of God.

"5. He calls Himself falsely the King of Israel.

"6. He went into the Temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

"Orders the first centurion, Quirilius Cornelius, to bring Him to the place of execution.

"Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

"The witnesses who have signed the sentence against Jesus are:

"1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.

"2. John Zorobabel.

"3. Raphael Robani.

"4. Capet.

"Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournea."

The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass, in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1230, in the city of Aquila, in the Kingdom of Naples, during a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commissioners of art in the French Army to Italy. Up to the campaign in Southern Italy, it was preserved in the sacristy of Carthusians near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic is kept in the Chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained by their petitions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the Commission of Arts. Denon had a facsimile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for 2,890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospel. Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.—Notes and Queries.

# RHYMES AND RHYTHMS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

## I.—BABY, BABY BOWLING.

BABY, baby bowling,  
Set the hoop a-rolling;  
The hoop will wait  
At the turnpike gate,  
And the man will take the toll in.

## II.—MIND THE CAT.

MIND the cat,  
Find the cat,  
Who will be first behind the cat?  
The cat's on the mat,  
In an old slouch hat,  
And that's the way to find the cat.

## III.—WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WHAT do you think?  
Why, pen and ink,  
And a rosewood desk, or better,  
The old black hen,  
She mended the pen,  
And the little pig wrote a letter.

## IV.—JOHNNY'S PICTURE.

JOHNNY drew a picture, but Johnny couldn't spell;  
What he wrote under it I'm ashamed to tell;  
All in large capitals Johnny wrote PICTURE,  
Stuck it up upon the wall, and said that he would lecture;  
What a funny lecture, though, Johnny will deliver;  
While, with aches at his mistakes, all the people shiver!

## V.—DIDDY DODDY DUMPLING.

DIDDY DODDY DUMPLING,  
Muslin all a-crumpling;  
Cap like an arch,  
Stiff with starch—  
Diddy Doddy Dumpling!

Niddy Noddy Nursey,  
How shall we make her see?  
Bobs and blinks,  
Wobbles and winks—  
Niddy Noddy Nursey!

## VI.—DARLING DOLLY.

DARLING DOLLY's house shall be  
High as lofty apple-tree;  
It shall have a floor inlaid,  
Of the sweetest light and shade.

It shall have for pictures fair  
Fancies that are rich and rare;  
It shall have a golden roof,  
And tapestry with stars for wool.

And it shall have a dome of blue  
With the moonlight stealing through;  
And stately pillars straight as fir,  
Bending to each wind that stirs.

And her drink shall be of dew,  
Bubbling up from fountains new  
In the house, through golden sand,  
Whereon Dolly's feet shall stand.

Darling Dolly's friends shall come  
With music of the wild-bee's hum,  
The swallow's twitter, linnets' song—  
A music that shall make her strong.

And her talk they all shall know,  
And at her bidding come and go  
She shall be a Queen of Hearts,  
To know the secret of such arts.

And she shall never fear to see  
The creatures that make children flee.  
She shall have a fair command,  
And rule, with gladness o'er the land.

Darling Dolly's house shall be  
High as lofty apple-tree;  
It shall have a floor inlaid,  
Of the sweetest light and shade.

## VII.—MISTAKEN ZEAL.

"Oh, bring me some lilies,"  
Said the King of the Sillies;  
"Oh, bring me some lilies, so fresh and so fair."  
"You must send to the schools,"  
Said the Prince of the Fools.  
So they sent to the schools, but no lilies were there.

Through every chamber  
They wander and clamber,  
As if the white lilies would grow among men!  
In the glare and the gloom  
Of a carpeted room,  
Those lovely freebooters of forest and glen!

"Oh, life is so lonely!  
I want lilies only!  
Oh, life without lilies is lonely and bleak!"  
So spake Sillies' King,  
And his hands he did wring,  
While the Prince of the Fools was too anxious to speak.

"Appeal to your conscience,"  
Said the Empress of Nonsense.  
"Oh, say, are you worthy of creatures so pure?"  
"Call in the police,"  
Said the Queen of the Geese;  
"They'll take up the lilies and make it cook-sure."

Amid their distresses,  
These kings and princesses  
Caught never a gleam of the beautiful truth,  
How lilies can lie  
'Neath the blue Summer's sky,  
And bloom in the fields with the vigor of youth.

The mournful procession  
May puzzle and press on  
Discouraging, discussing, disputing in vain,  
While the lilies grow fair  
In the free open air,  
And nod their sweet heads with a lovely disdain.

## VIII.—TIMOTHY TIGHT.

TIMOTHY TIGHT, Timothy Tight,  
Says he will neither have sup nor bite,  
Nor comb to his hair, nor sleep in his bed,  
Till he has done what he thinks in his head.

What is it poor little Timothy thinks  
To do before he eats, or drinks,  
Or combs, or sleeps? Why, Timothy Tight  
Thinks in his head to turn black into white!

He caught a crow, and he tried with that,  
He tried again with a great black cat;  
He tried again with dyes and inks;  
He keeps on trying to do what he thinks!

He tried with lumps of coal a score  
He tried with jet, and a blackamoor,  
He tried with these till he got vexed—  
He means to try the Black Sea next.



## THE DRIFT OF RELIGIOUS COMMENT.

Do not depend too much on negative influences. They are good in their place, and to a certain extent answer an excellent purpose. They are principally restraining; but it is the positive forces that are needed, and which alone can secure the desired results. Some people seem to think that if they find fault with what others do, and tell how things ought to be done, they have accomplished all that is required of them. Do something! Oppose evils, raise the voice, and use the pen against them, but do something to correct and remove them. Opposition is good, if rightly directed, but do not waste all your strength on it. Do something that will make something or somebody happier, wiser and better. Exercise and lay out to the best advantage all the positive forces within you for saving men and building up the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Leave no "stone unturned" to make the world better. Resolve to do what you can, do it with your might, and do it at once.—*Zion's Herald*.

LAST year nearly half a million immigrants came to our shores, and have already taken their places in the busy daily life of our people. By far the larger number may be set down as honest, industrious and fairly intelligent people who intend to become reputable citizens. This is especially true of those who seek the West with the intention of becoming farmers. Unless they have joined friends already established they find themselves strangers and suffering many embarrassments. We should make it our duty to make their acquaintance and lighten their burden of loneliness. Invite them to the Church and social meetings. See that the children are brought into the Sunday-school. Every interest of the community may be served by a generous exercise of Christian courtesy.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

THE doctrine of the Evangelical churches as to Infant Baptism is in a transition state, and has at present a materially loosened hold upon the popular conviction. The original Lutheran theory made baptism necessary to salvation. The Church of England teaches baptismal regeneration indefinitely in its Twenty-seventh Article, and decidedly in the answer to the second question of its catechism; while its liturgy pronounces every child after baptism to have become regenerate. Calvinism made baptism the outward seal of covenant with God, and, construing children as in the Abrahamic covenant, applied it to them as such. Naturally the present representatives of the Lutheran and Anglican churches still lay more stress upon the ordinance than those of the Calvinistic faith; and Congregationalists—under the attrition of Baptist friction on the one side, and the force of their own principles of individualism on the other—have become a good deal demoralized in this particular. They cannot hold as their fathers did that baptism in a large sense placed an infant in the church, while there is no such consent among them as to its real significance and force as puts effectual pressure upon their life. Were it generally regarded as a pleasant, profitable and Scriptural act of the public consecration of children to God, it might regain its ancient universality with possibly more than its recent value.—*The Congregationalist*.

**BALKY CHURCH-MEMBERS.**—Those who have owned balky horses know that they are extremely hard to manage. They have a peculiar knack of having their own way, and will go backward or forward at their own will, while no amount of coaxing can induce them to change their course

of action, when once they have determined upon it. If they happen to take the backward movement, all has to stand still until their fancy changes, when they spring forward with force enough to carry the whole load themselves, without aid from their mates. We have seen church-members who remind us of balky horses. They will stand still and do nothing themselves, and prove a hindrance to others; then all at once forward they spring, all ambition to work. They can not do enough while the fit lasts, and they begin to whip up the members who have been pulling steadily all the time, and who accomplish more than an army of these balky workers who go by fits and starts.—*Methodist Recorder*.

CHRISTIAN civilization and Mormonism with its polygamy can never be harmonized. The two civilizations are antagonistic, and it is beyond the possibilities that they should live together in the same community; the conflict between them is as irrepressible as that between liberty and slavery ever was.—*The Christian Advocate*.

**FELIX ADLER'S REBUKE TO THE FREE RELIGIONISTS.**—Felix Adler has resigned the presidency of the Free Religious Association and withdrawn from all active participation in it. He evidently does not consider it an association worth keeping up, for the reason that it does nothing for practical morality. "What living thing," says he, "for the good of mankind, has emanated from the Free Religious ranks of this city (Boston) for the past twenty years?" As twenty years of Free Religious organization have produced nothing for the good of mankind, he can not afford to toy with it any longer. He continues: "Our religion must be a religion of life, and not of death. It must enter on some great work of benevolence, to show the spirit of religion. How much better than a building inscribed with the name of Theodore Parker would be a Parker institution for the education of workingmen or some other institution for benevolent work. As I cannot expect to enlist my associates in such an enterprise, I feel constrained to withdraw from the organization." We are not surprised at this conclusion, which is the condemnation of Free Religion by its two successive leaders, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham and Dr. Adler. Mr. Frothingham, who had given his life to it, declared organized Free Religion a failure practically. Dr. Adler declares that no living thing has emanated from it for the good of mankind. Their testimony—that of experts, that of the men who have, we believe, presided over the Association ever since its organization—may be accepted as true. This complaint is just what might have been expected from Dr. Adler. He does not pretend to have any religious conceptions, not even to believe that there is any true religion beyond ethics; for he says we cannot conceive the Infinite power, wisdom and love implied in religious conceptions. But finite faculties can give us a religion of duty and devotion; and, therefore, he preaches a religion of ethical culture, which must express itself in work for the good of the world. His own society in this city is doing a large work in education and nursing the sick, and practical philanthropy, which is an example to all our Christian churches. A Religious Association, whether Free or Enslaved, which does nothing but talk and find fault has no patience with. We raise here the question how the Christian Church would stand Dr. Adler's test. It is, to begin with, an organization for ethical culture. It requires its members to pledge themselves to forsake all known sin and to live a life governed by the command of Christ that we

love God with all the heart and our neighbor as ourselves, It sufficiently meets Dr. Adler's requirement so far as personal character and aim is concerned. Then, as to work for others, the Church labors hard in its distinctively religious work, through promoting what it calls conversion, to induce others to accept and promote the same high ethical standard. As to any further "living thing for the good of mankind" which Dr. Adler might ask for, not distinctly religious, we think he sees that all around him are organizations for physical as well as spiritual relief, for education, for the spread of civilization, which have emanated immediately from the Church and which still draw their vitality from it. Many and most of our churches ought to do much more in the line of mere philanthropy, but they need not be ashamed to meet Dr. Adler's test. To avoid misconception, we will add that the charge of inefficiency to actual, practical good which Dr. Adler brings against the Free Religious Association, from whose presidency and membership he withdraws, is one that he would never bring against the members individually.—*The Independent, June 8th.*

In their indignation over the Andover veto, the liberal Congregational wing are planning to establish a new organ

in Boston to run against the *Congregationalist*; and a re-organization of the *Golden Rule* is spoken of in that connection. A new paper will not win against the old and able *Congregationalist*. The *Golden Rule* might make some headway under new colors, as an organ; but the *Independent* and the *Christian Union* will pick up three out of four of the *Congregationalist's* splinters. An unexpected result of the progress of liberalism is the falling off of Universalist newspapers. They are not as strong, as a rule, as they were thirty years ago. The reason is that Universalism now emphasizes future punishment, which it once denied; and such journals as the *Independent* and *Christian Union*, while they are sound on the Divinity of Christ, and are not Universalist in their theology, are yet quite liberal enough to be, on the whole, satisfactory to Universalists; while their editorial ability and financial resources render them very attractive. Even if the Universalists were to unite in the support of their church papers, they are not numerous enough to give them a first-class support; but for the reasons named, they do not give them nearly as good a support as they might. And that which is befalling their papers will befall their people. The liberalistic Congregational churches will absorb them more and more.—*The Interior.*

## PERSONAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE death is announced, in England, of J. N. Darby, founder of the community or sect known as "The Plymouth Brethren."

THE REV. F. J. CASKEY, of Cincinnati, is the rector-elect of the new American Protestant Episcopal Church in Dresden, Germany.

NOT long before the death of Dr. Holland, he wrote to a young correspondent: "A literary life is a hard and difficult one; look well before you choose a life so full of difficulty."

THE REV. F. H. MARLING, pastor of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, New York City, has returned to his pastoral duties after an interval of seven months of serious illness.

THE REV. DR. HENRY C. POTTER, rector of Grace Church, sailed for Europe on June 8th, on the *Gallert*, to be absent about three months, and while on the Continent will spend some time in Berlin.

THE REV. DR. THOMAS ARMITAGE, the well-known Baptist pastor of New York City, was licensed to exhort in the Methodist Church at the age of fifteen, and six months later was licensed to preach.

THE residents of Alexandria Bay, N. Y., the late Dr. J. G. Holland's Summer home, intend erecting soon a monument in the Lutheran cemetery there to the memory of that genial and gifted author.

THE late Dr. Bacon, after becoming acquainted with Dr. Newman Smyth, hearing him preach and reading his books, recommended him in the warmest terms to the Centre Church at New Haven.

MANY years ago, it is related, Emerson and Theodore Parker were walking in Concord when a well-known leader of the Second Adventists rushed up to them in great excitement. "The world ceases at midnight!" he cried out. "Well," replied Parker, coolly, "I am not concerned; I live in Boston." "As for me," added Emerson, equally undisturbed, "I can get along without it."

THE great grandson of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" lives at Shirley, in England, in helpless poverty. James W. de Foe is his name, and he is the sole lineal male descendant of the author now living.

THE 156th anniversary, on June 4th, of the birth of Philip William Otterbein, the founder and first bishop of the United Brethren Church, was appropriately observed in all the Churches of that denomination.

"TUT, TUT," was the reproof with which Emerson once threw into silence and confusion of mind a too loquacious admirer who was offending his sense of modesty by praising his works to his face at a social gathering.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly, recently in session at Springfield, had among its members a Dr. Hornblower and a Dr. Stillman. The former was rarely heard in the discussions, while the latter made some of the longest speeches.

It is proposed to erect a suitable monument over the remains of Hester Ann Rogers and of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, the first president of the Wesleyan Conference after Mr. Wesley's death, which lie in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Birmingham.

THE Metropolitan of Canada has adopted for use in the cathedral at Fredericton the Rev. Mr. Hutchins's "Church Hymnal Book of Chants." The value of such an endorsement is much increased by the fact that Bishop Medley is himself a musician of high rank.

MR. LONGFELLOW's great kindness to autograph-hunters was ever a source of profit and encouragement to the tribe. The Boston correspondent of the *Providence Press* says that she knows of more than one overworked, busy writer who has been met, when showing signs of reluctance, with this remark: "Why, Longfellow sent his autograph to me at once"; or, "Longfellow said" so and so; and she mentions one person who made up an immense autograph album confessedly as a piece of valuable property which might at some time, if necessary, be available in raising a good round sum of money.

THE Abbott Professional Chair in Syracuse University has been endowed in memory of the Rev. William P. Abbott, D.D., with \$20,000 contributed by John D. Slayback, D.D., of New York City, \$10,000 by O. H. P. Archer, Esq., and \$10,000 by his daughter, Dr. Abbott's widow.

At his Thuringian home Abbe Liszt, who at the age of seventy-one is yet strong and vigorous, rises at five each morning, takes long daily walks, and works as earnestly and persistently as in his younger years. The afternoons of three days each week he devotes to giving free instruction to young artists.

ARCHDEACON HUNTER (Episcopal), who has labored for twenty-three years among the roving Indian tribes and the scanty English population engaged in the factories of the Hudson Bay Company, in Rupert's Land, recently died at the age of sixty-four. He translated the Gospel of St. Mark into the Cree language.

THE REV. J. E. ADAMS, Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society, was at Deer Isle, May 28th, the anniversary of the day when, fifty years ago, his father, the Rev. Jonathan Adams, landed and preached his first sermon to that people. This son, the only one now living of seven, preached the same sermon to a new generation.

THE late Dr. John F. Gray, America's pioneer homeopathist, once gave to a poor sewing girl who came to him for advice a vial of medicine, and told her to go home, take the dose and go to bed. She replied that she could not do so, as she was dependent on her daily earning for a living. "Then," said he, "I'll have to change the medicine a little." Taking back the vial, he wrapped it in a ten-dollar bill, and returning it to her repeated the order: "Go home and go to bed, and take the medicine, wrapper and all."

THE REV. DR. W. A. BARTLETT, of Indianapolis, has received a unanimous call to the pulpit of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, as the successor of the Rev. Dr. Paxton. Among the regular attendants at that church during the past twenty years have been Abraham Lincoln, ex-Vice-President Wheeler, ex-Secretary Blaine, the late Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary Frelinghuysen, and Senators "Don" Cameron, Frye, "Ben" Harrison and H. G. Davis.

MR. LONGFELLOW, in September, 1880, told James Grant Wilson that of all his poetical writings he preferred "Evangeline," and in a letter addressed to General Wilson in 1859 the poet writes: "You are wrong in supposing 'Evangeline' to have been suggested by the 'Neutral French' of Mrs. Williams. The story was told to me—that is, the bare outline of it—by a friend of Hawthorne, who had been urging him to write a tale on the subject. I said to Hawthorne, 'I wish you would give it to me for a poem.' He did so immediately, not seeming to care about it, nor desiring to write on the theme."

HITHERTO all biographers of Edmund Burke have been baffled in their search for the date and place of his marriage, and have perforce contented themselves with the surmise that it took place at Bath some time in 1756. But now, in the most matter-of-fact way possible, and apparently all unconscious of the importance of his information, a gentleman in Cheshire writes in *Notes and Queries*, that he has for years been the owner of Mrs. Burke's wedding-ring and diamond guard-ring, with the long sought-for date of the marriage, March 12th, 1757, engraved therein. And the date, he adds, is corroborated by an entry, "in the family Bible, in Edmund Burke's writing," which book is also an heirloom in his family, his mother having been a niece of Mrs. Burke.

THE City of Berlin has just acquired by purchase a very fine "Luther Collection," consisting of nearly 5,000 articles. It is particularly rich in woodcuts, engravings and drawings, including some by Albrecht Durer and Lucas Kransch, representing Luther at various periods of his life from boyhood until his last days. A second division includes portraits of Luther's parents, wife and children. In a third group are found his friends and disciples, Melancthon, Forster, Sabinus, Justus Jonas and others. A fourth contains portraits of his princely protectors, beginning with the Elector of Saxony, and as a pendant to this division follows one illustrating his great secular adversaries. Another department contains pictures of his various ecclesiastical adversaries, Papal and Protestant. The collectors have also brought together a great number of portraits of his forerunners, as Savonarola, Huss, Thomas à Kempis, John Wessel, Tauler and others. Several of the latter are of great age and rarity, and the whole collection has been declared by competent art critics and historians to be the most complete pictorial history of the age of the German Reformation and its leading actors anywhere extant.

AN honorable action on the part of the Rev. George A. Thayer, who is well known throughout Eastern Massachusetts, deserves the publicity given to it by the *Braintree Observer*, which obtains the facts from a lawyer familiar with the case. "A gentleman in Norfolk County," says the *Observer*, "who at one time managed a considerable amount of trust property, became insane, and his affairs were found in a very bad condition. As guardian for some minor children, whose entire property was in his hands, he failed to account for the money intrusted to him, and the sureties on his bond, one of whom was Mr. Thayer, were called upon to make up the deficit. The co-surety with Mr. Thayer went into bankruptcy and thus his amount of claim was voided; but Mr. Thayer, on receiving a note from a lawyer that he would be obliged to respond, immediately placed in the hands of the lawyer every dollar he had, and pledged himself to make good the full amount of the bond, although in so doing he well knew that it would require all of his salary except what the necessities of life actually demanded. This promise he fulfilled, and the wards have since enjoyed the income of the money which their guardian misappropriated."

THERE was a touching scene in the Methodist Conference at Nashville a short time ago, when the venerable Bishop Paine asked to be relieved from further active service in the church. He had been a minister for sixty-five years, and a bishop for more than thirty, and at the age of nearly ninety, he felt that it was time for him to lay down his charge and calmly wait for the great transition which he was sure was near at hand. He spoke a few words of encouragement to those with whom he had been associated in the Christian cause, and urged them all to renewed efforts in their good work. As for himself, he said, the longer he had lived the more thoroughly he had become convinced of the truthfulness of the Christian doctrine. His only regret was that he was worn out, and that he had so few more years to give to the work of salvation. The circumstance is worth recalling, for the sake of inquiring why it is that we never find an infidel standing up in a meeting of unbelievers and making a speech of similar import—that is to say, laying down his charge because of advancing age, and asking his younger associates to "fight the good fight" when he is gone. We can not recall a single instance of an infidel at 40 who was equally an infidel at 70—and here is this good old bishop who is more zealous for Christianity at almost four score



and ten than he was at two score. Franklin and Jefferson, who have been quoted as the most noted of American infidels in the past, became, if not sincere believers, at least inquirers before they died; and Voltaire and Paine greatly relaxed their hostility to the Christian religion in their declining year. Will some of the so-called "liberal" societies inform us why the doctrine of infidelity gets so little encouragement from those who are nearing the other shore, and why it has never received a kind word from the death-bed?

THE descendants of two English pilgrims, the Rev. John Lowthrop and his younger brother Mark, intend to celebrate before long, by a family reunion, the 250th anniversary of their landing in America. The brothers were born at Elton, East Riding of Yorkshire, England. They were sons of Thomas, of Chery Burton, later of Elton, and grandsons of John Lowthrop, of Lowthrop, a parish in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The Rev. John, his children, and about thirty of his congregation, came over in the ship *Griffin*, landing at Boston, September 18th, 1634, and went to Scituate, but settled in Barnstable, Mass., where he died November, 1653. He was a graduate of Oxford, afterward a clergyman of the English Church, and settled at Egerton, Kent County, where his children were baptized and registered. Renouncing his Episcopal Orders in 1624, he succeeded Mr. Henry Jacob as pastor of the First Independent or Congregational Church at Southwark, London, established in 1616. This congregation was discovered by Tomlinson, the bishop's pursuivant, April 29th, 1632, and, with the exception of eighteen who escaped, all were imprisoned for non-conformity and witnessing against the errors of the time. After two years' imprisonment they were released on bail, except their pastor, Archbishop Laud refusing every favor asked in his case, except the privilege of making one prayer at the bedside of his dying wife. He petitioned Charles I. for liberty to leave the kingdom, which was granted him on condition that he would betake himself to the ends of the earth, never more to lift a voice for his Master within the realms of England. Mark Lothrop was a freeman and received as an inhabitant of Salem, Mass., as early as 1643, and allotted his share of ground. On the old town records is recorded his petition for ground near to his kinsman, Thomas Lothrop, supposed to be "that godly and courageous commander" who was killed at Deerfield, September 18th, 1675, at the age of sixty-five, leaving a widow but no children. Mark was afterward a citizen of Duxbury, but settled at West Bridgewater, where he died in 1686. Many of the descendants write the name Lathrop.

THE newly-founded diocese of Newcastle, in England, is to have for its first bishop, Ernest Roland Wilberforce, the third son of the late eminent Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, of Winchester. The appointment already meets with general and hearty approval. The new bishop is in the prime of life, having been born at Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, while his father was rector there, in January, 1840. He is now, therefore, in his forty-third year. Educated at Harrow and Oxford, he seems not to have sought the prizes of University distinctions, but to have desired before all things the work and honor of the Christian priesthood. Taking Holy Orders in 1864, he lived with his father in the palace in Cuddesdon, as domestic chaplain to the bishop, while holding also the curacy of the parish. Two years later he became rector of Middleton Stony, in Oxfordshire, which charge he held for four years; and then he again accepted duty in his father's service, in the diocese of Winchester, to which the bishop was translated. In 1873, when the bishop's death occurred, Mr.

Wilberforce was instituted to the living of Seaforth, a small town a few miles to the northwest of Liverpool, the living being in the private patronage of Mr. Gladstone.

Seaforth's previous incumbent had held the vicarage for fifty years; and the Protestant preferences, and probably prejudices, of the parish and neighborhood were not in favor of a son of Bishop Wilberforce. When he went among them, however, it was discovered that, though he was an uncompromising Churchman, he was a high-minded Christian minister and a genuine man. It was while he was at Seaforth that Mr. Wilberforce came prominently forward as a popular champion of the temperance cause.

His name, in connection with that of his younger brother, Canon Basil Wilberforce, of Southampton, is known in every part of the country in relation to temperance advocacy and work. It is said that when the appointment of the first Bishop of Liverpool was under consideration, many of the merchant princes of the district earnestly desired that Mr. Wilberforce should be called to fill it. In October, 1878, he was instituted to a canonry in Winchester Cathedral, which he accepted upon the condition that he would be allowed to throw himself entirely into the work of the Diocesan Home Missions. He then became Warden of the Wilberforce Mission House in that city, superintending and taking an active part in the work that is being done in the diocese. The new bishop may be said to be a moderate High Churchman.

His pulpit qualities are marked by fervor and earnestness, and he has evidently great aptitude for dealing with the toiling classes. The bishopric of Newcastle is the second appointment that has been made under a Bill brought before Parliament by Mr. Disraeli's Government in 1878. The minimum amount of endowment deemed necessary was obtained a few months' since; and now, in due course, Bishop Ernest Wilberforce will have an opportunity of showing that the Church to which he has devoted the energies of his gifted nature can cope with the indifference and vice which are said to be prevalent among the population to be included in this new ecclesiastical district. The Newcastle see was erected in conformity with the provisions of an Act of Parliament, passed in 1878, for the creation of four new bishoprics, the funds to be provided partly by contributions from other sees and partly by public subscription. Of the four sanctioned by the Act, two—those of Liverpool and Newcastle—have now fulfilled the prescribed conditions, while two others—Southwell and Wakefield—still await the result of further efforts. The minimum income originally proposed for each bishop was £3,500 a year, but it was afterward reduced to £3,000, though in the case of Newcastle the trustees still hope that they will be able to secure a larger sum. The money required for the endowment of this particular see is made up from the bishopric of Durham, which cedes £1,000 a year for that purpose; from church offertories, amounting at present to £2,049; from a charitable fund known as the Headley bequest, which gives £16,200, and from private munificence, which has yielded the liberal amount of £40,550. It will thus be seen that the sum total, independent of the gift from the existing bishopric, amounts to close on £60,000, which may be estimated to return about £2,000 a year. The Durham contribution makes up the required sum. Among the private subscriptions sums are to be found not unworthy of the "ages of faith." The Duke of Northumberland heads the list with £10,000; the Bishop of Durham gives £3,000, and several more subscriptions amount to £1,000 and upward. There need be little fear for the temporal interests of the Church of England while the laity are ready to supply her needs on this generous scale.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

## STRIKES.

An overshadowing event is the labor strike by which the furnace fires of Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago have been extinguished and a hundred and fifty thousand able-bodied workmen have folded their arms. This event cannot stand alone, but is the precursor of other strikes—which are always epidemic, and unless there come sudden compromise, all styles of business will feel the shock from tip end to tip end of the continent, and the old war between labor and capital will open all its belching batteries. There is to every intelligent mind a great sadness, first, because a compromise might have avoided it.

The workmen, April 1st, laid down the scale of prices at which they would work. The manufacturers flatly refused the proposition. Both fall back and propose to fire each other out. Perhaps the workmen asked too much. Perhaps the manufacturers were paying too little. If a few mediators had gone out from each side, the difference could have been adjusted, and the smoke above Pittsburgh and Cincinnati would have been as thick to-day as ever. The trouble will be ended by a compromise. Why not end it at the start with a compromise? To every intelligent man, whether capitalist or laborer, this state of things is deplorable. First, whole communities and large classes are made sour, irritable and wrathful. Maledictions meet each other half way between the manufacturer's office and the house of the employé. They wish each other ill.

Another sadness is in the fact that the thrifty workman who has a little money in the saving's-bank, or out on bond and mortgage, very soon takes it out, or takes it up to meet present exigencies. There must be bread on the table, the children must have shoes, there must be more than the usual appearance of thrift, lest there be a prospect of giving in and a necessity of ending the strike. A strike always means suffering. The blow comes hard both upon capital and labor, but heaviest upon labor. In all the labor strikes since the world stood the workman gets the worst of it. Capitalists have money ahead, and if they never made another dollar in all their lives, they could live on past surplus; but the vast majority of toilers, though they may have laid up something for a rainy day, must not have the rainy day too prolonged.

Another sadness is in the fact that political demagogues take advantage of such things, and foment the disturbance and block up the way of adjustment. We are told that many of the manufacturers are willing to raise the wages and that many of the employés are willing to moderate their demands; but there are those ready to frustrate all amicable arrangements. The trouble is that all classes of men have among them those who want to be bosses. The most of the capitalists do not think for themselves; the most of the laborers do not think for themselves. There are boss capitalists and boss laborers who want their way. Indeed the human family is divided into two classes: those who boss and those who get bossed. As soon as a man rises to power in trade, in literature, in merchandise, in religion, he gets bossy. I warrant you I could pick out ten representative capitalists and ten representative workmen who, in one afternoon's session, would settle this industrial grief, save millions of dollars, and suffering indescribable and illimitable.

I cry out in behalf of the imperiled financial interests of this whole country for arbitration. Capital will never help itself by fighting labor, and labor will never get any advantage from combating capital. They go up together, or they go down together. Show me any year in the history of the country when capital was prosperous and I will show you a year when labor was prosperous, and *vice versa*. Let either interest be struck between the eyes and all interests of the land stagger, and reel, and fall. But there is no doubt that in all parts of the land capitalists are imposing upon labor. They own New York Legislature and Pennsylvania Legislature, with a few notable exceptions; they own Congress for the most part; they ride over the necks of the people. We have over five thousand millionaires in this country. It is a bad sign of the time when one man dies worth forty millions, and another worth eighty millions, and our richest men are not dead yet. It wants no very great wisdom to see that there are people in this land who have more than their share. I do not wonder that sometimes men lose their equilibrium and strike, although it is unwise to strike, since a strike means less bread, less fuel, less good clothes and less homes.

But there are capitalists who have no trouble with their employés. The sales being less, the employer rings the bell that calls his workmen together, and says: "I get so much less for this iron, for this steel, for these carpets, for these woollens, for these nails, for these screws, for these books, and hence your work is worth to me so much less." Such employers have no strikes in their mills, in their factories, in their harvest fields, in their printing establishments. The toilers realize they are not trod on, nor considered as having no more feeling than the iron with which they stir the blaze, or the type they set, or the spindles they turn.

Now, what we want is a few men with equipoise enough, and sympathies enough, and pluck enough, and promptness enough, to go among these contestants and harmonize counting-room desk and anvil, and get the delicate hand of calculation to cross palms with the brown and hard-knuckled hand of toll. Close up the breach now, lest 1857 come back again, and starvation and horror take the place of plenty. It is too bad that at the time when God is preparing for us a great harvest, as this week's reports show, and we have had four years of fabulous crops of grain, we should by internal contention defeat the divine munificence. I do not like to see ships like the *Jason* or the *Carondelet*, which need repairs in New York, sent to Canada, or back to Europe, because of industrial troubles here.

May the table of the counting-room be run over with primrose, and all the hammers of toll blossom and bloom! I suppose that many of our trade unions are wielding a despotism, and that workmen are driven and stopped and imposed upon as much by people of their own craft as by the capitalists. If a man has a mind to stop work, let him stop, but he has no right to stop me. If a man prefer to go to the poorhouse, let him go, but he has no right to compel me to go along with him. I would have this country so free that when a man wants to quit work he can quit work, and when he wants to go ahead no trades union shall hold him back. Free hammer! Free travel! Free yardstick! Free spindle! Free furnace! Free dockyard! Free men! I expect before labor gets its rights fully established in this country, it will have to drive back the encroachments of capital on the one hand, and the outrageous despotism of trade unions on the other.

I must express the opinion that now, in this country, for every healthy man of good habits there is a livelihood. If any well man does not get work now, he is either lazy or too proud to do what he can do, or he drinks, or he is rotten in moral character. If a man is sick or aged or crippled, then the world ought to take care of him; but if he is well, let him, under God, take care of himself. If he cannot get work that suits him, let him do the work that does not suit him. The Apostle said what I re-echo: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." There have been times, as in 1857 and 1873, when there were multitudes of industrious people who could get nothing to do. Those times have passed. Let us all be busy. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

## DANENHOWER.

THE country has heartily welcomed the survivors of the *Jeanette*. Their comrades fallen in the Austerlitz of icebergs, these men come back wounded into the hospital of the world's sympathies. Their attempt was sublime, their endurance terrific, and their welcome enthusiastic. They went not on a crusade of vain curiosity, but to conquer wider realm for the possession and mastery of the human race. With eye blasted with excessive vision, and health bitten of the everlasting frosts, they come down out of the mountains of snow and ice into the valleys of our American Springtime. They have endured enough for one lifetime, and ought the rest of their days have nothing to do but receive the gratitude of the people. We who sat by stove and register, with flannels on, and nervous if a slight draft came through the keyhole, can have but incompetent appreciation of these men who, to win more knowledge and wider realm for the race, fought starvation and chill death on the northern edges of the world. A few wiseacres stand around, hands in their pockets, whistling in a sort of derisive triumph, and say, "I told you so. It can't be done. The North Pole will never be discovered. Useless waste of human life." So the world always says at partially completed enterprises. Five hundred times did I hear the same thing said when Livingstone was lost in Africa. "Never hear of him again."

Might better have staid at home with his family. No advantage will ever come from it." But what fool would say so now, since through Livingstone and Stanley the inside doors of Africa have been set wide open, inviting civilization and Christianity to enter, and estimates are being made for the building of a railroad across the great Sahara Desert? All great enterprises have at different stages of progress been the target of caricature. The North Pole will be reached. I congratulate the Congress of the United States on another Bill now before it, for the fitting out of a new expedition for the North. The human race cannot afford to stop short of complete success. Arctic exploration will have about fifteen chapters before the final of the great book of crystals. The De-Long chapter is about the twelfth. Do you realize how near the work is done? Arctic explorers have come within four hundred miles of it—only about as far as from here to Rochester, or from here to Portland. It will be done. If the human race stop now and unhook its sledges and furl its sail within four hundred miles of the magnificent terminus, then it is not worthy of the men who stood under the battle-axes of Arctic ice—McKenzie and Boss, and Willoughby, and Cabot, and John Franklin, and Kane, and Schwatka, and De Long, and Danenhower. The goal is so near reached that the hero is now born who will wear the coronal of final achievement. The ship may now be in some cradle of dry-dock which shall yet glide over the bones of the dead fleet of Arctic vessels whose very names suggest their perilous undertaking—the *Terror*, the *Erebus*, the *Hecla*, the *Dorothea*, the *Victory*, the *Advance*, the *Rescue*, the *Resolute*, the *Intrepid*, the *North Star* and the *Jeannette*. Right over that cemetery of dead ships shall yet go some divinely-guided craft, carrying the American flag at her masthead, to drop anchor at the consummation toward which the prowess and the genius and the ambition of many nations for centuries have been struggling. I urge no one to go on such an expedition, but I protest against the effort to belittle the heroism of those who did go, or the philanthropy and public spiritedness of those who for the last fifty years have been fitting out Polar expeditions. The world is full of do-nothings, who with no grand attempts of their own are maddened at the great undertakings of others. The most mangy and scabby breed of curs on earth occupy the kennel of "I told you so." They are the pest of the Church and the world. I would like to fit them all out for an expedition to the Antaretic, the region furthest off from where the brave men of the North have won renown, and have their ships never heard of! The business that requires less brain than any other is that of the faultfinder. I am glad that by all our cities and by the American Government the navigators have been greeted.

Ah! we have found at last how the world is bounded. On the North, on the South, on the East, on the West by the courage of man and the greatness of God. It is not more what such explorers discover of the features of the globe than what they discover of the capacity of man when he sets out for great achievements. The influence of such example is most salutary. If men can endure so much for geography and science, what ought we to be willing to endure for religion and humanity? God is fitting out expeditions on all sides, and men and women are wanted who care little for their own comfort and everything about what they can do for others. Paul commanded such an expedition. Florence Nightingale another. Alexander Duff another. John Howard another. Bishop Asbury another. If you cannot command an expedition, you can join one. Let us organize it now. Expedition against Arctic selfishness, against Arctic pride, against Arctic exclusiveness. The whole ocean of life is covered with floating icebergs running down the good and the true.

#### INFERNAL MACHINES.

MUCH excitement has been made by the appearance of these weapons of death. Have no idea that this is a sign of the fact that our time is exceptionally degraded. In my boyhood days the infernal machine was frequently on the programme of stirring events—not a half-and-half contrivance like that sent after Mr. Field or Mr. Vanderbilt, but instruments that did their work with appalling accuracy and destructiveness. But still this movement to take the lives of prominent citizens shows that the agencies of evil are still abroad. What is most amazing is that when people go to work to kill they generally try to kill the wrong man. I can think of a hundred men whose presence on earth does not seem to be at all salutary, but no one sends them infernal machines. To whom are we most indebted for the fact that we know at night what occurred in the morning in Europe? and the morning after the delivery of Queen Victoria's speech we read it in New York; and all the world stood last Summer around the illustrious sick-bed in our national capital? and all nations may shake

hands over breakfast-table and tea-table? and as far as hindrance of communication is concerned, the prophecy that "there shall be no more sea" has been fulfilled? For the accomplishment of all this, the world is indebted to Cyrus W. Field. But for him, at Halifax to-day the European steamer would be throwing over board tin-cans with small flag-poles, this contrivance containing the European news, while rowboats and clippers would come out from shore, pick them up, opening them and hastening the foreign intelligence to forty-eight hours quicker to New York than the arrival of the vessel at our wharves. Now, thanks to Cyrus W. Field, European news forty-eight hours old is too stale to talk about. Mr. Field is not the man to be killed. Benjamin Franklin caught the lightning wild in the fields of heaven; Morse harnessed it; Field hooked it up to draw the continents together. Why try to take the life of such a benefactor? If somebody must be killed, let it be an enemy of the race, instead of one of its most potent benefactors. I hope there is to be no epidemic of such attempts. Such things are apt to be catching. Suicides in epidemics, housebreaking in epidemics, murder in epidemics, crimes of all sorts in epidemics. How to account for such coincidences of crime, or such concert of iniquities, I know not, unless at such times there be something in the air that induces them. Satan is the prince of the power of the air. The Bible says so. Being the prince of the power of the air, he may at times surcharge the atmosphere with malicious tendencies. Winds from some points of the compass seem morally to elevate. Winds from other points of the compass seem morally to depress. The north wind braces for grand achievements, the south wind soothes and softens, but the east wind is full of devils! When the weather probabilities predict strong gales from that quarter, beware of your dispositions and your morals. Solomon's prayer is a good prayer for us: "Awake, oh north wind and come thou south."

#### CHURCH GROWTH IN AMERICA.

A RECENT writer in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* has been busy collecting some statistics of Church growth in this country for the decade between the years 1870 and 1880. He finds that while the increase of population in the United States during that period is 80 per cent., the increase of communicants of the various Protestant churches during the same period is 47-50.

Taking his individual figures and combining those of a similar creed, the following result is attained:

	Percentage of Increase.
Lutheran . . . . .	110.
Episcopalian . . . . .	52.
Baptists, Regular and Campbellite . . . . .	47-50
Cumberland Presbyterian . . . . .	40.
Methodists, North and South . . . . .	33-50
Reformed and Congregationalist . . . . .	29-50
Presbyterian, North, South and United . . . . .	28 33

By these figures it will be seen that the assertion of the Rev. Dr. B. Hopkins, in the *Presbyterian Review*, that the Presbyterians are barely holding their own, is more than true, for they have really not kept pace with the growth of the country, which was 80 per cent. during the same period. The other Calvinists, the Congregationalists and Reformed (Dutch), are also losing, being one-half per cent. less than the increase of population.

The greatest increase is shown in the Lutheran creed. This is undoubtedly owing to the vast influx of Germans and Scandinavians, who are Lutherans. Next come the Episcopalians, the possessors of that liturgy which Doctors Hopkins and Hitchcock so ardently desire. An increase of 52 per cent. is enormous. This Church has no emigration to speak of to account for this increase, which may be honestly attributed, by Dr. Hopkins, and others as well, to the beautiful liturgy and historic associations which it possesses.

Here is food for the most serious thought.

#### THE DUEL.

IN New York Union Club and in Washington the attempt has recently been made to revive that defunct barbarism. Nothing so absurd has happened in many a day. Two men offended at each other's words propose to settle the difficulty by the exchange of pistol-shots. Let such behavior be laughed to scorn and the law treat such offenders as criminals. This is too late in the world's history to restore the old modes of polite and gentlemanly murder. This nation had enough of that in the old days when North and South could not agree on the slavery question. If two such brilliant men as Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr could not make the duello right, no two members of the Union Club can



achieve its respectability. The time was when it was thought honorable for combatants to settle their differences with deadly weapons. Daniel O'Connell killed D'Esterre; James Stuart killed Alexander Boswell; Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickinson; John H. Benton killed Mr. Lucas; Mr. Graves killed Mr. Cilley; and even De Witt Clinton exchanged five shots with John Swarthart. But those days are far gone by, and any attempt to revive them ought to meet with anathemas of all decent society, and they who propose massacre under this disguise ought to be shown out of the back door of every respectable association. He who, after coolly making or accepting a challenge to mortal combat, deliberately takes aim at the life of another, is an assassin, and of far

more despicable type than he who in moment of sudden passion huris his fellow pat of life.

THE latest issues from the press of the Presbyterian Board of Publication include "The Manifestations of Christ to the Believer," by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Hafding; and the "Ministerial Office," by the late Rev. Z. M. Humphrey, D. D.; two tracts, "David Livingstone," by Louise Seymour Houghton, the story of Dr. Livingstone's travels told for the young; and "Calvin and his Enemies," by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, being a defense of Calvin from the charges made against him. These are all printed in attractive styles noticeable with this Board of Publication.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

"For this God is our God, for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM xlviii. 14.

P. S. DONELSON, D.D.

THE REV. PARK S. DONELSON, D.D., of Central Ohio Conference, died at Dexter, Michigan, May 6th. Dr. Donelson was for many years the President of Wesleyan Female College at Delaware, O., and subsequently served as pastor of several leading Methodist Churches in northern Ohio.

JAMES DANDY.

THE REV. JAMES DANDY, the oldest member of the Newark Conference, died at his home in Rahway, N. J., on Friday, May 12th, full of years, and of the honors that come of good deeds. He entered the traveling ministry in 1828, and continued in the effective service for about half a century.

A. S. FRANCIS.

THE REV. ABRAHAM S. FRANCIS, one of the oldest Methodist Episcopal clergymen in this part of the country, died at his residence, No. 99 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, May 14th. He had been sick for about three weeks with disease of the heart, and his demise, therefore, was not wholly unexpected. Mr. Francis was born in Jamaica, Long Island, March 18th, 1809, and he had been a Methodist Episcopal minister for fifty years. He had always served in the New York and New York East Conferences, having at different times been pastor of ten churches in Brooklyn, and two or three in New York City. The Francis Church in Brooklyn took its name from the deceased, who was at one time its pastor. The Rev. Mr. Francis was an able and energetic man, and made himself popular wherever he went. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

W. T. ADAMS.

THE REV. W. T. ADAMS died, at midnight, on the 24th of May, at his residence in El Paso, Ill. Mr. Adams was born in Brook County, Va., July 3d, 1811. His parents, William and Mary Adams, carefully instructed him in religious duties, and at the age of seventeen he joined the Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. John McArthur. He soon removed to Morgan County, O., and engaged in teaching a subscription school. His thirst for knowledge led him to close application to study, and determined upon securing a collegiate education, he began to study Latin. To a boy of less resolute character this would have seemed impossible, for there was not a Latin grammar in all that region; but he walked to the county-seat, a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, and bought one. He continued his classical studies under the Rev. Mr. McArthur, who had removed to Cadiz, and who afterward was professor in Miami University. The young student graduated at Franklin College, New Athens, O., in the year 1838. The same year he entered the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, graduating in '41.

He not only paid his own way by his self-reliant exertions, but was also able to render aid to a brother. In October, 1841, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Steubenville, and on Christmas Day of that year was married to Miss Martha Waters, at Galesburg, Ill. Was ordained and installed pastor of the church, at Carrollton, O., in 1842. Called to the pastorate of a church in Central Ohio, he was taken with severe hemorrhage of the lungs after laboring about a year, and for another year was unable to speak above a whisper. This compelled him to relinquish the pastorate for a number of years. In 1849 or 1850, he was elected to the Professorship of Mathematics in Hayesville Academy, O. He removed to Illinois in 1853, and in the following year organized the church at Deer Creek, and, being installed soon after, preached

there and at Washington, and at adjacent points for several years. Being one of the Presbyterian Committee to organize the Presbyterian Church at El Paso, Ill., he was installed pastor in 1863, in the following year changing his residence to that place.

STAATS VAN SANTVOORD, D.D.

THE REV. DR. STAATS VAN SANTVOORD, the oldest clergyman of the Reformed Dutch Church, died at New Baltimore, N. Y., on Monday, May 29th, at the age of ninety-two years. He was the oldest living graduate, with one exception, of Union College, and the oldest living graduate of the New Brunswick Theological Seminary. Dr. Van Santvoord was born in Schenectady, N. Y., March 15th, 1790, and was graduated from Union College in 1811, and from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1814. He was for several years before his death the oldest minister of the Reformed Dutch Church. In 1814 he became the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Belleville, N. J., where he remained until 1828. From 1829 to 1834 he was pastor of the Church of Schodock, N. Y. He then removed to New Baltimore, where he established a church, which is now in a flourishing condition. From 1839 to 1864 he was pastor of the Reformed Churches of Onesquehew and Jerusalem, in Albany County. He retired from the pastoral work in 1864, after completing half a century of active service. He was frequently called upon, however, in the succeeding years to take part in public exercises. He possessed a memory of rare tenacity, and had a vigorous constitution and a stalwart frame. The only confining sickness of his long life was the brief and not very painful one that brought his days to an end.

D. G. ANDERSON.

THE REV. DANIEL GOODWIN ANDERSON, rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, Great Barrington, Mass., since 1876, died Monday, May 15th, aged forty-two. He served during the war, and was in command of the company that guarded the old Capitol prison at Washington on the night of President Lincoln's assassination.

During the incumbency of the late rector St. James's parish became highly prosperous. Very strong material has been added from without, and there is peace within. The community at large shares with the congregation their sense of bereavement, as the late rector did a great deal for the general good outside of strictly parish limits. The cause of public education absorbed much of his time, thought and strength, often at the sacrifice of needed rest.

Business was generally suspended during the funeral. The church was crowded, and the universal grief was apparent in the solemn stillness which reigned throughout the service. The pulpit was draped in black, and there were floral tributes from various sources. As Mr. Anderson was a Knight Templar, delegations of Masons were present from Pittsfield and Providence, R. I., besides the home organizations. The Masonic ritual followed the conclusion of the burial-office at the grave.

J. A. LYON, D.D.

THE REV. JAMES A. LYON, D.D., of the Southern Presbyterian Church, died at Holly Springs, Miss., on Monday, May 15th, at the residence of his son-in-law, E. M. Smith, Esq. Dr. Lyon was licensed to preach by Brunswick Presbytery, forty-six years ago; was pastor at New Providence and Rogersville, E. Tenn., and for twenty-two years in Columbus, Miss. He also spent six years in St. Louis, Mo.

He was Professor of Moral Science in the University of Mississippi for ten years, a position which he had to resign on account of failing health a year ago. At Holly Springs he failed rapidly. Paralysis rendered him unconscious for the last four or five days of his life. He was about sixty-eight years of age; was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1838.

G. C. PENNELL, S.T.D.

THE REV. GEORGE CASPER PENNELL, S.T.D., who died in deadwood, Dakota, May 20th, 1882, was born in the City of New York, July 11th, 1832.

His boyhood was spent in New York, where his father was an esteemed physician and an honored member of St. Mark's Church. He graduated from Columbia College in the Class of 1852, and studied theology at the General Seminary. He served his diaconate as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Coit in St. Paul's Church, Troy. After his ordination to the priesthood in Trinity Church, New York, he was successively rector of Grace Church and of St. James's Church, Buffalo. Dr. Pennell was a vigorous preacher and an unsparing worker. Careful in planning his work he executed it with thoroughness in every detail. In the office of secretary to the Diocese of Western New York, and afterward of Albany, his exactness and efficiency made him to be considered one of the best of diocesan secretaries. From 1870 to 1880 Dr. Pennell was rector of St. John's Church, Newark, N. J., and for a time acted as secretary to the present Bishop of Northern New Jersey. The value of Dr. Pennell's assistance in the preparation of convenient official forms, and in arranging details, for which he had peculiar talent, will be recalled by more than one of our bishops. Such labor was to him a service of love. The last two or three years of Dr. Pennell's life were troubled. He suffered from distrust excited by charges which bore against the misconduct of his youth. The justice of censure applied only to the period when he was a college boy, before he had made a profession of faith, and it is due to his memory to say that when he applied to be admitted a candidate for Orders, he frankly submitted himself to the advice of some of the most trusted of the clergy. His service in the ministry for more than a quarter of a century attested the sincerity of his devotion to his sacred calling. He was abundant in labors, and nothing could tempt him to give up or, having put his hand to the plow, to look back. Whether in a higher or a humbler position he was found faithful, for he took delight in doing his Master's work, and stood at the post of duty to the very last. It was the testimony of his bishop that in his last field he had done a wonderful work, and had drawn to the Church the respect and esteem of a large class who are not easily susceptible to religious influences. On the Sunday which was his last on earth he persisted in fulfilling his services when his friends saw that his strength was not sufficient for the task.

He was conscious of the tender ministrations of those most dear to him up to the time of his departure, and the tributes of affection and sympathy from neighbors and friends proved how strong were the attachments he had formed in his short residence in Deadwood.

R. B. CLAXTON, D.D.

THE REV. DR. R. B. CLAXTON died at his residence in Philadelphia, after a protracted illness, on Wednesday morning, May 24th.

Robert Bethell Claxton was born in Philadelphia, in 1814, and was therefore about sixty-eight years of age at the time of his death. He was the son of John Claxton, a prominent bookseller, and was for a while a clerk in his father's store. In 1838 he entered Yale College, and subsequently studied at the Alexandria Theological Seminary. He was ordained by Bishop H. U. Onderdonk, and was successively in charge of St. Stephen's Church, Wilkesbarre, and the Church of the Holy Trinity, West Chester, Pa., Christ Church, Madison, Ind., Trinity Church, Cleveland, Ohio., and St. Luke's Church, Rochester, N. Y. In 1863 he became Professor of Homiletics in the Divinity School of Philadelphia, a position which he held for ten years. He tendered his resignation in 1878, in order to enter upon the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church, West Philadelphia, where he has since labored with great success.

Dr. Claxton was the author of a volume entitled "Questions on the Gospels," and was an occasional contributor to Church periodicals. His wife and two daughters survive him.

JAMES CRAIK, D.D.

THE REV. JAMES CRAIK, D.D., LL.D., died on Friday night, June 9th, at his home, near Louisville, Ky., in his seventy-sixth year. Dr. Craik was born in Alexandria, Va., and was graduated at Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky., then the most famous educational institution in the West. His father died while

the son was yet a boy, and his early training was received under the direction of his grandfather, who was Washington's family physician. Dr. Craik's father was Washington's private secretary. Dr. Craik studied medicine, but did not practice. He then studied law and moved to Kanawha, Va., where he gained a large practice. In 1829 he married Juliet Shrewsbury, who survives him. In 1839 the young lawyer entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and in 1844 was called to the rectorship of Christ Church, Louisville, which position he occupied for the rest of his life. For four successive terms, or twelve years, he was the presiding officer of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church. In church politics he was conservative, or what is known as a "prayer-book churchman," allying himself with neither faction of his church, but respected by both. He gained a reputation as a controversial writer by his works in support of the position of the Church as opposed to the doctrines of Mill, Haeckel and others. For several months Dr. Craik had been confined to the house, his illness being a trouble of the heart consequent upon old age and nervous exhaustion, the result of the hard and constant work of a lifetime. A notice of his life would be incomplete without a mention of his great gentleness and the affection with which he inspired those with whom he came in contact. He was liberal in his views and cheerful in his religion. He leaves a large family of children and grandchildren. His youngest son, the Rev. Charles E. Craik, who was for some time an assistant to Dr. Snively, of Brooklyn, and afterward rector of the American Episcopal Church in Geneva, Switzerland, has for the last year been his father's assistant at Christ Church, and will doubtless succeed to the rectorship.

ABRAM MESSLER, D.D.

THE REV. DR. ABRAM MESSLER, one of the oldest and most widely known of ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church, died on Monday, June 12th, in Somerville, N. J. He was born in 1800. Forty-seven years of his life were passed in the pastorate of the First Reformed Church, of Baritan, N. J. He celebrated his golden wedding in 1876. His wife survives him. T. S. Messler, third vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who lives in Pittsburgh, is his son.

#### OTHER DEATHS.

THE REV. W. T. BEATTY, D.D., a prominent Presbyterian minister, of Minneapolis, Minn., died after a long illness on April 10th, at the age of forty-five years. . . . THE REV. SAMUEL C. FESSENDEN, a well-known minister of Stamford, Conn., died at his residence in that city, on April 18th. . . . THE REV. JOHN AUGUSTINE THOMPSON, Episcopalian, died at Kent Island, Md., on April 12th, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. . . . THE REV. SAMUEL J. MILLS died at Nevada, Iowa, March 23d, after a brief illness. He was born in Mount Morris, N.Y., in 1813. . . . THE REV. ALLAN McLEAN died at Jacksonville, Fla., on Friday, April 21st. His remains were taken to Litchfield, Conn., where the funeral services were held on May 5th. . . . THE REV. FRANCIS M. SERENEE died suddenly, in Morrisania, on April 14th. The funeral was held at the Church of the Holy Faith. He was in his seventy-ninth year. . . . THE REV. B. C. CRITCHLOW, D.D., an esteemed Presbyterian minister, and pastor of a church of that denomination in New Brighton, Pa., from 1841 to 1875, died very suddenly on April 20th. . . . THE REV. D. D. Gillett of the Michigan Conference died in Hillsboro, Dakota Territory, May 5th. . . . THE REV. W. ECKHARTSON, one of the oldest ministers of the Methodist Church in Connecticut, died at his home in Thompson, May 5th. He had long been among the superannuated members of the New England Southern Conference. . . . THE REV. DR. A. B. BULLIONS, retired Presbyterian preacher, fell dead of heart disease at his residence at Lansingburg, N. Y., May 16th. He was sixty years old. He had been a professor at Waukesha College, Wis., and pastor at Croton Falls, N. Y.; Waterford, N. Y., and Sharon, Conn. . . . THE REV. ELLIOT B. FLETCHER, the oldest member of the East Maine Conference, died May 22d. . . . THE REV. D. EGLINTON BARR died in St. Louis on Saturday, May 27th, aged fifty-years. . . . THE REV. DR. J. L. YANTIS, of Brownsville, Mo., died suddenly on Sunday, May 28th. He had preached with his usual vigor an able sermon in the morning at the Prairie Church, so that the last day of his life was spent in the active service of his Master. . . . THE REV. J. M. BREWSTER, pastor of the Park Street Free Baptist Church, in Providence, R. I., died June 2d of pneumonia. He was a native of Alton, N. H. . . . THE REV. JOHN P. KNOX, LL.D., of Newtown, L. I., died at his residence there on June 2d. . . . THE REV. L. S. WEED, pastor of the New York Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn, died suddenly on June 14th, of heart disease, in a grocery at Fleet and Prince Streets, into which he staggered from the street.

# RECREATIONS FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"And searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so."—ACTS xvii 11.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

291. WHICH of the Apostles was of the tribe of Benjamin?
292. Which of the Evangelists notices the change in our Blessed Lord's face at His transfiguration?
293. What memento did Jacob always carry about with him of the struggle which he had with the angel at Peniel?
294. Quote some words of Rahab which show her belief in the power and presence of God.
295. Mention some persons in the Old Testament who are spoken of as the "servants of the Most High God."
296. To whom in the New Testament is the same title applied?
297. By what people was the idol Beelzebub worshipped?
298. What prince was slain upon a rock, thence named after him?
299. Of what prophet is it recorded that he loved "the wages of unrighteousness"?
300. What prophet is mentioned as prophesying after our Blessed Lord's resurrection?
301. What priest caused Jeremiah the prophet to be imprisoned, for which he was punished with death?
302. Who is it speaks of "iron pens" as being used in his time, by which we may understand a kind of engraving tool?
303. What city received the first news of its deliverance from some people who had been banished therefrom?
304. What name was applied to our Blessed Lord, which refers to His act of Atonement?
305. What two kings were mentioned by name many years before they were born?

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

*Single Acrostic.*

No. 23.

1. THE mother of Joram.
  2. Naomi's daughter-in-law.
  3. The mother of a household known to St. Paul.
  4. The mother of Samuel.
  5. The mother of St. John the Baptist.
  6. The mother of Solomon.
  7. The mother of Timothy.
  8. "A mother in Israel."
- The initials give the name of the mother of Moses.

*Double Acrostic.*

No. 24.

Two sons of Aaron.

1. An old man who died by breaking his neck.
2. One of the dwellers in Sodom.
3. One who walked with God.
4. The sea in which Paul's ship was tossed about.
5. The country ruled by Shemeber.
6. The country ruled by Sennacherib.
7. One of Christ's names.

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

No. 2.

1. 'Tis one of five organs, it leads to the brain,  
The sense of a sound in the air;  
It may be the call to the battle again,  
It may be the cry of despair!  
By this I am warned from all evil to cease,  
And hearken with faith to the gospel of peace,  
That bids me for glory prepare.
2. 'Tis the place where the strong eagle stirs up her young,  
And turns them to gaze on the sky,  
On the uppermost crag of the mountain 'tis hung,  
And thence in full feather they fly:  
'Tis the home of the swallow, to nourish her brood  
At the altars of God, where His people have stood;  
And I long to be there, even I!
3. 'Tis a pledge of some wages or bounty in store,  
For those who in service attend:  
The first-fruits bestowed as the promise of more—  
A harvest on which they depend;  
'Tis the Spirit of Christ in believers, and given  
To assure their inheritance laid up in heaven,  
And to make them endure to the end.

## SCRIPTURE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

No. 2.

Who boldly from an idol's worship turned,  
And dared to slight their sovereign's dread decree:  
But faced the cruel flames, and were not burned,  
For in the fire was One who saved the three?

Who would not leave his usual place of prayer,  
E'en to avoid what seemed a certain doom;  
And through the danger lived to praise his God,  
Who had been with him in the caverned gloom?

Who, following his captive Lord afar,  
In servile, selfish fear that Lord denied,  
Though he had boasted, let who might desert,  
Faithful to death would he at least abide?

By these three stories prove a text  
Which the true source of courage shows—  
The anchor which secures the soul  
When the fierce storm of danger blows.

## ANSWERS TO RECREATIONS IN JULY.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

276. And Moses said unto the Lord, "O, my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant, but I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue" (Exodus iv. 10).
277. Aaron, his brother (See Exodus iv. 11-16).
278. That the children of Israel fled from many of their cities, which then became inhabited by the Philistines (I. Chron. x. 1-7).
279. All those from twenty years old and under (I. Chron. xxvii. 23).
280. When Joseph was sold into Egypt by his brethren, and when Gideon defeated the Midianites (Gen. xxxvii. 28; and Judges viii. 5, 24).
281. When Jacob blessed the two sons of Joseph (Gen. xlviii. 14).
282. The dedication of the first-born to God, because of the slaying of the first-born in the land of Egypt (Numbers iii. 12, 13).
283. Phinehas, the son of Eleazar (Num. xxv. 11-18).
284. "Moreover, I have given thee one portion above thy brethren which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with My sword and with My bow" (Gen. xlviii. 22).
285. St. James, who says, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James i. 27).
286. "Hear me, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper" (II. Chron. xx. 20).
287. On the Mount of Olives (Luke xix. 37-44).
288. Moses and Elijah (Exodus xxxiv. 28; and I. Kings xix. 8).
289. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel" (Is. vii. 14).
290. From the tribe of Benjamin (I. Sam. x. 20, 21).

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 21.—HANNAH—I. Sam. i. 20.

- |              |                 |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. H-agar    | Gen. xvi. 15.   |
| 2. A-nna     | Luke ii. 36.    |
| 3. N-naomi   | Ruth i. 22.     |
| 4. N-oah     | Joshua xvii. 3. |
| 5. A-bigail  | I. Sam. xxv. 3. |
| 6. H-erodias | Luke iii. 19.   |

No. 22.—GAIN—ABEL.

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. G-an-a       | John iv. 46.      |
| 2. A-ha-b       | I. Kings xvi. 30. |
|                 | xxii. 34.         |
| 3. I-sraeilit-e | John i. 47.       |
| 4. N-aba-l      | I. Sam. xv. 3.    |

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

No. 1.—RINGLEADER.

1. RING: Luke xv. 22.
2. LEADER: Isa. lv. 3, 4.
3. RINGLEADER: Acts xxiv. 5.

## BURIED PROVERB.

No. 3.

"When pride cometh, then cometh shame" (Prov. xi. 2).



## THRO' THE DAY THY LOVE HATH SPARED US.

Words by THOMAS KELLEY, 1806.

Music by E. J. HOPKINS, Organist of the Temple, London.

1. Thro' the day Thy love hath spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;

1. Thro' the day Thy love hath spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;

Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us— Let no foe our peace mo - lest :

Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us— Let no foe our peace mo - lest :

Je - sus, Thou our guar - dian be— Sweet it is to trust in Thee!

Je - sus, Thou our guar - dian be— Sweet it is to - trust in Thee!

2. Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers—  
 In Thine arms may we repose:  
 And, when life's short day is past,  
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last!

Frank Leslie's  
**SUNDAY MAGAZINE.**

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., EDITOR.

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**THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.**

IV.

"The feeding of five thousand" (Matthew xiv. 15-21; Mark vi. 34-44; Luke ix. 12-17; John vi. 5-14).

APART from the stupendous character of this miracle, which exhibited the creative power of Christ as the loaves multiplied in His hands, there are points of interest and instruction connected with it which may well account for its being the only one recorded by the four Evangelists. The popular excitement concerning Jesus had now



"And Jesus took the loaves, and when He had given thanks He distributed to the disciples."

nearly reached its height. His miracles, which called forth both wonder and admiration; His teaching, which charmed some, offended others—had made Him an object of interest to all. He is now in Capernaum, having been forced to leave Judæa by the persecution consequent upon His miracle at the Pool of Bethesda.

Shortly after His arrival, the Twelve return from their first missionary tour, and hasten to tell Him of their work, their teaching, and the miracles wrought in His name. They find Him sad and depressed. During their absence John the Baptist, the great forerunner, the faithful, loyal friend of the Bridegroom, had been beheaded by order of Herod Antipas. His disciples bore the mournful tidings to Jesus. They had not much to tell—merely that when they heard their master was dead they went to the prison, obtained the lifeless body, and buried it. What remained for them to do? To come and tell Jesus; and this they did.

What a relief to pour their sorrow into His tender, sympathizing heart! Must not the telling Him of their woes have helped them to bear it? And is it not always true that

"Cares grow lighter as we feel  
That Jesus knows them all?"

Therefore, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray."

In His great grief for the loss of His friend, our Lord, in the perfection of His manhood, longed for rest. But where could rest be found? The Passover being at hand, the whole country was astir—so "many coming and going" that Jesus and His disciples had no leisure even to eat (Mark vi. 81). He was weary, too, of incessant conflict with hostile Jews, and the pressure of the sick who came for healing—so weary that, while the Twelve were telling Him of their missionary labors, He said to them, "Come ye yourselves"—ye alone, and no others—"apart into a desert place, and rest a while." He knew they needed rest as well as He Himself did, and strengthening, too, for future work, for they were but young in faith and experience. Knowing this, their Master would not let slip the opportunity which "a desert place" afforded for a season of quiet communion with them. So, for their sake as well as His own, He would "rest a while"; and "they departed into a desert place by ship privately" (Mark vi. 82).

Short rest were they granted—merely while the ship crossed to the opposite shore, a distance of about six miles. "The people saw them departing," and making which way the ship's head pointed, they ran with utmost speed round by the shore, and were the first to reach the landing-place. "Much people" were waiting for Him as He went forth from the ship. From St. John (vi. 8) it would appear that our Lord and His disciples at once ascended a mountain, whence He could see the people to whose temporal and spiritual need He was about to minister.

Did the sight of that great multitude, whose presence defeated the very object He had in view in coming to that side of the lake, displease our Lord? No; His entire life was one of self-consecration to the work allotted to Him by His Father. And so now, descending into the plain, He comes to meet those from whom He had seemed to hide Himself: "He began to teach them many things" (Mark vi. 84), "and healed them that had need of healing" (Luke ix. 11).

This "desert place" was near the city of Bethsaida-julias, on the northeastern shore of the lake of Genesaret. It was not, in one sense, "desert"—there, where the Jordan pours its waters into the lake, were pastures of richest verdure, though wholly uncultivated by the hand

of man. But it was "desert" in respect of being uninhabited, and so it remains to this day.

Weary though He was, Jesus continued to teach and to heal until the day was "far spent," and the people, heeding not fatigue and hunger, staid on. An uninhabited district was not one in which to procure food, even for a few, how much less for a great multitude. Very early in the day this want had occurred to our Lord, and as He watched the people from the mountain-top, He asked Philip, to whom, probably, the charge of providing for Jesus and His disciples was intrusted, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" (John vi. 5). Jesus, though He asked this question, "knew what He would do" (verse 6). But to Philip it was full of perplexity. Food for "five thousand men, beside women and children" (Matthew xiv. 21), could not be found in the whole district.

Throughout the day our Lord did not return to the subject. But as it drew to a close, He thought of those who had for so many hours been listening to Him, having had nothing to eat; and remembered, too, that many of them were far from home—probably Capernaum, six miles off, was the nearest abode to any of them. Would He send them away fasting? No. That which He all along knew "He would do," He now prepares to do. But before working a miracle which He alone could work, He gives His disciples the opportunity to do, if they will, that which lies within their power. To his Lord's question in the morning Philip had replied, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread" (in value about thirty-two dollars), "is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little." What must then have been the astonishment of the Twelve when, to their suggestion that the people should be sent away in search of food, our Lord replied, "Give ye them to eat"! One and all, they almost echo Philip's words, saying, "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?" (Mark vi. 36, 37).

But Jesus had bid them "give," not "buy," so He replies to their desponding words, "How many loaves have ye? go and see" (verse 38). They did so, and found their store consisted of five loaves and two fishes. No wonder they exclaimed, "What are they among so many?" But is it not strange that it never occurred to them to ask their Master to provide the needful supply, or to trust Him that He would do so at the fitting moment?

Where was their faith? Five of the Twelve had witnessed Christ's first miracle, the turning of water into wine. Had they forgotten it? Since then many other miracles—the casting out of devils that were "Legion," the blind restored to sight, the leper cleansed, the dead raised to life—had been wrought in their midst. Had the effect which these mighty works produced upon the minds of those who witnessed them, and marveled at them, passed away? Probably not. But the present demand upon their faith—thousands needing to be fed, and nothing to lay before them save a few loaves and fishes—was something new and startling.

The disciples having declared their inability to procure the required food, Jesus prepares to do that which all along He knew "He would do." Turning to the disciples, He desired them to make the vast multitude "sit down by companies upon the green grass. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties" (Mark vi. 39, 40).

How picturesque the scene! It was the early Spring—the loveliest season in Palestine. The grass was yet "green," and there was abundance of it. St. John expressly says, "There was much grass in the place" (vi. 10).

With what ready obedience company after company sat



down, though *why* they were commanded to do so they knew not. Was their obedience the act of faith? Did they expect to be fed, though nothing had been provided but "five barley loaves and two small fishes"? We cannot tell. But from a mountain not far from where they now eat, Jesus had, not long before, spoken these words to another multitude, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things [the things that ye have need of] shall be added unto you" (Matthew vi. 33). And who can tell but that some, at least, of those now reposing on the "green grass" had heard those words, and in this hour of expectation read their meaning? They had been all day listening to the teaching of Jesus. Would He not fulfill His own promise and provide them with necessary bread?

All being seated, Jesus, in silence, takes the bread and blesses it, as if to lead them to acknowledge His Father's hand in the coming miracle. Then He brake the loaves and gave (continued giving) to His disciples to set before the people, while He Himself divided the two fishes "among them all." Thus graciously did Jesus permit His disciples to be fellow-workers with Himself as, receiving the bread at His hands, they pass among the groups of people, distributing to each until all are filled.

We are not told how or at what moment the loaves multiplied into more, or whether it took place in our Lord's hands alone, or also in those of His disciples. But this we are distinctly told—"They did all eat, and were filled; and they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full. And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, besides women and children" (Matthew xiv. 20, 21).

Had the people eaten nothing, what a miracle that so much more was gathered up than had been at first set down! But they did "all eat," and all were "filled"—thoroughly satisfied. And the fragments that remained were not crumbs, but sufficient to fill twelve baskets—those wicker baskets ordinarily carried by the Jews, probably to avoid defilement by Gentile food. This generous provision provided by our Lord's own hand was His reply to the inquiry of distrust put by the disciples—"Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?"

Can we wonder that they who were eye-witnesses of this miracle said of Jesus—"This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world" (John vi. 14)? In their enthusiasm they were ready to make Him a king; which, when Jesus perceived, "He departed again into a mountain Himself alone" (verse 15). Bidding the apostles recross the lake, He spent the night in prayer (Matt. xiv. 22, 23).

The opening words of our Lord's discourse the following day upon Himself as the Bread of Life—"Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you" (John vi. 27), were the summing up, in a few words, of the spiritual truth the miracle of multiplying the loaves and fishes was mainly designed to teach. But, admitting this, are there not "fragments" of other lessons left for us to gather? So many, that we can only select a few.

The weary both in mind and body will gladly "gather up" this—"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." For Jesus, so compassionate and sympathizing *then*, is the same *now*. He remembers the days when He needed rest; when, weary with His journey, He sat "thus"—as a weary traveler—"on the well" (John iv. 6), and so now "He giveth His beloved sleep," that they may "rest a while," and be thus strengthened for their work.

And for those who feel it especially trying to be called to give up their own will, even though they know the call is from God, there is a "fragment," too. Jesus, sad and weary, desired to rest alone with His disciples, but His Father had work for Him to do, and at once He set Himself to do it. It was always so with the Eternal Son. "He had no plan but to follow the plan of His Father." Therefore, when the people followed Him, He thought no more of taking rest. Divine compassion filled His heart as He gazed on them—as sheep without a shepherd—and He "spoke unto them of the kingdom of God, and healed them that had need of healing" (Luke ix. 11).

The symbolic teaching of this miracle is as valuable for ministers and teachers of God's Word now as it was to the Twelve just returned from their first mission. As the weary, fainting crowd in the desert of Bethsaida pictured a world perishing for lack of knowledge, hungering for the Bread and Water of Life, with equal vividness does the meagre supply—"five barley loaves and two small fishes"—represent the utter inability of man to provide spiritual food for himself or for others. And yet, in that Christ did not set these aside, but used them and multiplied them, He conveys to His ministers this lesson: that their duty is to labor with all diligence, using the means within their reach earnestly, fervently, as if success depended upon their own efforts; and having done this, place all in His hands, looking to Him to bless the seed sown in His name, the cup of cold water given for His sake. "Give ye them to eat," is God's universal command to those to whom He has intrusted the riches of His grace; and obedience to the command insures an increase of the supply—an increase equal to the demand made upon it, as the widow's oil never ceased to flow until not one vessel remained unfilled (II. Kings iv. 6).

V.—"The feeding of four thousand" (Matthew xv. 32-39; Mark viii. 1-9).

Once again Jesus feeds the hungry. The great multitude of people upon whom He now had compassion, because they had been with Him three days among the hills (for it was now Summer), and had nothing to eat—who were they? The very same who had but a few hours before come to Him with their sick, the "lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others," casting them down at His feet, and all were healed. "And they glorified the God of Israel" (Matthew xv. 30, 31). Chiefly heathen as were these four thousand gathered together upon the eastern side of Jordan—for this miracle was wrought in that semi-pagan district called Decapolis—they were constrained to acknowledge, from what they saw of the works of Christ, that "the God of Israel" was above all gods. Dark and wretched as they were, they had this advantage over those in Jerusalem: there were no Pharisees and Scribes among them to misrepresent the words and works of Christ. Therefore it was that, having seen His miracles, their hearts were drawn toward Him, and they listened to His teaching with delight, clinging to Him for three days as to a newly-found friend.

Jesus knew that grateful love to Himself was the constraining power which kept that vast multitude from returning to their homes. How touching is His recognition of their love? "They have now been with Me three days, and have nothing to eat" (Mark viii. 2)—"with Me," Jesus says; and the love that kept them cheered His heart. Even our poor hearts, cold and unloving though they be, thrill with joy at the consciousness of being loved. And this relic of man as created in the image of God, this delight in loving and being loved, dwell in the Son of Man in perfection. We see it here in His gracious notice

of the "three days" stay of these poor people *with Him*. This, their "cup of cold water," did not lose its reward. Jesus would not let them return "fasting to their own houses," lest they should faint by the way; for many of them were far from home.

The incidents of this miracle and that of feeding the five thousand are, with some few points of exception, the same. The differences lie in the number of persons fed, the supply of food at the first, the quantity of fragments gathered up, the length of time the people had been with Jesus before the miracle, and the events both before and after it.

It was as the third day of His teaching came to a close that Jesus, instead of leaving His disciples time, as it were, to suggest, as they did on the former occasion, that He should send the multitude away, calls them to Him, and in words of deepest compassion forbids such a thought

that, instead of their hearts being filled with love and reverence for Him who had so cared for them, they discerned in the miracle nothing save the feeding of their bodies, and probably in the hope of being again fed by the same hand, "took shipping" the next morning, "and came to Capernaum, seeking for Jesus." Why they sought Him, our Lord's words reveal. "Ye seek Me," He said, "not because ye saw the miracle" (or signs of My Messiahship), "but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled" (John vi. 24-26). Recalling to mind these withering words of their Master, could the disciples ask Him to repeat the miracle? Rather was it not their part to wait and see what He Himself would do?

They had not long to wait. Jesus asked them, "How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven." And now, as before, He desired the people to sit down on the ground; and they did so. Then, taking the loaves, He gave thanks



LAKE MINNETONKA, NEAR ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, MINNESOTA.

arising within them. At the same time He gives them no hint of His intention to supply food miraculously. Much puzzled, the Twelve reply, "Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness as to fill so great a multitude?" (Matthew xv. 33).

These words do not appear to have displeased our Lord; neither does St. Mark, when recording them, charge the Twelve with hardness of heart and forgetfulness of the previous "miracle of the loaves," as he did on a recent occasion (see Mark vi. 52). And yet it does, at first sight, seem unaccountable that, after the miracle of feeding the five thousand, the disciples did not expect Christ to supply food for these four thousand in a similar way. He, however, to whom the thoughts of their hearts were known, who judges of men not according to the outward appearance, but righteously, may not have detected forgetfulness of His late miracle in His disciples. These must have remembered the effect which that miraculous supply of food had produced upon those who had partaken of it;

and brake, and gave to His disciples, who, as before, set them before the multitude, and likewise the fishes; and they did all eat and were filled, and they took up of the broken meat that was left, seven baskets. This was not the same kind of basket as that upon the former occasion, but a very large basket—the same as that in which St. Paul was let down over the wall (Acts ix. 25); whereas that other was such as the Jews daily used to carry their provisions.

As we read again these words of Christ, "I have compassion on the multitude," we see in them the divine origin of all institutions for the relief of sorrow and suffering which now abound throughout Christendom. Heathendom never produced such. They are the glory of our Christian land, and to aid in their support ought to be esteemed a privilege by all Christian people. If those who name His name are really His, these words of their Lord will awaken within their hearts a corresponding feeling of compassion for those "in trouble, sorrow, need,

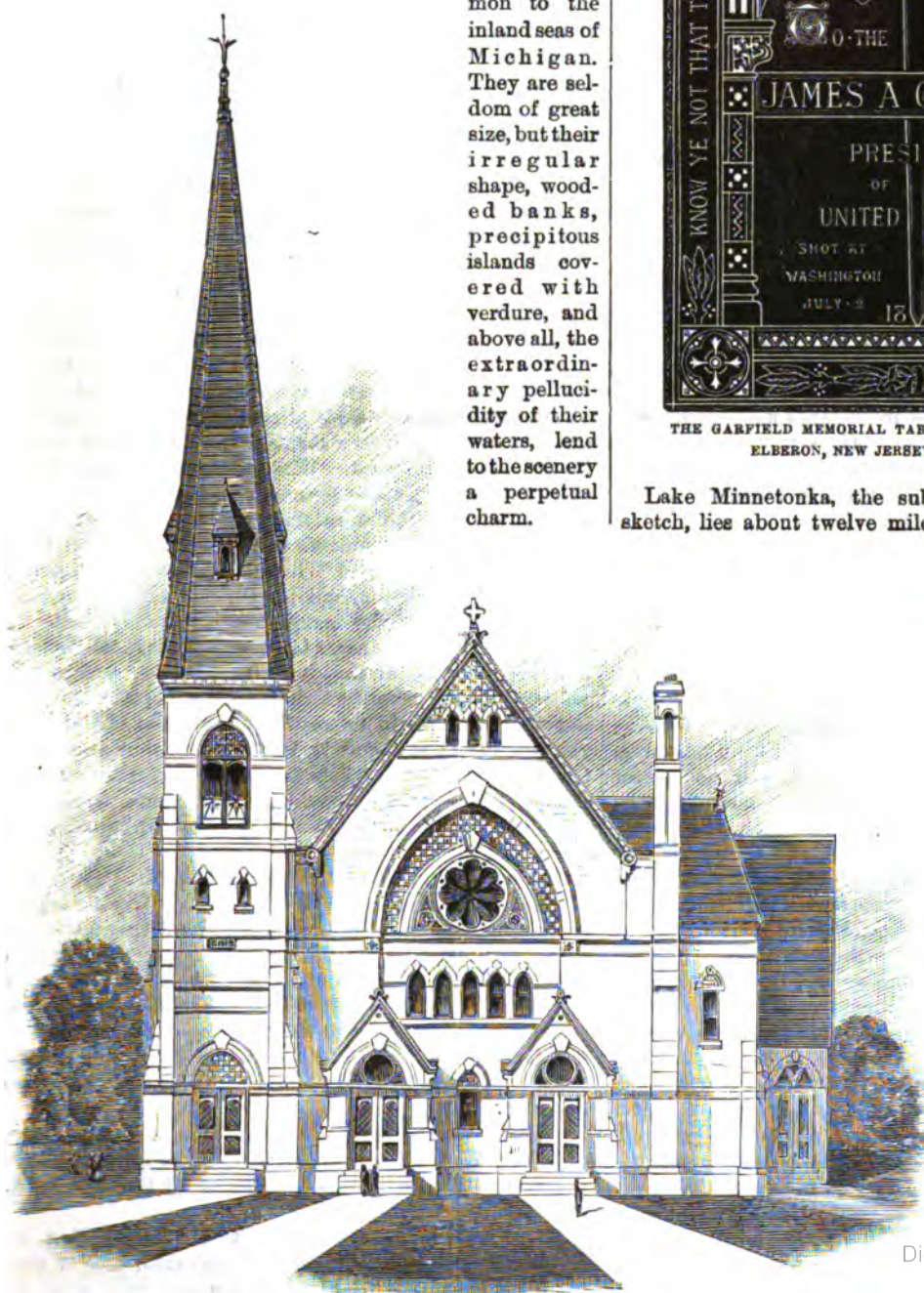


sickness, or any other adversity." And when the longing desire to relieve, and at the same time an almost overwhelming sense of inability is felt, what a strengthening to faith to remember Him whose power as well as compassion is infinite! He who fed five thousand, and again four thousand in the wilderness, is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

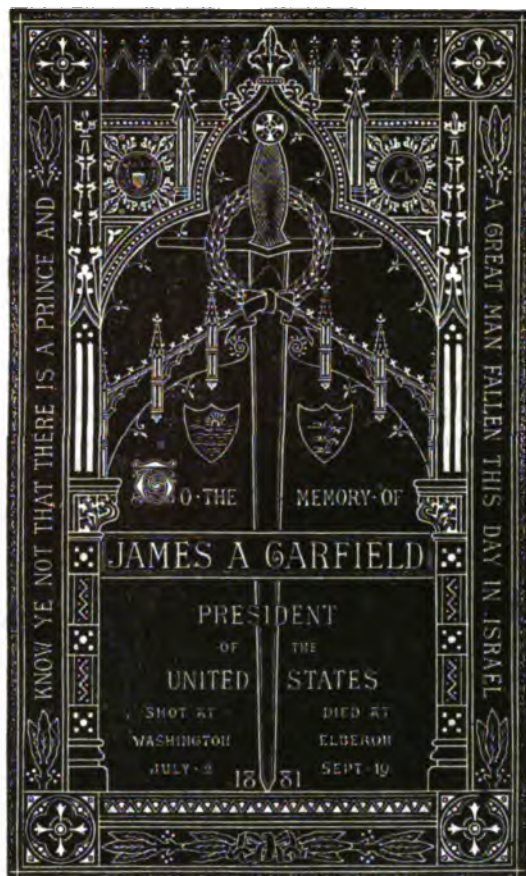
LAKE MINNETONKA.

THE State of Minnesota is especially distinguished by the number and beauty of her lakes. Hundreds of these have been visited, many enumerated, and a few described; but of the great majority the Indian names alone are known. They appear to be characterized rather by the peculiar beauties of the lakes of the Eastern States than by the

features common to the inland seas of Michigan. They are seldom of great size, but their irregular shape, wooded banks, precipitous islands covered with verdure, and above all, the extraordinary pellucidity of their waters, lend to the scenery a perpetual charm.



THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH ON VERMONT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 230.



THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL TABLET IN ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL, ELBERON, NEW JERSEY.—SEE PAGE 231.

Lake Minnetonka, the subject of the accompanying sketch, lies about twelve miles westward from the Missis-

issippi River. It is reached by a pleasant ride from St. Anthony, over prairies which at this season are covered with grasses of great height and luxuriance, and through woods only partially cleared as yet, of scrub oak, hazel and poplar, which, as the lake is neared, gradually yield the ground to a tolerably heavy growth of walnut, oak and elm-trees, taking the name of "Big Woods," although elsewhere than in Minnesota, where timber is comparatively scarce, such a title would scarcely be applied. These woods surround the lake, which is sixteen or seventeen miles in length, but of less considerable breadth.

The lake is most capricious in its course, now



embosoming itself in the green shadow of the wood, forming a tranquil bay that scarcely ever a ripple disturbs, now stretching along a straight and narrow beach or receding from a bold and elevated promontory which runs for a considerable distance into the quiet waters. The lake is not very deep, and is exceedingly clear, so that the bottom is almost everywhere visible, and the lazy Indian as he floated in his canoe upon its unruffled bosom, watched the trout and pickerel as they approached his tempting bait. The lake and the surrounding woods were favorite resorts for Indian sportsmen, of whom a party are seen upon the bank in our engraving. The twin islands in the centre are thickly clothed with forest trees, among which the sugar-maple and the hickory occur.

The once powerful Sioux nation is much diminished in numbers, and its position greatly changed since it could boast the ownership of a territory extending more than a thousand miles from north to south, embracing the richest hunting-grounds and the most fertile soils in North America. Frequent wars, the use of ardent spirits, and the encroachments of white emigration have contributed to their decline. They are very seldom found dangerous neighbors, although greatly addicted to theft; but the massacre of Spirit Lake, perpetrated in 1858 by a band of Sioux warriors, occasioned no small amount of alarm and ill-feeling among the borderers of the territory.

The particulars of this sad tragedy, scarcely exceeded in ferocity by the deeds of the Sepoy miscreants shortly afterward at Delhi, Meerut and Cawnpore, are well known. Some score or two of warriors, headed by the celebrated chief, Ink-pa-du-tah, with their women and children, were hunting on the little Sioux River, and in various parts of Clay County. At the settlement of Spirit Lake, after committing depredations at various periods of their wanderings, they fell suddenly upon the inhabitants and slaughtered them in the most cruel manner. The settlement consisted of half a dozen families, numbering in all about fifty persons, who were scattered, as usual, in cabins at the distance of several miles from each other.

Early in the Spring, a party from the eastern settlements visited Spirit Lake, and found the earliest traces of the massacre. The cabin of Joel Howe was the first which they visited, and on entering they beheld, to their astonishment and horror, the bodies of seven murdered persons, thrown in a heap upon the floor. They had evidently been deliberately butchered, and on visiting other cabins the same sad spectacle met their gaze. Everything was thrown into the wildest disorder, furniture and buildings ruthlessly destroyed, cattle slaughtered, and no human being left to give an account of the catastrophe. Later in the season, however, stragglers came in from the woods, and by degrees a connected statement of the attack was obtained. Blame undoubtedly attached to the settlers as well as to the Indians, but the provocation which the latter received was slight indeed compared with the fearful vengeance which they took. Besides the massacre of a number of the members, others, including several females, were carried into captivity, and remained for many weeks among the Indians until released through the agency of friendly chiefs.

The death of Ink-pa-du-tah was soon after reported, and the retaliation which was instantly made by the border settlers, so soon as the news of this disaster was received, must have taught the Sioux that the vengeance of the white man is swift and sure. But an Indian attack in our northwestern States is becoming, at the present day, a thing entirely of the past; and the settled conviction, beneficial to both races alike, that it is easier to be friends than enemies with the white race, has superseded the fierce

animosity and bloodthirsty spirit which formerly prevailed among the savage tribes.

## THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL CHURCH.

THE first anniversary of the assassination of President Garfield was marked in Washington by the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial Christian Church, on the site of the former small frame structure, in Vermont Avenue, known as the "Christian Church," which the late President and his family attended during their residence at the national capital. The exercises, which were held on the church grounds, drew an audience of some 5,000 persons, including many officials and prominent public men. The ceremonies were throughout highly impressive. Music was furnished by the Sunday-school, accompanied by the parlor-organ, and with congregational singing. The Rev. Dr. Butler, pastor of the Lutheran Church, made the opening prayer and read selections from the Bible. The Rev. F. D. Power, pastor of the Christian Church, then addressed the assembly, speaking of the associations of the day and place, and reviewing the progress of the denomination since the organization in Washington in 1843. He was followed by President B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, who gave a sketch of the origin and history of the people known as Christians, and of the church to which they belong. In closing his address, President Hinsdale said: "This church is a memorial to the late lamented Garfield. Its corner-stone is laid upon the first anniversary of his assassination, and this makes the object of a wider and tenderer sympathy. To his host of personal friends, to his religious brethren; nay, to the vastly larger world which was so deeply impressed by his great career and so deeply stirred by his cruel fate, this Christian temple will be a shrine around which will cluster the tendrils of the heart. While brick and stone and iron shall defy decay, these foundations, the walls to be laid upon them, and the spire that they will lift toward the sky, will speak of the widow's house in the woods of Ohio, of Hiram school, and of Williams College, of the army, the halls of legislation, and the Chief Magistrate's chair. They will speak of the inauguration, of the last letter to the white-haired mother, of the eighty days of uncomplaining anguish, of the death at Elberon, and of the majestic funeral march which bore the mortal which had lost the immortal to its resting-place at Lake View. Do you ask me to say more? In the words of Æneas to the Carthaginian Queen, 'You ask me to recall unutterable sorrow.' Not often do men build a structure which commemorates so much as the church whose corner-stone we lay to-day."

The corner-stone was laid by the Rev. Mr. Power, who placed within a copper box set in the cavity a package containing, among other papers, a photo-lithograph of the eulogy delivered by Mr. Blaine on President Garfield, a copy of the memorial service at Cleveland, a work by President Hinsdale on President Garfield and education, catalogues of Hiram and Bethany Colleges, a list of officers and members of this church, and photographs of the old chapel. This copper box is sealed, and a large flat stone laid above it.

Addresses were then made by the Hon. A. H. Pettibone, of Tennessee, and the Hon. A. S. Willis, of Kentucky, and the exercises closed with a benediction by the Rev. W. A. Shell, of Rockville, Md.

Mrs. Garfield has sent \$1,000 to aid in building the church, though suggesting that, if preferred, \$500 be used toward a memorial window. It was not until after the

death of the late President that the name Memorial Christian Church was given to the proposed new edifice. The old pew occupied by the President, his mother and wife—the three always sitting in the slip together—will be transferred to the new church and placed in as nearly corresponding a location as can be with the difference of the two buildings. The estimated cost of the church is \$40,000, and of this sum \$20,000 has been paid in. Many contributions are from persons who wish to contribute to a memorial associated with the memory of President Garfield, and who have no other interest in this demonstration. These contributions are received from all parts of the country.

### A GARFIELD MEMORIAL TABLET.

THE Garfield memorial tablet, manufactured by Cox & Sons, of London, upon the order of a number of ladies as a gift to St. James's Chapel, at Elberon, New Jersey, which the martyred President attended when on a visit to the seaside, and where Bishop Scarborough preached the funeral sermon after his decease, has recently been placed at the south side of the chancel in that pleasant church edifice. The tablet, which is fifty-six inches high and twenty-three inches wide, is of polished brass, and is engraved and ornamented with colored enamel. The design is a free treatment of the Gothic, and consists of two conventionalized columns surrounded by a trefoiled arched canopy, upon either side of which and from the crest of the canopy rise narrow pinnacles. The spaces at the sides of the arch are occupied respectively by representations of both sides of the great seal of the United States, which are surrounded by intricate tracery. The full-length sword of Garfield takes up the entire length of the tablet, the hilt occupying the dome of the canopy. About the hilt is twined a wreath of laurel, and on either side of the blade are the heraldic shields of Ohio and New Jersey, the States of the respective birth and death of the late President. Upon the lower portion of the tablet, crossing the blade of the sword, is the inscription in plain English text :

TO THE MEMORY OF  
JAMES A. GARFIELD,  
PRESIDENT  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

SHOT AT  
WASHINGTON,  
JULY 2,

1881.

DIED AT  
ELBERON,  
SEPT. 19.

Upon the two sides of the Gothic pillars is the text from which the funeral sermon was preached: "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" The ornamentation of the text consists of sprays of laurel at either extremity, and the same emblem of victory is represented at the base of the tablet, while its four corners are occupied by Maltese crosses. The decoration of the top is of canopy work in black enamel.

### THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THE locality pointed to by the description in Genesis of the Garden of Eden has been the subject of much learned investigation, the result of which is thus summarized by the Rev. W. A. Wright, librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible": "Theory after theory has been advanced with no lack of confidence, but none has been found which satisfies the required con-

ditions." Still, the attention which has been directed to the question has elicited some interesting facts. According to the Vishnu Purana, the mythical mountain, Meru, located by the Hindoos in the centre of seven continents, and supposed to uphold a vast city, is watered by the Ganges, which has its origin from the foot of Vishnu, and which thence is divided into the four rivers—the Obey of Siberia, the Hoangho of China, the Alakananda (a main branch of the Ganges), and the Oxus. The Chinese preserve a tradition of enchanted gardens, which they locate in a chain of mountains further north than the Himalayas. The fountain of immortality which is supposed to water these gardens is said to be divided into four streams. The Persians and the Arabs have some kindred traditions. A Babylonian cylinder, to which Mr. G. Smith has assigned a date prior to B.C. 1600, has a representation (a drawing of which is given in the "Chaldean Account of Genesis") of a man and woman standing on each side of a seven-branched tree, holding out their hands to gather the fruit. Beside the woman a serpent is represented standing upright on its tail. A similar scene, with a fourth figure with horns and hoofs, standing behind the serpent, is represented on another Babylonian cylinder, figured in Mr. Ferguson's "Tree and Serpent Worship," to which a date about 600 B.C. is assigned. Mr. Smith, after studying the fragments of ancient records recently discovered on tablets and cylinders, says: "The principal Babylonian story of the Creation substantially agrees, as far as it is preserved, with the Biblical account. It is probable that some of these Babylonian legends contained detailed descriptions of the Garden of Eden, which was most likely the district of Karduniyas, as Sir Henry Rawlinson believes. There are coincidences in respect to the geography of the region and its name which render the identification very probable; the four rivers in each case—two, the Euphrates and Tigris certainly identical; the known fertility of the region; its name, sometimes Gan-dunnu, so similar to Gan-eden (the Garden of Eden), and other considerations—all tend toward the view that it is the Paradise of Genesis." Whether this conclusion be accepted or not, it is clear that the tradition recorded in Genesis (however it is to be interpreted) had a very early origin, and became widely diffused in divergent forms among various nations.

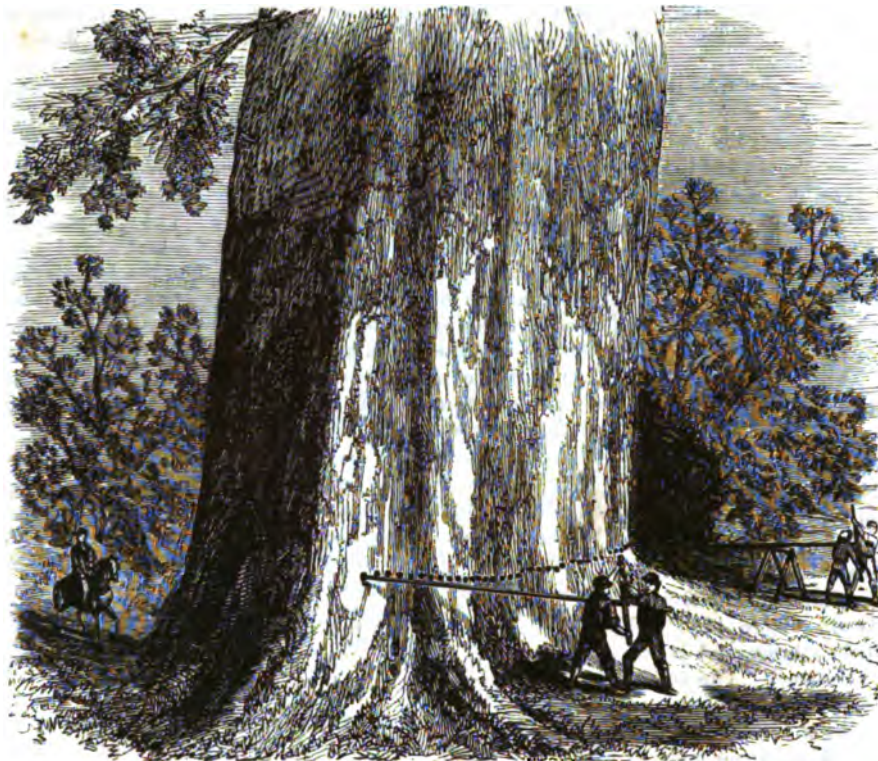
### CALIFORNIA BIG TREES.

AS MAN is the head of the animal kingdom, so are trees at the head of the vegetable, and as we sometimes see men who by means of their great intellect and talent soar above their fellow-mortals, and revel in a world of thought unknown to meaner minds, so do we continually see and read of those mighty monarchs of the forest, towering far above the trees around them, and serving as landmarks for ages.

There are few districts in the eastern portions of this country that do not possess each a tree whose name is as familiar as their own to the inhabitants for many miles around, but in the majority of cases these owe their celebrity as much to a connection with historical events as to their magnitude. Many instances might be also adduced of the great age of trees, sufficient indeed to fill a large volume, but here we must confine ourselves to a notice of the most celebrated trees in point of size.

The cedars of Lebanon were in the days of David and Solomon considered pre-eminent, and some of the most beautiful images of the inspired psalmist were drawn from this source, and in many portions of Holy Writ the cedar is mentioned as an image of beauty and strength. The





WORKMEN FELLING THE "BIG" TREE.

cedar is now, however, used more as a symbol of mourning, in conjunction with the cypress, which from its dark and funereal appearance is certainly more suited for the purpose than the light and feathery cedar.

The cypress is also a tree of slow growth and long life, the most celebrated one having the reputation of being in existence at the birth of Christ.

This venerable tree is still standing at Somma, in Lombardy, and was considered the oldest in the world until the discovery, of late years, of the giant trees of California, which we have illustrated in this article. A late measurement of the Somma cypress gave the diameter eight feet, and the height one hundred and twenty-three feet, which, although it does not appear at first sight large, is still much greater than the majority of trees attain to.

The celebrated Charter Oak, at Hartford, in which was hidden for many years the Charter of Connecticut, was, at a distance of three feet from the ground, twelve feet in diameter.

This venerable tree was unfortunately blown down some years ago, and portions were much sought after, for mounting in articles of jewelry, etc.

Boston also boasts of several gigantic trees, and throughout the New England States elms of large size are to be met with. But all these trees

are small compared with those which have been discovered in New Zealand, and these again to the sylvan monarchs of California.

In July, 1854, some men who were at work clearing woodland near Akaroa, New Zealand, discovered an enormous pine, which was, as nearly as could be ascertained, fourteen feet in diameter, and of an enormous height.

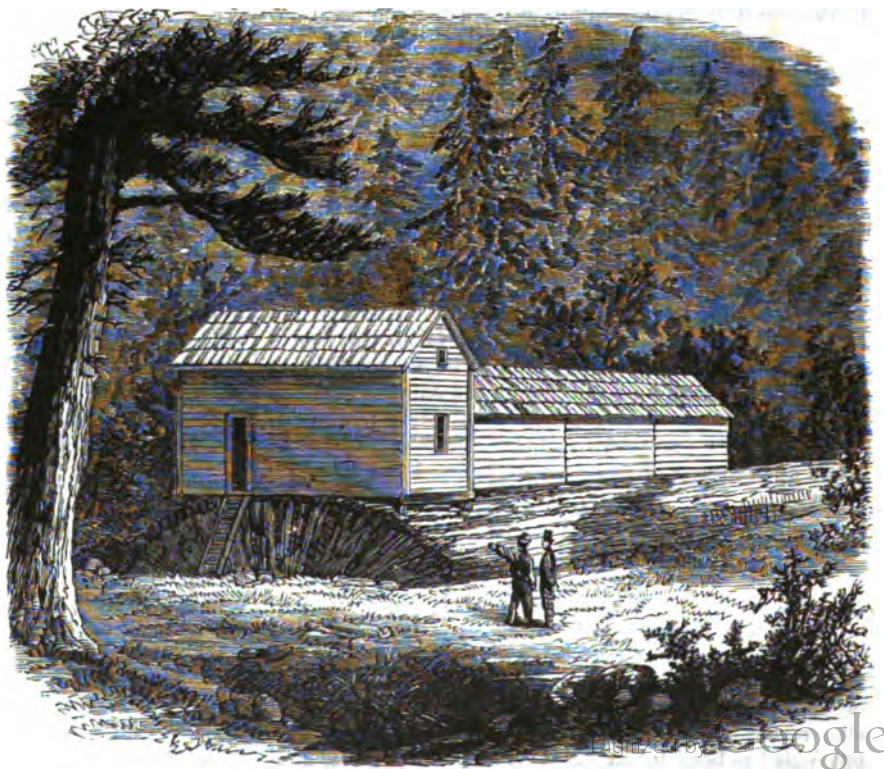
Trees of still greater magnitude have been found in the same neighborhood, and some which have been felled for the masts of large vessels have been found to be excellent in quality, although not quite equal to the Baltic or American timber.

Very large pines have also been cut down in the forests bordering on Puget Sound and the vicinity.

Between Puget Sound and Fort Harrison, pines have been discovered of the height of two hundred and sixty feet,

and of a proportionate diameter. Nearly all of these trees, from some cause which has not been ascertained, are bare of branches for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet from the ground. None of these, however, have approached in size to those which we have mentioned as growing in California.

In that State nature seems to have modeled all her handiwork in a gigantic mold; everything, whether trees,



BOWLING-ALLEY ON THE TRUNK OF A TREE.



mountains, waterfalls or any production of nature, striking the beholder with admiration, as much by their gigantic proportions as by beauty of color and form.

The first travelers who discovered these enormous trees, of course, made known to the public their existence, but their mammoth size was for a long time thought to be owing to the recognized amplification of travelers' tales. Succeeding travelers, however, told the same story, and some years ago an enterprising individual managed to take off the bark of one of them, and exhibit it in such a form, that although only a portion could be exhibited, no doubt remained in the minds of those who saw the portion of the gigantic proportions of the original.

Colonel, now General John C. Fremont, in the course of a governmental exploration in which he was engaged, met with several groups of these larger trees, which all appear to be of one species. He measured one which had fallen, and reported it as being fifteen feet in diameter, and two hundred and seventy feet in length, but some which were still standing were much larger.

Judge Thornton speaks also of pines which measured, at the height of six or seven feet from the ground, fourteen feet in diameter, and from two to three hundred feet high. The bark of these trees was very tough and hard, and nearly a foot in thickness.

These trees are scattered over the face of the country in different parts. In some places forests of trees approaching this size extend over a great breadth of land, indicating the luxuriance of the soil, and proving that this land, so rich in minerals, is not less so in vegetation.

But it is with reference to a few particular trees growing in the County of Calaveras that we particularly refer, when we speak of the gigantic size of California trees.

There are not more than perhaps twelve of them, but they are known throughout the length and breadth of the State as the most wonderful objects in a country peculiarly rich in interesting productions of nature.

The hardy, unlearned hunters and miners by whom they were first discovered gave them names

suggested by their appearance, and these names they have retained, being still known as the Pioneer's Cabin, the

Miner's Cabin, the Horseback Ride, the Three Sisters, the Big Tree, etc. The big trees stand in Mammoth Tree Valley, about thirty miles north of Sonora, in Calaveras County, where there are one hundred and thirty-one of them over ten feet

in diameter.

The large tree which was felled was bored down with long augers, and took four men twenty-two days to accomplish the work. The stump still remains about six feet above the level of the ground, and its top has been smoothed off, which required sixteen days' work. From inside of the bark to inside the width was twenty-five feet, and the wood was perfectly sound and free from decay to the heart. At a distance of one hundred and seventy feet from the ground the diameter was ten feet, and at two hundred and eighty feet, four feet. The total length of the main stem, measured very accurately, was three hundred feet.

It is a little curious no other trees of the same kind (*arbor vitae*) can be found less than seven feet in diameter; and this one was estimated by scientific persons to be not less than three thousand one hundred years old.

The Big Tree was ninety-five feet in circumference and three hundred feet in length. Five men were engaged for a month in sawing it down. They sawed and bored great holes with immense wimbles, until the giant of the forest lost his equilibrium and fell with a tremendous crash. Three weeks were employed by the workmen in removing the bark from a portion of the trunk, which measured fifty-two feet. This bark, in thickness, in many parts, more than two feet, has been exhibited at San Francisco. The learned of the place have set themselves to ascertain the age of this enormous tree, and, by counting the concentric rings, have come to the conclusion that it must be at least three thousand years old.

The Three Graces, or the Three Sisters, as they are sometimes called, are united at the base, but each one has a separate trunk measuring in circumference some ninety-two feet.

The Miner's Cabin, one of those mentioned above, is eighty feet in circumference and three hundred feet in height.

The Pioneer's Cabin is seventy-eight feet in circumference and two hundred and eighty feet in height. Another tree of large size, standing in an isolated position, has received the



THE GRIZZLED GIANT.

suitable appellation of the Old Maid. Two trees standing in close proximity to one another have been called Husband and Wife, while a large group is known as the Family. One called Uncle Tom's Cabin has a more commodious room in it than many miners' huts.

There is one which was blown down, in consequence of having rotted at the heart, which crumbling away has left a sufficient hollow space for a horse and his rider to pass through without inconvenience. In addition to this the sound part, which remains, is as much as three feet in thickness all round. This immense tree is called the Horseback Ride.

The largest tree amongst them is indeed gigantic, and from its size and apparent age is called the Father of the Forest, a title which it well deserves. In circumference it is one hundred and ten feet, and in height five hundred feet.

When we compare these gigantic specimens of vegetation with any known height we are enabled to form some idea of the immense altitude to which they attain. The few dimensions which we have given will, we think, be sufficient to show the enormous appearance which the California trees present.

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### PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE is a universal and inherent tendency in human nature to decline or disavow personal responsibility; and, in the persistent endeavor to persuade ourselves and others—if possible, the Creator Himself—that we are not responsible, we refuse to acknowledge one of the greatest responsibilities which have devolved upon us, and seize upon any subterfuge to avoid or pretence to repudiate the claim it makes upon us. A disavowal of the obligations of duty does not, however, absolve those who make it from the crime, or relieve them from the consequences, of negligence. We have a heavy responsibility for the lives entrusted to us, and no disclaimer can help us to escape therefrom. One great reason why the scientific doctrine of development is repudiated by those who allege against it a seeming inconsistency with the dogmas of religion is, whether consciously or unconsciously, the fact that this doctrine brings the responsibility home to man in a way and with a force which make it irresistible. Let us spend a few minutes in seeing how the case stands and how the doctrine of development personally affects us.

No one who has carefully studied the first three chapters of the Book of Genesis can have failed to perceive that the narrative is synoptical—that it epitomizes the story of creation in the language of Eastern poetry. The first Cause and the Creator of all things was God. He pursued a definite plan in creation, and ordained the development of the world by stages consisting of evolutionary periods, naturally growing out of each other and preparing the way for each other; the order being that of the evolution or the emergence of light out of darkness, form out of a state void of form, life out of an absence of life, and organism out of inorganic masses. "The evening and the morning" symbolized the method of emergence; the "days" are periods or stages of vast extent, one day signifying a thousand or a million of years. So with the order of creation as regards the development of nature. First came the mineral kingdom, then the vegetable kingdom, then the animal kingdom—man, the most perfect animal, being created or evolved last.

Science in its discoveries exactly corroborates the sequence in this account of creation which was written

ages before science had so progressed as to be able to read the book of nature. It is one of the most convincing proofs of the truth of the Book of God that it thus foreshadowed the revelation afterward made by the book of nature. When the scientist comes to study man he finds that, as a matter of absolute fact, he must have been created or developed last in the order of creation, because his organism is the sum or consequence of the other organisms, and these must therefore have preceded him.

Pursuing the study of Genesis further, we find the same underlying accord with the book of nature. The perpetuation of original sin, and its transmission from parent to child, would appear a scientific impossibility without the doctrine of development as a key to the natural fact and its method. The child inherits the nature of its parent, not as something outside the human organism or apart from it, but as an integral and essential part of the inheritance. Sinfulness is an organic fact. The child is not only born in sin, but shapen in iniquity. It receives from its parents a brain with propensities organized as the tines on a barrel-organ, and which may be said to be constitutionally disposed to produce sinful thoughts, and, as a consequence, sinful actions. Original sin is transmitted to us. It is a body of death that we receive, and transmit—nothing can touch this fact. It was so stated in Scripture, but, until Darwin preached the doctrine of development—little thinking what it involved or how it would become the bulwark of religion—the assertion was one which had to be taken on faith. It was a mystery; now it is no mystery at all.

Many of us are old enough to remember how the doctrine of original sin staggered us, how strangely inexplicable it seemed that the innocent child who had done no wrong should be described as sinful. What hard thoughts of "God's morality" it engendered to read that the sins of the fathers were visited on the children even unto the third and fourth generation! The light thrown on development by the investigations of the last half century has almost, if not quite, removed the difficulty. We not only understand that these things are so, but we see that they could not possibly be otherwise. In short, the statements of Holy Writ are simply the enunciations of laws inexorable and universal. Just as the seed produces a likeness of the tree from which it springs, so a child reproduces the nature he has received from his immediate parents and ancestors. The laws of human inheritance are capable of being studied in their operation as closely and clearly as the laws of inheritance or reproduction in plants, and they may to a great extent be modified in the same manner. The human species is capable of cultivation not less than any species of vegetable or flowering plant. Such is the doctrine of development.

The way in which this doctrine bears on the question of personal responsibility is this: we are responsible for an intelligent cultivation of the inheritance we have received. It has good parts to be fostered and bad parts to be repressed. There are elements to encourage and elements to eliminate or repress; and as a whole the nature requires to be trained. We are gifted with powers of self-knowledge and self-culture expressly designed to enable us to cultivate the natures we have inherited. If we neglect to discharge our duty in this respect, we are responsible for all that ensues. Not only are we ourselves sufferers, but we lie under the heavy responsibility of transmitting the natures we have neglected to our children.

Bad tempers, evil propensities, defective or corrupt qualities of heart and mind which we pass on without improvement, are as talents which have been buried in the earth by unfaithful servants. They will rise up in judgment

against us. We suffer for the sin and neglect of those who have gone before us; those who come after us will suffer for our sin and neglect. Even those who have no children of their own are responsible for the influence they exert by example and conduct and policy on those around them. This may be an oppressive view of human responsibility, but it is one which science, not less than Scripture, compels us to take. The Bible and Nature tell the same story and point the same moral; knowing what we have received, we are forearmed with the power to improve it. The faults and failings of those who have preceded us in the possession of a share in human nature are warnings which, read aright, should teach us how to shape our own conduct.

The common inheritance of humanity is, by local and racial disposition and family lines and intermarriages, modified in ways which demand our very careful study both for the sake of our own self-knowledge and with a view to control our judgments in the relations we ourselves form and the parts we play in the transmission of the inheritance. Classes of persons likely to become drunkards, or thieves, or murderers are perpetuated by the wrong-doing or the mismanagement of those who ignore the laws of inheritance. Religion will never be practical or truly a part of our common life until the doctrine of development, in its direct application and with its full consequences, is universally taught and recognized. Those who reject this doctrine in ignorance of its real nature and the truth it involves are the enemies of progress.

Personal responsibility is no mere figment of the imagination, but a great and pressing reality. It is a broad principle, every point of whose surface has a direct bearing on every-day life and duty, from the first dawn of self-consciousness to the last hour of existence. The notion that responsibility relates to what we have and not to what we are lies at the root of most of our wrong-doing. We are prepared to believe that what we are pleased to call our "talents" and "gifts" and "opportunities" may entail some responsibility; but we do not perceive that we are responsible for the nature and organism of self, for the presence or absence of the qualities out of which talents, gifts and opportunities arise, and of which they are the fruits.

The child shares with its parents, in a daily-increasing proportion, the responsibility of developing the good parts of its nature and destroying the evil within it. The fact that there is a constant tendency to any evil propensity does not lessen the responsibility for giving way to it, but increases that responsibility in precise proportion as the constancy of the inclination or propensity is recognized. He who has been "overcome"—as the phrase goes—by any "temptation" once is not less guilty, but more guilty, when he offends again. The first offense gave him notice that there was an evil tendency in his inherited nature; and out of the knowledge of that tendency grew a new obligation—namely, an obligation to be always on the alert against the working of that tendency and ever ready to repress it. The duty to repress it relates not only to self, but to those around and to posterity.

Every time a man gives way to drink, or allows himself to indulge in unbridled or evil passions, or to covet, or lie, or steal, or think, or do any dishonest act, he is burdening the mental, physical and moral estate entailed on his posterity with a weight of sin and trouble for the future. No thought can pass through the mind without leaving its impress on the brain; and the record is not a mere dead legend, but a thing of life, an organic seed of evil which, springing up hereafter, will produce fruit, good or evil. This is the physical consequence of the fact that what we

call "mind" is brain-action. When we think anything, a physical change occurs in certain of the molecules of the brain, and the permanent effect of this change is to render it likely we shall think the same thing again. This is how we learn and form habits of thought or of action. Each time a thought or an action is repeated the likelihood of repetition becomes greater, because the molecules are increasingly adapted for the reproduction of the particular thought or the performance of the particular act.

No thought therefore is lost; and it is strictly, physically and inexorably true that for every thought and word and deed we are responsible and must give an account. The recording angel is the brain, and that brain will be reproduced in our children, impressed with our thoughts and habits and deeds as a seed is impressed or imbued with the characteristics of the plant from which it grew. This is how family likenesses of form, expression and manner are transmitted. We see children like their parents or relatives not in their faces and figure, but in their gait and expressions, and in their ways of speaking, their feelings, their conduct, their likes and dislikes, their propensities and aversions. All this is explained by the doctrines of development and transmission.

The young ought to be taught this truth as early as their intelligence will admit of their comprehending it, and before that period it should be the watchful desire of their parents or teachers to train their minds to develop the good in them while repressing the evil. Later on in youth the mind should be instructed to shape its own thoughts and to govern its conduct wisely. The evil of letting thought drift, as though no harm could be done by "merely thinking," is one of the commonest and most mischief-working errors. We cannot think of any evil without preparing the way for its commission. In the thought there lies, not buried, but sown as in congenial soil, the germ of the good or evil to which it relates.

Good thoughts are good seed, evil thoughts are evil seed. Let the young lay this maxim to heart, and it will save them many a life-long sorrow. In adult life the discipline of nature should be carried on with new and earnest vigor. In old age there will come a time of partial fruit-gathering. If the dawn has been pure and good, the evening of life will be tranquil. If, on the other hand, it has been impure and marked by the indulgence of evil thoughts and passions, the closing years of life will be sad and haunted by spectres of thought, which are not so much memories as ghosts of the evil deeds done in the Spring and Summer of life, and revisiting their perpetrator to torment him in the wintry season of a sad old age. Personal responsibility is a thread which runs through the consciousness, sometimes recognized, sometimes overlooked. Whether it will be bright or dark of hue, silver or lead in substance, will depend on the use we make of it, and whether we weave it in with the web of life deftly, or allow it to slip through our fingers like a dropped stitch, or leave it as a tangle in the skein.

It is a duty to press these considerations on the mind. They may not awaken pleasurable reflections, but the thought stirred within the consciousness that intelligently appreciates them can scarcely fail to be useful. A happy life and a green old age are the greatest boons we can seek for ourselves or desire for others. It is, therefore, kind to deal honestly by conscience in the attempt to lay down the course of life aright and to keep our feet from straying far from it. It is human to err, and we cannot expect immunity from mistake or failure; but it will tend to minimize the extent and to reduce the number of our wanderings if we take clear views of life and duty at all costs, and without regard to the way in which they immediately affect us.





THE FATHER OF THE WEST.—SEE PAGE 231.

taken in its highest and truest sense, consists not in ceremonies and mythologies; it is the tie which binds the spirit of man to that which he feels to be beyond him, yet a living presence; above, and yet within, him. Man finds himself surrounded by a universe full of wonders and mysteries—some beautiful, some glorious yet awful, some simply terrible—and his nature forces him to seek a maker and a governor thereof. Moreover, he feels within himself a world of thoughts, longings, fears, conflicts, hopes and visions, quite as wonderful and mysterious; and he is driven by an uncon-

### THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON THE WORLD.

We live in days of continual discovery in every direction; discovery, not only of unknown parts of the earth, or of new wonders in the workings of nature, but also of many a long-lost link in the history of mankind. The earnest and persevering researches of men of great learning and ability have been rewarded by their finding keys which open to us unknown languages, unfolding many secrets of the ancient world, casting light upon dark pages of its history, and bringing before us vividly, not only the works and customs, but the thoughts and feelings, the longings and hopes, of the men who trod our earth in ages past.

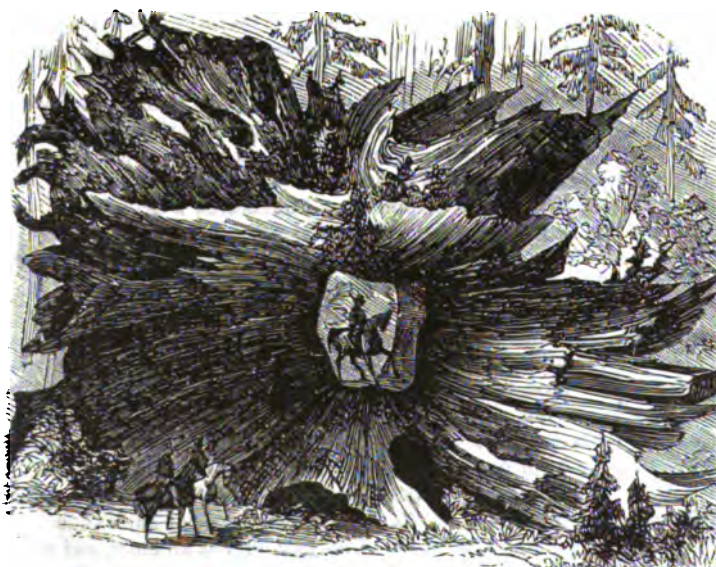
Amongst the subjects of study and research, religion is one to which some of the foremost of scholars and discoverers have devoted themselves, and it is the one which seems to me to possess the deepest interest. For religion,



THE "BIG" TREE.

querable yearning to seek a source for these also. If even he should look little into these things when in youth, or health, or happiness, yet let him be closely touched by any of the painful mysteries of his being which he cannot solve—suffering, grief, death—then his spirit must strive to find and commune with a Spirit greater than himself.

Nor is this all. He yearns to find, not only the Great Spirit, but the Good Spirit, the source of all goodness. For the very essence of religion is the love of, and the striving after, goodness. Endowed with the power of discerning between the good and the evil, man has an innate reverence for the good, even though, and even when, he yields himself to the evil. And the more true his sense of religion is, the higher is his standard of goodness. Unhappily, the name of religion has been too often made the basis of frightful systems of vice; but these have been produced, not by the true living element of religion, but by its decay, and by the falsehood which have



THE HORSEBACK RIDE.



THE "PIONEER'S CABIN."—SEE PAGE 231.

overgrown it. And wherever earnest truth-seeking minds have sought to reform such a state of decay, they have returned to the principle universally recognized by the human conscience, that true religion and goodness are inseparably linked together.

Religion, then, in some form, is a necessity to man as man; and history and experience seem to prove that as it arises from a need and a longing implanted in his soul, and not to be rooted thence, so it is the influence which works most strongly upon him, both individually and socially. So great is its power over man, as a single separate being, that in all ages there have been those who have felt that their religion—their belief in some spiritual Truth above and yet within them—was more precious to them than all else; that to it they could sacrifice possessions, comforts, home, friends, life itself; that they could bear solitude, ignominy, persecution, and feel that they kept the best thing of all.

Nor has religion less power over man socially. It is the root which gives life, strength and stability to all the ties which bind human beings to each other. The relations between kindred, between fellow-citizens, between fellow-countrymen, owe their force and sacredness to the uniting and binding influence of religion, and would be broken up were that influence wholly withdrawn. For the virtues which constitute true family life, and true national life, are founded on a religious principle, and decay when that principle is degraded. Civilization will not supply its place. The most dreary and fearful times of corruption and despair have been when men, though living amidst the refinements and luxuries of art and civilization, have grown to think all religion a lie. Such a period there was during the worst days of the Roman Empire, and again in Italy before the Reformation. The one instance of later times when men have deliberately cast off all religion was the French Revolution; and what was the result? A chaos of crime and horror, a "reign of terror," in which men and women seemed transformed into worse than wild beasts.

In seeking to trace with truth the influence of religion

upon mankind, we can do nothing without turning to records of the past, for the present is inseparably bound up with the past. Every nation of any culture bears the stamp of the religion of its past on its customs, institutions, laws, works of art, and, above all, on its literature. And it is with regard to this that great modern scholars have made such valuable discoveries. Where less than a hundred years ago all was to us darkness and silence, they have brought to light the sacred writings of generations of men who lived thousands of years ago. We can read with our own eyes, and compare with our own feelings, the deepest thoughts and highest cravings which worked in men of widely-different races long before any period of authentic history. And there are few now who will think this useless and uninteresting. Everything is of value which tends to draw us more closely to our kind. We are only too apt to feel ourselves entirely separate from nations whose customs, and languages, and feelings seem different from our own. But when across the wide gulf of ages we hear, however faintly, the voices of those who, in the early days of the world, were searching after light, and truth, and holiness, it ought to make us realize more strongly that we are all of one human family, that there is but one Father of the spirits of all flesh. Surrounded as we are from infancy with Christian influences which have for generations penetrated the feelings and customs of our ancestors, it is hard for us to throw ourselves into the feelings of the ancient heathen. Only those, perhaps, can do so vividly who feel keenly the mystery and the awfulness of life, who look into the soundless depths before and behind them, who are filled with searchings of spirit about all things, who know something of what doubt and despair are. For such it is impossible to be indifferent about the religions which have been the only source of comfort and light to millions of men and women amidst their sufferings and searchings, their fears, and their dim hopes. We might care little for the thoughts of an old inhabitant of India, or Persia, or Egypt, if we thought that his existence had passed away for ever; but if it is our belief that every



THE "MINER'S CABIN."



human spirit which has ever lived on earth is living still, and that we personally may in the future life meet and commune with that same ancient Hindoo, or Persian, or Egyptian, how much is this belief realized and intensified by knowing their most sacred feelings, and finding in them the chords to which our own most sacred feelings will vibrate!

One of the most striking forms which history offers to us of the influence of religion is the impression which one man, by his strong belief, or fervent piety, or intense zeal, can make upon thousands of his fellow-men. One individual man has often been the centre of a spreading wave of thought and action which has extended over immense tracts of the earth and throughout ages of time. And even when men have drifted apart in belief and practice from the founder of their religion, they still honor his memory. The Zoroastrian religion is believed, and Buddhism is known to have owed its rise to a single great reformer. Mohammed was the source of the enormous religious movement that bears his name. And the sacred records of the one religion revealed show us how frequently there was given to one man a fuller knowledge of light and truth, which he was to sow abroad among other men. Who can read the Bible without perceiving how strongly Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, stand forth as the central points of vast circles of influence? Is not the "father of the faithful" the sort of human starting-point of their religion alike to Jews, Christians, Mohammedans? And the same powerful tendency of personal influence may be traced among Christian nations up to the present day. This immense religious influence of single minds may have brought much error, much evil with it, but it must also have brought good. No form of religion which has taken a firm hold upon thousands of human beings can have been wholly evil and false. And often it has been the honest and noble effort of men who have felt the wickedness, corruption and falsehood which had overgrown other systems, who have eagerly sought to reform them, who have upheld the good, and stood out against the evil. All good must come from God; and wherever we find men seeking and doing that which is good according to the light within them, there we are sure that they were enlightened by a spark of true religion, however faint, and however much mingled with errors and defects. Who can read of such men as Socrates, as Confucius, as the gentle Gautama Buddha, who taught forgiveness of injuries as a necessary virtue, and not feel that the Spirit of God was working in them for good? "In every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

Next in importance to the living influence of men upon men, is the influence of sacred writings. The loftiest imaginations, the noblest feelings, the highest aspirations of a people are gathered together in the most impressive and durable form in their religious poetry. This speaks in the same solemn and moving words to men from generation to generation, giving expression to their own half-formed or unspoken thoughts, urging them to noble deeds, arousing all that is highest and best in them. Even in the little we know of the Vedic and Zoroastrian hymns, of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," of the Buddhist hymns, we can perceive something of the immense power they must have had upon the minds of men. And though the Greeks had not ancient sacred books like these, yet the poets gave utterance in their magnificent tragedies to the nation's highest religious feelings. Christians of all ages have in sacred song poured forth their most fervent prayers and their most triumphant notes of praise. And who can measure the influence of the immortal Hebrew poetry, the

psalms and prophecies, which have become as much the inheritance of every Christian as of the Jew?

Differences great and manifold there have been and are, nations varying as much as individuals in their dispositions, ideas and phases of thought. One race may have a strong leaning to the emotional side of religion, another to the reasoning side. One race is practical, seeks in religion chiefly that which deals with the present life, and shows its faith more in deed than in thought; another is imaginative, ascetic, contemplative, searching into hidden mysteries. But beneath all these conflicting differences there are traces of elements of religion common to all races. Far behind the Polytheism, Pantheism, and even apparent Atheism of nations, we find the idea of one God, dim and vague, and almost lost at times; but at others breaking forth with a bright gleam amid the darkness. We find it overgrown by nature-worship, animal-worship, demon-worship, by idolatry, by priestcraft, by horrible superstitions, and degrading mythologies, yet reviving again in higher minds, and always bringing good with it. And this belief in one living God, after which other nations have dimly felt, was the first and greatest commandment delivered to the Hebrew nation, and had been held by all true worshipers from Abraham, to whom it was "counted for righteousness." Mohammedism stands on a different footing from all heathen religions. Whatever may be thought of Mohammed in other respects, he did, amidst rank idolatry and a most debased Christianity, proclaim the belief in the living God, and this formed the strength of his appeal to human religious instincts.

After this first element of religion, the idea of a God, there are other ideas almost universal among mankind. The conflict in the world and in the soul of man between good and evil has given rise to the general sense that an evil principle must exist; and it is remarkable that the worship, or myth, or symbolism of the serpent has always been connected with the idea of an evil principle. In some cases the power of evil has been supposed to be equal with the power of good, and among degraded races has sometimes been almost the sole object of worship; but generally it has been the instinctive hope of mankind that good would be finally supreme. This feeling is markedly shown in the Greek tragedies, whose constant refrain is:

"Sing sorrow, sing sorrow, yet triumph the good;"

perhaps even more so in the old Scandinavian mythology, where, after the final conflict between the good and evil powers, and the destruction of all things in the "twilight of the gods," a new earth arises, fresh, and free from sin, and inhabited only by the good.

The belief in an originally high and now fallen state of man has been a general religious idea, and closely joined to this the hope of restoration. This sense of sin and misery, and this hope of future deliverance, have culminated in two prominent features—the need of sacrifice, and a human ideal. Sacrifice, as connected with the sinfulness of human nature, has been a most powerful religious instinct with mankind. Its results have been various; it has been degraded into mere abject propitiation of dreaded spiritual agents, into horrible sanguinary rites with human victims; it has produced almost inconceivable asceticism and self-torture; it has been elevated into the noblest devotion of self to the divine will.

The instinctive longing and looking of mankind for a human deliverer and perfect example may have led to hero-worship, demigod-worship, anthropomorphism; but it kept hope alive in the hearts of suffering nations, and was a well-spring of noble deeds and devoted lives. Connected with this hope was the mysterious myth of a



alain god who yet lived again, common to so many nations. The Osiris of Egypt, the Krishna of the Hindoos, the many incarnations of Buddha, the Orphic Dionysus, the Baldur of the Scandinavians, and other less well-known forms of the same idea, seem all to have been expressions of this yearning after a human ideal. They were also connected with a belief in a future life. Some idea of the immortality of the soul has been almost universal. It has shown itself in the worship of the dead, in the theory of transmigration, in countless dreams and imaginations. Man has felt that his sense of justice, his affections, his highest cravings, would be utterly unsatisfied if this life were all. A future life has been the object of his greatest dread and of his most fervent longings. It may have been degraded into an idea of mere sensuous enjoyment, but it has also been raised into the noblest vision of union with that which is divine.

Can this subject be better closed than by a few words on the influence of the Christian religion? We believe that in the gospel of Christ alone do all the religious instincts of mankind find their full answer. The wheat is separated from the chaff, and all that is good is purified, elevated, sanctified. The One Living God of the gospel is not a distant Creator, not a hard immovable Fate, not a mere pervading Essence, but the Eternal Father of His human children. The mysteries of sin and death are not explained, but it is proclaimed that the gift of God is victory and eternal life, and that in the new heaven and new earth "there shall be no more curse." The sinful and

miserable state of man is not denied, but he is offered redemption from the bondage of sin, he is shown the living way to a sure hope of restoration, and he is promised an ever-abiding Comforter in the Spirit of Truth. His sense of the need of sacrifice is justified by the one great sacrifice of the Son of God, and by the teaching that the Christian should follow his Master in the sacrifice of his own will to that of his Heavenly Father. The longing for a human ideal and deliverer is fulfilled in the perfect Son of Man, the "Desire of nations," who came to reveal "the thoughts of many hearts," to be "the first-born among many brethren." The hope of immortality is flooded with light and life through Him by whom "death is swallowed up in victory." The vision of a Paradise is sanctioned and made into a home by the promise of a "Father's house" prepared for us, of a heavenly city where we shall "ever be with the Lord," and where "we shall be like Him."

Amidst all rejoicings, the keynote of all other religions was sadness over the vanity of all things human. Amidst all sufferings, the keynote of Christianity is joy and triumph. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." It is true that we are subject to the same passions and weaknesses as other men; the same temptations in varied forms beset us. Life and death, sin and suffering, are still shrouded in mystery, which we are nowhere promised shall ever be solved in this life; we only "know in part," we "see darkly." But we are bidden to trust ourselves and all things to our God and Father.

## THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

By M. V. MOORE.

The Summer came to Paradise  
A thousand years and more;  
But still the carrier winds that went  
No rose-scent up to heaven bore,

Till Man to Eden's garden came,  
And Cain his brother slew;  
Then where the earth drank in the blood  
The primal rose-bush sprang and grew.

The incense from the ruined shrine  
Then to the flower was given,  
Which, with the prayer of him who fell,  
The carrier winds took up to heaven.

While telling of the martyr's blood  
The flower its blushes bore;  
The thorn speaks of the lurking curse  
Fixed there by God for evermore!

The wandering murderer still its pang  
Through all the years had borne,  
Till He who ere the cross they made  
The platted crown of thorns had worn!

For never till then were Best and Hope  
And Love known by poor Cain;  
And ne'er till the blood of Jesus fell  
Would the rose-bush bloom in blushes again,  
Save on the spot where they buried the slain!

## ODDITIES OF PERSONAL NOMENCLATURE.

Odd names, owing their creation to miscellaneous fancies, might obviously be more accurately classed if only a knowledge of the facts which helped to shape the individual appellations were possessed; but in the absence of this knowledge it becomes necessary to resort to some such inclusive heading as that now to be dealt with. Who could venture, for example, to state on what principle a Wiltshire girl, inheriting the family surname Snook, came, not very many years ago, to be called Grecian? Who would presume to decide why a Master Rook, registered at Wye, in Kent, two or three years back, was named Sun? or—to match this glorious Apollo with a suitable Phoebe—whence Luna Millicent Nation, who figures among our notes for a somewhat later period, derived her first appellation? A quarryman at Portland, surnamed White, recently called his infant daughter Mary Avalanche. He would scarcely be personally familiar with Alpine disasters; it is to be inferred that the second name implies the

child's unwelcomed descent upon an unready household? Again, what volcanic impulse can have produced such a forename as that of Mrs. Etta Brooking, whom we noticed as having become a mother at Saltash not long since? It is quite impossible to answer such questions. A few more nominal riddles—as difficult of solution and classification as the foregoing—may be propounded. The registers introduce us to a Dr. Allred, a Tea Bolton, a Longitude Blake, a Crescence Boot, an Ephraim Very Ott, a Hampseed Barrass, a Purify Buokland, a Married Brown, a Quilly Booty, a Sir Dusty Entwistle, etc.

Among the miscellaneous fancies must be placed that of registering, as formal appellations those abbreviations and pet-names which are commonly applied only in familiar intercourse. Of these the ordinary monosyllabic appellatives, such as Alf, Bob, Bill, Ben, Dan, Dick, Meg, Nat, Ned, Poll, Sall, etc., are, unfortunately, not at all unfrequent in the registers. It is impossible to associate gentleness

or refinement with a preference for such curt nomenclature as this, although in the domestic circle or amongst intimates the semi-jocose employment of these monosyllables is sometimes excused. On the other hand, the pet names ending in ie or y are always tender, and often pleasing; and the fact that such are largely resorted to in registration forms an agreeable set-off to the circumstance that the inelegant and disrespectful monosyllables are also much employed. Among names of this class, none has been more widely used than Bertie, which, of course, owes its popularity to the Prince of Wales. Pretty, however, as many such denominations may seem at the earlier hours of life, they are apt to become embarrassing possessions at a later period; and to register them—especially without any additional names—is a manifest mistake. What a pitiable contradiction would be a pallid Rosie of seventy-five, a Pussy on crutches, a blind Daisy, or a Birdie voiceless from chronic bronchitis!

Some name-choosers indulge a fancy for extreme brevity in personal nomenclature. This indulgence reaches its most foolish extent when single letters are inserted in the register. Initials (or what may be supposed to be such) have, from time to time, appeared as names in those records; but they have not often been used without the addition of other appellations in complete form. Ex, Is, No and Si are recorded names. The opposite taste for very voluminous denominations now and then display itself. Thomas Hill Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte Horatio Swindlehurt Nelson is an incongruous combination in which length

seems to have been aimed at more than anything; and Arphad Ambrose Alexander Habakkuk William Shelah Woodcock may be classed with it. Then, again, in the higher ranks, we sometimes find ancestral names piled very heavily upon single heads, as in the case of Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmg Hugh Ercheawyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Nevill Dysart Plantaganet Tollemache-Tollemacha.

Hz that is down needs fear no fall.—*Bunyan.*

## THE CIBORIUM.

AS OUR readers are aware, the Eucharist in the Roman Catholic Churches is of thin unleavened bread in the form of wafers; that used by the priest in celebrating Mass being somewhat larger than those given to the laity. The latter are consecrated from time to time at Mass, as occasion requires, and are kept in the tabernacle, a little closet on the altar, in a vessel of silver or gold known as the pyx,

or as it is now more generally called, the ciborium. Of this we give a representation. It is shaped like the chalice, but is greater in diameter and less in height. It has a cover, and is surmounted by a cross. The interior, if not gold, is always gilded. Over it, as it stands in the tabernacle, is generally a lace cover, and many of these now appear in the rich collections of ancient lace that have been formed within a few years, having been saved for their beauty in the spoliation of old churches and altars.

The ciborium takes its shape, according to tradition, from the vessel in which the manna was preserved in the Ark of the Covenant as it is figured on the Jewish coins of the Asmodean dynasty, evidently alluding to our Saviour's comparison in St. John of the Eucharist to the Manna. These ciboriums are often elaborate works of art, as no expense was spared in the great churches to make the vessel worthy of what it was to contain.

In administering communion, the officiating priest: after his own communion, opens the tabernacle, takes out and uncovers the ciborium,

and then proceeds to the sanctuary railing to administer the sacrament to the kneeling communicants, after which he replaces the covered ciborium in the tabernacle.

ALL we want in Christ we shall find in Christ. If we want little, we shall find little. If we want much, we shall find much; and if in utter helplessness we cast our all on Christ, He will be to us the whole treasury of God.  
*Bishop Whipple.*



THE CIBORIUM.

A GOOD FELLOW.—"APPROACHING HIS STARTLED WIFE, HE HURT TOWARD HER, AND LIFTED BOTH HER HANDS IN HIS."—SEE PAGE 243.



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## A GOOD FELLOW.

By MARION HARLAND.

## PART II.

"I CAN say nothing except that I am very sorry, sir."

"Which amounts to less than nothing!"

Mark West, little changed in externals by four years of married life, leaned back in his chair, seemed to study his shapely hands, folded lightly before him, looked politely regretful and slightly weary of a distasteful subject, and awaited in silence further explosions.

Mr. Pym, bristling with righteous indignation in every hair, sat upright in the corner of a sofa, where an hour ago he had read the morning papers in unsuspecting content. His was what his son-in-law irreverently, but privately, described as a "zinc face." It was harder and grayer to-day than usual, and plowed with ominous lines.

He was a righteous man, and what he had just heard shocked his sense of integrity. He was proud, and what he accounted disgrace menaced his household. He loved his daughter and the twin-babies that had kept up a hereditary fashion of double advents by appearing two years after the wedding-day in the West home. He had learned within the hour that mother and children were virtually homeless unless he opened his door to them.

"It is infamous!" he ejaculated, when he found his breath.

"It is certainly inconvenient," interpolated Mark, with a charming show of candor.

Mr. Pym held on his speech, regardless of the tempering remark.

"I did not settle my daughter's property upon her, in the care of trustees, because she decidedly objected to a marriage contract. I trusted to your honor and your father's common sense to see that it was not subjected to the risks of trade. You had no right to put it into your business as your capital when you entered the firm as a partner. You had less show of right in mortgaging this house and the very furniture in order to retrieve your business losses. The failure which is, you represent, a natural consequence of your father's death, ought not to be a surprise to me. He was a shrewd, if a daring, financier. You, it seems, are none at all!"

He glared at the unperturbed countenance that continued the study of filbert-shaped nails and tapering fingers. The owner of the visage maintained a prudent silence.

"Sheer incapacity is in itself enough to wreck a prosperous business," resumed the elder man, irritated to severer speech by what he construed as insolent composure. "When to these are added indolence and utter indifference to what are considered by sensible, thoughtful men, as vital interests, one result is inevitable. That result is ruin and tarnished credit. And a blemish upon business credit is, in the opinion of honest men, *disgrace*."

Without meaning to insult the speaker, or so much as to offend him further, Mark West actually lifted his hand furtively, to hide a yawn. In years to come Mr. Pym never forgave that yawn. He chose to remember and to regard it as the key to the character of his son-in-law. The zinc face wore its most metallic pallor. His voice became quiet and hard; the intonations were carefully measured.

"If I understand your statement, Mr. West, your firm will not be able, even by the surrender of everything, to pay twenty-five cents in the dollar?"

"That is what my partner tells me. I am, as you have observed, no financier, but I believe his statement to be substantially correct."

"And this conclusion is to be laid to-morrow before a meeting of creditors?"

"That is the present arrangement, I believe."

Mr. Pym mused sternly, for a minute.

"In the circumstances it would not be pleasant or convenient for Edna to remain here. I stand prepared to take my daughter and my grandchildren back to Highfield with me so soon as they can get ready to go. They shall have a home in my house as long as they desire to remain there, and for that time I charge myself with their maintenance. This is the extent of my ability to assist you at this juncture."

"You are very kind. No reasonable man could expect more. I know"—with the old, light, pleasant laugh—"that I am an awful disappointment to a practical man of business like yourself and a sore trial to one whose rule of life has been 'success.' I wish from the bottom of my heart that I were more like your ideal son-in-law, but I am, to the best of my ability, a reasonable being. I am sincerely grateful to you for giving my birdies and their mother a refuge until the storm blows over somewhat."

His auditor's expression did not relax.

"What do you propose to do when your business is wound up?"

Mark raised his eyebrows.

"Of that I have not thought as yet. I never project my mind very far ahead. The day's evil—or good, generally suffices for me."

"What can you do?"

A stare of genuine amazement widened the fine eyes.

"Why," slowly, "I have been in my father's establishment ever since I was eighteen, you know. I ought to be tolerably familiar with the routine of mercantile life. I fancy that I shall have no difficulty in obtaining a situation. There must be something somewhere for me to do. The world owes every man a living."

"It is not always easy to collect the bill. But, as you say, there is enough to do just now. The sooner the inevitable is met the better. Have you told Edna of your circumstances. She must be aware that you are seriously involved. You had to gain her consent to the mortgage."

A shadow crossed Mark's face. He bit his lip in vexation or passing pain, yet answered readily, it seemed, sincerely.

"I explained the necessity of the mortgage (it was put on the property two years ago) by telling her of our enlarged operations that required ready money. For the rest, I have never annoyed her with the details of business. In my opinion, such things should not intrude upon the harmony of domestic life. A man ought to leave sordid cares and calculations in his office or counting-room. I have tried to make my wife happy, Mr. Pym, however abortive may have been my attempts."

The unfeigned regret in voice and eye may have wrought upon the father's sympathies, but his voice did not soften.

"A sensible woman should have her husband's confidence in all things. Edna is neither a fool nor a child, I take it; you will undeceive her now—"

"That you cannot help it!" said the significant pause, as distinctly as if the pitiless tongue had formed the words. "It will be a painful duty," began Mark.

The door opened and his wife entered.

Time and maternal duties had refined without making her look older. A short, severe spell of fever following her children's birth had cost her the heavy length of hair which had been a part of her girlhood's wealth. Her head had been shaved by a hairdresser's advice, and the subsequent growth of flossy curls justified the wisdom of the counsel. She was pretty and girlish this morning, with the nameless elegance of her city-life in costume and mien. The foregoing conversation had taken place in her sitting-room, from which she had been summoned to receive visitors in the parlor. Her embroidery lay on her work-basket by her low bamboo chair. She smiled brightly at father and husband, crossed over to her seat, humming a tune softly to herself, and took up her work.

"Don't let me interrupt your conversation!" she said, pleasantly glancing up at the silent pair.

They had arisen at her entrance, Mark walking to the window, Mr. Pym standing irresolutely by the mantel and feigning to examine an engraving. He re-settled himself in the corner of his sofa as his daughter spoke. He would see this thing through. If Mark would not speak of his own accord, he would force him to do his wife this much justice, by himself beginning the discussion of the disagreeable theme.

Mark saw action and look, and interpreted them aright. The task set for him was, in his mental characterization, "a confoundedly awkward piece of work"; but he met the emergency gracefully, if not courageously.

Approaching his startled wife, he bent toward her, lifted both her hands in his. His deep blue eyes sought hers in smiling reassurance and tender trustfulness.

"Dear love, your father has something to say which I— which both of us—would keep from you if we could. When you have heard it, think as kindly of me as you can."

He stooped low to kiss her, left one long, loving gaze in her eyes, and quitted the room without another word.

Edna looked at her father, surprised and alarmed, and read confirmation of her formless dreads in his face.

"Papa, what has happened?"

He was angry that the duty of disclosure had been adroitly transferred to his shoulders, loth to pierce the heart of his best-loved child with the unwelcome news. To himself he called Mark West a cowardly, plausible rascal. With the wife he must hold other language. He was neither unjust to her husband in word or look, nor unskillful in the manner of his communication, but the wound was deep. The sweet, honest face paled and set into a strange resemblance to his own as the tale went on. Her first question had the ring of his voice.

"Who is to blame for this failure?"

"There has been wretched mismanagement somewhere. At the death of the senior partner the affairs of the house were found to be somewhat involved, but not so seriously that judicious management would not have brought the concern through all right. Since then there has been no head to the business. It is a wretched muddle altogether. One partner has been careless, the other has speculated, and unwisely."

"By the careless partner you mean Mark?"

"I do."

"That is the extent of his fault, is it not?"

He was silent, looking down at the floor, resolute not to express conviction, or hint suspicion.

"Papa"—steadily, but with no hint of wounded pride

in look or accent—"my husband has foibles. I admit this to you, to no one else. He never had a vice. He would not knowingly rob a fellow-creature of a penny. He is not avaricious or covetous. Mark West is as honest a man as ever breathed."

"The firm will not pay twenty-five cents in the dollar." The white metal visage heated to dull red. "Honest men count one hundred cents down for every dollar they owe. That is the rule by which I was brought up. For the past year and a half, the firm of West & Black have been losing and trading with creditors' money."

"I am sure Mark never suspected it, papa!"

"He ought to have known it. Ignorance in such a case is—"

He could not say "crime," as he met her eye. This was his loving, dutiful daughter, upright in the old-fashioned integrity learned at his knee, but she was, also, the loyal wife of the erring man.

She filled up the pause tactfully.

"Wrong, I grant you. But we all make mistakes in judgment. I have wondered and feared sometimes at his blind trust in Mr. Black. A man so devoid of common sense and prudence in other matters could scarcely, I have fancied, have a well-balanced head in mercantile affairs."

"Did you ever suggest this to your husband?"

"More than once. But he is so averse to what he calls "shop-talk," at home that I did not press the subject as I see now that I should have done. Poor Mark! And he dreaded to tell me of his trouble! He cannot bear the sight of suffering he cannot relieve. He does not understand that I only suffer for and with him. What is my pain compared with his?"

Tears gathered in her eyes. She put her embroidery and silks hurriedly back into the basket, and arose, evidently to go in search of him.

"Sit down, Edna! This is not all I have to say. You and the children are to go back to Highfield with me. Do you understand that you and they have not so much as a roof over your heads? That their very cribs belong to others? Your house, your furniture, your silver—all must pass under the hammer, and then, three-quarters of your husband's debts will remain unpaid."

She glanced around the room—the home-nest in which she had dwelt for four peaceful, affluent years. She had taken such innocent pride in the belongings of the handsome, convenient house, her father's wedding-gift, that the thought of parting with it was like the threatened death of a living friend. For one instant, she bowed herself together, her elbows on her knees, her face buried in her hands. In all the trying experiences of the month that followed this interview, no one ever saw her succumb again to the weight so suddenly bound upon her.

Her father's hard face twitched, and he cleared his throat before speaking.

"While I have a home it is yours, child!" he said, tersely.

It was not his fashion to say and to do graceful things. He left all that sort of nonsense to his son-in-law, he thought, now, with not unnatural ascerbity. While such men prated and complimented, he acted. Edna ought to know him by this time and how much more he meant than he said.

She did understand, even better than he did himself. She took at its full value the ineffectual longing to comfort and protect her, the brooding tenderness that sought to gather her and her nestlings within a shelter so hushed and safe that not a breath of the inevitable storm could reach them.

"I think *God* never made another man so good, so noble, so true as yourself, papa!"

She came over and stood by him, stroking the iron-gray hair, caressingly; flicked some atoms of dust from the velvet collar of his dressing-gown. He abhorred scenes, and she made him feel that there was not to be one; talked on evenly and sensibly.

"I will send the babies and their nurse home with you. Judith and Pauline will delight to have the charge of them for a few weeks. I cannot leave my husband while he is in such sorrow. Surely, I shall be able to help him in some way, if only by sparing him the pain of arranging our furniture for sale. I think I am better fitted to endure trouble than he. He was made for Summer weather."

"Like other butterflies!" was the father's inward comment—and yet more sarcastically—"Ephemera should not marry and have families!"

This one of the species was less pliant than his mate had anticipated. He resisted stoutly, and to the end resolved to remain with him; reasoned and coaxed and laughed away the arguments adduced in favor of her plan. She might "pack up and take with her whatever she wished to keep, and leave the auctioneer to bustle the rest into lots."

"Whatever I may keep!" amended Edna, gravely. The law gives us little option in the matter."

"Hang the law!" The accompanying laugh was merry, if somewhat impatient. "You take this whole affair too much *au grand sérieux*. It is as common as going to the dentist's—a beastly business, while one is undergoing the operation, but really of less consequence than most people make it out to be. You shall keep your silver and jewelry, and whatever else you choose. Your father is a good and an honorable man, but his ideas on this head bear date of the time when men wore dress-coats and ruffled shirts in counting-rooms. "Giving up everything" is a pretty fiction, a mere trick of the trade in these enlightened days. Pick up the girlies and go off to the country with your father for a Summer vacation. I may stumble upon a stray thousand or two among the waste papers that will give us a run over the Atlantic in the Autumn—a sort of compensation for the Summer's drudgery."

"Mark! when we cannot pay our honest debts!"

"Our" is inaccurate in this connection, little woman. One would imagine, to hear you talk, that you, I and the little twinies had breakfasted, lunched and dined upon greenbacks, carpeted our floors and hung our walls with negotiable paper, instead of being the blameless victims of the inexplicable vicissitudes of trade. Now, my darling, smooth the wistful lines out of the face that makes fair or cloudy weather for me, and a truce to discussions of this miserable complication. I am stifled by the dust of unpaid accounts and deafened by howling creditors all day long. Do not let their din destroy the sweet restfulness of home, or I shall fly the country in good earnest. Personally, this *dénouement* afflicts me very little. I abhor business *in toto*—general principles and details. I hate commercial talk and find practical men of business very heavy blunderbores. To gratify my father in the outset, then, to support my family, I have tried to overcome this aversion. Of course I have made a *fasco* of what the French call my "affairs." Secretly, I am delighted to have a chance to sponge the blackboard clean, wash my hands and begin the world again."

"What would you do if you were offered your choice of a profession, Mark?"

He laughed again, the easy, contagious mirth of a happy temperament.

"The rôle of gentleman of leisure would suit the bent of my genius better than any other, I fancy. In default

of the offer of this, I shall think of something else in good season. I have no fears for the future. I always light upon my feet."

Resistance to the amiable willfulness of such a disposition is like hammering an eider-down *duvet*, and entreaty is as useless as opposition. Edna was a sensible woman, as her father had said, and she had lived with Mark West four years.

Mr. Pym was surprised, and not too well pleased, at her apparent acquiescence in her husband's will. He had believed that she was made of other stuff than such as inclined her to fall in with the fancies and follies of this facile, inconsequent nature. He was thankful to have his child for his very own again, but he would have preferred to take her and her babies without other possessions than the clothes they wore, to making room in his great house for the choice paintings and valuable articles of *vertu*, the china, plate, linen and books which were shipped to this harbor by their nominal owner. He mourned as over the besmirchment of a pure soul, when Edna not only tolerated but sanctioned this and other frauds. He felt like a receiver of stolen goods when he returned home, and saw the unpacked cases in the attic.

His unmarried daughters decided that he felt the ignominy of the failure far more than Edna did. She was cheerful and easy in demeanor and speech, and showed no signs of the blight the girls imagined must rest upon the spirit of a bankrupt's wife. As for Mark, "he never took anything hard." He ran down to see his family settled in their new quarters and to get a mouthful of Highfield air. The Sabbath he spent with them was in outward show precisely like the hebdomadal holidays of the old, care-free times. He did not go to church. He had fallen out of the habit while Edna was not well enough to accompany him, and never resumed it. To-day he "absolutely needed rest."

When his wife, her arm in her father's, walked down the wooded path on their return from morning service, she espied him from the last turn of the fern-fringed way, lying on the grass under the wide tent of a tulip-poplar, playing with his two-year-old girls and a fine St. Bernard dog. It was a striking group. Mark was always and quite unconsciously picturesque. The white dresses and gay sashes of the children, the grand proportions and jetty coat of their four-footed friend, the handsome head pillowed in the lap of one baby and framed by the jealous arms of another, left nothing to be suggested in the way of coloring and form.

Yet Mr. Pym frowned and Edna sighed—involuntarily.

"I think, sometimes, my daughter, that you have three children to take care of, instead of two," escaped the one.

The answer of the other was prompt and respectful.

"Mark is a very fond and faithful husband, papa. He has never spoken unkindly to me or given me a cross look. For my sake try to be patient with light-heartedness which we—you and I—cannot fully appreciate. Things might be very much worse."

She knew that such appeals were but dewdrops upon the never cooled surface of his indignant intolerance; that he had lost confidence in his son-in-law, and almost all charity for her indulgence of foibles which were peculiarly offensive to his tastes and prejudices. She foresaw that there would be no comfort in her father's house while Mark was there, and felt that there could be no happiness for her in his absence. She had enough to bear without the added sting of misconstruction and loss of respect on the part of the parent she loved and honored the more with every passing day that proved his sterling virtues.

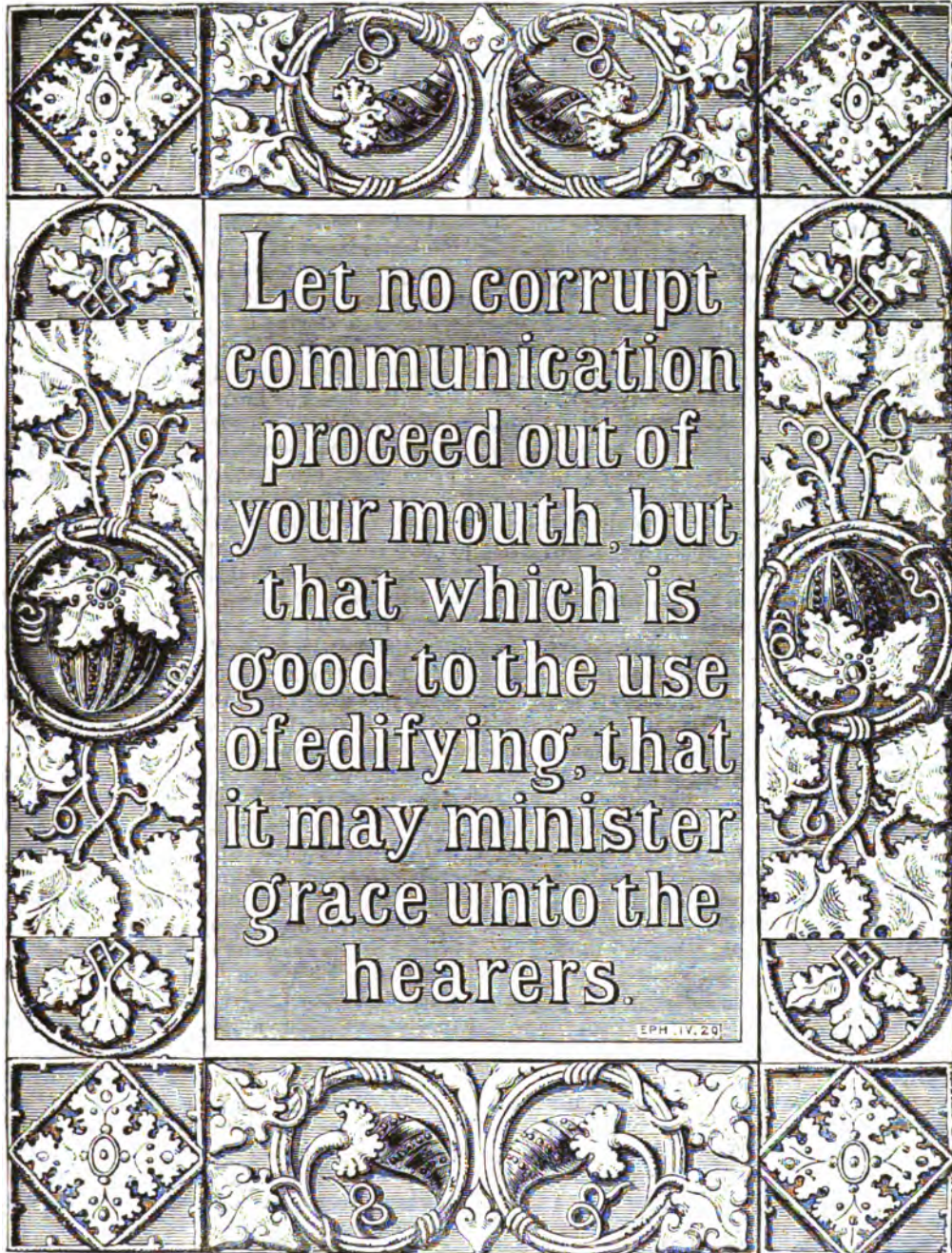
Yet she smiled as the trio raised a chorus of welcome at



her approach ; spoke gayly to the children who clung to her skirts and stumbled over her feet in her progress to the house. She patted the dog's big black head as he thrust his muzzle into her hand, and answered affectionately her husband's tender chidings.

"You are pale, *mia carina!* It would have been better had you listened to my petition and passed the morning

father's housekeeper. Judith and Pauline were seated in the west piazza with wicker work-tables, floss-silk crewels and books. Their sister paused for a few playful words with them ; tied on her babies' wide-brimmed "flats" and sent them out on the lawn in charge of the St. Bernard and under the eyes of their young aunts. Then she went up to her own room, laid off her hat, took a paper from a



with us in this aisle of one of the 'first temples.' Don't you agree with me, Mr. Pym, that those who enjoy church-going in hot weather should be indicted under the statute for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?"

Edna drove her husband to the station on a Monday morning. Returning home along the principal village-street in the low basket-phaeton, she nodded pleasantly to old acquaintances, stopped to leave household orders, here and there, as had been her daily custom when she was her

drawer and carried it, with a very grave face, to her father's study. He noted in silence the pallor upon which Mark had commented the preceding day.

"This thing is telling upon her," he thought, with a rush of compassion and repentance for the late harsh dealings of his judgment with his eldest-born.

Still, he was far from being prepared for the communication she had come to make ; listened in a tumult of love, admiration and grief that shut his lips as with steel clasps,

bleached his complexion to the hue of his silvered hair. She had an inventory of her personal property, including wedding-presents, all her silver and jewelry, valuable laces, pictures and *bric-à-brac*—many of them her husband's gifts—everything she could call her own, excepting the clothing actually necessary for herself and children.

"If you can devise some means of disposing of these things, papa, or help me to get rid of them, I shall be greatly obliged to you," she said, simply. "Such property brings better prices at private sale than at auction. I knew that Mark would oppose me in this, so I have not spoken of it to him, dared not take definite action in the matter before leaving the city. He would think that I am robbing myself. I feel that not one of these articles is lawfully mine. I would not trouble you to advise me, but I have no one else, you know. I have very vague ideas about business matters, I am afraid."

Her father let her talk, while he read the list she had put into his hands. It was drawn up in clerky style, and over against each item was set the original cost, or the approximate value of each article.

"Of course," went on Edna, in calm explanation, "nothing will bring full price, but I ought to realize a considerable sum. There are people who make a business of disposing of second-hand valuables."

Mr. Pym was not given to acts of inconsiderate generosity. He had meant what he said when he declared to the elder West that Edna's marriage-portion would comprise all he could ever do for her. He had reiterated to himself dozens of times within the last month that it behooved him to set a watch upon the impulse to redeem his daughter's home and settle it upon her and her children; that Mark West's fortunes were a wide-meshed net through which all that was valuable would percolate, leaving but coarse rubbish behind. The father intended and expected to support the luckless family of the ne'er-do-well. He had vowed sternly to do no more. But his heart bled as that of Edna's mother might ache and bleed, had she looked over his shoulder and perused with him the catalogue filling four closely-written pages of foolscap. The story of his child's life was there—in the list of the girl's trinkets, the bridal outfit, the accumulated treasures of a wife worshiped by a liberal husband who thought himself rich. The formal entries in the clear handwriting so familiar to him, even the sums total carefully computed at the foot of each page, had infinite pathos to this unimaginative man of business. He stretched out his hand for check-book and pen, wrote out a check for the full amount of the first cost of the articles enumerated, and passed it across the table to his daughter.

She put it back, the sudden blood dyeing her pale face to painful scarlet.

"I cannot take it, papa! You have done too much already—are doing more than any other man would in the circumstances. Believe me, I am grateful to you, our earthly savior. But *this* I have no right to accept. I never dreamed of such a thing, or I should not have consulted you."

A gesture said that he acquitted her of diplomatic designs upon his purse. He folded the list, creasing the edges hard, and thrust it into an envelope, wrote something on the back and locked it up in a drawer of his desk. He was a self-made man who loved what he had earned too well to part with it graciously. Such seldom acquire the royal art of giving without laying a burden of obligatory gratitude upon the recipient. The foundations of their wealth were cemented with the reek of brow and soul. They yield it up with groanings that cannot be uttered, nor comprehended, by those who only value money for

what it will buy. He could not help speaking gruffly, even now.

"I don't buy them in for you. They are *mine*, really and truly. I may give them to your sisters—or, if they don't want them, to your girls, when they are older. Let me give you one piece of advice before we dismiss the subject. Send that check to the assignee direct—not through your husband or Mr. Black."

It was a cruel caution to offer a wife, however necessary he might deem it. Edna bent her head in assent.

"I meant to do that!" was all she said.

[To be continued.]

## VINCENT DE PAUL.

In the southwestern corner of France there is a far-stretching tract of sandy heath, dotted here and there with patches of barley or maize, prickly bushes and dark pine woods. It is not and has never been a populous district. You may go many a mile without seeing a human face, and even in its more fertile parts the towns and villages lie thinly scattered along the rough Bayonne road, or by the banks of the rushing Adour.

In one of these villages, on the edge of the Landes, as this wild region is called, and within sight of the Pyrenean peaks, there was born, on Easter Tuesday, 1576, a boy whose name is still held in loving memory in the forests of Canada and the rice-fields of Madagascar.

It was of small account then, however, even to the cottagers of Pony, that their neighbors Jean and Bertrande de Paul had a third son born to them, and Jean himself hoped for nothing better than to rear his little Vincent to be helpful some day in the tillage of the few fields lying round his farm. That farm was soon full of boys and girls, who almost from their babyhood took their share in outdoor work, while the mother minded the house or sat at her spinning-wheel.

Vincent was generally set to tend the flock, and spent many an hour alone watching the lean sheep browsing on their scanty pasturage, sometimes wandering hither and thither over the white drifting sands, sometimes taking shelter from sun or storm in the hollow trunk of an ancient oak. And here he made himself a little oratory, for even then he had a love of prayer rare in so young a child. In other ways he was unlike most children. When he carried home his father's corn from the mill, he would give away handfuls to any hungry folks he met; and once, having slowly got together a little hoard of silver coins, he thrust them all into the hands of a poor wayfarer.

Seeing him to be thoughtful beyond his years, his father began to desire for him something higher than a peasant's lot. With his gifts he might surely some day become a priest, obtain perhaps a good benefice, and win wealth and distinction not only for himself, but for his family. It was no very noble ambition, but it was a natural and a common one.

So at twelve years old the boy was taken from sheep-tending on the wastes and sent to the Franciscan convent school in Dax. For something under thirty-five dollars a year, a sum which, small as it was, his father could ill spare, he was boarded, lodged and taught. His progress astonished his teachers; his docility delighted them, and they sounded his praises so loudly that when he was barely sixteen, Monsieur Commet, a judge living in Dax, engaged him as sub-tutor to his children. Now, Vincent need be no longer a burden on his parents.

His own strong yearnings and Monsieur Commet's ad-



vice alike led him into the priesthood, and even before he left Dax he had received the tonsura.

To Toulouse he now turned his steps. That stately old city had long been one of the great strongholds of the Catholic faith of his country and of his home.

But Vincent, rather than remain a charge upon his widowed mother, chose to abandon for a while his cherished vision. Leaving Toulouse, he became tutor to the sons of the Seigneur de Buzet, a village near the city. A little school soon grew up in the old battlemented castle, so excellent a school, too, that when he found himself able to return to his studies at Toulouse, the lads' parents urgently begged that he would take them with him. His life, however, was fated to be rudely interrupted. He was about nine-and-twenty when a friend died bequeathing him a legacy, part of which was in the hands of a man who, to avoid payment, fled to Marseilles. Vincent followed thither, but he proved a merciful creditor, only exacting a small part of the debt. He had planned his return when he was persuaded to take ship to Narbonne, and so to shorten his land journey. It was midsummer, a fair wind filled the lateen sails of the galley, and a few hours ought to have seen her safe in Narbonne Harbor. But as she ran across the Gulf of Lyons, she fell in with three brigantines manned by Barbary corsairs. The pirates gave chase, and though the voyagers plied their oars desperately, they were too soon overtaken. They bore themselves bravely, refusing to strike their flag till the fierce onslaught of the infidels had stretched three of their number dead, and left not one unwounded. Vincent himself was struck by an arrow, the mark of which he carried to his grave. Forced at last to surrender, the French pilot was hacked to pieces for his bold resistance; the other captives were spared, their wounds roughly dressed, and their hands and feet manacled. For some days longer the pirates cruised along the coast, then sailed for that "den of robbers," Tunis. Here, fearing lest the French consul should demand their prisoners' release, they gave it out that they had been taken from a Spanish vessel.

"And then they gave to each of us," so ran Vincent's story, "a pair of drawers, a linen cap and coat, and led us through the town of Tunis, to which they had come in hope of selling us. Having taken us round five or six times with chains about our necks, they brought us back to the ship, that the merchants might see who could eat well and who could not, and might be sure our wounds were not mortal. . . . They made us open our mouths to show our teeth, they felt our sides, probed our wounds, forced us to walk, trot and run, lift weights and wrestle, to test the strength of each, and inflicted on us a thousand other cruelties. I was sold to a fisherman, but being quite unfit for the sea, he soon got rid of me to an old doctor, one of the schoolmen, and very humane and gentle, who, as he told me, had for fifty years searched for the philosopher's stone. He loved me much, and liked to talk to me about alchemy and his belief, to which he tried to win me, promising me all his knowledge, and great riches. God kept alive in me always a trust in my deliverance, through the earnest prayers that I offered up. . . . and this made me more anxious to learn the secret of a remedy with which I daily saw my master accomplish wonders. He showed it to me, and even made me prepare and mix it. I was with this old man from September, 1605, till August, 1606, when he was carried off to cure the Sultan. But they took him in vain, for he died of grief on the way. He left me to his nephew, a true man-hater, who, having heard that Monsieur de Breves, the King's ambassador in Turkey, was coming with express patents for the Grand Turk to redeem all Christian

slaves, again sold me. A renegade of Nice, in Savoy, bought me, and carried me away to his *temar*, it being thus they call the property that farmers hold of the Grand Turk. For there the people are nothing, the Sultan everything. This man's *temar* was on the mountain, where the country is hot and barren. One of his three wives was a Greek Christian, another a Turk, who became the means, through God's marvelous mercy, of rescuing her husband from his errors, bringing him back to the Church, and delivering me from my slavery. Being curious to know our way of life, she came to see me every day in the fields where I was digging, and one day she bade me sing the praises of my God. The remembrance of the children of Israel captives in Babylon made me begin, with tears in my eyes, the Psalm, 'By the Waters of Babylon,' and then 'Salve Regina,' and others, in which she took marvelous pleasure. She told her husband in the evening that he had been wrong to leave a religion which she saw to be very good. All I had said to her of our God and the praises I had sung in her presence had given her such delight that she did not believe the Paradise of her fathers, and that which she hoped for herself, could be so glorious or so happy."

The woman's words bore speedy fruit. The next morning Vincent learnt that his master hoped in a few days to escape with him to France. But the few days had lengthened to ten months before the longed-for hour of freedom came. At last they did get away, crossed the Mediterranean in a light skiff which any squall might have capsized, and on the 28th of June, 1607, landed amid the salt marshes and lagoons near Aigues-Mortes. Hurrying on to Avignon, the apostate was received back into the Church, and thence journeyed with Vincent and the vice-legate to Rome, where he entered the convent of the Faté Ben Fratelli, while Vincent was lodged in the vice-legate's house, and grew daily in his favor.

Though his features still bore traces of his bitter sufferings, though the marks of fetters were on his ankles, there was nothing of a slave's gloom or sullenness in Vincent's bright looks and frank, simple words. The sight of Rome, "watered by the blood of martyrs, rich in the tombs of saints," stirred his devout nature, and, kneeling beside their monuments, he prayed that he might be so happy as to tread in their steps. Here, too, books unseen for two dreary years were again within his reach, and his keen appetite for them revived. He made many friends in the great city; but he did not long remain there, for Cardinal d'Osat, the French ambassador, intrusted him, untried and inexperienced though he was, with a communication from the Pope to Henry IV. which he did not care to put in writing.

In Paris, as at Rome, he soon earned a welcome, but the gay court of the Soldier of Navarre was no place for a man who meant to lead a Christian life, and, his errand done, he quietly withdrew and devoted himself to the sick in the Hôpital de la Charité, "doing good to every one and troubling none." For a while he had been living in sunshine, but now clouds gathered again. There lodged with him in the Faubourg St. Germain the judge of a village near Bordeaux. This man shared his room, and chanced to go out one morning leaving him ill in bed. On returning he missed a sum of money from a cabinet, and vehemently denounced Vincent as the thief. Years afterward Vincent told, in touching words, the story of his trouble.

"I knew a man once who was accused by his companion of robbing him of some money. He said gently that he had not taken it, but when he saw that the other persisted in his accusation he turned away, lifted up his





VINCENT DE PAUL, THE VOLUNTARY CAPTIVE, IN THE STREETS OF TUNIS.

wonder the peasantry were little better than pagans, and that among the citizens piety had come to mean a few gabled paternosters, charity an occasional alms cast to the beggars who thronged the streets.

At Clichy, as elsewhere, the people were wholly untaught. Their church had been shattered and their homes sacked by the troops of Henri and Mayenne. Going in and out among them all day and every day, Vincent soon learnt their needs and troubles, and won his way into their hearts.

A new church soon rose, built not with his own money, for he gave all that he had to the poor, not by the alms of the despoiled and half-starved villagers, but by gifts won from rich Parisians by his pleading tongue; as he himself said, "No one knew better how to draw coin from the pockets of the wealthy."

Teaching, exhorting, guiding, comforting, he wrought so great a change in Clichy that, as one who went there testified, "the people lived like angels, and to preach to

heart to God, saying, 'What shall I do, O my God? Thou knowest the truth'; and then putting his trust in God resolved to answer the accuser no more."

The accuser railed against him everywhere with vindictive pertinacity, and once even pursued him with taunts into the house of his friend Pierre de Berulle. Many were there and heard, but Vincent, with unshaken calmness, only said, "God knows the truth." For six years he endured in silence; then the real thief, being imprisoned for another crime, to appease his conscience made a full confession. He had been an apothecary's boy, and had taken some medicine to the room where Vincent lay ill. Searching for a glass into which to pour the physic, he had come upon the money and secured it unseen.

Whether Vincent had guessed the truth none could tell. He certainly had never let fall a syllable that could shift suspicion from himself to another; yet his character must have spoken for him more eloquently than any protestations could have done.

He became curate of Clichy, a hamlet on the outskirts of Paris, at a time when good men were sorely needed. The long warfare between Catholics and Huguenots had told cruelly on France. Villages had been fired, churches wrecked, the priests who served them slain; and even now that a transient peace had been restored, the bitter hatreds born of contending armies and contending creeds remained. Nor was this all. The poorer clergy were always shamefully ignorant, and too often shamefully intemperate. The more wealthy generally adopted the dissolute habits of their noble kinsfolk, and held that their tonsure was only to be endured for the sake of some rich benefice easily procurable through court favor even for young children or notorious ill-livers.

No wonder that such shepherds neglected their flocks. No

them was like bringing light to the sun." "I am more happy than I can say," was Vincent's reply when asked about his parish. "I have such good people, and they are so obedient to everything I tell them."

He himself taught them obedience in the best of all ways; by his own example, when, before the first year was out, he submitted to Monsieur Berulle's judgment, and with great sorrow and heartache exchanged a life altogether to his mind for one that suited him not a whit. He was bound up in Clichy, and he was bidden to leave it. He shrank from the society of the great, and he was to live in a Parisian hotel. He had little taste for teaching, and his time was to be chiefly spent in instructing two young boys.

It was a hard test of submission, and yet to many he must have seemed a fortunate man in becoming tutor and chaplain in the family of Emmanuel de Gondi, Count de Joigny and General of the Galley. Nobly born, and of approved courage, the Count de Joigny was alike at home in the brilliant circle of the Louvre and amid the boom of cannon, and neither the allurements of court-life nor the barbarities of war had corrupted his generous nature. His wife was worthy of him, and both were deeply anxious for the welfare of their children and retainers.

Once installed in his new office, Vincent's days were again passed in a round of work like and yet unlike his Clichy labors. While devoting himself unsparingly to the boys intrusted to his care, he spent his leisure hours in watching over the many servants of the household, healing their frequent quarrels, nursing them in sickness, consoling them in death. He seldom, unbidden, sought the count or countess. He interfered in no affairs but those confided to him. He "listened patiently to every one and interrupted no one." And if by chance no duty

claimed him he was more than content to retire to the solitude of his little chamber.

Yet his influence extended from the master of the house to the humblest menial. It happened that some court seigneur insulted the count so grossly that, as he judged, blood only could wipe out the wrong. Vincent implored him with moving earnestness not to commit such heinous sin. He prevailed. The count, solemnly kissing the point of his sword, swore henceforth never to unheath it to revenge a private wrong.

The gentler spirit of the countess responded still more readily to Vincent's mild guidance. She had ever been charitable, but now with a new zeal she comforted the widow and orphan, and shielded her tenantry from injustice and oppression. When she and her family left their hotel to stay for a while on one or other of their country estates, Vincent would busy himself among the peasantry, working so hard that, as it was said, "he seemed to be in many places at one moment." Madame de Gondi, however, when she rejoiced over her chaplain's success and gloried in his exertions, little guessed how much his usually calm spirit was perturbed. The love that he had won from those around him was now deepening into veneration. And he dreaded it—for himself and for Madame de Gondi. He thought that her trust in him was becoming a superstition. He doubted whether he was really any longer the best guide for boys whose birth opened to them a brilliant career. After much pondering and praying he formed his resolve, told Monsieur Berulle privately that he desired to work wholly among the poor, and with only a farewell such as friends take who are soon to meet again, left all he held dear and set out for the distant village of Châtillon, in La Bresse. Thence he wrote to Monsieur de Gondi a letter which must have cost him much, knowing as he did the dismay and pain it would bring to those who had showered kindness upon him. It followed the Count into Provence, and he sent it at once to his wife.

"I am in despair," so he told her, "at a letter I have just received from Monsieur Vincent," and then, after adjuring her to use all means to win him back, he added, "I desire passionately that he should return to my

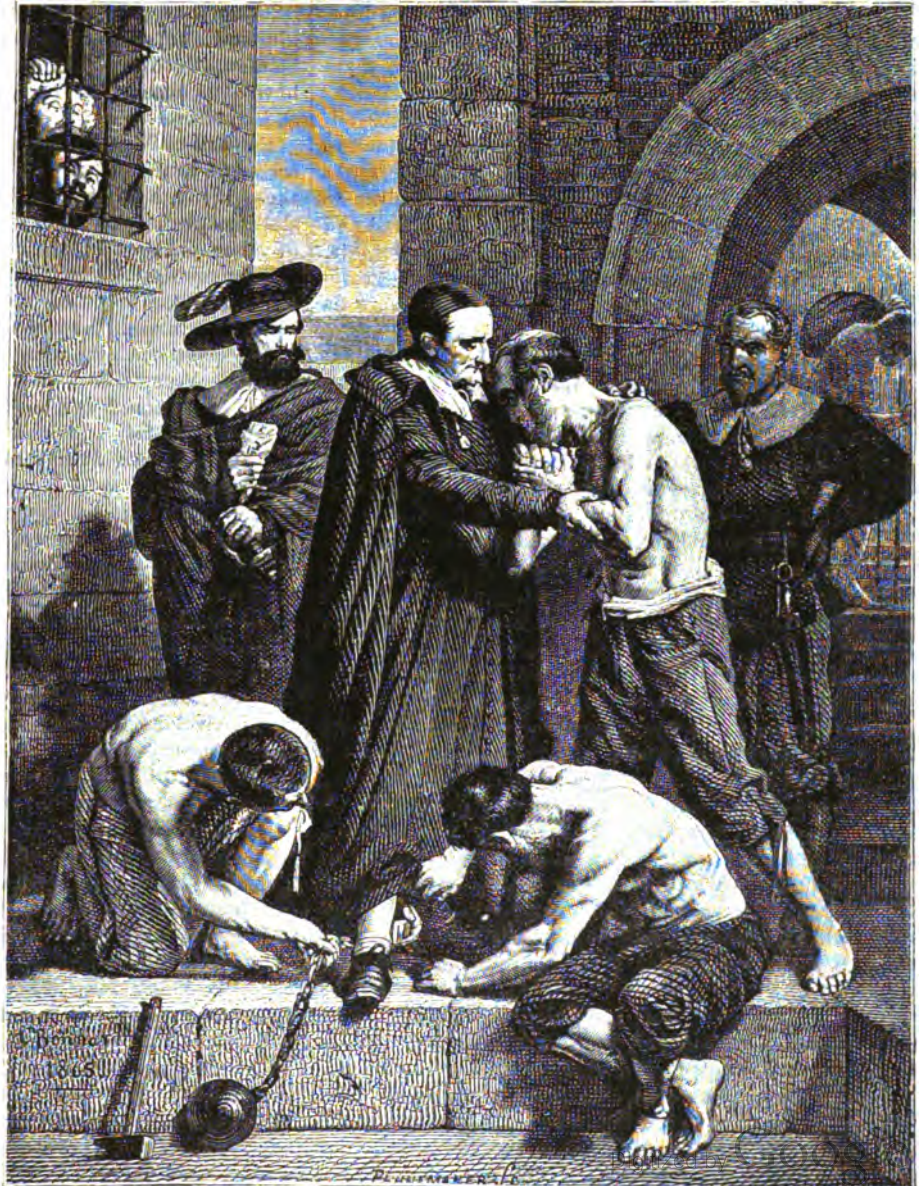
house, where he shall live as it pleases him, and I may perhaps some day live as I ought, if only that man is with me."

Madame de Gondi needed no urging. At first she wept incessantly and could neither eat nor sleep. "He knows," she bewailed, "the need I have of him. My children will suffer. The good that he was doing in my home, and to many thousands beyond it, will no longer be done. . . . He only seeks the greater glory of God, and I would desire nothing contrary to His holy will, but I beseech Him with all my heart to give Monsieur Vincent back to me."

But he believed that God willed him to remain at Châtillon. So his answer to the countess held out no hope, though he tried to blunt the keen edge of her distress.

And then, this letter sent, he turned again to labors heavier than any he had yet known: for assuredly Châtillon did need him. He learnt the patois of the district; he lived a rough, hard life, rising at five, sweeping his own room, supplying his own needs; and he toiled as few but he could toil among the people.

In less than three months the place was transformed. Those "who came to scoff remained to pray." Rich and



VINCENT CHANGES PLACES WITH THE CONVICT.



poor, Catholics and Huguenots, alike listened breathlessly to the earnest voice that besought them to turn and repent. Nor did they only listen. One man freely yielded up several rich farms which his parents had wrongfully acquired. Another, the Sieur de Rougemont, a noted duelist who had hitherto owned no law but his own wild will, entered suddenly on a new life. The poor tenants scattered over his broad lands came to esteem, as their best friend, the master who had been their terror, and in his own château the sick were tended with loving care by the blood-stained hand once so fatally familiar with the sword-hilt. Fine ladies, given up to frivolous amusements, learnt for the first time the higher pleasure of self-sacrifice, and carried consolation and joy to many a miserable hovel.

On a certain *fête* day, as Vincent was about to mount his pulpit, one of these ladies stopped him to beg that he would commend to the charity of his people a poor family on an outlying farm heavily visited by sickness. With all his own fire and pathos he proclaimed the need and urged the duty of relieving it. The sermon ended and the listeners dispersed. When vespers were over Vincent set out to visit the farm. But long before he reached it he met scattered parties of the townfolk, or found them resting in the cool of the roadside trees. They had forestalled him, and had given their offerings of wine, bread, and meat so lavishly that there was now overmuch where before there had been scarcity.

This set him thinking till a scheme entered his mind, simple enough, but, like many of his forming, destined to a wonderful growth. A band of women of all ranks brought together by his influence bound themselves to collect alms for the sick poor, to prepare their food and medicine and minister to their bodily and spiritual wants. But there was to be no prodigal almsgiving, all was carefully planned and ordered in this the first *Confrérie de Charité*.

There was great grief in Châtillon when the tidings spread that Vincent was going. When the parting came a crowd escorted him on his way, and he left a mourning town behind. So intense was the affection he had inspired, that a poor man to whom he had given an old cap could scarcely guard his treasure from the hundreds eager to possess it. Nor were the lessons he had taught soon forgotten. When, a while later, famine and pestilence attacked Châtillon, the men and women who had learnt from him to be loving and pitiful refused to fly, and passed their days and nights among the sick and dying, braving the perils of the poisoned air.

On Christmas Eve, 1617, amid general rejoicing, Vincent returned to his old post in Madame de Gondi's family.

Not, however, to all his old duties. He had stipulated that his tutorial cares should be lightened, and that the poor should henceforth have the first claim upon his time.

But innocent suffering was not the only passport to his heart. He found his way to the cells of the criminals awaiting in Paris their removal to Marseilles or Toulon. Confined in the dark dungeons of the *Conciergerie*, they lay huddled together, half-naked, half-starved, and wholly neglected. Fearlessly facing the rude scoffs and jeers with which they at first greeted him, and the malignant fever always lurking in the prison, he never rested until he had rescued the prisoners from their foul dens and had seen them lodged in a clean and wholesome building. In this convict home he spent every minute he could spare, and there strange things were sometimes seen and heard. Little by little savage men learnt to weep like babes, and lips that had mocked and cursed murmured humbly the prayers led by Vincent's gentle voice. The story of the wonders wrought by him was carried to the young King

Louis, and he was soon afterward appointed *Chaplain-General of the Galley*s.

It now became his duty to inspect the *Bagnes de Marseilles*, and he went thither, keeping his name and office quite unknown. His very soul was chilled by the misery he found in these floating prisons, and the *Conciergerie* itself seemed a paradise beside them. Passing slowly between the chained ranks he listened to the piteous outcries and appeals, or marked the yet more piteous silence of despair. Presently his eye singled out a young face stamped more deeply than the rest with wretchedness. A few kind words drew from the convict the secret of his anguish. He had left a wife and little children, and he had left them probably to die of want.

Vincent thought a few minutes, then drew aside the officer of the gang and made a startling petition. He asked that the captive should be allowed to escape, and offered himself to fill his place. In some way he won consent. There was indeed small risk to the jailer if only the tale of prisoners was found right. Clothes were quickly exchanged, and while the freed man sped away his deliverer sat chained and plying his heavy oar on board the stifling galley. There he staid, unrecognized and uncomplaining, till after the lapse of weeks the Countess de Joigny tracked him out and obtained his release—a *Quixotic*, perhaps a blameworthy deed, but certainly one which few men would have done out of pure pity for a young stranger, his wife and children.

His visit to Marseilles bore, however, happier fruit than scars and bruises left by his fetters. A noble hospital rose there through his efforts, where sick and dying galley-alaves might taste, perhaps for the first time in their lives, of peace and goodwill.

That precept of his, "Let us love God, but let it be at the cost of the labor of our hands and the sweat of our brow," he himself kept to the letter.

Whatever condemnation there may be for the Church in which Vincent de Paul happened to be brought up, and which to advanced age he served, it would be hard to find a more unselfish and zealous friend of his fellow-man. He had but two desires in his heart—God's glory and man's good.

And if among the gayer and better born of Madame de Gondi's guests there were some who turned away chilled by the almost austere earnestness of his demeanor, the poor and sorrowful at least knew him only as their tenderest friend. Even to court dames his bearing softened. There was in him a strain of melancholy easily evoked by the vanities and vices of fashionable life, but when the countess told him how his occasional severity repelled her more frivolous friends, he set himself forthwith to check it, and succeeded so well that religion in his person became beautiful even to the graceless and ungodly.

And yet sternness and tenderness were always strangely blended in his doings, and never more so than when he went, about this time, to revisit his old home in the Landes. He was not ashamed of his humble parentage. He freely avowed to princes and peers that his mother had been a servant, his father a poor peasant; and he was very loyal to the memories of his childhood. But that sojourn among his kinsfolk was not painless. Perhaps they thought, as his father had done long before, that with his rise they would rise too. Perhaps they looked to him to enrich them. At any rate, he had to tell them that if he had chests full of silver and gold he could give them nothing, since all that he possessed belonged to God and the poor. Hard words, no doubt, for them to hear, but harder much for him to speak.

"The day I left them I did nothing but weep all along



the road, and after these tears came the thought how to help them—to give this to one, that to another. In my mind I divided all I had amongst them, and even that which I had not. I was for three months a prey to this urgent desire to advance my brothers and sisters. It was a continual weight upon my poor spirit."

Another desire which lay deep in his heart he did not try to overcome. Ever since that St. Paul's day at Folleville he had longed to see mission-work carried on throughout the land. Something he and Madame de Gondy had already done, and, undaunted by the many difficulties, he waited patiently and hopefully until his dream became a reality.

It began to take form when the Archbishop of Paris offered as a central home for missionary priests an old building, the College des Bons Enfants, standing amongst ruinous houses near the gate of St. Victor, and containing a poor chapel and a few dilapidated rooms.

The bountiful hand of the countess supplied the needful funds.

When, at last, he had all but reached his fiftieth year, Vincent was free to devote himself wholly to that service of the poor to which fifteen years before he had solemnly dedicated his life. Very humbly and quietly he set about it, going with his two fellow-workers, for he had but two at first, to this village or to that, as need might call them, leaving the key of their empty houses with any neighbor. By-and-by more volunteers joined the little band, till the numbers had so grown that the old College scarcely held them all. For this, however, they cared nothing; their thoughts and anxieties were not for themselves, and cramped as they were for space they opened their doors to many beside their own brethren.

Going forth a band, perhaps, of three or four, to some distant village, they first sought out the parish priest. If he repulsed them they withdrew at once; if he welcomed them, their campaign forthwith opened by a stirring appeal from the pulpit. Then began an arduous round of labor. The old man on the brink of the grave, the youth in the full flush of strength, the anxious housewife and the lisping child alike shared their care. Nor did they labor in vain. Fasting crowds thronged the churches from dawn to sunset, and while the brethren preached, doors and windows were choked with eager auditors. Laborers and shepherds were known to throw up their places if refused leave to be there, and many a hard-worked mother took on her double drudgery that her girl might be set free to listen and to learn. Through burning sun and piercing cold, over rugged mountains and across dreary swamps, came hundreds of ignorant peasants, carrying with them their slender store of food, and sleeping in barns or any other shelter they could find. At those times wrongs were righted, bitter feuds healed, and balm poured into many an aching heart.

Amid his increasing cares the poor ever held the foremost place in Vincent's thoughts. It was for their sakes that he strove to people the land with faithful priests. Their weal or woe always touched him nearest. He never wearied in his exertions for them. He had many helpers, and one of the best was a warm-hearted, energetic widow, Madame le Gras, who journeyed constantly from village to village, watching over the Confrérie de Charité, now sown thickly about the land. After a while, however, her journeys ceased. He had more pressing work for her in Paris. Here, too, Confréries de Charité had been formed in nearly every pariah, but the noble city dames were not quite so serviceable as their country sisters. Their husband's humors, their many engagements, their easily excited fears, often hindered their visits to cellar or attic; and

though their lackeys might carry thither food and clothing they could carry the better gift of tender sympathy. Vincent saw the defect and found the remedy. In country places he had often lighted on simple, pious women well fitted for such errands of mercy. One there was, a poor girl, who while tending cattle at Villeogreux had taught herself to read, and then, out of pure kindness, had begun to teach the village children, and to nurse the sick.

He brought her to Paris to work under the ladies, and she was the first *Sœur de Charité*. No love of balls or banquets, no dread of infection, fettered her, and she died at her post, of the plague caught from a poor stricken woman with whom she had shared her bed.

Soon fresh recruits came in, but many of these were untrained in nursing, undisciplined in obedience. Choosing out some three or four, Vincent placed them under Madame le Gras to be prepared for their vocation. The thorough naturalness of their vocation appears from what he himself told them: "The sisters have for a cell some hired room; for a chapel, the parish church; for a cloister, the streets of towns and the wards of hospitals . . . for a veil, perfect modesty . . . and since their duties may be very trying, and the poor on whom they wait sometimes hard to please, they will seek with all their might to lay up in their souls a store of patience, and they will entreat our Lord daily to bestow His grace on them abundantly."

The first Sisters were of humble birth, and inured from childhood to fatigue and privations; but, before long, girls gently born and delicately nurtured eagerly gave up lives of luxury to enter the Sisterhood.

It became hard to prepare them fast enough, for they were wanted everywhere: in the vile dens of the Quartier St. Antoine, in the Convicts' Home by the river, in the Hôtel Dieu, the great hospital of Paris. Vincent, when first told of the hospital, had been loth to intermeddle.

Before long Vincent found other tasks for them. At that time there might often be seen in the streets of Paris unhappy infants left by cruel parents either to perish or to be carried to *La Couche*. Vincent came to know about *La Couche*, and he sent the Ladies of the Hôtel Dieu to see the poor babes who, consigned to the tender mercies of an inhuman old woman, died by scores of drugs or starvation, or dragged on an existence worse than death. Some were at once rescued and entrusted to the *Sœurs de Charité*, and so well did they thrive in those kind hands that the ladies agreed to adopt all that might be found. As evening drew on Vincent would leave St. Lazarus and, passing by the well-lighted hotels, would search in each dark archway or lonely corner for what might be lying there. And when he found one of those piteous living bundles, he would carry it nestling under his long black cloak to be warmed and fed and cared for by the good Sisters. So many were brought in that even well-filled purses soon felt the drain. For a time the ladies struggled on gallantly, but at last came a question as to giving up the work. It was happy then for the poor children that they had an advocate in Vincent.

"God knows," wrote one, "how many sighs and groans Monsieur Vincent has breathed for these little children; how he has entreated for them the prayers of his congregation; what means he has used and what plans he has tried to rear them at small cost."

Now in their great jeopardy his eloquent tongue saved them. It was his habit every Friday to assemble the Dames de Charité in the chapel of the Louvre, and here one day he pleaded for their nurslings.

"Their life and death are in your hands. It is time to pronounce their doom, and to say if you will no longer



have pity on them. They will live if you still give them your charitable care. They must die if you abandon them."

Those passionate words evoked a wonderful response. It must have been a moment to remember when the richly dressed Court ladies crowdin ground him poured into the

beyond the courtyard, which was generally full of poor people, were the school buildings, and moving hither and thither the Sisters, alert and smiling, fulfilled their various tasks. Here might be seen two setting forth on some errand, There, others cooking savory messes for the sick, or teaching the healthy, happy children clustered



DEER AND FAWNS.—SEE PAGE 215.

alms-bag which he held the jewels from their necks and arms. The Queen's offering was the ancient Castle of Bicêtre, a few miles beyond the city, but, the place proving too cold, the children who had been moved there were brought back to Paris and installed with the Sœurs de Charité in a large house near St. Lazarus.

The doors of that house were open to all comers, and

round them. A pleasant, peaceful scene, and above all pleasant to him who had created it.

There need some such ray of sunshine to illumine the gloom of that unhappy time. Catholics and Huguenots had soaked their native soil with native blood; now the invader had come to finish what they had left undone—to destroy what they had spared. The hills and forests of



Lorraine, the fertile fields of Alsace, had been ravaged in turn by the armies of Austria and Sweden. Burning towns, untilled fields were not the worst sights to be seen there. Thousands of homeless men and women were feeding on acorns, roots or reptiles, and even fighting for them. There was no safety for travelers on the road or laborers

in the fields. Wolves, prowling about the open country, grew bold enough to devour human beings in broad daylight, and it was even told how parents and children had preyed on each other. Into the midst of these great horrors came the Lazarite workers as ministering angels. Vincent had emptied his coffers and put aside every cent he could spare.



JEWISH SHEKEL.—SEE PAGE 255.

They ate rye bread at St. Lazarus, and little wine was drunk; but the alms he could supply were as a drop in the wide ocean of want. And again his voice was heard beseeching the rich to help the poor. Anne of Austria, rejoicing in her longed-for son, gave freely; all Paris gave; and the brethren went forth well-armed for the fight with famine and disease. A terrible fight it nevertheless proved. Many of the gaunt beings they tended stretched forth their hands for food, and died ere they could swallow it.

"The people," wrote one of the priests to Vincent, "are so dreadful to behold, that if the Lord did not strengthen me I should not dare to look at them. Their skin is like tanned leather, and so drawn that the teeth are dry and uncovered, and the eyes and face ghastly; truly the sight is most awful.

The work was perilous as well as painful. Even the Lazarites' well-tryed strength succumbed under the ceaseless exertion of those weeks when they cooked and served out food, mended tattered clothes, and dressed aching sores from early morning far into the night. One of them died, and another hung for eight days between life and death; a third, journeying to and fro between Paris and Alsace, passed again and again with heavy bags of gold through a lawless district about which roamed disbanded soldiers ready for any desperate deeds, and only saved his life and treasure by countless clever stratagems and daring feats.

Meanwhile St. Lazarus itself was besieged by fugitives from desolated provinces. Those who could work, Vincent put to some trade or handicraft; those who could not, he contrived to support. But there were others—gently born, too proud to ask help, too proud to be even his pensioners without a pang—who probably never guessed that the gifts and services pressed upon them by their fellow-nobles were chiefly prompted by this thoughtful sympathy. Do what he would, however, the suffering grew wider and worse. He could be very patient for himself; he found it harder to be patient for others. Craving audience of Richelieu, the man to whose "policy" all these troubles were chiefly due, he fell on his knees and appealed to him with streaming tears—"Monseigneur, give us peace. Have pity on us; give peace to France."

The haughty minister, generally quick to resent the least presumption, answered him—at least kindly. "He worked for peace," he said, "but it did not rest with him." The darkness deepened. The Spanish soldiers of Jean de West flooded Picardy and menaced Paris. Citizens hid away their valuables; workmen flung aside their tools and obeyed the call to arms. St. Lazarus became a barrack.

The stables, hall, and cloisters were piled with weapons and accoutrements. The court swarmed with soldiers and echoed to the beat of drums. But the Mission priests discharged their errands of mercy as calmly as ever. While others trembled within the city walls, they fearlessly sought the battle-fields, and lingered there till the November frosts set in. The Imperial troops fell back upon the frontier and Paris breathed again.

Other honors were against his will thrust on him. Within a few months Richelieu and Louis XIII. were carried to their graves. In his last hours the King sent for Vincent, and in Vincent's arms he died. His crown passed to the head of a young child and the reins of government to the hands of Anne of Austria, who at once named Vincent one of a council of six for the control of Church affairs. The duties were likely to be neither easy nor pleasant, for Mazarin presided at the council-board, and in his eyes sees and benefices were only convenient bribes for any friend or foe worth buying.

If the Cardinal reckoned on overawing the low-born priest he did not gauge him rightly. Vincent held his own. When a distinguished suitor tried to silence his scruples by offering to enrich St. Lazarus, he was met by the calm reply, "For all the goods in the world, I will do nothing against my conscience." For himself or for his friends, he asked no boons. When others were concerned, if he could rightfully befriend them it was needless to appeal to him twice; if not, it was useless to appeal to him at all. Even at the Queen's bidding he would sanction no bad appointment. It happened once that having promised a bishopric to the worthless son of some Court grandee, she desired Vincent to prepare the nomination. He brought her a blank sheet of paper. "She must," he said, respectfully, "fill it up herself; he could have no share in any such work." Anne reminded him that her word was pledged. His answer was emphatic. It was not only lawful, it was a binding duty to break a promise which it would be a sin to keep. The Queen yielded, convinced; but she left Vincent to apprise the mother that he had wrested the prize from her son's grasp. He went to the hotel of the duchess and told her the truth, courteously and kindly, but she, exceedingly incensed, actually struck him on the forehead. The blood flowed and he silently retired, making but one comment to the Lazarite who joined him in the ante-chamber, "Is it not wonderful to see how far a mother's love will carry her?"

Mazarin might sneer at the worn gown and frayed girdle in which Vincent came to Court, but they covered a heart as fearless as it was gentle, a heart which had indeed but one ungenerous side. In his day religious tolerance was held to be a sin, and those who attacked his creed were beyond the pale of his far-reaching charity. (To how many well-meaning people is this the unpardonable sin!) That Church was divided against itself. The followers of Jansen were making many converts, and foremost among them was the



JEWISH SHEKEL.

Abbé de St. Cyran. He was a man of fervent piety, revered by many whose esteem was not lightly given. He had been the dear friend of Pierre Berulle, and had been pronounced by Richelieu the most learned man in Europe. He had been a leading member of the St. Lazarus Conferences, but when he dared to question



the Catholic faith he became in Vincent's eyes as a stranger and an alien. Nor was Vincent content only to abjure his society. At his own cost he dispatched three learned doctors to enter the lists against him in Rome. He tried to excite Pavillon against those who "like wolves steal into the sheepfold to destroy it," and he declared openly that any Lazarite tainted with those new doctrines must leave his congregation.

The voices of the Jansenists were, however, drowned for a time in a louder cry. The people of Paris, loaded with taxes which went to fill the pockets of Mazarin, began to clamor fiercely to be rid of him, and when by his order one of their leaders was suddenly arrested, they rose in a frenzy, barricaded the street, surrounded the Louvre, and with one voice demanded Broussel's release. Anne threatened to fling his head to the infuriated mob, but a warning whisper hindered a deed for which she might have paid dearly. It came from Jean de Gondi, the young coadjutor of the Archbishop.

"This is a revolt," he said.

"A revolt?" retorted Anne, angrily—"to imagine a revolt possible!"

De Gondi bowed. He had good reason to know that he was right, for his hand had helped to lay the train and light the match. Who would have recognized in him, intriguing and faithless as he was, the son of the Count and Countess de Gondi, the child-pupil of Vincent de Paul? By his preaching and his almsgiving he had won favor with the people, and he had been no less skillful in cajoling Anne. But she had learnt now to distrust him, and was neither grateful nor gracious when he offered to play the part of peacemaker. She had, however, little choice left her, for with every minute the danger grew. Gondi was not careful to spare her Spanish pride. The people had their will and the streets were cleared. But the calm was short-lived. The coadjutor was playing his own game, and playing it well.

"Before noon to-morrow," he said, when he saw his way, "I will be master of Paris." And he kept his word. Anne and Mazarin retreated with the young King to St. Germain, and sent the Prince de Condé to crush the "Fronde."

The siege which followed told cruelly on the people of Paris, and in their misery they turned fiercely on friends as well as foes. Vincent bore his full share of reproach and insult, for in the eyes of the Frondeurs it was a crime to stand well with the Queen. But through good or evil report his course was the same. The corn stored in the granaries of St. Lazarus was given without stint to the hungry crowds about the gates; his utmost efforts were used to calm them, and with his own body he shielded an artisan from the naked swords of the soldiery. At length he resolved to try what his influence at Court could do. He knew that in attempting to quit the city he periled his life, but he was willing to peril it.

Leaving St. Lazarus before daybreak, he avoided the wider thoroughfares guarded by patrols, and guided his pony through quiet by-ways to the barrier. At Clichy he found the people awake and watchful, but they recognized him and speeded him on his way. At Neuilly the bridge across the Seine was partly under water. He waded through, and pressed on to St. Germain. Anne listened while he painted vividly the suffering in the capital, and implored the Cardinal, "like Jonah, rather to fling himself to the waves than to wreck the vessel of the State." But Mazarin answered only with fair and empty words, and Mazarin's will was law with Anne. Vincent soon saw that his journey had been worse than useless, since it had exiled him from St. Lazarus. To return there would be

mere foolhardiness. The Frondeurs knew that he was with the Queen, and they were already venting their anger on his goods. Soldiers ransacked St. Lazarus and its farms, wasting and spoiling what they could not use, firing the wood-stacks, and driving off the flocks.

Tidings of their doings reached him at a poor cottage in the little hamlet of Trenéville, whither he had made his way from St. Germain. It was midwinter, and his host had little fuel. Their food was rye and bean-flour. But neither cold, hunger, nor bad news shook his quiet fortitude. No indignant word escaped him. His letters contained no complaints. The refrain of them all was still—*anxiety for the poor*. He found plenty to do, many to help. He went from place to place preaching, as he practiced, repentance of the sins which, as he believed, had brought on France the scourge of civil war. The season was unusually severe. Heavy rains had flooded the country, and a prolonged frost turned the standing waters into sheets of ice. Few ventured abroad; but no hardships quenched the energy of this old man. Sometimes he slept in a filthy garret, sometimes his rest was broken by the brawlings of a roadside inn. Once his horse fell with him while fording a stream, and he had to travel far before he found a fire wherewith to dry his dripping clothes. It was Lent, and he had fasted many hours. In the evening he reached a poor tavern, and, gathering the village children round him, taught them while his meagre supper was cooking.

That day proved too much for his strength. A summons from the Queen recalled him to Paris, whither she and Mazarin had triumphantly returned. Vincent set his face homeward, but was soon forced to halt, and lay for many weeks grievously ill. July came round before they could move him, still very weak and ailing, to St. Lazarus.

He resigned his seat at the Council, and his more active habits were one by one laid aside; but his time and thoughts were still devoted to his fellow-men. Condé, turned traitor, was leading Spanish troops against French fortresses, and the fruitful vineyard of Champagne had become a barren waste. In the ancient town of Troyes were gathered the widows and orphans of those Irish exiles who had fallen in Turenne's ranks, and through the deep snow these poor creatures wandered, bare-footed, devouring the offal in the streets. Some of Vincent's messengers were soon among them, bringing food and clothes, while others of them were hovering on the skirts of the destroying armies, caring for the wounded and the dying, and burying decently the half-devoured bodies of those who had crawled away into caverns or thickets. Not a few of these brave men and women laid down their own lives, "happy," as Vincent said, even while he mourned them, "happy in dying with arms in their hands."

The corn that year had rotted as it stood, or been trodden down by countless feet, and now every shed and hovel in Paris swarmed with homeless and helpless refugees crying vainly for bread. At length the Seine, overflowing its banks, poured into the lower part of the town, sweeping before it men, beasts and buildings. Across the gray waters and amid dangerous eddies and currents Vincent's devoted band rowed fast and far, carrying food to the windows of half-submerged houses. That food had been hardly come by, for Vincent's purse was nearly empty. The Queen gave her diamonds; some who had nothing else to give sold their furniture to help in refilling it; but when every sou was spent that could be got together there were still woeful sights to be seen and sighed over.

Vincent had now reached his eightieth year, and was exhausted by constant attacks of ague, and tormented by a painful disease. He could not move without a stick, yet he had little pity on his suffering body. Almost a prisoner

to his chair, he allowed himself no rest there. Though his nights were wakeful, he rose at four, and worked all day, resisting the great drowsiness which often oppressed him. He was not a man of shining talents, or unusual mental power; but he had some great gifts—perfect sincerity and courage, wonderful insight into character, overflowing love.

At length there was nothing more left for him to do but to drink the dregs of his mortal cup of pain. He had endured hardness all his life, and he endured it to the end. Though his sick palate often loathed the convent food, he would have no dainties set before him. Though he could scarcely find ease in any posture, he still passed his nights upon his pallet-bed. Though his stick had to be discarded for a crutch, he still bent his knees in prayer. But the end was near. When an urgent message summoned him to Madame le Gras's dying bed he was too weak to stand. She sent again to beg for a few words traced by his own hand. He did not write them. To the last he repelled any personal affection for himself with a resolution marvellous in a man so passionately sympathetic.

Day by day those around him watched sorrowfully his decline. He alone rejoiced. He had no need to prepare for death. "For eighteen years," he once said, "I have never lain down in bed without making ready to die during the night." He yearned for heaven, but his patient spirit was content to abide God's time.

It came. About noon, on the 25th September, 1660, he fell into a long and profound slumber. When he was afterwards told of it, he said, smiling, "It is the brother. The sister will not long delay her coming."

From time to time he roused himself to utter words of praise, then lapsed away into unconsciousness. At half-past four on Monday morning, the very hour which for forty years he had always given to his morning devotions, he closed his eyes and breathed out his soul without a sigh.

#### DEER AND FAWNS.

In the Southern forests, amid the tangled masses of dense underwood beneath the shade of the umbrageous pines, the deer finds a home and the solitude so necessary for its existence. No human mother can show more tender solicitude for her children than this animal does for its young, and it is a most interesting sight to watch a doe fondle and play with her fawns. At first the fur of these beautiful creatures is dotted with white patches, but as the animal grows older it loses the markings, and assumes the tint of its parents. Our picture represents the doe in the act of caressing one of her fawns, while the other gazes fearlessly about, as though patiently waiting its turn.

#### THE COINS OF THE JEWS.

Of contemporary witnesses of history, coins are among the best; but since the days of Bayer, the Archdeacon of Valentia, who wrote "*De Nummis Hebræo-Samaritanis*" just a century ago, there was a lull in the study of this branch of numismatics until within the last thirty years, when the labors of De Sauloy, Cavedoni, Levy, Von Werlhof, Reichardt, Madden, Garracci, Merzbacher, and others began. The results of these labors contrast strangely with Pinkerton's estimation of the Jewish coinage, as expressed in his "*Essay on Medals*," which for many years was almost the only work of the kind accessible in English. The first edition appeared in 1784, but even in the third edition of 1808 we read: "The Hebrew shekels—which

are of silver—and brass coins with Samaritan characters would have been put before, were not, most of them, later than the Christian era, and generally the fabrication of modern Jews. At any rate the same impression of a sprig on one side and a vase on the other runs through all the coins of that barbarous nation; and the admission of but one of them is rightly esteemed to be almost a disgrace to a cabinet."

Certainly so far as art is concerned, the best and earliest of the Jewish coins compare unfavorably with those of the contemporary Seleucid rulers in Syria. For it must not be imagined that the Jewish shekel, notwithstanding its frequent mention in Scripture, was at any time an actual piece of coined money before the days of the Maccabees—or at the earliest, the time of Alexander the Great and the high priest Jaddua. If we accept the views of Dr. Merzbacher, who is probably the most competent judge in this matter, the earliest of the Jewish shekels were not struck until B.C. 141–140, when those dated the year 1, were coined. These pieces are of silver, about the size of an English shilling, and fully twice as thick, and range in date from the year 1 to 5. Half-shekels are known up to the year 4. The devices on the shekels are, on the one side, a cup or chalice, with the legend *Shekel Israel*; and on the other, what has been termed Aaron's rod, but what more resembles three lilies on one stem, and the legend *Jerusalem the Holy*. It is a curious circumstance, that on the coins of the first year, Jerusalem is spelt without a *yod*, and Holy is without the article and without the *vav*, *Jerushalem kedoshah*; while on the later coins the legend is always *Jerushalaim ha-kedoshah*.

Besides the silver coins, there is a copper coinage inscribed with "the year four," but it seems somewhat doubtful whether it belongs to the same period as the shekels bearing the same date. Possibly future finds of coins with the shekels and other pieces either Jewish or foreign intermixed may settle the question not only of contemporaneity, but of actual date. The fact of the coins of the fourth year bearing upon them the legend, "The redemption of Zion," as well as the shape of some of the letters, points to these coins belonging to a later date than the shekels. At the same time the fabric looks as if they were of earlier date than the coins of the revolts, shortly to be mentioned.

Of John Hyrcanus, Judas Aristobulus and Alexander Jannæus there are numerous copper coins of undoubted attribution. The Herods and Agrippas are also well represented; but among the most interesting, and at the same time perplexing coins of the series are those which were struck under the revolts against the Roman power, from A.D. 66 to 70, under Vespasian, and again under Hadrian, from A.D. 132 to 135. Without entering into any details with regard to these coins, it may be worth while to mention some of the devices upon them and to add a few words as to their palæographical bearing. Although portraits occur on coins of some of the Idumæan princes, the representations of any living creature is carefully avoided on all the more purely Jewish pieces. A favorite device is the palm-tree, like which "the righteous shall flourish"; though this was also a common device on coins of Carthage. The *tulab*, or bunch of "branches of goodly trees," and the *shrog*, or citron, such as were carried at the Feast of Tabernacles, also make their appearance on the coins. The vine-leaf and the bunch of grapes, probably typical of "the vineyard of the Lord of hosts, being the house of Israel, and the men of Judah His pleasant plant," are often represented. The flagons and cups, and the lyres or "stringed instruments" and trumpets, are probably symbolical of the Temple worship; and on some

of the shekels of the revolts we find a gateway which not improbably represents the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

From a palaeographical point of view the Jewish coinage is of great value as definitely fixing the ordinary forms of certain letters at given dates. It is worth while to note that while there is in the main a close correspondence between the letters on the early shekels and those on the Moabite stone, and on the inscription of Esmunazar, there is in the case of some letters on the copper coins of the Asmonæan family, which are regarded as being but a few years later in date, a marked divergence. This is notably the case with the letters *cheth*, *vau* and *shin*; and singularly enough these three letters revert to the forms employed on the silver shekels on some of the coins struck during the revolts, though the position of the letters is in some cases changed. Possibly the modification in the characters is due to their being so much smaller on the copper coins than on the silver. The persistence of the Phœnician, or, as it may here be called, the Jewish or Samaritan character, is well exemplified by the legend on the shekel. It is of course retrograde, or to be read from right to left. The legend stands

LFQWN LPW, but when reversed, and the position of some of the characters slightly altered it comes out as

ΣΡΛΞ ΣΡΑΛ, in which SQL ISRAL can at once be seen, especially by eyes to which the Greek *sigma* and *rho* are familiar.

Any notice of Mr. Madden's book would be incomplete without some reference to the Roman coins struck in commemoration of the Conquest of Judæa, of which excellent woodcuts are given. "Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps," while the captive warrior with his hands bound behind him, and his armor strewn upon the ground, admirably typifies "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" The sections devoted to money in the New Testament and to counterfeit Jewish coins will be read by many with interest, while the opening chapters on the early use of silver and gold, and on the invention of coined money, contain an excellent summary of our present knowledge. To the numismatist a work like the present is of special value, but we think that the ordinary student who neither knows nor cares in the smallest degree for coins as tangible objects for study or collection will find much to reward him for a perusal of the non-numismatic parts of the volume, while to the theologian, and especially to the student of Jewish history, much of the information here contained is almost indispensable.

#### ECONOMIC FOUNTAIN FOR AQUARIA.

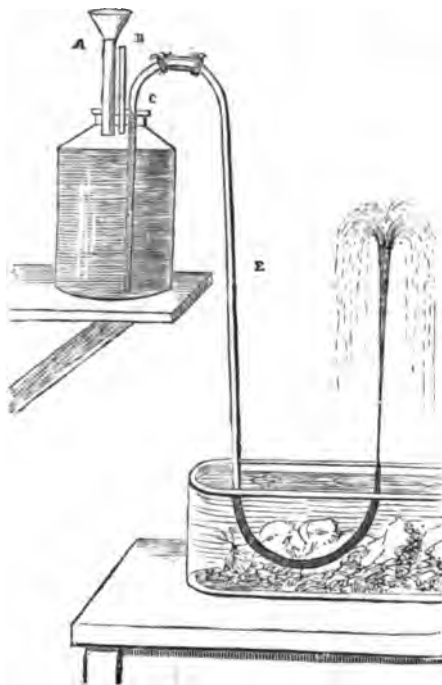
AS THE water in a marine aquarium requires aerating pretty frequently, and as syringing is too troublesome, an ingenious amateur has contrived a small fountain, of which we give a sketch and description.

*d* is a wide-mouthed bottle, in the cork of which are drilled three holes. Though these holes pass respectively the three glass tubes, *a*, *b* and *c*; the latter reaching nearly

to the bottom, the other two only passing through the cork. *a* is a wide tube with a funnel-shaped top, *b* is plain, and *c* is slightly bent at the top, where there is attached to it (by means of a piece of india-rubber tubing) a long tube, *e*, which is bent up and drawn to a point at its other extremity.

The cork and tubes should fit perfectly. To set the fountain in action, fill the bottle, and when it is full, continue to pour water gently into the funnel until it is above the level of the bend in the tube *c*, when a little will flow over into the long leg *e* of the siphon. The water will then of course continue to flow until the level of the water in the bottle falls below the mouth of the tube *c*.

The tube *b* is for the escape of the air while filling. Care should be taken to keep the bottle clean, and free from particles of sand and grit, or these will get into the pipe and stop the jet. It will be found very useful in any aquarium.



ECONOMIC FOUNTAIN FOR PAPER AQUARIA.

#### DESCRIPTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.—

The following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced His ministry by Publicus Lentulus, the Governor of Judæa, to the Senate of Rome—Cæsar, Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write home any event of importance which transpired while he held office: "There appeared in these our days a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but His own disciples call Him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of the filbert when fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is more Orient of

color, curling and waving about His shoulders; in the middle of His head is a seam or partition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; His face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; His nose and mouth are exactly formed; His beard is of the color of His hair, and thick, not of any great height, but forked. In reproving, He is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen Him laugh, but many have seen Him weep. A man, for His surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men."

—*Ex.*

A WISE REPLY.—One day John Newton was asked what he thought about the origin of sin. He replied: "I never think about it. I know there is such a thing as sin in the world, and I know there is a remedy for it; and there my knowledge begins, and there my knowledge ends."

THINK more of thy unnumbered mercies than of thy easy-reckoned crosses.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.



## WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE hot dreamy days rose and sank in Yrndaale. Hester would wake in the morning oppressed with the feeling that there was something she ought to have begun long ago, and must positively set about this new day. Then as her inner day cleared, she would afresh recognize her duty as that of those who stand and wait. She had no great work to do—only the common family duties of the day, and her own education for what might be the will of Him who, having made her for something, would see that the possibility of that something should not be wanting. In the heat of the day she would seek a shady spot with a book for a companion—generally some favorite book, for she was not one of those who say of one book as of another—"Oh, I've read that!" It was some time before she came to like any particular spot; so many drew her, and the spirit of exploration in that which was her own was strong in her. Under the shadow of some rock, the tent-roof of some umbrageous beech, or the solemn gloom of some pine-grove, the brooding spirit of the Summer would day after day find her when the sun was on the height of his great bridge, and fill her with the sense of that repose in which alone she herself can work. And regularly as she went to bed at night and left it in the morning, she went from the tea-table in the afternoon to her piano, and there, through all the sweet evening movements and atmospheric changes of the brain would meditate aloud, or brood aloud over the musical meditations of some master in harmony. And oftener than she knew, especially in the twilight, when the days had grown shorter, and his mother feared for him the falling dew, would Mark be somewhere in the dusk listening to her, a lurking cherub, feeding on her music—sometimes ascending on its upward torrent to a solitude where only God could find him.

At such time the thought of Vavasor would come, and for a while remain; but it was chiefly as one who would be a welcome helper in her work. When for the time she had had enough of music, softly as she would have covered a child, she would close her piano, then glide like a bat into the night, and wander hither and thither through the gloom without conscious choice. Then most would she think what it would be to have a man for a friend, one who would strengthen her heart and make her bold to do what was needful and right; and if then the thoughts of the maiden would fall to the natural architecture of maidens, and build one or two of the airy castles into which no man has looked or can look, and if through them went fitting the form of Vavasor, who will wonder!

One evening toward the end of July Hester was sitting under a fir-tree on the gathered leaves of numberless years, pine-odors filling the air around her, as if they, too, stole out with the things of the night when the sun was gone. It happened that a man came late in the day to tune her piano, and she had left him at his work, and wandered up the hill in the last of the sunlight. All at once the wind awoke, and began to sing the strange, thin, monotonous Elysian ghost-song of the pine-wood—for she sat in a little grove of pines, and they were all around her. The sweet melancholy of the hour moved her spirit. So close was her heart to that of nature that, when alone with it, she seldom or never longed for her piano; she had the music,

and did not need to hear it. As she sat in music-haunted reverie, she heard a slight rustle on the dry carpet around her feet, and the next moment saw dark in the gloom the form of a man. She was startled, but he spoke instantly; it was Vavasor. She was still, and could not answer for a moment.

"I am so sorry I frightened you!" he said.

"It is nothing," she returned. "Why can't one help being silly? I don't see why ladies should ever be frightened more than gentlemen."

"Men are quite as easily startled as ladies," he answered, "though perhaps they come to themselves a little quicker. Nothing is more startling than to find some one near when you thought you were alone."

"Except," said Hester, "finding yourself alone when you thought some one was near. But how did you find me?"

"They told me at the house you were somewhere in this direction. Mark had followed you apparently some distance. So I ventured to come and look for you, and—something led me right. But all the time I seem going to lose myself instead of finding you."

"It might be both," returned Hester; "for I don't at all know my way with certainty, especially in the dusk. We are on the shady side of the hill, you see."

"I cannot have lost myself if I have found you," rejoined Vavasor, but did not venture to carry the speech further.

"It is time we were moving," said Hester, "seeing we are both so uncertain of the way. Who knows we may reach the house!"

"Do let us risk it a few minutes longer," said Vavasor. "This is delicious. Just think a moment; this is my first burst from the dungeon-land of London for a whole year! This is paradise! I could fancy I was dreaming of fairy-land! But it is such an age since you left London, that I fear you must be getting used to it, and will scarcely understand my delight!"

"It is only the false fairyland of mechanical inventors," replied Hester, "that children ever get tired of. And yet I don't know," she added, correcting herself: "it is true that the things that delight Saffy are a contempt to Mark; but I am sorry to say the things Mark delights in, Saffy says are so dull; there is scarcely a giant in them!"

As they talked Vavasor had seated himself on the fir-spoil beside her. She asked him about his journey, and about Cornelius; then told him how she came to be there instead of at her piano.

"The tuner must have finished by this time!" she said; "let us go and try his work!"

So saying she rose, and was on her feet before Vavasor. The way seemed to reveal itself to her as they went, and they were soon at home.

The next fortnight Vavasor spent at Yrndaale. In those those days Nature had the best chance with him she had yet had since first he came into her dominions.

On one evening, after almost a surfeit of music, if one dare, un-self-accused, employ such a word concerning a holy thing, they went out to wander a little about the house in the twilight.

"In such a still, soft negative of life," he said, "as such an evening gives us, one could almost doubt whether there

was indeed such a constantly recurring phenomenon in nature as I saw this morning!"

"What did you see this morning?" asked Hester, wondering.

"I saw the sun rise," he answered.

"Did you, really? I'm so glad! That is a sight rarely seen in London—at least if I may judge by my own experience."

"One goes to bed so late and so tired!" he replied simply.

"True! and even if one be up in time, where could you see it from?"

"I *have* seen it rise coming home from a dance; but then somehow you don't seem to have anything to do with it. I have, however, often smelt the hay in the streets in the morning."

Hester was checked by this mention of the hay—as if the sun was something that belonged to the country, like the grass he withered; but ere she had time to explain to herself what she felt, the next thing he said got her over it.

"I assure you I felt as if I had never seen the sun before. His way of getting up was a new thing to me altogether. He seemed to mean shining—and somehow I felt that he did. In London he always looks indifferent—just as if he had got it to do, and couldn't help it, like everybody else in the horrible place. Who is it that says, "God made the country, and man made the town"?"

"I think it was Cowper, but I'm not sure," answered Hester. "It can't be quite true, though. I suspect man has more to do with the unmaking than the making of either. We have reason to be glad he has not come near enough to us yet to destroy either our river or our atmosphere."

"He is creeping on, though. The quarries are not very far from you even now."

"The quarries do little or no harm. There are a great many things man may do that only make nature show her beauty the more. I have been thinking a good deal about it lately: it is the rubbish that makes all the difficulty—the refuse of the mills and the pits, and the iron-works and the potteries that does all the mischief."

"So it is! and worst of all the human rubbish—especially that which gathers in our great cities, and gives so much labor in vain to clergymen and philanthropists!"

Hester smiled—not that she was pleased with the way Vavasor spoke, for she could not but believe he would in his *rubbish* include many of her dear people, but that she was amused at his sympathetic tone toward the clergy as generally concerned in the matter. For she had had a little experience, and had listened to much testimony from such as knew, and firmly believed that the clergy were very near the root of the evil; and that not with the hoe and weeder, but with the watering-pot and artificial manure, helping largely to convert the poor—into beggars, and the lawless into hypocrites, heaping cairn upon cairn on the grave of their poor, prostrate buried souls. But thank God, it was by the few but fast increasing exceptions that she knew what the rest were doing!

But perhaps he meant only the wicked when he used the word.

"What do you mean by the human rubbish, Mr. Vavasor?" she asked.

He saw he must be careful, and would fence a little.

"Don't you think," he said, slowly, and measuring his words, "that in the body politic there is something analogous to the waste in matter?"

"Certainly," she answered. "Only we might differ as to the persons who were to be classed in it. I think we

should be careful of our judgment as to when that state has been reached. I fancy that it is just the one thing the human faculty is least able to cope with. None but God can read in a man what he really is. It cannot be a safe thing to call human beings, our own kith and kin, born into the same world with us, and under the same laws of existence, *rubbish*."

"I see what you mean," said Vavasor to Hester. But to himself said, "Good heavens!"

"You see," Hester went on—they were walking in the dark dusk, she before him in a narrow path among the trees, whence she was able both to think and speak more freely than if they had been looking in each other's face in the broad daylight—"you see, rubbish with life in it is an awkward thing to deal with. Rubbish proper is that out of which the life, so far at least as we can see, is gone; and this loss of life has rendered it useless, so that it cannot even help the growth of life in other things. But suppose, on the one hand, this rubbish, say that which lies about the mouth of a coal-pit, could be by some process made to produce the most lovely flowers, or that, on the other hand, if neglected, it would bring out the most horrible weeds of poison, infecting the air, or say, horrible creeping things, then the word *rubbish* would mean either too much or too little; for it means what can be put to no use, and what is noxious by its mere presence, its ugliness and immediate defilement. You see, Mr. Vavasor, I have been thinking a great deal about all this kind of thing. It is my business, in a way."

"But you would not allow that the time comes when nothing can be done with them?"

"I will not allow it of any I have to do with, at least before I can say with confidence I have done all I can. After that another may be able to do more. And who shall say when God can do no more—God who takes no care of himself, and is laboriously working to get His children home."

"I confess," said Vavasor, "the condition of our poor in our large towns is the great question of the day."

"Which every one is waking up to talk about," said Hester, and said no more.

For, as one who tried to do something, she did not like to go on and say that if all who found the question interesting, would instead of talking about it do what they could, not to its solution but to its removal, they would at least make their mark on the *rubbish* heap, of which not all the wind of words would in ten thousand years blow away a spadeful.

Vavasor began to think that if ever the day came when he might approach Hester "as a suitor for her hand," he must be very careful over what he called her philanthropic craze. But if ever he should in earnest set about winning her, he had full confidence in the artillery he could bring to the siege: he had not yet made any real effort to gain her affections. Neither had a doubt that, having succeeded, all would be easy, and he could do with her much as he pleased. He had no anxiety concerning the philanthropic craze thereafter. His wife, once introduced to such society as would then be her right, would speedily be cured of any such extravagance or enthusiasm as gave it the character of folly.

Under the influence of the lovely place, of the lovely weather, and of his admiration for Hester, the latent poetry of his nature awoke with increasing rapidity; and, this re-acting on its partial occasion, he was growing more and more in love with Hester. He was now, to use the phrase with which he confessed the fact to himself, "over head and ears in love with her," and notwithstanding the difficulties in his way, it was a pleasant experience to him:

like most who have gone through the same, he was at this time nearer knowing what bliss may be than he had ever been before. Most men have the gates thus once opened to them a little way, that they may have what poor suggestion may be given them, by their closing again, of how far off they are from them.

And it began to grow plain to him that now his aunt could no longer look upon the idea of such an alliance, as she must *naturally* have regarded it before. It was a very different thing to see her in the midst of such grounds and in such a house, with all the old-fashioned comforts and luxuries of ancient and prosperous family around her, and in that of a toiling *littérateur* in the dingy region of Bloomsbury, where everything was—of course respectable in a way, but that way a very inferior and—well, snuffy kind of way—where indeed you could not dissociate the idea of smoke and brokers' shops from the newest bonnet on Hester's queenly head! If he could get his aunt to see her in the midst of these surroundings, then her beauty would have a chance of working its natural effect upon her, tuned here to its "right praise and true perfection." She was not a jealous woman, and was ready to admire where she could, but not the less would keep even beauty at arm's length when prudence recommended: here, thought Vavasor, prudence would hold her peace. He would at least himself stand amidst no small amount of justification.

By degrees, and without any transition marked of Hester, emboldened mainly by the influences of the soft, dusky twilight, he came to speak with more warmth and nearer approach. His heart was tuned above its ordinary pitch, and he was borne a captive slave in the triumph of Nature's hour.

"How strangely this loveliness seems to sink into the soul," he said one evening, when the bats were coming and going like thoughts that refuse to take shape and be shared, and when with intensest listening you could not be sure whether it was a general murmur of nature you heard, low in her sleep, or only the strained nerves of your own being imitating that which was not.

"For the moment," he went on, "you seem to be the soul of that which is around you, yet oppressed with the weight of its vastness, and unable to account for what is going on in it."

"I think I understand you," returned Hester. "It is strange to feel at once so large and so small; but I presume that is how all true feeling seems to itself."

"You are right," responded Vavasor; "for when one loves, how it exalts his whole being, yet in the presence of the woman he worships, how small he feels, and how unworthy!"

For the first time in her life Hester felt, nor knew what it was, a vague pang of jealousy. Whatever certain others may think, there are women who, having had their minds constantly filled with true and earnest things, have come for years to woman's full dignity, without having even speculated on what it may be to be in love. Such, therefore, are somewhat in the dark when first it begins to show itself within themselves; that it should be within them, they having never invited its presence, adds to their perplexity. She was silent, and Vavasor, whose experience was scarcely so valuable as her ignorance, judged he might venture a little further. But with all his experience in the manufacture of compliments and in high-flown poetry, he was now at a loss; he had no fine theories of love to talk from! Love was with him, *at its best*, the something that preceded marriage—after which, whatever boys and girls might think, and although, of course, to a beautiful wife like Hester he could never imagine himself false, it must take its chance. But as he sat beside God's loveliest idea,

exposed to the mightiest enchantment of life, little imagining it an essential heavenly decree for the redemption of the souls of men, he saw, for broken moments, and with half-dazed glimpses, into the eternal, and spoke as one in a gracious dream:

"If one might sit for ever thus!" he said, almost in a whisper—"for ever and ever, needing nothing, desiring nothing! lost in perfect, in absolute bliss! so peacefully glad that you do not want to know what other joy lies behind! so content, that if you were told there was no other bliss, you would but say, 'I am the more glad; I want no other! I refuse all else! let the universe hear, and trouble me with none! This and naught else ought ever to be—on and on! to the far-away end. The very soul of me is music, and needs not the softest sound of earth to keep it alive.'"

At that moment came a sigh of the night-wind, and bore to their ears the whispered moan of the stream away in the hollow, as it broke its being into voice over the pebbly troubles of its course. It came with a swell, and a faint sigh through the pines, and they woke and answered it with yet more ethereal voice.

"Still! still!" said Vavasor, apostrophizing the river as if it were a live thing and understood him; "do not speak to me. I cannot attend even to your watery murmur. A sweeter music, born of the motions of my own spirit, fills my whole hearing. Be content with thy flowing as I am content with my being. Would that God in the mercy of a God would make this moment eternal!"

He ceased, and was silent.

Hester could not help being thrilled by the rhythm, moved by the poetic phrase, and penetrated by the air of poetic thought that pervaded the utterance—which would doubtless indeed have entranced many a smaller woman than herself, yet was not altogether pleased. Never yet had she reached anything like a moment concerning which even in transient mood she could pray, "Let it last for ever!" Nor was the present within sight of any reason why she should not wish it to make way for a better behind it. But the show of such feeling in Vavasor was at least the unavailing of a soul of song in him, of such a nature, such a relation to upper things that he must one day come to feel the highest, and know a bliss beyond all feeble delights of the mere human imagination. She must not be captious and contrary with the poor fellow, she thought—that would be as bad as to throw aside her poor people: he was afflicted with the same poverty that gave all the sting to theirs! To be a true woman she must help all she could help—rich or poor, nor show favor. "Thou shalt not countenance a poor man in his cause."

"I do not quite understand you," she said. "I can scarcely imagine the time should ever come when I should wish it, or even be content that it should last for ever."

"Have you had so little happiness?" he asked, sympathetically.

I do not mean that," she replied. "Indeed I have had a great deal—more than all but a very few, I should imagine. But I do not think much of happiness. Perhaps that is a sign—I dare say it is—that I have not had much of what is not happiness. But no amount of happiness that I have known yet would make me wish the time to stand still. I want to be always growing—and while one is growing Time cannot stand if he would like it better put in that way, to be always becoming more and more capable of happiness. Whether I have it or not, I must be and ought to be capable of it.

"Ah!" returned Vavasor, "you are as usual out of sight beyond me. You must take pity on me and carry me with you, else you will leave me miles behind, and I shall



never look on you again; and what eternity would be to me without your face to look at, God only knows. There will be no punishment necessary for me but to know that there is a gulf I cannot pass between us."

"But why should it be so?" answered Hester, almost tenderly. "Our fate is in our own hands. It is ours to determine the direction in which we shall go. I don't want to preach to you, dear Mr. Vavasor, but so much surely one friend may say to another! Why should not every one be reasonable enough to seek the one best thing, and then there would be no parting? whereas all the love and friendship in the world would not suffice to keep people together if they were inwardly parted by such difference as you imply."

Vavasor's heart was touched in two ways by this simple speech—first, in the best way in which it was at the moment capable of being touched; for he could not help thinking for a moment what a blessed thing it must be to feel good and have no weight upon you—as this lovely girl plainly did, and live like her in perfect fearlessness of whatever might be going to happen to you. Religion would be better than endurable in the company of such an embodiment of it! He might even qualify for some distinction in it with such a teacher! Second, in the way of self-satisfaction; for clearly she was not disinclined to be on terms of closer intimacy with him. And as she made the advance why should he not accept, if not the help, yet the offer of the help she had almost made? That would and could bind him to nothing. He understood her well enough to have no slightest suspicion of any coquetry such as a fool like Cornelius would have imagined. He was, nevertheless, a fool, also, only of another and deeper sort. It needs brains to be a real fool!

From that night he placed himself more than ever in the position of a pupil toward her, hoping in the natural effect of the intimacy. To keep up and deepen the relation, he would go on imagining himself in this and that difficulty, such as he was never really in, or even quite knew that he was not in. He was no conscious hypocrite in the matter—only his intellect alone was concerned where he talked as if his being was. No answer he could have had would have had the smallest effect on the man Vavasor—only determined what he would say next. Hester kept trying to meet him as simply and directly as she could, although to meet these supposed difficulties she was unconsciously compelled to transform them, in order to get a hold of them at all, into something the nearest like them that she understood—still something very different from anything in Vavasor's thoughts. But what she said made no difference to him, so long as she would talk to him. And talk she did, sometimes with an affectionate fervor of whose very possibility he had had no idea. So long as she would talk, he cared not a straw whether she understood what he had said; and with all her misconception, she understood it better than he did himself. Thus her growing desire to wake in him the better life brought herself into relations with him which had an earthly side, as everything heavenly of necessity has; for this life also is God's, and the hairs of our heads are numbered.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE afternoon when Vavasor was in his room, writing a letter to his aunt, in which he described in not too glowing terms, for he knew exaggeration would only give her a handle, the loveliness of the retreat among the hills where he was spending his holiday—when her father was in his study, her mother in her own room, and the children out of doors, a gentleman was shown in upon her as

she sat alone in the drawing-room at her piano, not playing but looking over some books of old music she had found in the house. The servant apologized, saying he thought she was out. The visitor being already in the room, the glance she threw on the card the man had given her had had time to teach her little or nothing with regard to him when she had advanced to receive him. The name on the card was, *Major H. G. Marvel*. She vaguely thought she had heard it, but in the suddenness of the meeting was unable to recall a single idea concerning the owner of it. She saw before her a man whose decidedly podgy figure yet bore a military air, and was not without a certain grace of confidence. For his bearing was even marked by the total absence of any embarrassment, anxiety, or any even of that air of apology which one individuality seems almost to owe to another. At the same time there was not a suspicion of truculence or even repulse in his carriage. There was self-assertion, but not of the antagonistic—solely of the inviting sort. His person beamed with friendship. Notably above the middle height, the impression of his stature was reduced by a too great development of valor in the front of his person, which must always have met the enemy considerably in advance of the rest of him. On the top of rather asthmatic-looking shoulders was perched a head that looked small for the base from which it rose, and the smaller that it was an evident proof of the derivation of the word *bald*, by Chaucer spelled *balled*; it was round and smooth and shining like ivory, and the face upon it was brought by the help of the razor into as close a resemblance with the rest of the ball as possible. The said face was a pleasant one to look at—of features altogether irregular—a retreating and narrow forehead over keen gray eyes that sparkled with intelligence and fun, prominent cheek-bones, a nose thick in the base and considerably elevated at the point, a large mouth always ready to show a set of white, regular, serviceable teeth—the only regular arrangement in the whole facial economy—and a chin whose original character was rendered doubtful by its *duplicité*—physical, I mean, with no hint at the moral.

"Cousin Hester!" he said, advancing, and holding out his hand.

Mechanically she gave him hers. The voice that addressed her was at once a little husky, and very cheery; the hand that took hers was small and soft and kind and firm. A merry, friendly-smile lighted up eyes and face as he spoke. Hester could not help liking him at first sight—yet felt a little shy of him. She thought she had heard her mother speak of a cousin somewhere abroad; this must be he—if indeed she did remember any such!

"You don't remember me," he said. "It would be rather too much to expect, seeing you were not in this world, wherever else you may have been, for a year or two after I left the country: and, to tell the truth, had I been asked, I should have objected to your appearance on any terms."

As this speech did not seem to carry much enlightenment with it, he went on to explain. "The fact is, my dear young lady, that I left the country because your mother and I were too much of one mind."

"Of one mind?" said Hester, bewildered.

"Ah, you don't understand!" said the major, who was all the time standing before her with the most polite though confident bearing. "The thing, you see, was this: I liked your mother better than myself, and so did she; and without any jealousy of one another, it was not an arrangement for my happiness. I had the choice between two things, stopping at home and breaking my heart by seeing her the wife of another man, and going away,

and getting over it the best way I could. So you see, I must by nature be your sworn enemy, only it's of no use, for I've fallen in love with you at first sight. So now, if you will ask me to sit down, I will swear to let bygones be bygones and be your true knight and devoted servant as long as I live. How you do remind me of your mother, only you're twice as handsome."

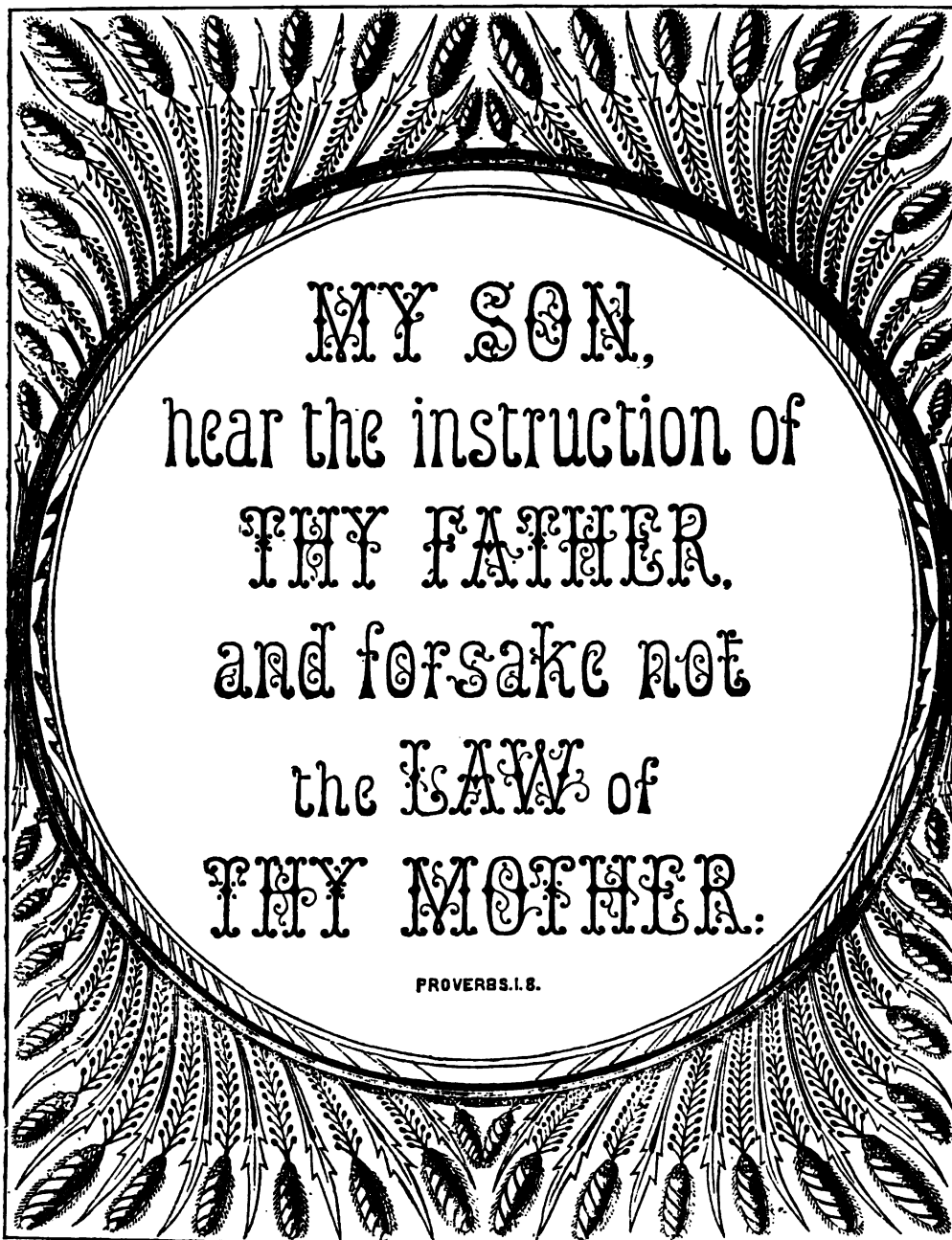
"Do pray sit down, Mr. Marly—"

gether refreshing: it's as hot as the tropics! But I am well repaid—even without the sherry."

As he spoke, he was wiping his round head all over with a red silk handkerchief.

"I will get it at once, and let my mother know you are here," said Hester, turning to the door.

"No, no, never mind your mother; I dare say she is busy, or lying down. She always went to lie down at this



"Marvel, if you please," interrupted the major; "and I'm sure it's a great marvel if not a great man I am, after what I've come through! But don't you marvel at me too much, for I'm a very good sort of fellow when you know me. And if you could let me have a glass of water, with a little sherry just to take the taste off it, I should be greatly obliged to you. I have had to walk further for the sight of you than on such a day as this I find alto-

time of the day; she was never very strong, you know; though I don't doubt it was quite as much to get rid of me. I shouldn't wonder if she thought me troublesome in those days. But I bear no malice now, and I hope she doesn't, either. Tell her I say so. It's more than five-and-twenty years ago, though to me it don't seem more than so many weeks. Don't disturb your mother, my dear. But if you insist on doing so, tell her old Harry is

come to see her—very much improved since she turned him about his business."

Hester told a servant to take the sherry and the water to the drawing-room, and, much amused, ran to find her mother.

"There's the strangest gentleman down-stairs, mamma, calling himself old Harry. He's having some sherry and water in the drawing-room! I never saw such an odd man!"

Her mother laughed—a pleased little laugh.

"Go to him, Hester dear, and say I shall be down directly."

"Is he really a cousin, mamma?"

"To be sure—my second cousin! He was very fond of me once."

"Oh, he has told me all about that already. He says you sent him about his business."

"If that means that I wouldn't marry him, it is true enough. But he doesn't know what I went through for always taking his part. I always stood up for him, though I never could bear him near me. He was such an odd, good-natured bear! such a rough sort of creature! always saying the thing he ought not, and making everybody, ladies especially, uncomfortable! He never meant any harm, but never saw where fun should stop. You wouldn't believe the vulgar things Harry would say out of pure fun!—especially if; he got hold of a very stiff old maid; he would tease her till he got her in a passion. But if she began to cry, then Harry had the worst of it, and was as penitent as any good child. I dare say he's much improved by this time."

"He told me to tell you he was. But if he is much improved—well, what he must have been! I like him though, mamma—I suppose because you liked him a little. So take care you are not too hard upon him; I am going to take him up now."

"I make over my interest in him, and have no doubt he will be pleased enough with the change, for a man can't enjoy finding an old woman where he had all the time been imagining a young one. But I must warn you, Hester, as he seems to have made a conquest of you already, that he has in the meantime been married to a black—or at least a very brown Hindoo woman."

"That's nothing to his discredit with you, mamma, I hope. Has he brought her home with him, I wonder?"

"She has been dead now some ten years. I believe he had a large fortune with her, which he has since, by judicious management, increased considerably. He is really a good-hearted fellow, and was kind to every one of his own relations, as long as there was one left to be kind to."

"Well, I shall go back to him, mamma, and tell him you are coming as soon as you have got your wig and your newest lace-cap on, and your cheeks rouged and pearl-powdered, to look as like the lady that would none of him as you can."

Her mother laughed merrily, and pretended to box her daughter's ears. It was not often any mood like this arose between them; for not only were they serious in heart, but from temperament, and history, and modes, and direction of thought, their ways were serious as well. Yet who may so well break out in childlike merriment as those whose life has in it no moth-eaten Mammon-pits, who have no fear, no greed, and live with a will—rising like the sun to fill the day with the work given them to do!

"Look what I have brought you, cousin," said Major Marvel, the moment Hester re-entered the room, holding out to her a small necklace. "You needn't mind taking them from an old fellow like me. It don't mean I want to marry you off-hand before I know what sort of a temper you've got. Take them."

Hester drew near, and looked at the necklace.

"Take it," said the major again.

"How strangely beautiful it is!—all red, pear-shaped, dull, scratched-looking stones, hanging from a savage-looking gold chain! What are they, Mr. Marvel?"

"You've described it like a book!" he said. "It is a barbarous native necklace—but they are fine rubies—only rough—neither cut nor polished."

"It is beautiful," repeated Hester. Did you really mean it for me?"

"Of course I did!"

"I will ask mamma if I may keep it."

"Where's the good of that? I hope you don't think I stole it? Though faith there's a good deal that's like stealing goes on where that comes from! But here comes the mother! Helen, I'm so glad to see you once more!"

Hester slipped away with the necklace in her hand, and left her mother to welcome her old admirer before she would trouble her about the offered gift. They met like trusting friends whom years had done nothing to separate, and while they were yet talking of bygone times, Mr. Raymount entered, received him cordially, and insisted on his remaining with them as long as he could; they were old friends, although rivals, and there never had been any ground for bitterness between them. The major agreed; Mr. Raymount sent to the station for his luggage, and showed him to a room.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

AS MAJOR MARVEL, for all the rebuffs he had met with, had not yet learned to entertain the smallest doubt as to his personal acceptability, so he was on his part most catholic in his receptivity. But there were persons whom from the first glance he disliked, and then his dislike was little short of loathing. I suspect they were such as found the heel of his all but invulnerable vanity and wounded it. Not accustomed to be hurt, it resented hurt when it came the more sorely. He was in one sense, and that not a slight one, a true man: there was no discrepancy, unfitness between his mental conditions and the clothing in which those conditions presented themselves to others. His words, looks, manners, tones and everything that goes to express man to man, expressed him. What he felt, that he showed. I almost think he was unaware of the possibility of doing otherwise. At the same time, he had very little insight into the feelings of others, and almost no sense of the possibility that the things he was saying might affect his listeners otherwise than they affected him. If he boasted, he meant to boast, and would scorn to look as if he did not know it was a good thing he was telling of himself: why not of himself as well as of another? He had no very ready sympathy with other people, especially in any suffering he had never himself experienced, but he was scrupulously fair in what he said or did in regard of them, and nothing was so ready to make him angry as any appearance of injustice or show of deception. He would have said that a man's first business was to take care of himself, as so many think who have not the courage to say it; and so many more who do not think it. But the major's conduct went far to cast contempt upon his selfish opinion.

During dinner he took the greater part of the conversation upon himself, and evidently expected to be listened to. But that was nearly all he wanted. Let him talk, and hear you laugh when he was funny, and he was satisfied. He seemed to have no inordinate desire for admiration, or even approbation. He was fond of telling tales of adventure, some wonderful, some absurd, some having nothing in them but his own presence, and occasionally, while the



detail was good the point for the sake of which it had been introduced would be missing; but he was just as willing to tell one, the joke of which turned against himself, as one amusing at the expense of another. Like many of his day who had spent their freshest years in India, he was full of the amusements and sports with which so much otherwise idle time is passed by Englishmen in the East, and seemed to think nothing connected with the habits of their countrymen there could fail of interest to those at home. Every now and then throughout the dinner, he would say, "Oh, that reminds me!" and then he would tell something that happened when he was at such or such a place, when So-and-So "of our regiment" was out tiger-shooting, or pig-sticking, or whatever the sport might be; "and if Mr. Raymount will take a glass of wine with me, I will tell him the story"—for he was constantly drinking wine, after the old fashion, with this or that one of the company.

When he and Vavasor were introduced to each other, he glanced at him, drew his eyebrows together, made his military bow, and included him among his listeners to his tales of exploit and adventure by sea and land.

Vavasor was annoyed at his presence—not that he much minded a little boring in such good company, or forgot that everything against another man was so much in his own favor; but he could not help thinking, "What would my aunt say to such a relative?" So while he retained the blindest expression, and was ready to drink as many glasses of wine with the newcomer as he wished, he set him down in his own mind not only as an ill-bred man and a boaster, in which there was some truth, but as a liar and a vulgar-minded man as well, in which there was little or no truth.

Now, although Major Marvel had not much ordinary insight into character, the defect arose mainly from his not feeling a deep enough interest in his neighbor; and if his suspicion or dislike was roused in respect of one, he was just as likely as any other ever is to arrive at a correct judgment concerning a man he does not love.

He had been relating a thrilling adventure with a man-eating tiger. He saw, as they listened, the eyes of little Mark and Effy had almost surpassed the use of eyes and become ears as well. He saw Hester also, who was still child enough to prefer a story of adventure to a love-tale, fixed as if, but for the way it was bound over to sobriety, her hair would have stood on end. But at one moment he caught also—surprised indeed a certain expression on the face of Vavasor, which that experienced man of the world never certainly intended to be so surprised, only at the moment he was annoyed to see the absorption of Hester's listening; she seemed to have eyes for no one but the man who shot tigers as Vavasor would have shot grouse. The major, who upon fitting occasion and good cause, was quarrelsome as any turkey-cook, swallowed something that was neither good, nor good for food, and said, but not quite so carelessly as he intended, "Ha, ha! I see by your eyes, Mr. Passover, you think I'm drawing the long bow—drawing the arrow to the head, eh?"

"No, 'pon my word!" said Vavasor, earnestly; "nothing further from my thoughts! I was only admiring the coolness of the man who would actually creep into the mouth of the—the—the jungle after a—what-you-call-him a man-eating tiger."

"Well, you see, what was a fellow to do?" returned the major, suspiciously. "The fellow wouldn't come out! and I wasn't the only fellow that wanted him out! Besides, I didn't creep in; I only looked in to see whether he was really there. That I could tell by the shining eyes of him."

"But is not a man-eating tiger a something tremendous, you know? When he once takes to that kind of diet, don't you know—they say he likes nothing else half so well! Good beef and mutton will no longer serve his turn, I've been told at the club. A man must be a very Munchausen to venture it."

"I don't know the gentleman—never heard of him," said the major; for Vavasor had pronounced the name German-fashion, and none of the listeners recognized that of the king of liars; "but you are quite mistaken in the character of the man-eating tiger. It is true he does not care for other food after once getting a passion for the more delicate; but it does not follow that the indulgence increases either his courage or his fierceness. The fact is, it ruins his moral nature. He does not get many Englishmen to eat; and it would seem as if the flesh of women and children, and poor cowardly natives, he devours, took its revenge upon him by undermining and destroying his natural courage. The fact is, he is well known for a sneak. I sometimes can't help thinking the ruffian knows he is a rebel against the law of his Maker, and a traitor to his natural master. The man-eating tiger and the rogue-elephant are the devils of their kind. The others leave you alone except you attack them; then they show fight. These attack you—but run—at least the tiger, not the elephant, when you go out after him. From the top of your elephant you may catch sight of him sneaking off with his tail tucked between his legs from cover to cover of the jungle, while they are beating up his quarters to drive him out. You can never get any sport out of him. He will never fly at your elephant, or climb a tree, or take to the water after you! If there's a creature on earth I hate, it's a coward!" concluded the major.

Said Vavasor to himself, "The man is a coward!"

"But why should you hate a coward so?" asked Hester, feeling at the moment, with the vision of a man-eating tiger before her, that she must herself come under the category. "How can a poor creature made without courage help being one? You can neither learn nor buy courage!"

"I am not so sure about the learning. But such as you mean, I wouldn't call cowards," returned the major. "Nobody thinks worse of the hare, or even the fox, for going away before the hounds. Men whose business it is to fight go away before the enemy when they have not a chance, and when it would do no good to stand and be cut down. To let yourself be killed when you ought not is to give up fighting. There is a time to run and a time to stand. But the man will run like a man and the coward like a coward."

Said Vavasor to himself, "I'll be bound you know when to run, at least!"

"What can harmless creatures do but run?" resumed the major, filling his glass with old port. "But when the wretch that has done all the hurt he could will not show fight for it, but turns tail the moment danger appears, I call him a contemptible coward. Man or beast, I would set my foot on him. That's what made me go into the hole to look after the brute."

"But he might have killed you, though he was a coward," said Hester, "when you did not leave him room to run."

"Of course he might, my dear! Where else would be the fun of it? Without that the thing would be no better than this shooting of pigeons and pheasants by men that would drop their guns if a cock were to fly in their faces. You had to kill him, you know! He's first cousin—the man-eating, or rather woman-eating tiger, to a sort that I understand abounds in the Zoological Gardens called

## THE CHILD TO THE WAVES.

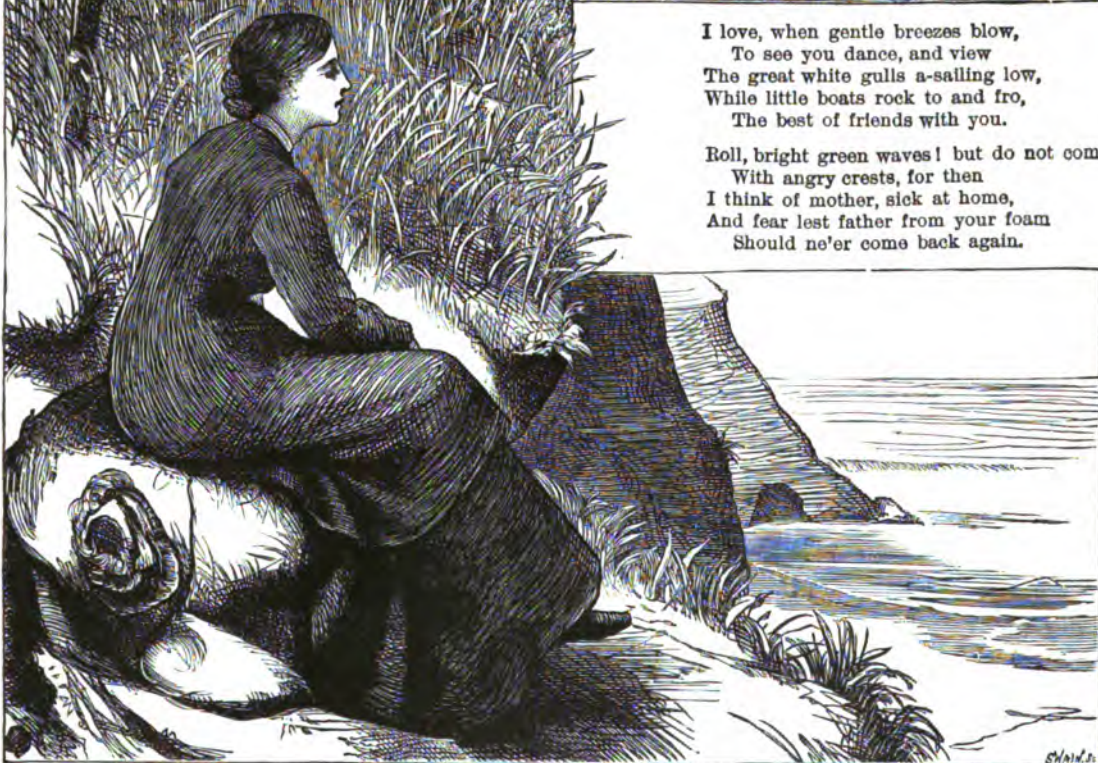
ROLL, bright green waves! across the bay,  
Sweep up like racers fleet;  
I love you in your harmless play,  
The diamond sparkle of your spray,  
And then your swift retreat.

A pleasant sound it is to me,  
When on your rocky shore  
I hear you, children of the sea,  
To your unchanging melody,  
Soft breaking evermore.



I love, when gentle breezes blow,  
To see you dance, and view  
The great white gulls a-sailing low,  
While little boats rock to and fro,  
The best of friends with you.

Roll, bright green waves! but do not come  
With angry crests, for then  
I think of mother, sick at home,  
And fear lest father from your foam  
Should ne'er come back again.



English society; if the woman be poor, he devours her at once; if she be rich, he marries her, and eats her slowly up at his ease in his den."

"How with the black wife!" thought Mr. Raymount, who had been little more than listening.

But Mr. Raymount did not really know anything about

that part of his old friend's history; it was scarcely to his discredit. The black wife, as he called her, was the daughter of an English merchant by a Hindoo wife, a young creature when first he made her acquaintance, unaware of her own power, and kept almost in slavery by the relatives of her deceased father, who had left her all his

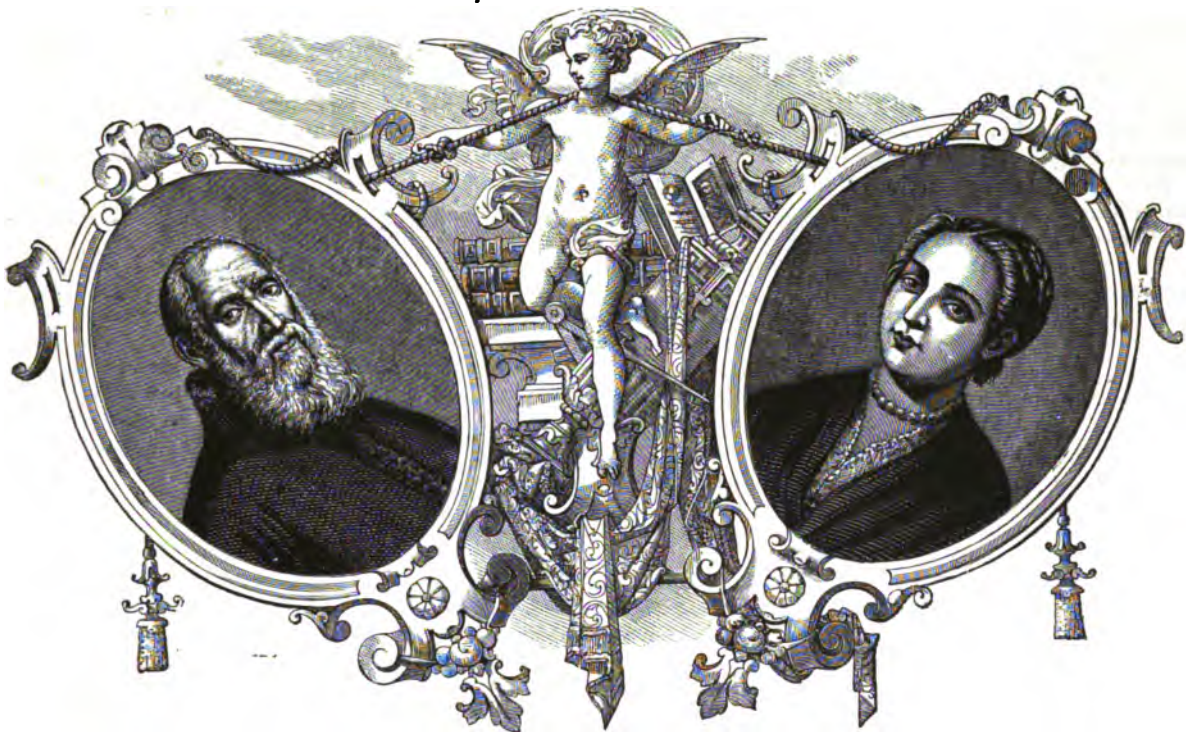


property. Major Marvel became acquainted and interested in her through a devilish attempt to lay the death of her father at her door. I believe the shine of her gold had actually blinded her relatives into imagining, I can scarcely say, *believing* her guilty. The major had taken her part and been of the greatest service to her. She was entirely acquitted. But although nobody believed her in the smallest degree guilty, *society* looked askance upon her. True, she was rich, but was she not black? and had she not been accused of a crime? And who saw her father and mother married? Then said the major to himself, "Here am I, a useless old fellow, living for nobody but myself! It would make one life at least happier if I took the poor thing home with me. She's rather too old, and I'm rather too young to adopt her; but I dare say she would marry me. She has a trifle, I believe, that would eke out my pay, and help us to live decently!" He did not know then that she had more than a very moderate income, but it turned out to be a very large fortune indeed

of creature, gracious as grand, and different from anything he had ever seen before. At the same time he unconsciously began to claim a property in her; to have loved the mother seemed to give him a right in the daughter, and that right there might be a way of making good. But all this was as yet only in the region of the feeling, not at all in that of the thinking.

In proportion as he was taken with the daughter of the house, he disliked the look of the fine-gentleman visitor that seemed to be dangling after her. Who he was, or in what capacity there, he did not know, but almost from the first sight profoundly disliked him, and the more as he saw more sign of his admiration of Hester. He might be a woman-hater, and after her money—if she had any; such suspects must be watched and followed, and their haunts marked.

"But," said Hester, fearing the conversation might here take a dangerous turn, "I should like to understand the thing a little better. I am not willing to set myself



TINTORETTO AND HIS DAUGHTER.—SEE PAGE 270.

when he came to inquire into things. That the major rejoiced over his fortune, I do not doubt; but that he would have been other than an honorable husband had he found she had nothing, I entirely disbelieve. When she left him the widowed father of a little girl, he mourned sincerely over her. When the child followed her mother, he was for some time a sad man, indeed. Then, as if her money was all he had left of her, and he must lead what was left of his life in its company, he went heartily into speculation with it, and at least doubled the fortune she brought him. He had now returned to his country to find almost every one of his old friends dead, or so changed as to make them all but dead to him. Little as any one would have imagined it from his conversation or manner, it was with a kind of heart-despair that he sought the cousin he had loved. And scarcely had he more than seen the daughter of his old love than, in the absence of almost all other personal interest, he was immediately taken possession of by her—saw at once that she was a grand sort

down as a coward; I do not see that a woman has any right to be a coward any more than a man. Tell me, Major Marvel—when you know that a beast may have you down, and begin eating you any moment, what is it that keeps you up? What have you to fall back upon? Is it principle, or faith, or what is it?

"Ho, ho!" said the major, laughing, "a metaphysician in the very bosom of my family! I had not reckoned upon that! Well, no, my dear, I cannot exactly say it is principle, and I am sure it is not faith. You don't think about it at all. It's partly your elephant, and partly your rifle—and partly, perhaps—well, there, I dare say comes in something of principle—that as an Englishman you are sent to that benighted quarter of the world to kill their big vermin for them, poor things! But no, you don't think of that at the time. You've got to kill him—that's it. And then when he comes roaring on, your rifle jumps to your shoulder of itself." Digitized by Google

"Do you make up your mind beforehand that if the



ferocious animal should kill you, it is all right?" inquired Hester.

"By no means, I give you my word of honor," answered the major, laughing.

"Well, now," answered Hester, "except I had made up my mind that if I was killed it was all right, I couldn't meet the tiger."

"But, you see, my dear," said the major, "you do not know what it is to have confidence in your eye and your rifle. It is a form of power that you soon come to feel as resting in yourself—a power to destroy the thing that opposes you!"

Hester fell a-thinking, and the talk went on without her. She never heard the end of the story, but was roused by the laughter that followed it.

"It was no tiger at all—that was the joke of the thing," said the major. "There was a roar of laughter when the brute—a great lumbering, floundering hyena, rushed into the daylight. But the barrel of my rifle was bitten together as a schoolboy does a pen—a quill-pen, I mean. They have horribly powerful jaws, those hyenas."

"And what became of the man-eater?" asked Mark, with a disappointed look.

"Stopped in the hole till it was safe to come out and go on with his delicate meals."

"Just imagine that horrible growl behind you, as if it came out of a whole mine of teeth inside!"

"By George! for a young lady," said the major, "you have an imagination! Too much of that, you know, won't go to make you a good hunter of tigers!"

"Then you owe your coolness to want of imagination?" suggested Hester.

"Perhaps so. Perhaps, after all," returned the major, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "we hunters are but a set of stupid fellows—too stupid to be reasonably frightened!"

"I don't mean that exactly. I think that perhaps you do not know so well as you might where your courage comes from. For my part, I would rather be courageous to help the good than to destroy the bad."

"Ah, but we're not all good enough ourselves for that," said the major, with a serious expression, and looking at her full out of his clear eyes, from which their habitual twinkle of fun had for the moment vanished. "Some of us are only fit to destroy what is yet worse than ourselves."

"To be sure we can't *make* anything," said Hester, thoughtfully, "but we can help God to make. To destroy evil things is good, but the worst things can only be destroyed by being good, and that is so hard!"

"It *is* hard," said the major—"so hard that most people never try it!" he added, with a sigh, and a gulp of his wine.

Mrs. Raymount rose, and with Hester and the children withdrew. After they were gone the major rattled on again, his host putting in a word now and then, and Vavasor sat silent, with an expression that seemed to say, "I am amused, but I don't eat all that is put on my plate."

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE major had indeed taken a strong fancy to Hester, and during the whole of his visit kept as near her as he could, much to the annoyance of Vavasor. Doubtless it was in part to keep the other from her that he himself sought her: the major did not take to Vavasor. There was a natural repulsion between them. Vavasor thought the major a most objectionable, indeed low fellow, full of brag and vulgarity, and the major thought Vavasor a

supercilious idiot. It is curious how differently a man's character will be read by two people in the same company, but it is not hard to explain, seeing his carriage to the individual affects only the man who is the object of it, and is seldom observed by the other; like a man, and you will judge him with more or less fairness; dislike him, fairly or unfairly, and you cannot fail to judge him unjustly. All deference and humility toward Hester and her parents, Vavasor, without ceasing for a moment to be conventionally polite, allowed Major Marvel to see unmistakably that his society was not welcome to the man who sat opposite him. Entirely ignorant each of the other's pursuits, and nearly incapable of sympathy upon any point, each would have gladly shown the other to be the fool he counted him. Only the major being the truer man, was able to judge the man of the world with a better gauge than he could apply in return. Each watched the other—the major annoyed with the other's silent pretension, and disgusted with his ignorance of everything in which he took an interest, and Vavasor regarding the major as a narrow-minded, overgrown schoolboy—though, in fact, his horizon was very much wider than his own—and disgusted with the vulgarity which made even those who knew his worth a little anxious every time he opened his mouth. He did not offend very often, but one never knew when he might not. The offense never hurt, only rendered the sensitive, and others for their sakes, uncomfortable.

After breakfast the next day, they all but Mr. Raymount went out for a little walk together.

It seemed destined to be a morning of small adventures. As they passed the gate of the Home Farm, out rushed, all of a sudden, a half-grown pig right between the well-parted legs of the major, with the awkward consequence that he was thrown backward, and fell into a place which, if he had had any choice, he certainly would not have chosen for the purpose. A look of keen gratification rose in Vavasor's face, but was immediately remanded; he was much too well bred to allow it to remain. With stony countenance he proceeded to offer assistance to the fallen hero, who, however, heavy as he was, did not require it, but got cleverly on his feet again with a cheerfulness which discomfited discomfiture, and showed either a sweetness or a command of temper which gave him a great lift in the estimation of Hester.

"Confound the brute!" he said, laughing. "He can't know how many of his wild relatives I have stuck, else I should set it down to revenge. What a mess he has made of me! I shall have to throw myself in the river, like a Hindoo, for purification. It's a good thing I've got some more clothes in my portmanteau."

Saffy laughed right merrily over his fall, and the fun he made of it; but Mark looked concerned. He ran and pulled some grass, and proceeded to rub the major down.

"Let us go into the farmhouse," said Mrs. Raymount. "Mrs. Stokes will give us some assistance."

"No, no," returned the major. "Better let the mud dry; it will come off much better then. A hyena once served me the same. I didn't mind that, though all the fellows cracked their waist-bands laughing at me. Why shouldn't piggy have his fun as well as another—eh, Mark? Come along. You sha'n't have your walk spoiled by my heedlessness."

"The pig didn't mean it, sir," said Mark. "He only wanted to get out."

But there seemed to be more creatures about the place that wanted to get out. A spirit of liberty was abroad. Mark and Saffy went rushing away like wild rabbits every now and then, making a round and returning children

once more. It was one of those cooler of warm mornings that rouse all the life in heart, brain and nerves, making every breath a pleasure, and every movement a consciousness.

They had not gone much further, when, just as they approached the paling of a paddock, a horse which had been turned in to graze, came blundering over the fence, and would presently have been ranging the world. Unaccustomed to horses except when equipped and held ready by the hand of a groom, the ladies and children started and drew back. Vavasor also stepped a little aside, making way for the animal to follow his own will. But as he lighted from his jump, carrying with him the top bar of the fence, he stumbled, and almost fell, and while yet a little bewildered, the major went up to him, and ere he could recover such wits as by nature belonged to him, had him by nose and ear, and leading him to the gap, made him jump in again, and replaced the bar he had knocked away.

"Mind we don't forget to mention it as we go back," he said to Mark.

"Thank you! How brave of you, Major Marvel!" said Mrs. Raymount.

The major laughed with his usual merriment.

"If it had been the horse of the Rajah of Rumtool," he said, "I should have been brave indeed! only by this time there would have been nothing left of me to thank. A man would have needed courage to take him by the head! But a quiet, good-tempered carriage horse—none but a cockney would be frightened at him!"

With that he began, and to the awful delight of the children, told them the most amazing and indeed horrible tales about the said horse. Whether it was all true or not, I cannot tell; all I can say is that the major only told what he had heard and believed, or had himself seen.

Vavasor, annoyed at the involuntary and natural enough nervousness he had shown, for it was nothing more, turned his annoyance on the major, who by such an insignificant display of coolness had gained so great advantage over him in the eyes of the ladies, and made up his opinion that in every word he said about the horse of the Rajah of Rumtool he was romancing—and that although there had been no slightest pretense to personal prowess in the narrative. Our judgment is always too much at the mercy of our likes and dislikes. He did indeed mention himself, but only to say that once in the street of a village he saw the horse at some distance with a child in his teeth, shaking him like a terrier with a rat. He ran, he said, but was too far off. Ere he was half-way, the horse's groom, who was the only man with any power over the brute, had come up and secured him—though too late to save the child.

They were following the course of the river, and had gradually descended from the higher grounds to the immediate banks, which here spread out into a small meadow on each side. There were not many flowers, but Saffy was pulling stalks of feathery-headed grasses, while Mark was walking quietly along by the brink of the stream, stopping every now and then to look into it. The bank was covered with long grass hanging over, here and there a bush of rushes amongst it, and in parts was a little undermined. On the opposite side, lower down, was a meal-mill, and nearly opposite, a little below, was the head of the mill-lade, whose weir, turning the water into it, dammed back the river, and made it deeper here than in any other part—some seven feet at least, and that close to the shore. It was still as a lake, and looked as deep as it was. The spot was not a great way from the house, but beyond its grounds. The two ladies and two gentlemen

were walking along the meadow, some distance behind the children, and a little way from the bank, when they were startled by a scream of agony from Saffy. She was running toward them shrieking, and no Mark was to be seen. All started at speed to meet her, but presently Mrs. Raymount sank on the grass. Hester would have staid with her, but she motioned her on.

Vavasor outran the major, and reached Saffy first, but to his anxious questions, "Where is he? Where did you leave him? Where did you see him last?" she answered only by shrieking with every particle of available breath. When the major came up, he heard enough to know that he must use his wits and lose no time in trying to draw information from a creature whom terror had made for the moment insane. He kept close to the bank, looking for some sign of the spot where he had fallen in.

He had indeed overrun the place, and was still intent on the bank, when he heard a cry behind behind him. It was the voice of Hester screaming "Across! across!"

He looked across, and saw half-way over, slowly drifting toward the mill-lade, a something dark, now appearing for a little above the water, now sinking out of sight. The major's eye, experienced in every point of contact between man and nature, saw at once it must be the body, dead or alive—only he could scarcely be dead yet—of poor Mark. He threw off his coat and plunged in, found the water deep enough for good swimming, and made in the direction of the object he had seen. But it showed so little and so seldom, that, fearing to miss it, he changed his plan, and made straight for the mouth of the mill-lade, anxious of all things to prevent him from getting down to the water-wheel.

In the meantime Hester, followed by Vavasor, while Saffy ran to her mother, sped along the bank till she came to the weir, over which scarcely any water was running. When Vavasor saw her turn sharp round and make for the weir, he would have prevented her, and laid his hand on her arm; but she turned on him with eyes that flashed, and lips which, notwithstanding her speed, were white as with the wrath that has no breath for words. He drew back and dared only follow. The footing was uncertain, with deep water on one side up to a level with the stones, and a steep descent to more deep water on the other. In one or two spots the water ran over, and those spots were slippery. But, rendered absolutely fearless by her terrible fear, Hester flew across without a slip, leaving Vavasor some little way behind, for he was neither very sure-footed nor very sure-headed.

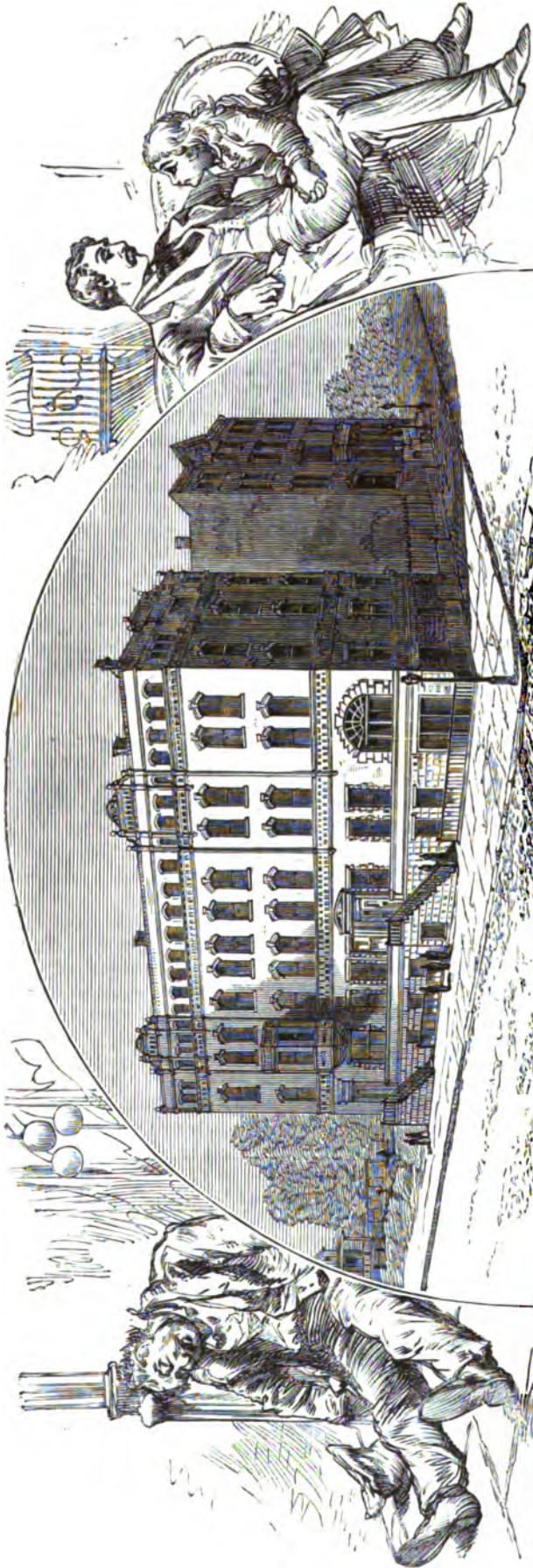
But when they had run along the weir and landed, they were only on the slip between the lade and the river; the lade was between them and the other side—deep water therefore between them and the major, where already he was trying to heave the unconscious form of Mark on to the bank. The poor man had not swum so far for many years, and was nearly spent.

"Bring him here," cried Vavasor. "The stream is too strong for me to get to you. It will bring you in a moment."

The major muttered an oath, gave a great heave, got the body half on the shore, and was then just able to scramble out himself.

When Vavasor looked round, he saw Hester had left him, and was already almost at the mill. Then she crossed the lade and turning ran up the other side, and was soon at the spot where the major was doing all he could to bring back life. But there was little hope out there in the cold. Hester caught the child up in her arms.

"Come; come!" she cried, and ran with him back to mill. The major followed, running, panting, dripping.



THE NEW CHRISTIAN HOME FOR IMPERATE MEN, AT MADISON AVENUE AND EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, 1882.—SEE PAGE 271.

When they met Vavasor, he would have taken him from her, but she would not give him up.

"Go back to my mother," she said. "Tell her we have got him, and he is at the mill. Then go and tell my father, and ask him to send for the doctor."

Vavasor obeyed, feeling again a little small. But Hester had never thought that he might have acted at all differently; she never recalled even that he had tried to prevent her from crossing to the major's help. She thought only of Mark and her mother.

In a few minutes they had him in the miller's blankets, with hot water about him, while the major, who knew well what ought to be done, for he had been tried in almost every emergency under the sun, went through the various movements of the arms prescribed; inflated the chest again and again with his own breath, and did all he could to bring back the action of the breathing muscles.

Vavasor took upon him to assure Mrs. Raymount that Mark was safe and would be all right in a little while. She rose then, and with what help Saffy could give her, managed to walk home. But after that day she never was so well again. Vavasor ran on to the house. Mr. Raymount crossed the river by the bridge, and was soon on the spot—just as the first signs of returning animation appeared. His strength and coolness were a great comfort both to Hester and the major. The latter was the more anxious that he knew the danger of such a shock to a delicate child. After about half an hour, the boy opened his eyes, looked at his father, smiled in his own heavenly way, and closed them again with a deep sigh. They covered him up warm, and left him to sleep till the doctor should appear.

That same night, as Hester was sitting beside him, she heard him talking in his sleep:

"When may I go and play with the rest by the river? Oh, how sweetly it talks! it runs all through me and through me! It was such a nice way, God, of fetching me home! I rode home on a water horse!"

He thought he was dead; that God had sent for him home; that he was now safe, only tired. It sent a pang to the heart of Hester. What if, after all, he was going to leave them! For the child had always seemed fitter for Home than being thus abroad, and any day he might be sent for!

He recovered by degrees, but seemed very sleepy and tired; and when, two days after, he was taken home, he only begged to go to bed. But he never fretted or complained, received every attention with a smile, and told his mother not to mind, for he was not going away yet. He had been told that under the water, he said.

Before Winter he was able to go about the house, and was reading all his favorite books over again, especially the "Pilgrim's Progress," which he had already read through five times.

The major left Yrndale the next morning, saying now there was Mark to attend to, his room was better than his company. Vavasor would stay a day or two longer, he said, much relieved. He could not go until he saw Mark fairly started on the way of recovery.

But in reality the major went because he could no longer endure the sight of "that idiot," as he called Vavasor, and with design against him fermenting in his heart.

"The poltroon!" he said. "A fellow like that to marry a girl like Cousin Helen's girl! A grand creature, by George! The grandest creature I ever saw in my life! Why, rather than wet his clothes the sneak would have let us both drown after I had got him to the bank! Calling to me to go to *him*, when I had done my best, and was at the last gasp!"



He was not fair to Vavator; he never asked if he could swim. But indeed Vavator could swim, well enough, only he did not see the necessity for it. He did not love his neighbor enough to grasp the facts of the case. And, after all, he could and did do without him!

The major hurried to London, assured he had but to inquire to find out enough, and more than enough, to the discredit of the fellow.

He told them to tell Mark he was gone to fetch tiger-skins and a little idol with diamond eyes, and a lot of queer things that he had brought home; and he would tell him all about them, and let him have any of them he liked to keep for his own, as soon as he was well again. So he must make haste, for the moth would get at them if they were long lying about and not seen to.

He told Mr. Raymount that he had no end of business to look after; but now he knew the way to Yrndale, he might be back any day. As soon as Mark was well enough to be handed over to a male nurse he would come directly.

He told Mrs. Raymount that he had got some pearls for her—he knew she was fond of pearls—and was going to fetch them.

For Hester he made her promise to write to him at the Army and Navy Club every day till Mark was well. And so he departed, much blessed of all the family for saving the life of their precious boy.

The major, when he reached London,

hunted up some of his old friends, and through them sent out inquiry concerning Vavator. He learned then some few things about him—nothing very bad as things went where everything was more or less bad, and nothing to his special credit. That he was heir to an earldom he liked least of all, for he was only the more likely to marry his beautiful cousin, and her he thought a great deal too good for him—which was truer than he knew.

Vavator was relieved to find that Hester, while full of gratitude to the major, had no unfavorable impression concerning his own behavior in the sad affair. As the days went on, however, and when he expected enthusiasm to have been toned down, he was annoyed to find that she was just as little impressed with the objectionable character of the man who, by his unselfish decision, he called it his good luck, had got the start of him in rendering the family service. To himself he styled him "a beastly fellow, a lying braggart, a disgustingly vulgar, ill-bred rascal." He would have called him an army-cad, only the word *cad* was not then invented. If there were any more such relations likely to turn up, the sooner he cut the

connection the better! But that Hester should not be shocked with him was almost more than he could bear: that was shocking indeed! He could not understand that to the pure all things are pure, so the common mind sees far more vulgarity in others than the mind developed in genuine refinement. It understands, therefore forgives, nor finds it hard. Hester was able to look deeper than he, and she saw much that was good and honorable in the man, however he might have the bridle of his tongue too loose for safe riding in the crowded paths of society. Vavator took care, however, after hearing the first words of defense which some remark of his brought from Hester, not to go further, and turned the thing he had said aside: where was the use of quarreling about a man he was never likely to set eyes on again?

A day or two before the natural end of his visit, as Mrs. Raymount, Hester and he were sitting together in the old-fashioned garden, the letters were brought them—one for Vavator, with a great black seal. He read it through, and said, quietly:

"I am sorry I must leave you to-morrow. Or is there not a train to-night? But I dare say it does not matter, only I ought to be present at the funeral of my uncle, Lord Gartley. He died yesterday, from what I can make out. It is a tiresome thing to succeed to a title with scarcely property enough to pay the servants!"

"Very tiresome," assented Mrs. Raymount; "but a title is not like an illness. If you can live without, you can live with, one."

"True; very true! But society, you see. There's so much expected of a man in my position! What do you think, Miss Raymount?" he asked, turning toward her with a look that seemed to say whatever she thought would always be law to him.

"I think with mamma," replied Hester. "I do not see why a mere name should have any power to alter one's mode of life. Of course if the change brings new duties, they must be attended to; but if the property be so small as you say, it cannot want much looking after. To be sure, there are the people upon it, but they cannot be many. Why should you not go on as you are?"

"I must go a good deal by what my aunt thinks best. She has a sort of right, you see. All her life her one fixed idea, knowing I was likely to succeed, has been the rehabilitation of the earldom, and all her life she has been saving for that."

"Then she is going to make you her heir?" said Hester,



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who, having been asked her opinion, simply desired the grounds on which to give it.

"My dear Hester!" said her mother.

"I am only too much delighted Miss Raymount should care to ask me *anything*," said Vavasor. "My aunt does mean to make me her heir, I believe, but one must not depend upon that, because, if I were to displease her, she might change her mind any moment. But she has been like a mother to me, and I do not think, for any small provocation such as I am likely to give her, she would yield the dream of her life. She is a kind-hearted woman, though a little peculiar; true as steel where she takes a fancy. I wish you knew my aunt, Mrs. Raymount."

"I should be much pleased to know her."

"She would be delighted with this lovely place of yours. It is a perfect paradise. I feel its loveliness the more that I am so soon to hear its gates close behind me. Happily there is no flaming sword to mount guard against the expelled!"

"You must bring your aunt some time, Mr. Vavasor. We should make her very welcome," said Mrs. Raymount.

"Unfortunately, with all her good qualities, my aunt, as I have said, is a little peculiar. For one thing, she shrinks from making new acquaintances."

He should have said—any acquaintances out of her own world. All others, so far as she was concerned, existed only on the sufferance of remoteness.

But by this time Vavasor had resolved to make an attempt to gain his aunt, and so Hester. He felt sure his aunt could not fail to be taken with Hester if only she saw her in fit surroundings; with her the frame was more than half the picture. He was glad now that she had not consented to call on the family in Addison Square; they would be of so much more importance in her eyes in the setting of Yrindale. He had himself also the advantage of being now of greater importance, the title being no longer in prospect but in possession: he was that Earl of Gartley for whom she had been saving all the time he was merely the heir who might die, or be kept waiting twenty years for the succession. She must either be of one mind with him now, or lose the cherished purpose of so many years. If he stood out, seeming to prefer poverty and the woman of his choice, she would be compelled to give in.

That same evening he left them in high spirits, and without any pretense of decent regret for the death of one whom he had never seen, and who had for many years lived the life of an invalid and a poor man—neither of much account in his world. He left behind him one child—a lovely but delicate girl, of whom no one seemed to think in the change that had arrived.

It would be untrue to say that Hester was not interested in the news. They had so much been thrown together of late, and in circumstances so favorable to intimacy, to the manifestation of what of lovable was in him, and to the revelation of how much her image possessed him, that she could scarcely have been a woman at all and not care for what might befall him. Neither, although her life lay, and she felt that it lay, in far other regions, was she so much more than her mother absorbed in the best, as to be indifferent to the pleasure of wearing a distinguished historical name, or of occupying an exalted position in the eyes of the world. Her nature was not yet so thoroughly possessed with the things that are as distinguished from the things that only appear, as not to feel some pleasure in being a countess of this world, while waiting the inheritance of the saints in light. Of course this was just as far unworthy of her as it is unworthy of any one who has seen the hid treasure not to have sold all that he has to buy it—not to have counted, with Paul, everything but

dress to the winning of Christ—not even worth being picked up on the way as he presses toward the mark of the high calling; but I must say this for her, that she thought of it first of all as a buttressing help to the labors, which, come what might, it remained her chief hope to follow again among her poor friends in London. To be a countess would make many things easier for her, she thought. Little she knew how immeasurably more difficult it would make it to do anything whatever worth doing—that, at the very first, she would have to fight for freedom—her own—with hidden crafts of slavery, especially mighty in a region more than any other under the influences of the prince of the power of the air! She had the foolish notion that, thus uplifted among the shows of rule, she would be able with more than mere personal help to affect the load of injustice laid upon them from without, and pressing them earthward. She had learned, but not yet sufficiently learned, that, until a man has begun to throw off the weights that hold him down, it is a wrong done him to attempt to lighten those weights.

So again the days passed quietly on. Mark grew a little better. Hester wrote regularly, but the briefest bulletins, to the major, seldom receiving an acknowledgment. The new earl wrote that he had been to the funeral, and described in a would-be humorous way the house and lands to which he had fallen heir. The house might, he said, with unlimited money, be made fit to live in, but what was left of the estate was literally a mere savage mountain.

(To be continued).

## SKETCHES OF EMINENT PAINTERS.

### TINTORETTO.

JACOBO ROBUSTI, surnamed "Tintoretto," was born at Venice, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the culminating point of the arts in Italy. Born in an humble station, the son of a dyer (whence he derived his surname of "Tintoretto"), he very early gave proofs of his true vocation.

His parents, being struck by his apparent talent, placed him in the studio of Titian. He had not been there many days when his master, returning suddenly, remarked several sketches recently drawn on a board. Having considered them attentively, Titian asked who was their author; and Tintoretto, fearing a reprimand, named himself. For probably the only time, this great painter put to the blush his well-earned reputation for generosity. Fearing, perhaps, a future rival in his precocious pupil, he at once dismissed him, without assigning any reason for so strange a proceeding.

This unkind action, which would have broken a less firm spirit than that of Tintoretto, only caused him to redouble his application. His vivid imagination conceived the design of becoming the chief of a new school of art. He, therefore, established himself in a room, miserable from its extreme poverty, and there labored incessantly, taking for his guide the artist who had treated him so severely.

To a close study of Titian's works he soon added that of the productions of antiquity and the sculptures of Michael Angelo; and, being persuaded that a thorough knowledge of anatomy was the foundation of all good painting, he studied that science in the dissecting-rooms of his native city. In spite of the impetuosity of his character, he neglected nothing which could increase his knowledge of his art; and, with the greatest pains, made models of wax, which he molded in all kinds of positions, and studied from every point of view. He only broke off his solitary

studies in order to share, without any reward, in the labors of other painters. His sole aim was to acquire facility of execution, and he was at the summit of happiness when painters of reputation accepted his assistance in the composition of their works.

Having by these means acquired a thorough knowledge of painting, Tintoretto sought for an occasion for the employment of his talent. At that time Venice was filled with distinguished artists, whose works were eagerly sought after. In order to gain an opening, he conceived the idea of offering his services simply for the cost of the materials used, and to this, as we may imagine, he found no difficulty in inducing customers to agree; but he raised against himself a storm under which a less courageous spirit must have failed. The greater part of his brother-artists became his enemies. The contest was long, but in the end Tintoretto was victorious. Being gifted with ease of execution as well as a wonderful liveliness of imagination, he composed a vast number of works.

The following anecdote will give a good idea of his rapidity, as well as of the oddity of his character: The brethren of St. Roque, wishing to paint the reception-hall of their convent, called a meeting of the most celebrated painters in Venice, among whom was Tintoretto. Whilst his rivals were occupied with their compositions, Tintoretto, having secretly obtained the dimensions of the space required to be filled, executed a painting representing St. Roque received into heaven, surrounded by angels bearing the emblems of his pilgrimage. The painting being finished, he contrived to fix it in its place unknown to the brethren.

On the appointed day, the most eminent of the rivals assembled with their paintings; but, when they called on Tintoretto to produce his composition, he replied by uncovering the painting, saying that, even if he did not bear the palm, he should think himself happy in having offered his tribute to the saint.

The painters had no sooner seen the production of their rival than they confessed themselves beaten, and retired from the contest. The monks were at first a little annoyed at the trick played by Tintoretto, but they gave judgment in favor of the present made to their patron. They not only permitted the painting to remain in its appointed place, but made an agreement with Tintoretto, by which, for an annual pension, he engaged to complete the decoration of the convent.

The paintings which were usually considered the masterpieces of Tintoretto were, the "Siege of Zara" and the "Battle of Lepanto." The latter work, notwithstanding its great size and the number of figures introduced upon the canvas, was finished by the artist in less than a year. Amongst the most illustrious patrons of Tintoretto may be mentioned Henry III., whose portrait he painted whilst at Venice, and the Duke of Mantua, for whom he executed paintings. Owing to his rapidity of execution, the style of Tintoretto was very unequal, and he employed by turns, and with the greatest indifference, that which the Venetians criticized as his pencils of gold, silver and iron.

In enthusiasm and unselfishness Tintoretto was probably without a rival. Preferring glory to the pleasure of amassing wealth, he lived only for the exercise of his art. He never quitted Venice, and expired there at the age of ninety years, having enjoyed the friendship of all the celebrities of that refined city.

## HOME FOR MALE INEBRIATES.

THE New York Christian Home for Inebriates is one of the most beneficent reformatory institutions in the metropolis. The history of its origin and growth is very interesting. About six years ago Charles A. Bunting was converted under the preaching of the evangelist Moody, and his attention was specially directed to the cases of intemperate men who desired to reform. After much thought upon the subject, he became impressed with the importance of establishing a home where such men could be reclaimed, and in May, 1877, he resolved to see if he could not secure such an institution. He succeeded in interesting such philanthropists as William E. Dodge in the project, and in due time an organization was effected; a house capable of accommodating thirty-five men, and well-adapted for the purpose, was secured at low rent, and on the 7th day of June was opened for guests. The object of the institution was defined to be the reformation of inebriates through the influences of a Christian home. During the first six months ninety-three men were admitted, and the first annual report showed that fifty-six of these had found employment and were doing well. A large proportion of these ninety-three original inmates of the Home are now living sober, Christian lives—united to their families and in prosperous circumstances.

The institution was soon crowded to its fullest capacity, and during the past five years it has cared for over 900 inmates, a large proportion of whom are to-day reunited to their families. The past and present inmates of the Home comprise men of almost every profession and occupation, including actors, army officers, artists, bankers, brokers, civil engineers, clergymen, journalists, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, musicians, naval officers, physicians and policemen. Of course nearly all the classes and conditions of people are represented, from highly educated men and millionaires to poor, ignorant and degraded outcasts; for none who conformed to the rules of the Home were ever turned away. Since its establishment and incorporation in 1877 the Christian Home has annually increased in strength and usefulness, and been accorded the substantial aid of many of our best citizens. As it became evident that more extensive quarters must be secured, a fund was raised for the erection of a new building. A fine site was selected at the corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, where a handsome building has been erected, with a frontage on the avenue of one hundred feet and a depth of thirty-eight feet. The building is constructed of Philadelphia pressed brick, with brown-stone trimmings and terra cotta ornamentations, and is four stories in height beside the basement. It is heated throughout with steam, provided with an elevator and finely finished, the total cost of site, building and furniture being over \$100,000. It will accommodate seventy-five inmates, and promises to be well filled.

The new building was formally opened and dedicated on May 11th. A reception was held during the afternoon, which was largely attended, and in the evening interesting dedicatory exercises occurred, addresses being delivered by several prominent clergymen.

## A SUDDEN STORM IN HARVEST-TIME.

WHAT a picture! The field had been a scene of merry activity; the scythe swung through the standing grain, laying it in windrows; with song and laughter other hands raked it up; and nimble fingers bound it in sheaves. There was no thought of foe or wrath. But high above,

WHEN the bitterness of malignity is absent, cheerfulness has full play; and candor, ever open and benevolent, is the exponent of mirth and good will.



the dark clouds came skurrying on, rapidly as the squadrons of an invading army, till the whole sky was darkened; and below, the wind, forerunner and herald of the storm, swept wrathfully.

Then they look up in terror. The sudden tempest is on them, and, gathering their implements, they hasten to shelter, while a darkness as of night envelopes them. The girl clings in fear to the strong arm that is to shelter her through life; children hang to their mothers. All with looks of anxiety, overawed by the tumult, press on to be beneath the roof, which seems such a sure protection, before

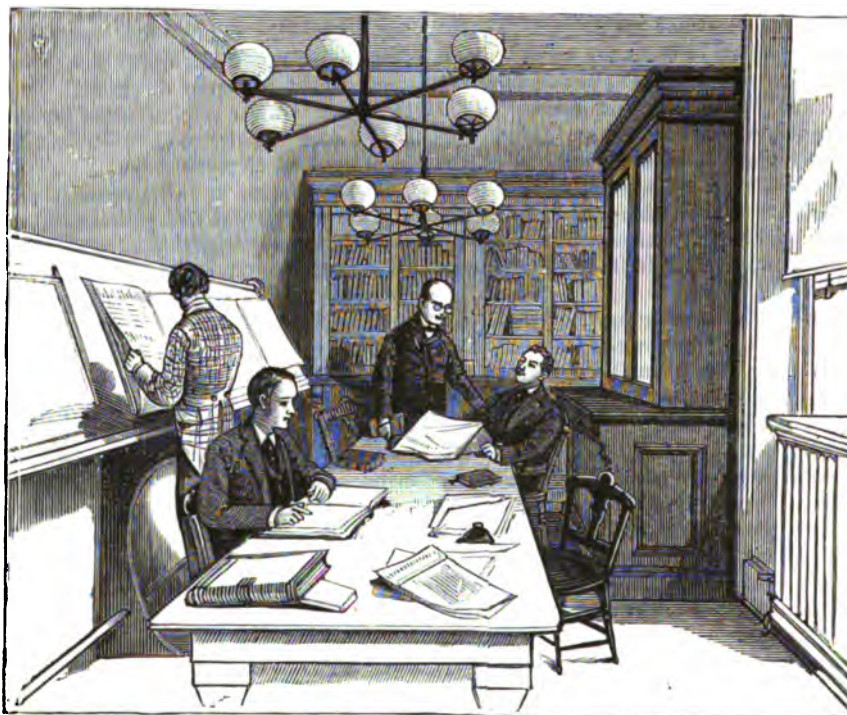
"The torrents descend 'mid thunder's deep rattle,  
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle."

It is a picture of constant occurrence, known in all lands and times, but never coming without its sense of awe, its sense of man's utter nothingness amid the powers of the elements which surround him, gentle and useful, but, like the passions, terrible when aroused.

Our own land has its terrible storms, coming down from mighty mountain-ranges, breaking their force on smaller rocky barriers, or gathering fresh strength and power as they whirl over the treeless plains of the West, till, as tornadoes, they defy the stoutest structures, and whirl into the air in fragments the slighter homes of man's construction.

The gathering tempest of our picture is not such a tornado, but it is a storm of fearful violence, and the artist has depicted the conviction on the faces of the old and experienced as truly as he shows the terror in the countenances of the younger.

It is in truth such a storm as we should prefer to enjoy in a picture rather than face in fact.



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### AN OLD TRADITION.

Not long since a friend, who is a Jew, gave to me some of the old-time traditions of the people, which have been preserved, and handed down, from sire to son, since the days of the Exodus—traditions which mingle with the first lessons from mother to child. Here is one, as I remember it, which I deem worthy of preservation. It shows us how the faithful of that old people seek to inculcate an abiding faith in the works of Jehovah. The story is of Moses.

The great prophet, the old rabbis say, one day heard a voice from heaven commanding him to ascend to the top

of a certain mountain. He obeyed, and, upon reaching the cloud-capped summit, he found himself in the presence of the Supreme Being, who asked him if he was entirely satisfied with the way and manner in which the world was governed.

"Speak freely," said Jehovah. "Thou art the leader of My chosen people, and I would that thou should be enlightened."

In the midst of the divine speech Moses chanced to look down upon the plain. At the foot of the mountain was a spring of pure fresh water, where he saw a man in armor dismount from his horse for the purpose of quenching his thirst. While bending over the fountain a well-filled purse slipped from his bosom upon the sand, but he did not observe it, and went away before he had discovered his loss.

Scarcely had the warrior departed when a fair and comely youth approached, and took his place at the spring. He saw the purse and took it up, and upon finding it filled with gold, and discovering no possible owner in sight, he put it in his bosom and went away.

Following the youth came a gray-haired, slow-paced old man to the fountain, who, having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest, and while he thus sat the warrior who had lost his purse returned to seek it in that place, where he knew he must have let it fall. He asked the old man if he had seen it. The latter swore he had not, and called upon heaven to bear

witness to his honor; but the loser would not believe him. The old man's face was troubled, and he seemed to swear too roundly, and in the end, the man-in-arms, full of wrath and regardless of the other's protestations, drew his sword and killed him on the spot.

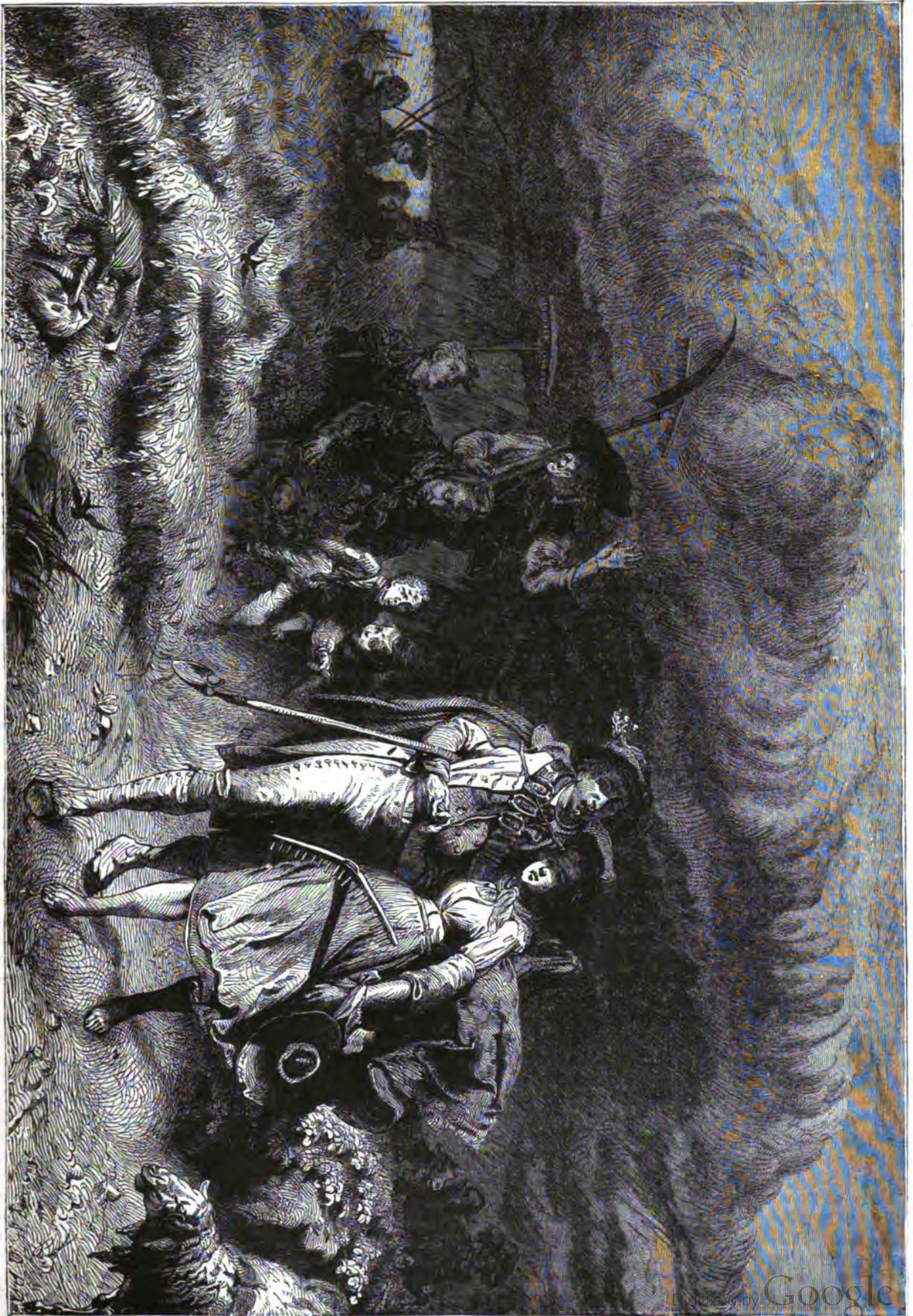
Moses, sorely affected at this spectacle, prostrated himself on the ground, and was on the point of complaining of this sad piece of injustice, when a voice from the overtopping cloud addressed him in these words:

"Dissipate thy fear and thy surprise; do not ask Him who governs the universe why He has permitted that which thou hast just witnessed. The youth who found the purse was the cause of the old man's death; but know that this same old man was the wicked murderer of that youth's father."

INGRATITUDE is a deadly weed, not only poisoning in itself, but impregnating with fetid vapors the very atmosphere in which it grows.



A SUDDEN STORM IN HARVEST-TIME.





## THE HOME-PULPIT.

### WHAT ARE OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS DOING NOW?

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."—EZEKIEL 1. 1.

EZEKIEL, with others, had been expatriated and, while in foreign slavery, was standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal in the text called the river of Chebar—the illustrious exile had visions of heaven. Indeed, it is almost always so, that the brightest visions of heaven come not to those who are on mountain top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig—yea, to the weary, to the heart-broken, to those whom sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year, and in the fourth month, and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may we not have some such vision this morning, and it be in the sixth month and in the fourth day of the month?

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of eighteen centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk. After God has made a nature He never eradicates the chief characteristics of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of temperament, neither will death eradicate them. Paul and John are as different from each other in heaven as they were different from each other in Asia Minor.

You have then only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly grossness and add all earthly goodness, and then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing now in heaven what in their best moment they did on earth. The reason that so many people never start for heaven is because they could not stand it if they got there if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it. We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here to next Christmas. We like to hear the "Hallelujah Chorus," but we would not want to hear it all the time for fifty centuries. It might be on some great occasion, it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown for ever. In other words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the ground while we make that which was intended as espe-

cial and celebrative to be the exclusive employment in heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration Day, or a Fourth of July, an Autumnal Thanksgiving, as though it were all the time that way.

I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven, but will that abolish employments? No more than loves on earth—paternal, filial, fraternal, conjugal love—abolishes earthly occupation. In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who, on earth, found great joy in the fine arts, are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladdest pleasures, and pictures and statuary, and in the studies of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death collapsed and perished?

Why so? when there is more for them to look at and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful, and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the Spring mornings are woven? Are you so obtuse as to suppose that because the painter drops his easel and the sculptor his chisel, and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste, which he was enlarging and intensifying for forty or fifty years, is entirely obliterated? These artists, or these friends of art, on earth worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio. Raphael could now improve upon his masterpiece of "Michael the Archangel," now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the "Holy Trinity," now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the "Last Judgment" after he had seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering-rams of its thunder. Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here, but I am persuaded that the grander studies and the brighter galleries are higher up, by the winding marble stairs of the sepulchre, and that Turner, and Holman Hunt, and Rembrandt, and Titian, and Paul Veronese, if they exercised saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painting yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten thousandfold. Their hand has forgotten its cunning, but the spirit has faculties as far superior to four fingers and a thumb as the supernatural is superior to the human. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that He might give them something more limber, more wieldy, more skillful, more multipliant. Do not, therefore, be melancholy among the tapestries, and the bric-à-brac, and the embroideries, and the water-colors,



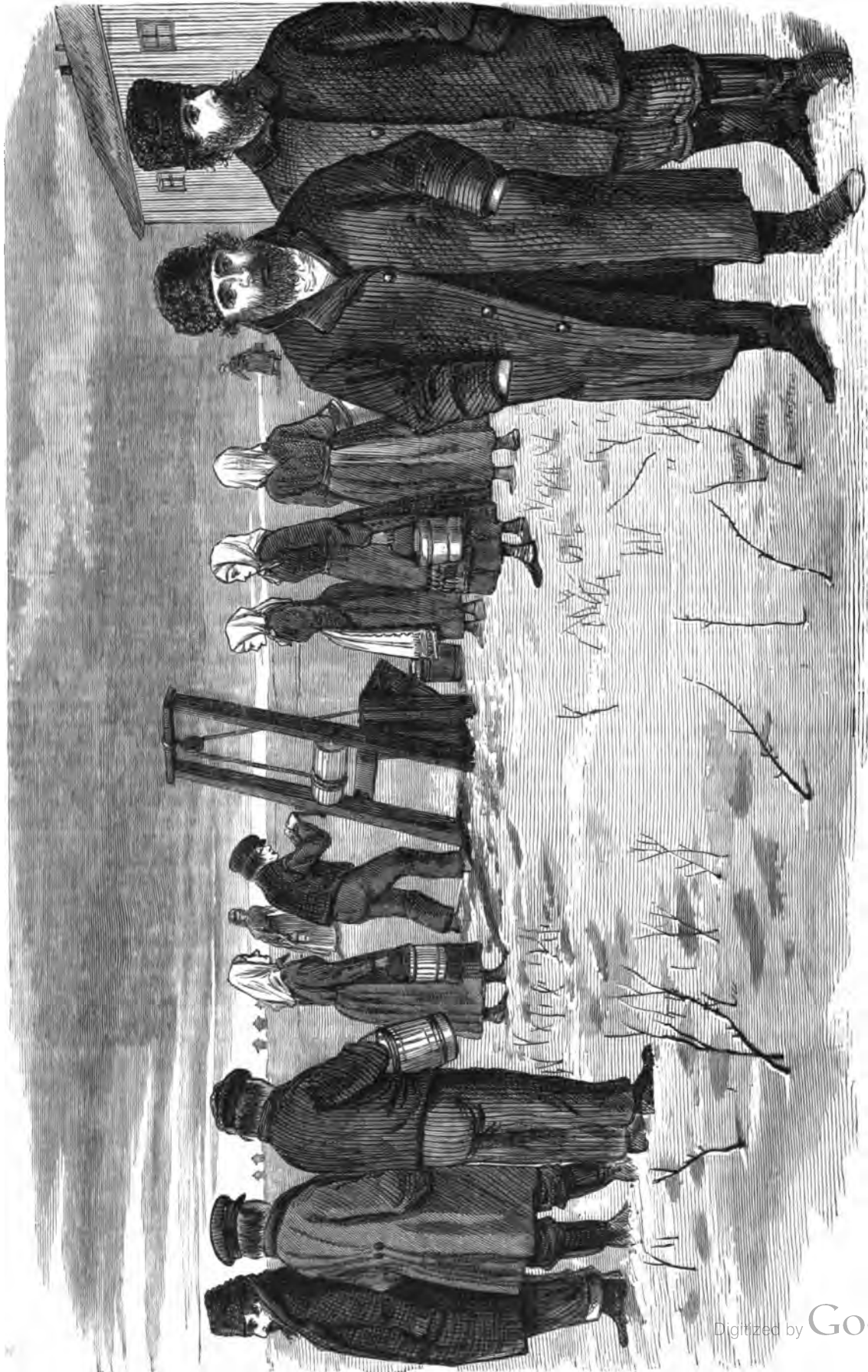
and the works of art which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say, "I am so sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say, "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth are now luxuriating in Louvres and Luxembourg celestial.

I remark again, that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of heaven that it cannot all be figurative. Why all this talk about hallelujahs and choirs on the glass and trumpets and harps and oratorios seemingly, and organs? The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of heaven. If heaven had no songs of its own a vast number of those on earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in heaven who know "Coronation" and "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah" and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton and all heaven will be ready for the hallelujah. If heaven should ever get out of music, Thomas Hastings and Lowell, Mason and Bradbury would start up a hundred old magnificent chorals. But what with the new song that John mentions, and the various doxologies alluded to, and the importation of sub-lunar harmonies, a Christian fond of music, dying, will have an abundance of regalement. What though the voice be gone in death, what though the ear be fallen in dissolution, are you therefore to conclude that the spirit will have no power to make or catch sweet sounds? Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singing by saying, "There was so much soul in her music." In heaven it will be all soul until body after awhile comes up in the resurrection, and then there will be an additional heaven. Cannot the soul hear? If it can hear, then it can hear music. Do not, therefore, let it be in your household when some member leaves for heaven, as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring the harp for two years because the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are. You ask me, "Do they have real harps and real trumpets and real organs?" I do not know. Some wiseacres say positively there are no such things in heaven. I do not know, but I should not be surprised if the God who made all the mountains, and all the hills, and all the forests, and all the mortals of the earth, and all the growths of the universe, I should not be surprised if He could, if He had a mind to, make a few harps and trumpets and organs. Grand old Haydn, sick and worn out, was carried for the last time into the music hall; there he heard his oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there!" Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there." Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven, and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at the headquarters of harmony. I think that the grand old church tunes that died when your grandfathers died have gone with them to heaven. When those tunes died they did not stay on earth, and they could not have been banished to perdition, and so I think

they must be in the corridors of alabaster and Lebanon cedar.

Again, I remark that those of our departed Christian friends, who in this world had very strong military spirit, are now in armies celestial and out in bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear a drum or a fife without trying to keep step to the music. They are Christians, and, when they fight, they fight on the right side. Now, when these, our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit, entered heaven, they entered the celestial army. The door of heaven scarcely opens but you hear a military demonstration. David cried out, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand." Elisha saw the mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said, "The armies which are in heaven followed Him on white horses." Now, when those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified entered glory, I suppose they right away enlisted in some heavenly campaign; they volunteered right away. There must needs be in heaven soldiers with a soldierly spirit. There are grand parade days when the King reviews the troops. There must be armed escort sent out to bring up from earth to heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominion—battles, bloodless, groanless, painless. Angels of evil to be fought down and fought. Other rebellious worlds to be conquered. Worlds to be put to the torch. Worlds to be saved. Worlds to be demolished. Worlds to be sunk. Worlds to be hoisted. Beside that in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong where we must have the heavenly military. That is what keeps us Christian reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men, so few churches against so many grogshops, so many pure printing presses against so many polluted printing presses, and yet we are buoyant and courageous, because while we know that the armies of evil in the world are larger in numbers than the army of the truth, there are celestial cohorts in the air fighting on our side. I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O God, open our eyes that we may see them; the military spirits that went up from earth to join the military spirits before the throne—Joshua and Caleb, and Gideon, and David, and Samson, and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshly arm, and now having gone up on high are coming down the hills of heaven ready to fight among the invisibles. Our departed Christian friends, who had the military spirit in them sanctified, are in the celestial army. Whether belonging to the artillery or the cavalry, or the infantry, I know not. I only know that they have started out for fleet service, and courageous service, and everlasting service. Perhaps they may come this way to fight on our side, and drive sin, and meanness, and Satan from all our hearts. Yonder they are coming, coming. Did you not hear them as they swept by?

But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found their joy and delight in mathematics. There was more poetry to them in Euclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door, "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like heaven for figures. Numbers indefinite, distances infinite, calculations infinite. If they want them, arithmetics, and algebras, and geometries, and trigonometries for all eternity. What fields of space to be surveyed! What magnitudes to measure! What



THE PUBLIC WELL AT THE TEMPORARY SETTLEMENT IN CENTRAL KANSAS.—SEE PAGE 281.

diameters, what circumferences, what triangles, what quarters, what epicycloids, what parallelograms, what conic sections! The didactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in heaven spent some of their time with the higher branches of mathematics. So of our transferred and transported metaphysicians. What are they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human body. Now the spirit unsheathed—now they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is doing in heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in heaven, or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guessing. Metaphysics, glorious metaphysics, everlasting metaphysics.

What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance. A world in a second. A planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin, no more in disabled *Erebus* pushing toward the North Pole; Christian De Long no more trying to free blockaded *Jeanette* from the ice; Christian Livingstone no more, amid African malarialias, trying to make revelation of a dark continent, but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was once unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock. The coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving-bell. The mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp.

What are our departed friends who found their chief joy in study doing now? Studying yet, but instead of a few thousand volumes on a few shelves, all the volumes of the universe open before them—geologic, ornithologic, conchologic, botanic, astronomic, philosophic. No more need of Leyden jars, or voltaic piles, or electric batteries, standing as they do face to face with the facts of the universe.

What are the historians doing now? Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities—whole millenniums before Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Moses, or Adam was

born. History of one world. History of all worlds. What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter, and Mars, and Mercury and Saturn, and Orion and the Pleiades—overtaking and passing the swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been out there to see for themselves.

What are our departed Christian chemists doing? Following out their own science, following out and following out for ever. Since they died they have solved ten thousand questions which puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin wall of electricity, the thin wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world, the thin wall of electricity; so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through—broken through from one side by telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by strange influences which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. They laughing at us as older brothers will laugh at inexperienced brothers, as they see us with contracted brow experimenting and experimenting, only wishing they could show us the way to open all the mysteries. Agassiz standing amidst his student explorers down in Brazil, coming across some great novelty in the rocks, taking off his hat and saying: "Gentlemen, let us pray; we must have divine illumination; we want wisdom from the Creator to study these rocks. He made them; let us pray." Agassiz going right on with his studies for ever and for ever.

But what are the men of the law, who in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession—what are they doing now?

Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming-bird to flight of world—law, not dry and hard and drudging, but

THE DISCIPLINE OF MENSIO SIMON—TEMPORARY HOMES AT THE SETTLEMENT.—SEE PAGE 281.





righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub and seraph and archangel and God Himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the healing-art doing now? Busy at their old business. No sickness in heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated. Those glorified souls coming down, not in lazy doctor's gig, but with lightning locomotion. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skillful doctors of New York and Brooklyn had said he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him—Abercrombie, who, after many years doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland, went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him. I should not wonder if my old friend Dr. John Brown, who died last month in Edinburgh—John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends"—John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was a skillful physician and world-renowned author. I should not wonder if he had been back again and again to see some of his old patients. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to heaven, are come forth again for benignant medicament.

But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality. What a place to visit in where your next door neighbors are kings and queens? You yourselves kingly and queenly. If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea boiled when it was cloven, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the Heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old-time revivals, they have only to go over to ask Whitefield, and Wesley, and Livingston, and Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney.

Oh! what a place to visit in! If eternity were one minute shorter, it would not be long enough for such sociality. Think of our friends who in this world were passionately fond of flowers turned into paradise. Think of our friends who were very fond of raising superb fruit turned into the orchard where each tree has twelve kinds of fruit at once, and bearing the fruit all the year round! What are our departed Christian friends doing in heaven, those who on earth found their chief joy in the Gospel ministry? They are visiting their old congregations. Most of those old ministers have got their people around them already. When I get to heaven—as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place—I will come and see you all. Yes, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the Gospel, and to the millions of

souls to whom, through the kindness of the printing-press, I am permitted to preach every week in this land and in other lands, in letters coming from New Zealand and Australia, and uttermost parts of the earth, as well as from nearer nations, telling me of the souls I have helped. I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are now engaged in that delectable entertainment and undertaking.

But what are our departed Christian friends who in all departments of usefulness were busy, finding their chief joy in doing good—what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. John Howard visiting dungeons; the dead women of Northern and Southern battlefields still abroad looking for the wounded; George Peabody still watching the poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved—all of those who did good on earth busier since death than before. The tombstone not the terminus but the starting-post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God, doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for unblanched they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts, just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from victorious battle. They have no sin; no fear, consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation save the revelation of the scars—that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary; the Christ of the awful massacre with its hemorrhage of head, and hand, and foot, and side; the Christ of the shattered mausoleum; Christ the sacrifice, the Star, the Son, the man, the God, the-God man, the man-God. But hark! the bell of the cathedral rings—the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshipers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around Him. Those who loved the beautiful, come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music, come to listen to His voice. Those who were mathematicians, come to count the years of His reign. Those who were explorers, come to discover the height and the depth, and the length and breadth of His love. Those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified, and the military spirit in Heaven, come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers, come to look at the morning star. The men of the law, come to look at Him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick, come to look at Him who was wounded for our transgressions. All different and different for ever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology: "Unto Him who washed from us our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God; to Him be glory in the Church throughout all ages, world without end." Amen.

To show you that your departed friends are more live spirits than they ever were, to make you homesick for heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be revealed, I have preached this sermon.

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THE income of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions last year was \$590,680.49; of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the United Presbyterian Church, \$65,407.97; Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, \$12,209.77; Associate Synod of the South, \$2,042.55; of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Southern Presbyterian Church, \$59,215.89. Total, \$719,556.17.

## KOMPERT'S STORIES OF JEWISH HOME LIFE.

## III.

WHAT superstitions, what deeply-rooted prejudices, do we not meet with in these pages—prejudices rooted only the more firmly for the persecution of ages in a people noted from all time for their stiff-neckedness! We encounter, too, customs that have survived the vicissitudes of ages, and have been faithfully transmitted from generation to generation. Truly it would seem that Moses's laws are unchangeable and eternal. The laws of others have been shaken and destroyed by the lapse of time; his alone remain firm and immovable, and amid all the changes of the Jewish people have not been disturbed in the smallest enactment. And yet, or we mistake much, the great Revolution of Judaism is at hand, and one of the finest of Komper's stories adumbrates the history of modern Israel. "The Children of the Randar"\* is its title. This particular Randar, Rebb Schmoul,† had rented a wine-shop in a village: his children were, therefore, reared outside the stifling, mental and physical atmosphere of the Ghetto; they came in contact with the villagers; and though they knew that by religious observance they were held apart from them, this did not hinder their childish friendships. Moses and Hannah had room to expand, and though their parents taught them all the due observances of Israel, and reared them in all those traditions to which the Jew holds even more firmly than to his faith, they beheld a wider horizon. The Randar himself, while mixing with his customers, never forgot his religious duties. He might be seen at sunset turning his face toward the direction of Jerusalem, his Tephillim bound about his head and arm, repeating aloud among his Slav guests the prescribed formula of prayer in the language of Zion, while these on their part show their respect for his observances by speaking low and being careful not to disturb his devotions. For the Randar was held by them in great respect, and he had taught them that while the Tephillim were on it would be sinful to make him speak or divert his attention. But this done, the Randar was once more the genial host who mixed freely with the peasants. Only on Friday evenings by his dress and mien he was again removed from them. On the Sabbath eve, the Randar, like all his Jewish brethren, dressed himself in his best, in garments unpoluted by week-day wear, cast worldly cares behind him, and became a transfigured man, a priest and father in Israel, who celebrated the advent of the "Bride, the Sabbath," with all due rites, with song and gladness. On that day numbers of *Schnorrer* (wandering Jewish beggars) crowded to his house, knowing that here for a day and night they would find lodging and board, for no Israelite turns an Israelite guest from his door on the Sabbath; for might he not prove the Prophet Elijah come in this disguise to partake of the glad meal of meat and wine that on this day stands on each carefully dressed table, illumined by the light of sacred candles that the house-mother has prepared and blessed? Truly, Rebb Schmoul was a shining light in Israel! That which he however held of no account was that his children should receive an education, and his wife begged him in vain to reconsider this decision. "The children must grow up like the

\* "Randar," the Jewish corruption of *arrendador*, one who rents a farm, wine-shop, or distillery.

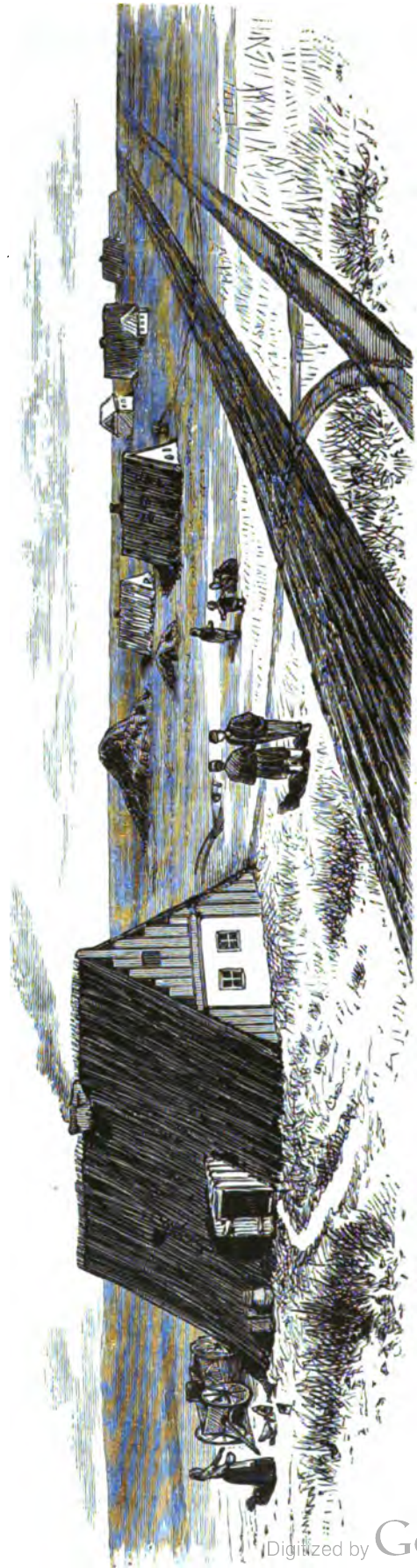
† Rebb, i. e. rabbi, or bachelor in the Talmud, a title that is very common among Jews who have studied the law,

plants from the furrow that has given them birth," was his obstinate reply. If, therefore, Moses could pray, write and reckon, and Hannah cook and knit, the one would be able to follow in his father's footsteps, the other get a husband—and what more did either need? But the mother has her way at last: Moses was allowed to go to school, where, under the name of Maurice, he mixed with Christian boys, and doubts entered his soul. At last news reached his home that he had actually profaned the Sabbath, had danced with Christian women, and partaken of their meals. He had not abjured his faith, and had no intention of doing so, but he had learnt to take wider, less exclusive, views. The news broke his mother's heart—she died. The sister, too, became a source of sorrow. In her girlhood her favorite playmate was a certain village lad, Honza, whom she was in the habit of feeding with Jewish tidbits from the Sabbath meal, and who in return initiated her into his religion—an initiation undertaken in childish play, but carried out more seriously in after-life, when Honza becomes a priest. His daughter's defection broke the Randar's heart—he died also. It is a touching thing, this. Neither parents show anger, pour maledictions upon their children, they can do naught but die. Is this not deeply significant? Komper never dogmatizes, but it is impossible not to see what conclusion he would have us deduce from this charming story of which a bald *précis* can give no idea.

In "The Huckster" Komper shows the deep-seated influence of custom and tradition upon the offspring of Jews, even when they have become philosophers and free-thinkers. This trait is a very remarkable one, which evinces itself frequently in the most unexpected forms. It is in many cases not wholly free from a certain superstitious basis. With Dr. Emmanuel, however, its root lies in the very deep domestic affections of the race. Educated outside the Ghetto, separated from his poor parents, and out of all communication with them, he was on the point of embracing Christianity. Before doing so he wishes once more to celebrate a Sabbath with his family, as a kind of farewell to the religious emotions of his infancy and the traditions of his race. He came to his old home disguised as a beggar who has received an order from the synagogue that he should eat the Sabbath meal at their house. He soon learnt that man cannot dally with impunity with the most sacred instincts of his nature. His soul was agitated by all he saw and heard; his poor father's money troubles, his mother's loving memory of him, his little brother's religious ardor so like his own of years ago, the joyous Sabbath-songs resounding through the Ghetto, all deeply moved his inmost soul. He feels he cannot take the final step that will cause so much pain; he remains outwardly a Jew out of respect for his parents, and consecrates the remainder of his life to them, and to the regeneration and amelioration of his Jewish brethren. In the following story, "Trenderl," we see him at this good work. He wishes to break down one of the most obstinately rooted prejudices of the Hebrews, namely, that the Law of God forbids them to be artisans, that commerce is the only trade permitted. This fancy is probably the outcome of oppression and servitude that have excluded them from all occupations save those of peddling upon a smaller or larger scale. The result is, that the

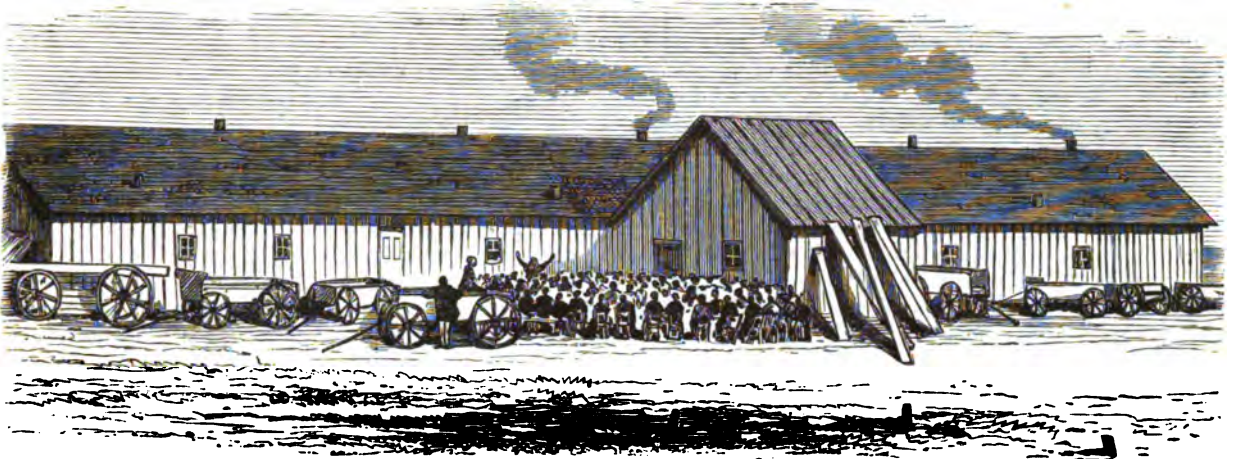


GNADENAV, THE VALE OF GRACE.



GNADENAV, LOOKING EAST.





MENNONITES AT WORSHIP ON THE PRAIRIE.

Jews had in course of time grown pusillanimous and cowardly, and that the courage that never failed them in old biblical days has been eradicated. The obstacles that met Dr. Emmanuel's endeavors are told with much humor, and when at last he had trained a Jewish locksmith and inoculated him with love for his work, the whole Ghetto plotted against him when it learned that Trenderl was to place a lightning conductor on the roof of the synagogue. What! a child of Israel to risk his life thus recklessly! This would draw down upon the whole street the vengeance of God. Such things should be left to the Gentiles, the children of Eve by the serpent, not attempted by God's own people. The locksmith is tempted by money and other bribes to desist, and Dr. Emmanuel is afraid that at the very last his good work will break down. But Trenderl has become a man, he does not yield, the lightning conductor is successfully reared, a Ghetto superstition demolished, and the first link broken in the chain of self-imposed Jewish slavery. Dr. Emmanuel feels, and Kompert in his person, that every hammer-stroke beaten by Trenderl resounds like a joyous greeting to the new era that is about to dawn for Israel.

### THE DISCIPLES OF MENNO SIMON.

THE names of Ecolampadius, Luther, Zwinglius, Melancthon, Bucer, Bullinger, Calvin, and others, whom God in His providence raised up as humble instruments to reform, to no small extent, abuses which had crept into the Church, are familiar to almost every ordinary reader; while that of Menno Simon is little known, although he was contemporary with Luther, Zwinglius, and others, and with some of whom he had personal interviews—with Luther and Melancthon, in Wittenberg; with Bullinger, at Zurich; and at Strasburg, with Bucer.

In an article necessarily brief as this must be, the question, Whether the Mennonites are descendants from the Waldenses? cannot be discussed. The testimony, however, of Dr. Ypeij, Professor of Theology at Groningen, and a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, may here be appropriately introduced, on this point. In a work written by the professor, published at Breda, 1813, he says: "We have now seen that the Baptists, who were formerly called Anabaptists, and in later times Mennonites, were the original Waldenses; and have long in the



A MENNONITE MILL AT HALSTBAD, CENTRAL KANSAS.



history of the Church received the honor of that origin." This testimony is borne from high official authority in the Dutch Reformed Church.

The Mennonites freely acknowledge that they derived their name from Menno Simon, a native of Witmarsum, born in Friesland, A. D. 1495. He, as well as all his contemporaries, was educated a Catholic, and in his twenty-fourth year he undertook the duties of a priest in his father's village, called Pinningum, in Friesland; although in utter darkness of mind and worldliness of spirit, yet not without some tenderness of conscience and apparent piety. In 1530 he was induced to examine the New Testament for himself. "I had not," says he, "proceeded far therein, before I discovered that I was deceived." His mind was completely changed; he renounced his former views, and

others, descendants of the ancient Waldenses, all of whom were as dispersed sheep of the house of Israel, Menno, at their earnest solicitation, assumed among them the rank and functions of a public teacher. That he was calculated to discharge the duties of his office is evident from his success. "He had," says Mosheim, "the inestimable advantage of a natural and persuasive eloquence, and his learning was sufficient to make him pass for an oracle in the eyes of the multitude. He appears, moreover, to have been a man of probity, of a meek and tractable spirit, gentle in manners, pliant and obsequious in his intercourse with persons of all ranks and characters, and extremely zealous in promoting practical religion and virtue, which he recommended by his example as well as by his precepts. A man of such talents and dispositions could not fail to



THE RUSSIAN MENNONITES—TYPES OF FACES AND COSTUMES.

embraced the doctrines of the New Testament, and which he zealously advocated.

He now commenced to travel, with a view to consult with some of his contemporaries, such as Luther, Bucer, Bullinger, and others; having done so, he strenuously opposed the Munsterites. "He condemned," says Mosheim, "the plan of ecclesiastical discipline of the Munsterites, that was founded on the prospect of a new kingdom, to be miraculously established by Jesus Christ on the ruins of civil government, and the destruction of human rulers, and which had been the pestilential source of such dreadful commotions, such execrable rebellions, and such enormous crimes."

Menno Simon plainly foresaw to what horrid extremities the pernicious doctrines of the Munsterites were calculated to lead the inconsiderate and unwary; nevertheless, as there were many pious souls who had been misled by this pernicious sect, but who had renounced all connection and intercourse with them, and as there were also

attract the admiration of the people, and to gain a good number of adherents wherever he exercised his ministry."

From 1537 Menno Simon, in the capacity of a public teacher, commenced traveling from one country to another, amidst pressures and calamities of various kinds, and was constantly exposed to the imminent danger of falling a victim to the severity of the laws. He first visited East and West Friesland, the province of Groningen, thence he directed his course to Holland, Guelderland, Brabant, Westphalia, and continued through the German provinces that lie on the coast of the Baltic Sea, and penetrated as far as Livonia. Mosheim says, "In all these places his ministerial labors were attended with remarkable success, and added a prodigious number of followers." He labored assiduously till the close of his life. He died at Fresenburg, near Oldeslohe, January 31st, 1561.

His object was reformation, and the spiritual edification of his fellow-men, which he accomplished to an unparalleled extent. He purified the doctrines of the Anabaptists

—some of them he reclaimed, others he excluded, who were tainted with the Munsterite heresy. He founded many communities in various parts of Europe.

From the year 1537 to the beginning of the present century many of the Mennonites were sorely persecuted in Europe. They were compelled to flee from one country to another, and consequently have been dispersed. Some went to Russia, Prussia, Poland, Holland, Denmark, and many, on the invitation of the liberal-minded William Penn, transported themselves and families into the province of Pennsylvania, as early as A.D. 1683. Those who came in that year and in 1698, settled in and about Germantown, where they erected a school and meeting-house in 1708.

In 1709 other families from the Palatinate, descendants of the distressed and persecuted Swiss, emigrated to America and settled in Pequea Valley, then Chester, now Lancaster County. Among these were the Herrs Meylius, Kendigs, Millers, Oberkoltz, Funks, Bowmans and others. They settled in the midst of the Mingo or Conestoga, Pequea and Shawanese Indians, where under unpropitious circumstances they improved lands. The first who settled here were soon joined by others, who came to America in 1711, 1717, 1727, and at a later period. Before the year 1735 there were probably rising of five hundred families settled in Lancaster County. For some time they held their religious meetings and schools in the same rude buildings. As a body, in this country, the Mennonites have spent little money in erecting stately buildings as churches or for schools. Economy and comfort being their chief aim, they discard ornament.

Their religious views were at an early date, and since, misrepresented, and no small degree of prejudice excited against them. To allay such unfounded prejudices they had "The Christian Confession of Faith, etc., containing the chief doctrines held by them, translated into English, and published at Philadelphia, in 1727." In the preface to that publication, they say—"that the Confession of Faith of the harmless and defenseless Christians, called Mennonites, is as yet little known, etc.; so that the greatest portion of people doth not know what they believe and confess of the word of God, and by reason of that ignorance, cannot speak and judge rightly of their confession, nor of the confessors themselves; nay, through prejudice, as a strange and unheard-of thing, do abhor them, so as not to speak well, but oftentimes ill, of them. Therefore it hath been thought fit and needful to translate, at the desire of some of our fellow-believers in Pennsylvania, our Confession of Faith into English, so as for many years it hath been printed in the Dutch, German and French languages; which confession hath been well approved of, both in the Low Countries and in France, by several eminent persons of the Reformed religion; and therefore it hath been thought worth the while to turn it also into English, that so those of that nation may become acquainted with it, and so might have a better opinion thereof, and of its professors; and not only so, but also that every well-meaning soul might inquire and try all things, and keep that which is best."

This Confession was, at that time (1727), approved and received by the elders and ministers of the congregations of the people called Mennonites. "We do (say they), acknowledge and hereby make known, that we own the Confession. In testimony whereof, and that we believe the same to be good, we have subscribed our names:

"Shipack—Jacob Gaedtschlack, Henry Kolk, Claes Jansen, Michael Zigeler. Germantown—John Gorgas, John Conerads, Clas Rittinghausen. Conestoga—Hans Burgholtzer, Christian Herr, Benedict Hirsch, Martin

Bear, Johannes Bowman, Great Swamp—Velte Clemer. Manantant—Daniel Langenecker, Jacob Beghtly."

As a sectarian organization the Mennonites resemble the Baptists, and in many respects they follow the simple customs of the Quakers. The sacrament of baptism is never celebrated until the candidate has acquired sufficient intelligence fully to comprehend the nature of the obligations about to be assumed. They choose from their own members certain ones notable for high moral standing, intelligence and ability as teachers, to be their priests. For these, no especial preparation is required. They must be pure, honest, and faithful to the teachings of Menno Simon. They serve without pay. The Mennonites strive to live an everyday, practical Christian life; they are strict in discipline, oppose the taking of oaths, and like the Friends, are strongly antagonistic to war. A large colony of them came to this country in 1873 and 1874, from Russia. These were the descendants of a colony which left Germany in 1780 to escape the conscription of Frederick the Great, and settled in the southern provinces of Russia upon land granted by the Empress Catherine II. They left Russia to avoid an edict by the Emperor Alexander requiring all able-bodied men to perform military duty. Their religious tenets teaching peace, they were unable to reconcile their conscience to the order of the Czar. There are said to have been about 40,000 of them in Russia, and the edict was published June 4th, 1871. So many of them emigrated upon the promulgation of the edict that the Czar was induced to modify the order, and signified his willingness to accept from this particular sect service in the military hospitals instead of in the regular army. This, however, did not stop the exodus, and the Russian Government, fully aware of the importance of retaining such a thrifty, hardworking, peaceable community, made every possible effort to stop the emigration. When the authorities first learned that Mennonites would not enter the army, the time of conscription was extended, but without the anticipated results. Then an attempt was made to force a renunciation of their belief, and the acceptance of the doctrines of the Russo-Greek Church, but without effect.

The colony which came here in 1874 purchased 150,000 acres of land in Central Kansas. The ground selected was a bleak, wild prairie—formerly a frontier buffalo range, but which the industrious settlers built up into a prosperous colony, with well-ordered farms and thriving towns. Our series of illustrations give some idea of the scenes in the settlement. At first two large rough buildings were erected sixteen miles north of Newton, as temporary barrack residences, while the emigrants were building permanent dwellings. All newcomers were lodged in these barracks. In pleasant weather the religious exercises were held in the open air. Midway between the two temporary buildings a public well was dug.

About seven miles northeast of the temporary barracks they founded the village of Gnadenu, which has grown into a thriving town. The lands purchased are distributed in four counties, and Halstead, on the Little Arkansas River, being the central town, was selected as the trading point, where stores were opened and a fine mill built.

From the general tendency to split into smaller sects, the Mennonites have not escaped. There is a branch called the Reformed Mennonite Society, founded in the year 1811, which contended that the Mennonites had fallen away from the pure doctrines taught by their founder; and there is another called the Omish or Amish Church, the name being derived from Jacob Amen, a native of Amenthal, Switzerland, and a rigid Mennonite preacher of the seventeenth century. They are sometimes called, in



Switzerland, Hooker Mennonites, from their wearing hoods on their clothing; another branch being called Button Mennonites, for similar reasons. The principal differences between these different branches consist in the former being more simple in dress and more strict in discipline.

The Mennonites are to be found in large numbers in Central Pennsylvania, especially in Lancaster County; in Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, New York and Canada. The Pennsylvania congregations are divided into three general circuits, within each of which semi-annual conferences, consisting of bishops, elders or ministers, and deacons, are held for the purpose of consulting each other and devising means to advance the spiritual prosperity of the members. A similar conference is held in Ohio and Canada.

The bishops, elders or ministers and deacons, are usually chosen by lot. Their pastors neither receive nor accept

#### THE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

THE Madison Avenue Church of the Disciples, of which we give a full view in our engraving, stands at the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue. It was begun in August, 1872, and completed in April, 1873. The expense attending its erection was defrayed by voluntary contributions of the admirers of the Rev. George H. Hepworth, who was its first pastor. The entire building contract was taken by Mr. J. Sniffin at \$115,000, which, with the cost of the organ, furnishing, and other matters, reached \$130,000. Add to these the price of the lot, \$125,000, and the whole cost amounted to about \$275,000.

The exterior is Oriental in style, with its strong walls surmounted by a handsome dome, 30 feet high, and ten minarets. The exterior and the towers—two of which,



MADISON AVENUE CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES.

stipulated salaries, nor any kind of remuneration for preaching the Gospel or in attending to the functions of their office. They do not keep an accurate account of their members, because they do not wish to make a display respecting their numbers; but they believe that all that is necessary is to have their names recorded in the Book of Life; and they read in the Bible that the anger of the Lord was kindled against David for numbering his people, so that He sent a pestilence which destroyed 70,000. For this reason no accurate statistics of the societies of Mennonites can be given, but there are somewhere between 150,000 and 200,000—certainly not more than the larger number—of them in the United States.

PLEASURE must first have the warrant that it is without sin, then the measure that it is without excess.—*Adams.*

70 and 60 feet high, are framed on the outer walls—are covered with corrugated iron. The entrance-doors, 11 feet wide, are in the angles made by the towers and walls, but independent of the main building.

The building proper is 125 feet on Madison Avenue by 125 feet on Forty-fifth Street, erected on solid stone foundation, 30 inches, and of substantial brick masonry, 16 inches thick, and 38 feet in height to the plates, and 64 feet to ridge of roof. A slated roof is supported by four pairs of immense trusses of sufficient strength to suspend a gallery. The trusses rest on eight piers of brick, in cement, 5 feet square, the floor on strong wooden posts set on stone piers, 20 by 20, the whole constructed in the most substantial and workmanlike manner.

The auditorium is 123 by 100 feet, and 40 feet high to the centre dome. It, too, is covered with ornamented corrugated iron. The centre dome is 30 feet high and 16 feet in diame-



ter, and has a circle of 200 gas-jets, the heat generated being conveyed through the roof by a metal tube 4 feet in diameter. Surrounding this is a corrugated iron cylinder, 16 feet in diameter, supported by strong braces resting upon the beams of the trusses. A communication is made with the interior of the auditorium by sixteen trap-doors surrounding the ten-foot reflector, affording perfect light and aid to ventilation, the whole machinery being under

the instant control of the sexton from the auditorium-floor. By means of wires and simple mechanism, the gas is lighted and extinguished at will, and the traps and ventilators of the five domes are opened and closed. The smaller domes have 100 burners each. Besides this ventilation, there are fourteen registers communicating with the flues in the piers.

Three hundred and sixty-eight spacious pews, upholstered with crimson damask, are arranged in semi-circular rows, with ten radiating aisles around the altar, and the descending grade of the floor toward the east being six feet in ninety, an occupant of

any seat will command an uninterrupted view of the platform. In the rear, east of the altar, is the organ, and on either side doors lead to a rear building containing committee-rooms, water-closets, wash-rooms, and private offices. Here also are four fire-plugs, and hose equal to ordinary emergencies. In the pastor's study are convenient appliances for private gymnastics.

In the basement is a school and lecture-room, 40 by 60, an infant class-room for one hundred, a Bible class-room,

a library, and complete kitchen, with all modern appliances. The heating arrangements are by four furnaces—two on the ground at the east side, of the Littlefield self-feeding plan, and two on the west side in the ground, on the Burtis model. They are thoroughly protected from fire dangers, the flues passing through earthen tubes, which also pass through the brick piers five feet square. All woodwork is secured from fire by iron, and no flue is

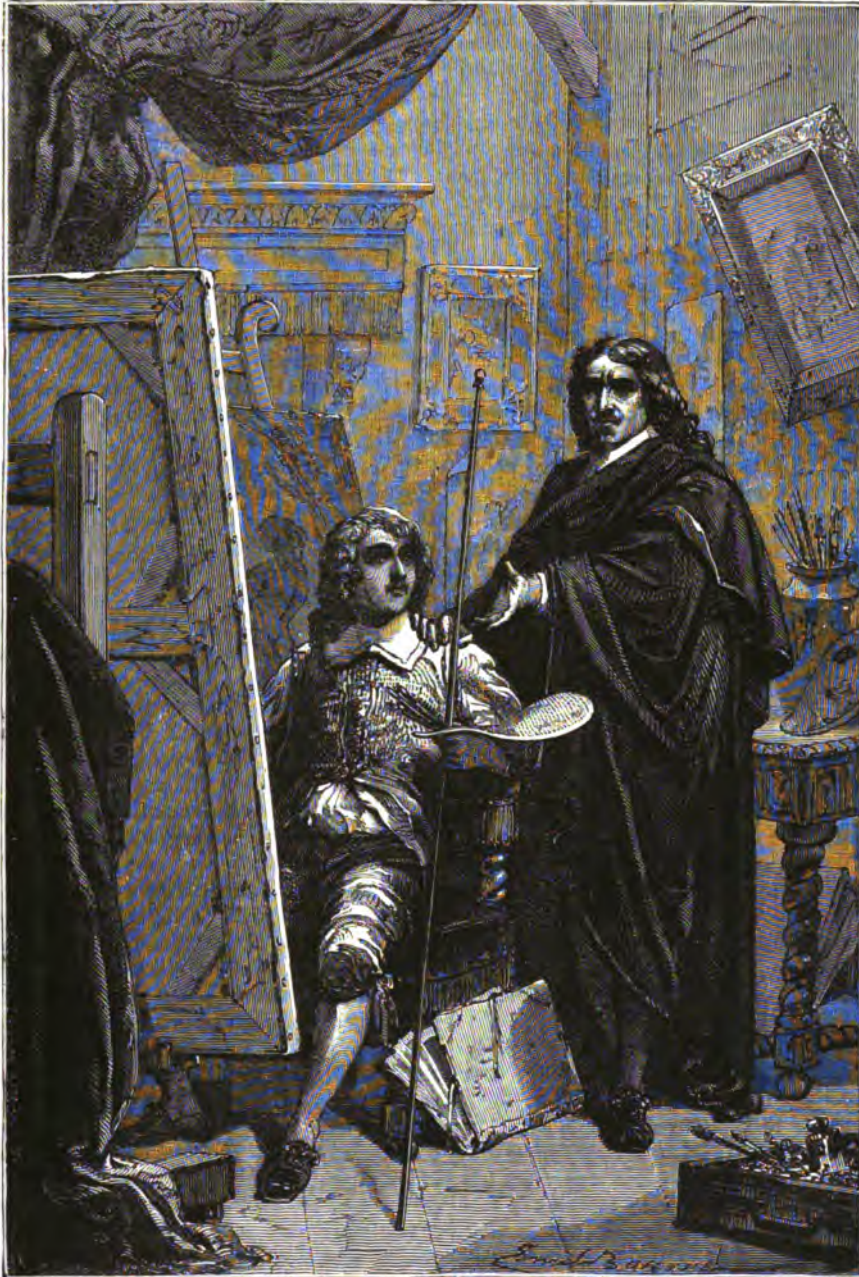
within three feet of wood-work.

Mr. Hepworth was succeeded by the Rev. W. R. Davis, and he by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, the present pastor.

Eustache le Sueur.

SUEUR was perhaps the only one of Vouet's pupils who refused to fire up for his master, and to take part in the system of disparagement and sarcasm that was formed against Poussin, from the day of his arrival at Paris. What he respected in the great artist was not the royal favor; it was the earnest character of his works, the nobility of his ideas, the boldness and novelty of his style.

Poussin learned by chance that



THE FRIENDSHIP OF POUSSIN AND LE SUEUR.

this young man was breaking lances on his behalf; he wished to know him, and was so charmed with his candor, with the elevation of his sentiments, with the distinguished character of his mind, that he received him with affectionate kindness, and promised him his advice and friendship.

From that day, Le Sueur never quitted the steps of his new master; he fed on his fruitful and powerful words; as he listened to him, he felt his doubts vanish, his presentiments and his dreams realized and made clear.

Poussin's freedom of mind, and his sturdy attacks on the quackery of the trade, his firm opinions about everything, developed in his young friend a native independence and pride that strong restraint had only repressed. Le Sueur felt himself living again; he took possession of himself; his nature burst the bonds of his education.

It was almost always on the ancient art that they were accustomed to talk. Le Sueur penetrated with delight into this world, so perfectly new to him. Without ceasing, he turned over, he devoured the books of sketches after the antique that Poussin had brought back, and his memory was filled with nations and remembrances, that even in the midst of the ruins of Rome, nobody then had any idea of obtaining.

For more than a year he was thus able to become impregnated by the lessons of Poussin, and, better still, by his works. He helped him in his labors; he saw him paint first a great picture of the Last Supper for the high altar of the Church of St. Germain en Laye; then, for the house of the Jesuit novices at Paris, that admirable picture of the young girl recalled to life by the miracle of St. François Xavier.

His practical teaching set him free from many hackneyed ways, and revealed many secrets to him.

He not only saw Poussin paint, but he painted before him; it was under his inspiration, and almost in his presence, that he executed his diploma picture, for the ancient Academy of St. Luke. This picture, of a grave and noble character, represented St. Paul laying his hands on the sick people. The composition of it has been preserved to us by the engraving. It seems written under the dictation of Poussin.

#### KIND WORDS.

BY THE REV. PETER STRYKER, D. D.

A PLEASANT-LOOKING country lady came to my home not long since, and said to me:

"Do you want to buy a jar of butter?"

It was very nice, and I asked the price. She informed me, but added:

"You shall have it for five cents a pound less."

How was this? She was not one of my parishioners. She was a stranger, and I was at a loss to know why I was thus favored. But soon the mystery was solved.

"You said a kind word to my John, and neither he nor I will ever forget you."

As she said this the tears came to her eye, and I felt a little moisture gathering in my own.

*The Incident* is worth repeating, and though I am a party concerned, I will tell it modestly, and with the hope that the story may do somebody a little good.

Three months previous to this a young man called to see me. I was in my study preparing my discourse for the next Sabbath. He was a *cavasser*, and took from his pocket a book. My first impulse was to tell him I was busy, and had not time to spend in that way. But he was a young man, and at once I thought, "If he was my son, would I like another man to repel him?"

I took the volume in my hand. It was Gough's "Sunlight and Shadow." I looked it through, and then said to the young man:

"You have a very fine book, just such a book as I would like to have, and which I wish was in every home in the land. But I cannot buy any more books just now. I am a minister, and not a moneyed man."

He looked disappointed, and said:

"You are a temperance man, and I cannot sell this book in this community unless I have your name."

"Well," I said, "I will give you something better than my name."

So I wrote him a little notice of the book, and commended him and his work to the intelligent, and appreciative public.

It is true I lost half an hour by this interview. But I was in a better mood to return to my study than if I had rudely driven the stranger from my door. Indeed I believe the smile of that face, and the pressure of that hand, and the hearty "thank you" coming from those lips, gave my mind and my pen an impetus, and I am not sure but in reality that young man proved a benefactor to me.

A few weeks after he returned and brought me a handsomely bound copy of the "Sunlight." For this he would take no compensation.

"I have sold a large number of copies. Everybody likes it. And your recommendation did more for me than all others."

But now we come to *The Sequel*:

I had not asked the young man where he came from, and had almost forgotten his name, when his mother coming from Ballston, seven miles south of us, offered me her good butter at a reduced price.

"Do you remember the young man to whom you gave a recommendation for Mr. Gough's book?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, he is my son, and has been an invalid for years. He never did any business before. We had to coax him to try this. *Your kind words started him.* He succeeded splendidly in selling the book, and because he was so successful he has obtained a permanent situation with a good salary."

This is the story. It is no figment of the imagination, but the exact statement of an actual occurrence. Let us all learn a lesson. Kind words cost but little, but they are worth much. One sentence may turn the course of a life. The word you speak to some child or young person may lift him up, and give him an impetus in the right direction, so that he will lead a happy and useful life. Or if, in some unguarded moment, you suffer yourself to be abrupt and cross, and in your selfishness drive from you the weak and timid one, you may inflict a wound that will never heal—you may give an impulse in the downward direction which will crush out life's hopes, and send a precious soul to destruction.

But we cannot afford to say cross words, especially to strangers. It is mean to address rudely those with whom we daily associate, and whom we are supposed to love. Yet this may be remedied. We will have other opportunities to show to these beloved ones that we are sorry, and to prove to them that there is a soft as well as a crusty side to us. But with the stranger this is not so. He comes and goes. Perhaps we will never see him again. If so, the impression we have made upon him is for eternity.

For your own sake, do not say a harsh word to that young man. Under no circumstances allow yourself to do it. Especially if you are full-grown and mature, and withal a Christian, never tread on the young and weak. If you do not help them, be sure you do not hurt them, lest after the damage is done you turn in shame and loathing from yourself, and say in self-condemnation, "I wish I was a man, and not a brute. What would I not give if I could recall that rude act?"

Bearing upon this point I have another story to tell of a person who allowed himself to say *unkind words*:

At my suggestion a second young man took the canvassing book, and went out to solicit subscribers to Mr.



Gough's book. Like his predecessor, he had for years been a sufferer, and not able to engage in any business. His friends thought that perhaps this would prove a recreation to him, if it did not afford him much remuneration.

To-day he came to me all broken-hearted. He had just met an aged man, who (as he says) grew angry at him—called him a book-peddler, and after indulging in other abusive language, told him to go home and engage in other business.

As his friend I tried to encourage him, and at the same time to excuse the peevish old gentleman. It was a hard job. But at length that young face brightened again, and the injured one said: "I have seen quite a number of people while engaged in this work of canvassing, but this is the only one who has treated me rudely."

I said in my heart, "Thank God for that! If there is only one individual in this community who kicks the book-canvassers, we are a pleasant people." After all, the young man had the best of it, and I told him so. He will recover from the abuse. But how about the abuser? Sometimes I wonder why the Lord does not put these cross people into a mill, and grind them over. And then I think I would like to be the millar's assistant to receive the clean grain as it sprang out of the hopper.

But God knows best, and He will do what is right. Only let us remember there is a day of judgment in the future, and then we will be called to an account for all our words.

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### "THERE'S THE LIGHT!"

Our steamer was crossing the Gulf of Mexico and approaching the mouth of the Mississippi River. As the sun went down, a cold and furious blast from the north came very suddenly upon us. The darkness began to fall. Here and there were shoals and other dangers. Great anxiety prevailed among all on board. Suddenly came a shout from the sailor on the lookout: "There's the light!" The joyful sound rang through the ship, to the great relief of every passenger. The true position of the steamer was now known. Anxiety was over, and quietness, in a sense of safety, was restored. We were soon in the quiet waters of the river.

That shout of the sailor aloft has often been sounding in my ears since that anxious night. Could I not make some use of the sailor's words for the guidance and comfort of the anxious and suffering, sailing with me on the dark sea of life? Those words gave quietness to a hundred passengers in the steamer. Could they not, in view of the "Light of the world," as suggested by them, give guidance and peace to some amid the gloom and perils of life?

My footsteps carried me over the threshold of one amid the countless sorrows of widowhood. There was the lonely and desolate house, the fatherless children—poverty, too, was there, with its attendant evils—all conspiring to deepen the gloom of that cheerless dwelling. Could I fail to refer to One who, as the Man of Sorrows, and Himself once a mourner at the grave of a friend, could enter, with tender sympathy, into any form of human woe? "There's the Light!" Cast thy care and burdens upon Him, and "then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday." Isaiah lviii. 10.

I was called into the presence of one wasting away by fatal disease. The silver cord was being loosed and the golden bowl broken. A wide waste of dark and troubled waters seemed stretching out before him. "Look!" Where shall he look? He had so long gazed upon the world as his supreme good that eternal things were but

faintly and dimly discerned. But, to a dying sinner, could a wiser or safer counsel be given with the open Word of God before him and the Saviour pointed out, than the appeal, "There's the Light"?

I was called to the deathbed of a saint. The world was fast disappearing in the opening and overshadowing realities of eternity, but all was peace. The power and value of faith had been emphasized by a noble life of usefulness. It was scarcely news to say, "There's the light." Already the glories of heaven were shining on the soul. The last waves of life's troubled sea were wafting him to the shining shore. Before I left the house there was a new member joining the heavenly choir in the song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

As our steamer safely reached the quiet waters of the river, and perils of the sea were passed, so the ransomed of the Lord, guided by "the bright and morning star," make life's voyage safely, and enter the haven of eternal rest.—*Rev. H. B. Hooker.*

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### THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

Two or three years ago it was proposed to pull down the façade of this beautiful church and "restore" it. At this act of vandalism the whole artistic world protested, for it is a well-known and sad fact that these restorations of ancient buildings generally, if not always, result in an incongruous mingling of ancient and modern architecture utterly disappointing to the lovers of pure art.

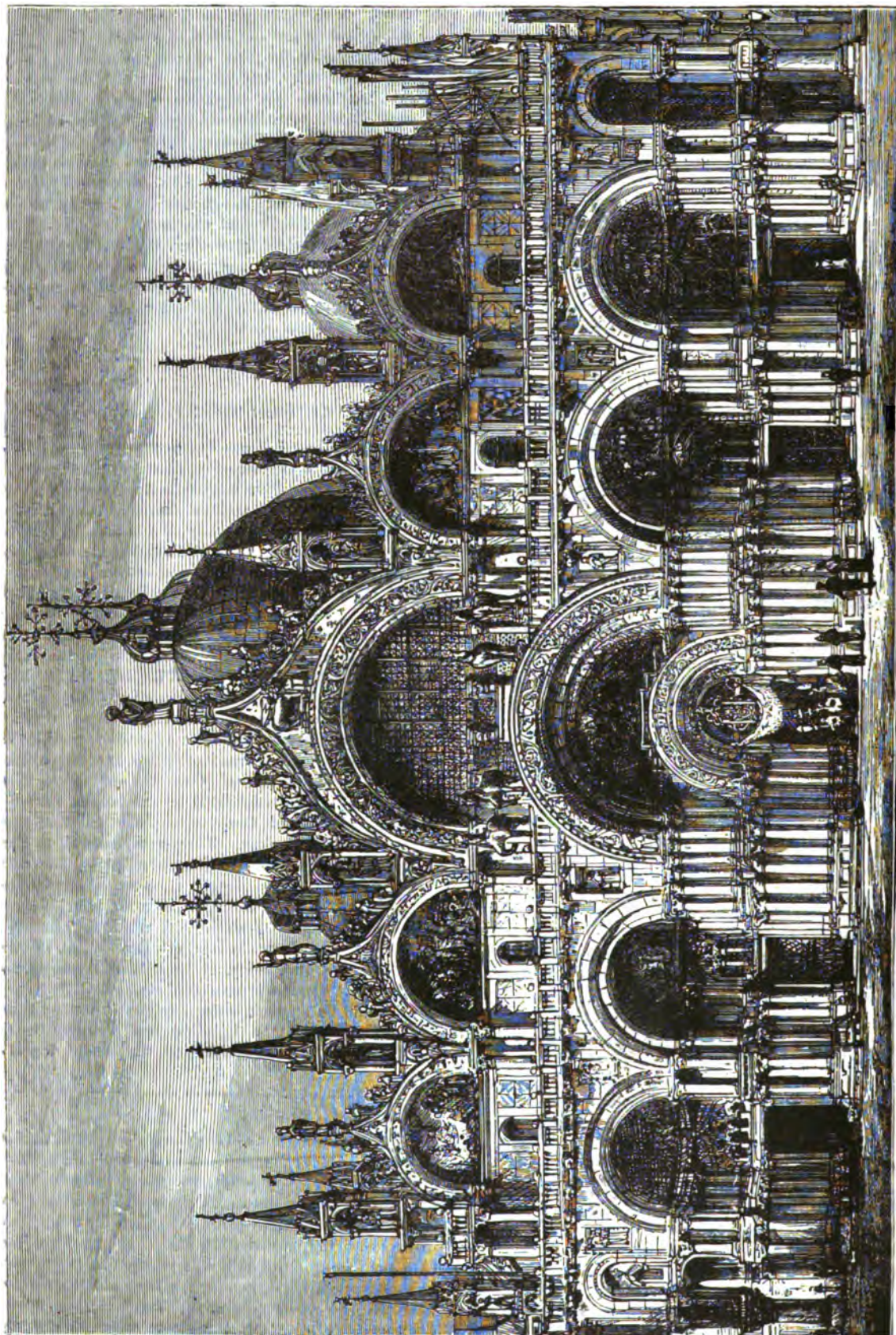
The Church of St. Mark, in Venice, is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is on the east side of the Great Square, and was formerly the Ducal Chapel, but is now superseded by San Pietro di Castello as the cathedral. The foundations were laid in 977. It is built chiefly on the Byzantine style, in the form of a Greek cross, with the addition of large porticoes. Venetian vessels were obliged to bring from the East pillars and marbles for the edifice, the principal front of which has 500 columns of various shapes and colors. Over the central portal of the vestibule stand the celebrated bronze horses brought from the hippodrome of Constantinople when that city was taken by the Crusaders. They were carried to Paris by Napoleon, but restored to Venice in 1815. The cathedral is surmounted by five domes, the central one 90 feet and the others 80 feet high. The interior is rather sombre, owing to the limited number of windows; but it is exceedingly rich, the walls and columns being of precious marbles; the pavements, of tessellated marble; and the vaulting, of mosaics upon a gold ground.

It would be an architectural crime to destroy this beautiful façade, and the building has historic associations which ought to preserve it from the vandal touch of the "restorer."

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THE RUSSIAN JEW.—Whereas in England and France Jews are simply Englishmen and Frenchmen who do not profess the ordinary religion of the country to which they belong, in Russia, as in all parts of Poland and in some parts of Germany, the Jew is at once known by his half-Oriental dress, and even by the arrangement of his hair, the men wearing on each side of their heads a long cork-screw ringlet, the women when they are married shaving their crowns and replacing the lost hair by a covering of black silk with a white line down the middle to represent the parting which would be there were there anything to part.





VIEW OF THE FACADE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK, VENICE.—SEE PAGE 267.



## HULDAH'S DEFEAT.

A TALL, rugged, self-contained sort of man was Stephen Hepburn—a man whom everybody respected, but whom no one pretended to understand. As the village-folk said: "Steve was the squarest fellow in the hull valley, but you couldn't see through him right away."

There was nothing particularly handsome about him, but if he ever looked well, it was on horseback; and now, as he reined in his sixteen-hand bay, and looked down the road after the retreating forms of Huldah Morris and her sister, he seemed indeed the very pattern of a well-to-do farmer.

On either side of him, to right and left, spread out in

"Huldah," said Hetty, "you're the strangest girl sometimes. You talk of money and property, and being settled, as you call it, as if that was all I or anybody else ought to think of. I don't see but what we've been happy enough with all our hard work, and all alone in the world, too."

Very pretty, indeed, was Hetty Morris, for her rosy, merry face looked out from an ambush of irrepressible brown curls, and there was not a line upon it that care or trouble could have made.

Huldah was taller, and a good five years older, and her grave, sober, thoughtful countenance put on a deeper shade than usual as she replied:

"Hetty, dear, you don't know everything about even



"HULDAH MORRIS AND HER SISTER CONTINUED THEIR WALK."

many a broad acre of "plow and pasture-land," the brown Autumn fields were his own, and had been his father's before him, and so was the quaint old homestead that looked out from the grove of horse-chestnuts and maples on the hill-side.

All his own, and as yet he had seemed to have no thought of calling in anybody else to divide with him his comforts and responsibilities.

Just now, however, his eyes turned more than once from the women to the fields and homestead, and back again, as if in his own mind there had been suggested some sort of possible connection between them. "They're good girls," he said to himself, aloud, "both of them, but it's hard to understand Huldah, or Hetty, either, for that matter. I wish I could ever chance in on 'em on an evening, and not find Joe Stanton on hand. Can't I make out to manage him somehow? I'll try it on."

Even as he spoke the light of some new idea arose in Steve's sunburnt face, and there must have been a comical element in it, for his hard, strong yet not unkindly mouth widened first into a humorous smile, and then opened in a loud and ringing laugh, which the good beast under him instantly took and acted on as an order to gallop briskly away with him in the direction of the village. Meantime Huldah Morris and her sister had continued their walk and talk in the golden October sunshine; perhaps, each in her own way, thinking of Stephen Hepburn.

the past, and it's the future I'm thinking of. You should not treat Stephen Hepburn as carelessly as you do. He's a most respectable and honorable man, and his farm is the best in all the valley."

"Now, Huldah," exclaimed her sister, "one would think you the most worldly and heartless old matchmaker, and hadn't a bit of soft spot in you. You make people think you are hard and selfish, and don't I know better? Come, Huldah, dear, don't let's spoil our walk. I want to cultivate my appetite. It's only two weeks to Thanksgiving."

Huldah's face was very grave and thoughtful still, and at times an expression very much like pain would shoot across it; but she seemed willing, nevertheless, to yield for the time to Hetty's flow of spirits, and say no more about Stephen and his various attractions.

Not a handsome girl was Huldah, and though her



twenty-seven years had brought her a healthful and well-developed womanhood, there had been that in them of care and anxiety which had made her feel old before her time.

In fact, while regarding herself, as others did, in the light of an "old maid," Huldah's feeling for her younger sister was more motherly than anything else.

Hetty was her pet, her idol, her one treasure, and Hetty's beauty, her popularity, her "settlement in life," gave Huldah very nearly her most interesting and absorbing topics of thought and forethought.

That, on some accounts, Stephen Hepburn was decidedly the best match in the valley, there could be no question; nor would Huldah's judgment have admitted a favorable comparison to him, in any respect, on behalf of Joe Stanton, the almost penniless young lawyer, who had settled in the village during the preceding Summer.

Joe was a good fellow, no doubt; there was nothing to dislike in him, and he had good abilities, too, men said, but he was no such person as Stephen, and never would be, in Huldah's eyes; and he came to spend his evenings at the Morris cottage only too often to please the mind or heart of Hetty's careful "overseer."

Stephen Hepburn himself had of late been more and more frequently a visitor, and he knew very well how to make his company agreeable; but Hetty's persistent manner of treating "the best match in the valley" had been a subject of more than a little tribulation to Huldah.

She had, indeed, time after time, exerted her own social powers to the very uttermost to make good her younger sister's deficiency, but she had learned to almost dread the sound of Joe Stanton's well-known knock at the cottage-door.

The evening of that very day witnessed a repetition of the same old story, for never before had Hetty exhibited so evident a manifestation of indifference to Stephen Hepburn's presence, or compelled Huldah to "come to the front" so strongly. It was only too clear that the matter could not go on so for any great length of time; but Huldah could scarcely repress her admiration of the cool, self-control and apparent unconcern with which Stephen actually "sat it out," and walked off down the village street in company with his younger and personally more attractive rival.

"There ain't many men like him," she was saying to herself. "He's worth a ten-acre lot full of Joe Stantons," when suddenly Hetty's voice—for she, too, had watched the disappearing forms of their guests—broke rudely in upon her thoughts with:

"Huldah, I just hate Stephen Hepburn!"

"Hetty, what do you mean, in all the world?" exclaimed Huldah.

"Mean? Why, what do you think he's been doing to-day? and poor Joe don't see through him any more'n if he was a post."

"Well, my dear child, what has he been doing that's so bad?"

"Doing? why, he's made arrangements with Joe Stanton to go down into Pennsylvania for him, and look after some wretched law-business. It's about some mills and lumber and mines, and I don't know what all besides."

"Will he be gone long?" quietly responded Huldah.

"He don't know how long, he says, for it will take nobody can tell how much of hard work."

"But don't you suppose Stephen means to pay him for it?"

"Yes; and he thinks it's a good thing for him, but——"

And here Hetty's eyes fell a little, and a flush of rosy color began to mount in her cheeks as the thought came

to her that, after all, *she* had no special reason for quarreling with such an access of business to her friend."

"For all I can see, then," said Huldah, wisely ignoring her sister's confusion, "Stephen has been doing a kindly thing by Joe. He could easily get his business attended to some other way. Lawyers are as plenty as blackberries, and better ones than Joe Stanton."

A little sparkle of temper began to flash in Hetty's eyes, as was very apt to be the case when her sister ventured on comparisons with reference to Joe, but she only said:

"Huldah, I'm as glad as anybody to have business come to Joe, but you'll have to take all of Steve's visits till Joe gets back. I don't care how often he calls."

"Very well, Hetty, we'll see," said Huldah, with a sort of sigh. "I only wish you would think a little, and try to understand your own interests."

"I understand them a good deal better than you think I do," half sharply returned Hetty; but a glance at the earnest, loving, hurt expression of Huldah's face brought her back to a kiss of reconciliation instantly, as it always did, and there was peace between the two, for that night, at least.

The next day came, but the evening, although a fine one, brought no visitors to the cottage of the two "lone women," and so with the next; but the third morning, when Hetty Morris came back from a brief errand down the village, there was a light on her face which puzzled Huldah more than anything else she had ever seen there. Nor did it lessen her perplexity that Hetty had gone straight to her own room, and had willfully shut the door behind her.

A full hour thereafter did Huldah busy herself at her window with a pretense of sewing, but at the end of it she could endure the irritation of her curious thoughts no longer, but put aside her work, and, with an air half of a Christian martyr and half of a Roman matron, she opened the door, and walked in upon Hetty's extraordinary privacy.

With the noise of Huldah's entrance, Hetty had given a quick little start and a motion as if she was about to hide something under the table at which she was sitting, and Huldah saw at a glance that her sister had been writing.

And then, with a crimson glow all over her dimpled, smiling, half-weeping face, Hetty sprang up and threw her arms around her sister's neck.

"No, Huldah, dear. No, no, no—not from you! I must tell it all to you. I'm so glad!"

"But, Hetty my child, what is it? What does it all mean?" exclaimed Huldah.

"Well, I just can't let you read this letter—indeed I can't—not even you; but he has written me, Joe has, and it's so terribly hard to answer him. I've been trying ever so long."

"But what do you want to say to him, Hetty?" almost sadly inquired her sister.

"Oh, Huldah, all I want to say is just 'Yes,' and it seems as if it was the longest word in the dictionary."

"But, Hetty, what about Stephen?" asked Huldah, with a flush of unusual color slowly gaining ground in her grave, composed features.

"Oh, I don't care! I don't believe he'll be half so much put out as you are. He's got his farm, and his money, and ever so much, you know, and poor Joe has nothing but me. He says, too, he don't care much for anything else, unless—— Oh, Huldah, I'm so happy!"

To save her life Huldah Morris could not have refused to sympathize with her sister's happiness, even if it so

utterly upset her own sage and provident plans for the future ; but later in the day it was by no means pleasant to reflect that the task of explaining matters would be very likely her own.

Now, it had happened that all day there had seemed to be a singular spell upon the spirits and conduct of Stephen Hepburn. He was like a man who concealed in his bosom, or tried to do so, the keen consciousness of triumph in some cherished plot. His heavily bearded mouth would now and then bristle strangely in the workings of an irrepressible smile, and more than once he had laughed aloud.

"Got it all fixed this time," he muttered, as he approached the cottage that evening, "and there won't be any Joe in the way. Hope he took his best luck with him."

Perhaps Steve could scarcely have guessed the precise amount or character of the "luck" Joe had secured during his brief absence ; but in a few moments more, Huldah had admitted him to the little parlor, where, for the very first time in his life, Steve found himself unincumbered by Joe's presence.

But, on the other hand, neither was Hetty Morris there. Steve looked around half inquiringly as he took his seat, and Huldah tried to answer the look with :

"Hetty has gone out for a walk, and I scarcely know when she will be in."

"Oh, never mind—perhaps it's just as well ; the fact is, I wanted really to have a little talk with you, Huldah—"

Stephen hesitated—which was an odd thing for him to do, and Huldah, as in duty bound, took up the broken thread of the talk, with a set determination to go at once to the very root of the matter, even while a strange flut-

tering at her heart warned her that the task she had undertaken had its difficulties.

"I suppose I know," she said, "and I think I ought to tell you all about it. You can't have any doubt how highly I—we—everybody esteems you ; but the fact is—well, I may as well out with it—Stephen, Hetty's engaged to Joe Stanton. He wrote to her the night after he went away."

Huldah's face was all ablaze for the moment, and there was a very peculiar expression of pain on her lips ; but Steve steadily replied :

"Well, now, that's just about as I calculated. He promised to mail it day before yesterday, and I gave plenty of time for it to get here, so I'd be sure she wouldn't be around to-night."

"Why, Stephen ! what did you mean ?" exclaimed Huldah. "Did you know—"

"We'll, I'm not the blindest man in the world," said Steve, "even if I'm a little slow and awkward about some things. You see, Huldah, I've been trying this good while to get a chance for a talk with you."

"With me !" exclaimed Huldah.

"Yes, with you," energetically answered Steve. "I may as well right out with it. I know I ain't good enough—not the sort of feller for such a woman as you are. I do believe you're the best woman in the world—but, then, Huldah—"

Steve sort of broke down just there, but so did the utterly astonished Huldah, from whose face a radiance of warm light had chased the expression of pain.

When Hetty Morris came in from her walk, long afterward, by the garden-gate, and peered for a moment into the parlor, it flashed upon her mind that her sister also had been trying to say "Yes," and that, if appearances were at all to be trusted, she had succeeded.

## DREAMS OF THE SOUL.

BY ALFRED ENSIGN.

AWAKE from thy slumber ! The world opes before thee  
 A vista, as yet faintly known to thine eyes ;  
 The visions that cast their soft witcheries o'er thee  
 Are fairer than rose-tints in Eastern skies.  
 The seer sighs in sadness above his gray volumes,  
 To see thee turn back from the bright shining goal ;  
 His white wand points out as the meed of endeavor,  
 Thou art wrap'd, fondly wrap'd, in the dreams of the soul.

Awake from thy slumber and heed the kind warning.  
 Ah ! shame that thou shirk'st with pitiful plaint,  
 And fearest to walk in the steep narrow pathway  
 Filled with the footprints of hero and saint.  
 To thee there is nothing sublime in denial,  
 Thou quaff'st to the very dregs pleasure's bright bowl.  
 'Twere better the waters of Lethe flowed o'er thee,  
 Quenching thy wild dreams—dreams of the soul.

Awake from thy slumber, from the chains that enthrall thee,  
 Tower leonine in strong, noble pride !  
 Cast from thy pathway the syeophant traitors  
 Who pledge thee in draughts of deception's dark tide.  
 Repudiate her whose beauty allures thee,  
 Nor shower on her fair lips Cupid's sweet toll.  
 Those sighs on thy bosom are but for thy rival,  
 Oh, rouse thee in time from the dreams of the soul !

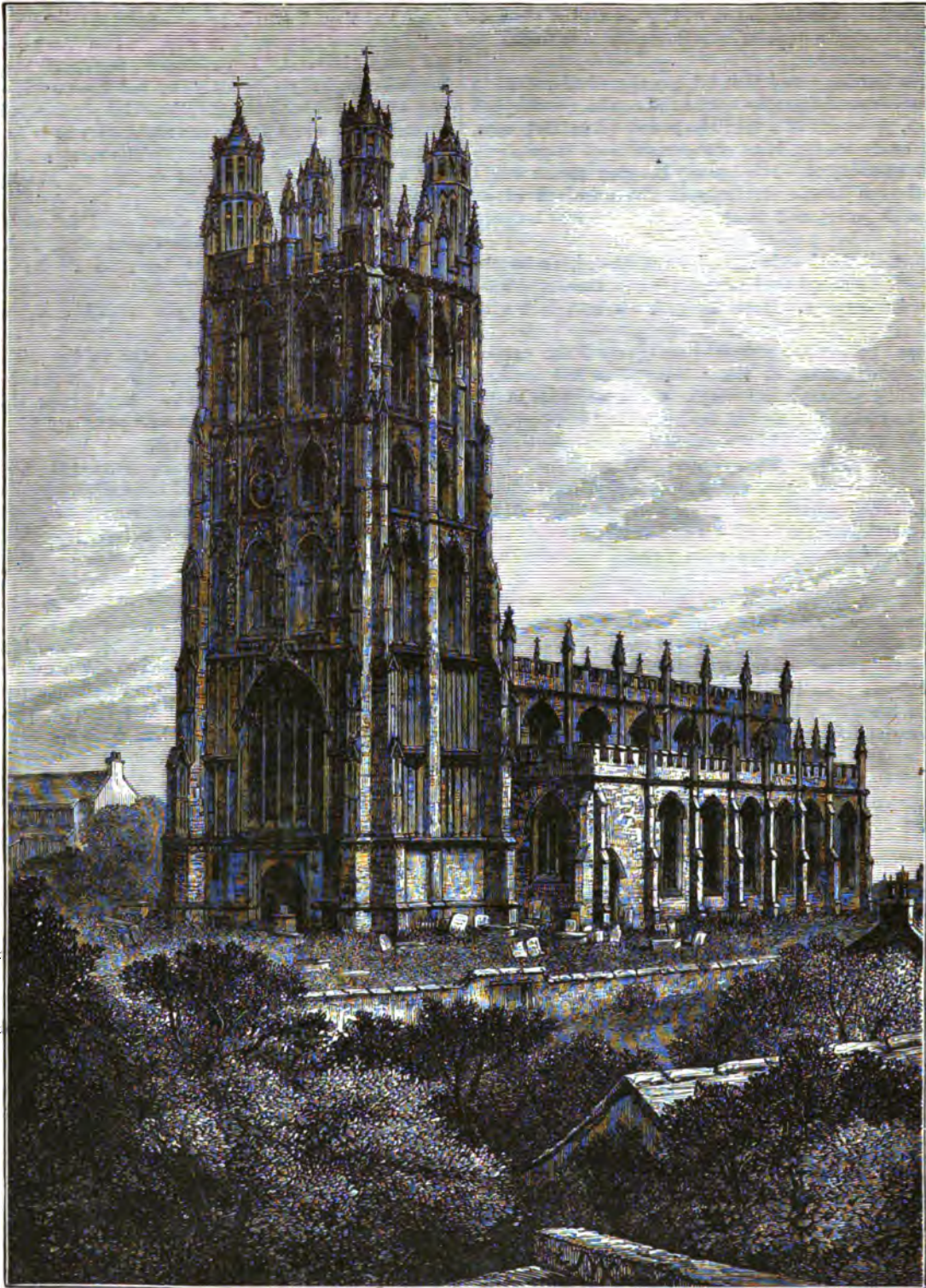
Awake, oh, awake ! and yet it is better  
 Sleep on. Too soon thou shalt know bitter pain.  
 In confidence lies the great charm of existence ;  
 Once severed, no power can restore it again.  
 Experience, reason, may come to thy rescue,  
 But only a seraph from heaven can roll  
 The stone away from the door of the sepulchre  
 Where deeply interred are the dreams of the soul.

## HIRSCHAU ABBEY.

THE visitor to the mountains of Southern Germany will not have far to seek for traces of former days ; they have left monuments enough behind them which only await a candid student to examine their silent testimony. He cannot travel many leagues, especially in the outer range of mountains, without seeing some lordly castle frowning down upon him from a lofty peak, or the towers and gables of some strong but hospitable convent or monastery inviting him to enter ; and again and again the ruins of one or the other will remind him of the instability of all

things here below, and show him that those empires which appear most firmly established, are in reality built upon ever-shifting sand, which is gradually but imperceptibly passing away from beneath them. Castles and convents were formerly the distinctive and most prominent features of mountain scenery and of the surrounding country.

It was, indeed, a grand conception to people deserted and all but uninhabited districts with these colonies ; for, fertilized by the industry of the monks, the land became fruitful, and brought forth abundantly. Towns and



HIRSCHAU ABBEY.

villages clustered round the convents ; and if the latter assumed authority over the people of the country, it was but in obedience to that natural law which gives the creator power over the created. The inroads of the Huns, it is true, laid waste the land ; but, like vigorous roots which have remained uninjured far beneath the surface of the earth, the monastic institutions sprang up afresh and grew apace, until, at last, their shadow positively darkened the land which gave them birth. But the ax was laid

at the root of the tree in the unwisely precipitate suppression of monasteries in 1803 ; the confiscation of property cut off the supply of sap from the roots ; and of the many rich convents which gave the name of Pfaffenwinkel (priest's corner) to the lands on the Isar and Loisach, nothing remains but the bare trunks stripped of their branches and leaves. Of the buildings once peopled by the monks, some enjoy a prolonged existence as breweries, like Polling or Ettal ; some are empty and deserted, like



Schlehdorf; others, such as Benedictbeuren—where Fraunhof, the optician, made his grand experiments and discoveries—are converted to totally different purposes, as stables or barracks. A few still retain something of a monastic character; for at Benerberg, Frauenwörth, Dietramszell, etc., nuns have set up schools for girls. Others, again, like Bernried, are the country-seats of noblemen; and a few are the resorts of princely leisure, such as the charming Tegernsee, where Maximilian Joseph, the first King of Bavaria, held his splendid but simple and hospitable court; where Werinher, the famous illuminator, lived, and Walter von der Vogelwaide was entertained as a guest.

The convents had their day and fulfilled their mission; now they have passed away like the secular institutions of the knights.

Of these ruined abbeys of the past, none, perhaps, is more picturesque and lovely than that at Hirschau, in a beautifully secluded spot on the Nagold, not far from Stuttgart. The abbey, with its church, dedicated to St. Peter, and the knightly castle that towered not far from them, were all destroyed by the French under Melac, in the war of the Palatinate, in 1692.

#### THE PEABODY MUSEUM, YALE COLLEGE.

THE new Peabody Museum at New Haven, Conn., is a remarkably imposing building. It occupies the entire space on High Street, between Elm and Library Streets, a stretch of three hundred and fifty feet. It stands back from High Street thirty-three feet, and from Elm thirty-five; with a high basement it is really a four-story structure, built of brick, with heavy trimmings of Nova Scotia sandstone. The north wing has a frontage of one hundred and fifteen feet on High Street, and of one hundred on Elm, and cost \$160,000. The basement is taken up in part by working-rooms, but a goodly portion is devoted to the exhibition of fossil specimens. In the first story

the mineralogical collection is located, in the second the geological, in the third the zoological, while the attic is given up to archæology and ethnology.

The architect of this grand building was J. C. Cody, of New York city, who designed the beautiful North Sheffield Hall, which was built in 1873.

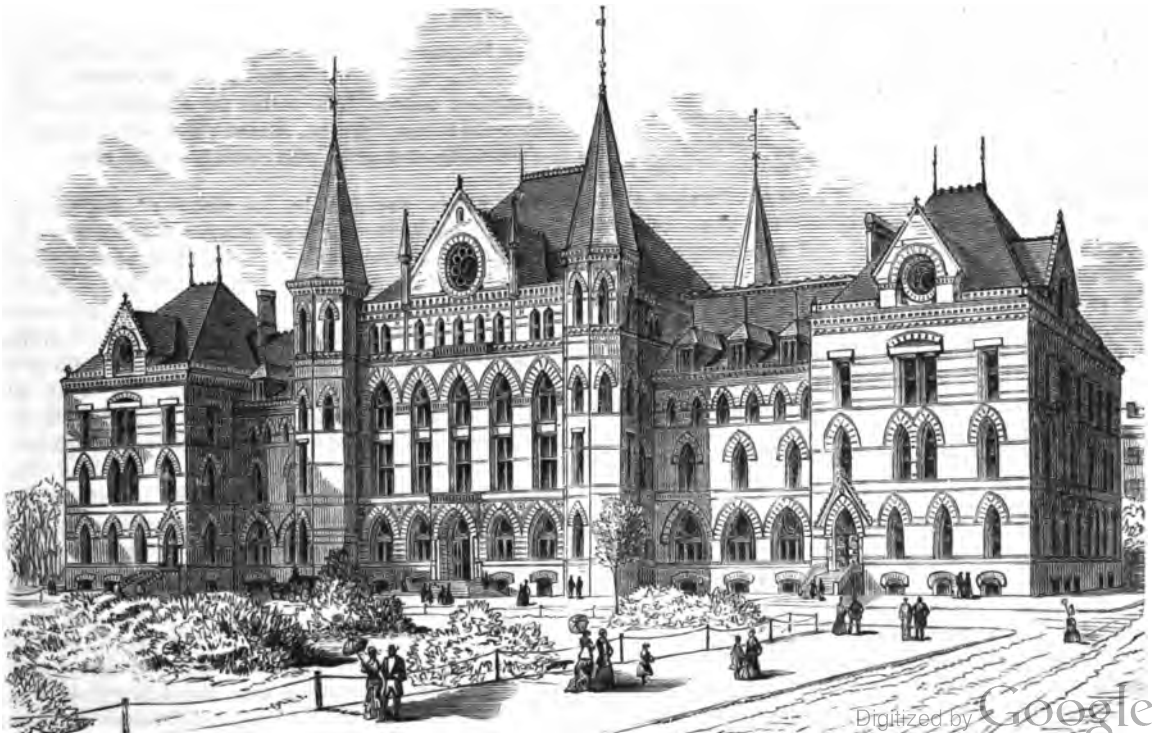
The Peabody Museum is justly considered a monument to the energy, the tact and the perseverance of Professor O. C. Marsh, one of the purest and most studious of the world's great scientists, and whom ex-Secretary Delano once alluded to as *a Mr. Marsh*. It was through his influence that the funds, \$150,000, were originally procured from his uncle, the late George Peabody, who followed his usual practice in providing that the money be invested so as to yield a certain moderate but secure interest, which in time would amount, with the principal, to a considerable sum for the erection of the building. The large collection of specimens which Professor Marsh had gathered before the building was completed has been largely increased almost every year by expeditions to the West, led by the Professor, and along the coast by Professor Verrill.

#### THE CLEANSING BLOOD OF CHRIST.

A VISITOR among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick



THE PEABODY MUSEUM OF YALE COLLEGE.

him down-stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring, with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing, saying :

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For the moment the visitor was too much absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry, and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones :

"Tell me, oh, tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question :

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I am going to stand as a sinner before God. I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman, all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a

church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard I could never forget. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could but hear of it now! Tell me, tell me if there is anything about that blood in your book?"

The visitor answered by reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more."

He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look round; the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth and fifth chapters, before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened with silent interest.

On the day of her funeral he beckoned him to one side as they were filling up her grave, and said: "Sir, I have been thinking there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Thus the great truth of free pardon through faith in the atoning blood of Christ sinks into the soul and saves it. Thus grasped when all else is gone, it has power to sustain the drowning spirit, and lift it up above the floods that are going over it.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES.

**A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.**—The truth of the following choice bit is vouched for by Mrs. R. T. Brown, of Sligo, Maryland: Colonel C——e, of Virginia, was, perhaps is now, a teetotaler in principle and practice, and seldom failed to rebuke all those whom he saw departing from his strict rule of life. One day, when dining at a hotel in Richmond, a strange man near him called for a glass of brandy and water. Colonel C——e began immediately to rebuke the man for intemperance. "Sir," he said, "let me warn you in time. I have at this moment, a newspaper in my pocket giving an account of an habitual drinker, who died suddenly, sir; and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact, sir, that his maw was completely eaten through by whisky, sir; completely eaten through, sir, I assure you." "And I," replied the stranger, "also have a newspaper in my pocket, sir, telling of a man who always drank water, like yourself, sir. The man died suddenly; a post-mortem revealed the fact that his maw was full of tadpoles, sir; full of tadpoles, sir, quite full, I assure you, sir." It is unnecessary to announce that a general burst of laughter followed to the momentary discomfiture of Colonel C——e.

**A TEMPERANCE lecturer thus reasons:** "Make your wife your barkeeper. Lend her two dollars to buy a gallon of whisky. When you want a drink pay her ten cents for it. An average of sixty-five drinks to a gallon will give her six dollars and fifty cents. She can then pay you back the two dollars, buy another gallon, and still have a balance left of two dollars and fifty cents. Keeping on in this way she will have money enough to support you

when you have become a confirmed inebriate, and will be able to take care of you until you are ready to fill a drunkard's grave."

**THE Northwestern University at Evanston, twelve miles from Chicago, does not permit, by its charter, a saloon within four miles. The result is, a population of 6,000 with only two policemen, whose chief work seems to be the watching of tramps who come from the city.**

**THE recent decision by the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, which establishes the constitutionality of the Civil Damage law of 1873, must encourage every lover of decency and order. Now it is adjudicated that the provisions of that law cover not only the seller of intoxicating liquors, but also the owner of the building or real estate which is used for the purpose of selling alcoholic liquors. Hence, if a man in New York, when intoxicated, does any injury to person or property, claims for actual or exemplary damages may be made against the owner of the land or building where the liquor was obtained which made him drunk. This decision will stimulate real estate holders to watchfulness concerning the uses to which their property is devoted, and those who own store property cannot let it for the sale of liquors without incurring much risk.**

**"WELL, William, how are you?" "Oh, pretty well. I had only twenty-five cents and an old hen when I signed, and a few old scores; but now I have about fifty dollars in the bank, and my wife and I have lived through the Summer without getting into debt; but as I am only thirty weeks**

old (so he styled himself), I cannot be so strong yet, friend." "How is it that you never signed before?" "I did sign; but I keep it different now to what I did before, friend." "How is that?" "Why, I go down on my knees and pray."

A ROON ragged lad came to a ragged school in Ireland—a miserable little Arab of the streets, with scarcely a trace of the child in his face. One day, however, he appeared radiant in a new suit of clothes. "How is this, Mike?" said the teacher. "Oh, sir," he said, "sure daddy's a teetotalter; I never stopped till I brought him to the meetings, and he signed the pledge; and look at me now, sir!"

A LIQUOR-SELLER sold a pint of rum, according to law, and made a few cents profit. The drinker, while under its influence, shot his son-in-law, and his arrest, imprisonment, trial and execution cost the country more than \$1,000; and yet people say, "What shall we do without the revenue?"

LEWISTON, in Maine, with 20,000 population, has not had an arrest for drunkenness for twenty years. She has a good liquor law vigorously enforced.

VINELAND, N. J., has a population of 20,000. Absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic is the law of the city. During the year there was only one indictment, and that a trifling case of battery among the colored population. The whole police expense is \$75 a year, and the poor expenses a mere trifle. Fires are so few, there is no need of a fire department.

CONNECTED with the Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, is a Church Temperance Society having 168 members. Of these 100 are total abstainers. A juvenile temperance society was also started last Spring, of which sixty-five children are members.

At the monthly banquet of the Social Temperance Union, Boston, recently, the Rev. Phillips Brooks spoke forcibly on the subject of prohibitory legislation, than which, he urged, "there is one thing far more important, namely, the preservation of that liberty in which self-control can live, be educated and grow. Everything which makes it possible for a poor man to find some healthy stimulus outside the grog-shop will have an inestimable influence in bringing about total abstinence. We may close our grog-shops just as completely as we can, but if we do not open places where the poor, hard-working, unfortunate people can resort, they will find places of their own, in spite of all the laws that can be made."

MR. TENNYSON'S recent song, "Hands All Round," has stirred the wrath of the temperance people in Manchester. They have unanimously resolved that, in their opinion, "the heathen custom of drinking toasts tends to popularize the erroneous idea that men cannot meet and enjoy themselves on festive occasions without the use of intoxicating drinks," and they "regret that the poet laureate should, in his latest so-called patriotic song, attempt to immortalize a system so closely associated with the beverage that produces drunkenness, vice, crime, pauperism, and everything that causes a blush of shame to mount to the cheek of all true patriotic lovers of England and her noble institutions." They further determined to forward a copy of the resolution to Mr. Tennyson, and appointed a committee to prepare a memorial to the Queen "asking her, as patron of the Church of England Temperance Society, to use every proper influence with the leaders of fashionable society against the evil custom of drinking toasts at their various social and philanthropic meetings." This has evoked a reply from the poet as follows: "Sir: My father begs to thank the Committee of the Executive of the Grand

Lodge of England Good Templars for their resolution. No one honors more highly the good work done by them than my father. I must, however, ask you to remember that the 'common cup' has in all ages been employed as a sacred symbol of unity, and that my father has only used the word 'drink' in reference to this symbol. I much regret that it should have been otherwise understood. Faithfully yours, Hallam Tennyson."

THE National Temperance Society issues two sermons by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage on "The Plagues, Alcoholism and Narcotic." One can readily believe that there was little sleeping in the audience when these discourses were delivered. They publish, also, a valuable tract by Dr. B. W. Richardson, entitled, "Twenty-one Landmarks"—noted points in the progress of the temperance reform.

WARRANTS were issued against over 500 saloon-keepers, tobacco-dealers, grocers, and other violators of the Sunday law in San Francisco, a short time ago. Only one Chinese firm was among the number. The *Pacific* says: "Here we have the spectacle of citizens who are law-breakers, and heathens who are law-keepers."

THIS nation is spending more money for intoxicating drink than for all the bread it eats and all the clothes it wears, all the books it reads and all the churches it has built.

THE advocates of the Sunday-closing law in Ohio have won their first victory in the courts. A saloon-keeper in Cleveland, arrested for violating the law, based his defense on the ground that the law was unconstitutional. The judge before whom the case was being tried overruled this plea. In his decision he says that the Legislature has the power to regulate the sale of almost any commodity, and, above all, the sale of an article that produces so many evil consequences as liquor does.

AN ANCIENT TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.—The appendix to the 5th report on Historical MSS., Part I, report on the MSS. of A. J. K. Erskine, Esq., of Dun, in the County of Forfar, contains: Temperance Bond, Dundee, 5th July, 1627. The parties to this contract, which is attested by four witnesses, are Alex. Eskine of Dun, and Sir Jhone Blair of Balgille. They bound themselves to drink nothing, except in their own dwellings, till the 1st May, 1628, the penalty of 500 merks Scots for the first "faizie and brack," and of one hundred merks for every succeeding one, and for security agreed to register the contract. The reason alleged for this agreement is that the "access (i. e., excess) of drinking is prohibit bothe be the Law of God and Man," and that they were willing to "give guid exampill to ytheris be their lyff and conversacioun to abstain from the lyke abuse."

#### The Residence and Tomb of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin.

THERE are certain buildings in London which, although they have neither any peculiar beauty of architecture, nor picturesque appearance, have a considerable amount of interest to every intelligent person.

They have still existing, in Westminster, the identical house which was for some time occupied by Milton, when Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell; this was also occupied by Hazlitt, who placed on its wall a tablet to associate it with "The Prince of Poets." Its garden, in which is a tree said to have been planted by Milton, afterward came into the possession of Jeremy Bentham of famous memory. This object, so far as its general appearance is concerned,





RESIDENCE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN LONDON.

might be passed by without notice; but who, knowing its associations, could fail to look upon it without feelings of intense interest?

When Benjamin Franklin first visited London, he went to work as a journeyman in a printing-office in the neighborhood of St. John's Square, Clerkenwell; we have, however, failed to trace anything in connection with him in that place. He afterward found employment in the printing establishment of the Messrs. Cox (now Cox & Wyman), in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields; here he pursued, for about twelve months, a life of steady industry, living on the most simple food, and avoiding every description of stimulating drink, notwithstanding he did not refuse to become responsible for the ale scores of his fellow-workmen at the public-house next the archway, which adjoins the premises.

During a portion of the time he worked here, Franklin, thinking that the exercise would be beneficial, left his work at composing, and took to the hand-press. A corner on the first floor of Messrs. Cox & Wyman's printing-house, is pointed out by some of the old men there employed as the spot on which Franklin pursued his labors; and it is related that when he afterward visited England, with a great reputation, which extended throughout Europe, he called at this office, and addressing himself to a pressman here at work, said:

"My friend, it is now some years since I worked at that press; let us, notwithstanding, take a pot together."

While working at Messrs. Cox's, Franklin lodged with a poor widow, in the narrow street which leads from the archway on the west side of Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Although diligent inquiry has been made, we have failed to find any distinct proof which of the houses it was in which he lodged.

Respecting the subject of the engraving, there is no uncertainty; here, when he came in an honorable position from his native land, which he had, by his energy and ability, been such an important means of liberating, he

transacted important business and received visits from the most distinguished and remarkable personages of the time. It would be a useful plan to mark houses, such as those referred to, with a brief record of the associations connected with them—a rule which we should also adopt in this country, where our history is so evanescent from the uncertain nature of our people.

The ground on which is the tomb of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, his beloved wife, belongs to Christ Church, of Philadelphia. The church is situated in Second, between Market and Arch Streets. The property on which the church stands was bought in 1695, just thirteen years after the city was founded, and when the population numbered only 3,000 souls. The first interments were made upon this church ground, but as the city and the congregation increased, it was found necessary to secure a larger lot, and one was got in 1719, on the corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, then the suburbs of the city, and in this ground lie the Franklin remains.

For a long time this ground was the principal burying-place of the city, and there all the principal Philadelphian families can point to the graves of their ancestors. The earliest date shown upon the tombstones is 1721.

Apart from the grave of Franklin, and others of great interest, whose tombs are pointed out to visitors, there are deposited in the ground the remains of several prominent individuals of the past. The records of the church disclose the fact that Peyton Randolph, the first President of Congress, was buried here on the 24th of October, 1775; and again, that Francis Hopkinson, one of the most distinguished patriots of the Revolution, was interred here on the 11th of May, 1791; yet a careful search affords no clue to their resting-place, as no tablets mark their graves. In the church-building, also, there have been several interments without a memorial. The records of the year 1759 state that Brigadier-General Forbes died on the 10th of March of that year, and was buried in Christ Church, but there is no stone marking the locality.

The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, of the 15th of March, 1759, furnishes the following information: "On Sunday last, died of a tedious illness, John Forbes, Esq., in the forty-ninth year of his age, son to — Forbes, Esq., of Petterhead, in the shire of Fife, in Scotland, Brigadier-General, Colonel of the 17th Regiment of foot, and Commander of His Majesty's troops in the Southern Provinces of North America. Yesterday he was interred in the chancel of Christ Church, in this city."

The locality of Franklin's tomb is in a retired part of the grounds, and the grave, until recently, could only be visited with difficulty; but in the year 1858 a portion of the wall next to it was taken down, and an iron railing substituted, so that a view of the grave can now readily be obtained without entering the grounds.

The plain appearance of the tomb must strike every one as unworthy of the memory of Franklin, over whose remains one would naturally look for an imposing monument commemorative of his worth; but the stone, as seen here, is such as was contemplated by him before his death, and particularly ordered in his will. The following is an extract from the codicil of his will, dated 23d June, 1789, the year before his death: "I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet wide, plain, with only a small molding round the upper edge, and this inscription:

BENJAMIN  
and  
DEBORAH } FRANKLIN.  
1790.

This is the style of setting on the tomb now, but

though it is very much defaced or beaten by the storm, the inscription is fairly legible.

The records of the church state that Deborah Franklin was buried here, 22d December, 1774, and Benjamin Franklin on the 18th of April, 1790. The headstone on the left hand side, at the head of the tomb, has the following inscription :

FRANCIS F.,  
son of  
BENJAMIN and DEBORAH FRANKLIN,  
Deceased Nov. 21st, 1786.  
Aged 4 years, 1 month and 4 days.

That on the right side :

In Memory of  
JOHN READ,  
who departed this life  
September 12th, 1724.  
Aged 47 years.

The tomb adjoining that of Franklin, to the left, is that of

RICHARD }  
and } BACHE.  
SARAH }  
1811.

The statements given above are mostly taken from the vestry records.

### LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

It is related of the celebrated Scotch minister, Robert Bruce, that on the morning of the day on which he died, he breakfasted with his family, but shortly after, feeling unwell, he said to his attendants that he had got a sudden call. He then expressed a wish to have the family Bible brought to him ; but finding his sight gone, he said, "Turn up for me the eighth chapter of Romans, and place my fingers on these words : 'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Now," said he, "is my finger upon them ?" Being assured that it was, he added, "Now God be with you, my children ; I have breakfasted with you this morning, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus this night."

### The Gratitude of Animals.

"THE ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib ; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider" (Isaiah i. 3). A farmer who had recently listened to an exposition from this text was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, began licking his bare arm. Instantly, with this

simple incident, the Holy Spirit flashed conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears and exclaimed, "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's Word ! This poor, dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to Him for everything. What a sinner I am !" The lesson had found way to his heart and wrought there effectually to lead him to Christ.

### VALUE OF FIVE MINUTES.

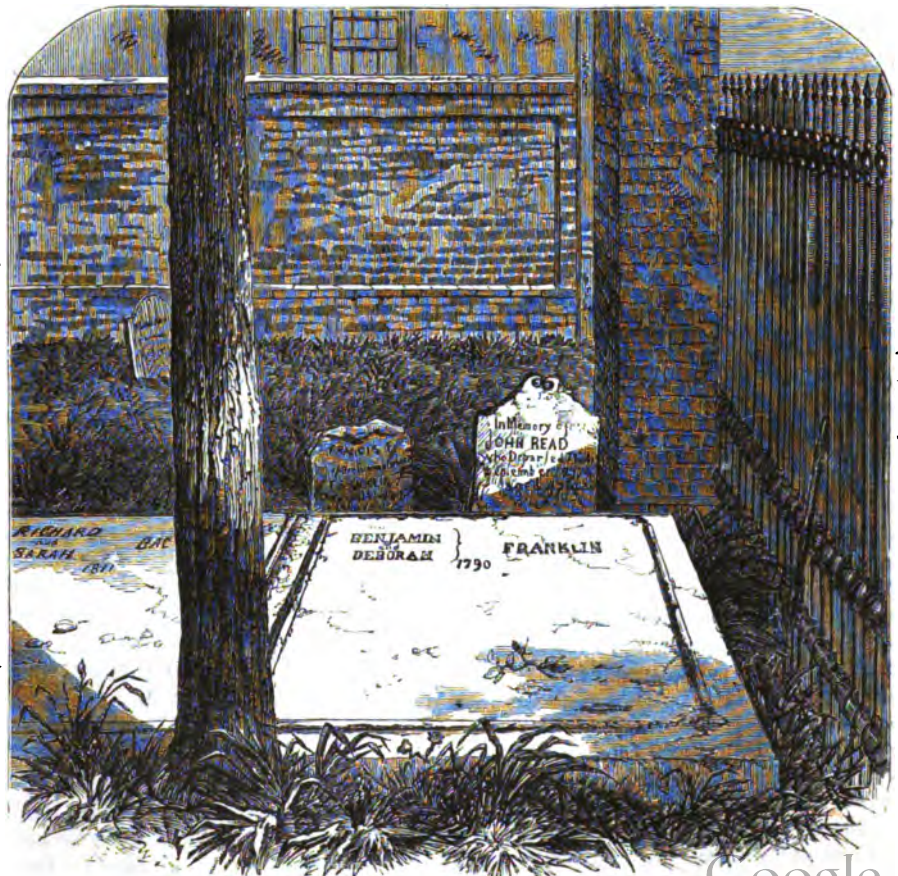
A NUMBER of years ago it was a custom of the orthodox churches in Boston to furnish about a dozen teachers, who would voluntarily go to the prison on a Sabbath forenoon, to instruct classes of the convicts in a Sabbath-school in the chapel.

The Hon. Samuel Hubbard was one of those who went. Near the close of the time devoted to instruction, the chaplain said :

"We have five minutes to spare. Mr. Hubbard, will you please to make a few remarks ?"

He arose in a calm, dignified manner, and looking at the prisoners, said :

"I am told that we have five minutes to spare. Much may be done in five minutes. In five minutes Judas betrayed his Master, and went to his own place. In five minutes the thief on the cross repented, and went with the Saviour to paradise. No doubt many of those before me did that act in five minutes which brought them to this place. In five minutes you may repent and go to paradise—or will you imitate Judas, and go to the place where he is? My five minutes have expired."



THE TOMB OF BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN.



## RELIGIOUS NOTES AND NEWS.

THE next Church Congress will be held in Richmond, Va., on October 24th and the three following days. This is the first time the annual session has been held below Mason and Dixon's line. Two former Congresses were held at Cincinnati and Philadelphia, but this body has never yet ventured further South. The necessity of gaining volume of movement for the Congress has heretofore confined it to the centres where the Episcopal Church has a strong following. Richmond has probably as fair a representation of what is best in this communion as is to be found in the Southern States, and the session will have political as well as social and religious importance. Though the Congress casts no votes, it aims to occupy the somewhat extensive pasture-land which includes all the topics wherein Christian leadership touches the interests of present life. The list of subjects for the Richmond meeting very clearly outlines the sphere in which it has already proved its usefulness. It covers "The Position and Work of the Laity in the Church," "The Priestly and Prophetic Functions of the Christian Ministry," "The Relations of the Church to the Colored Race," "The Powers of Standing Committees," "The Inspiration of the Scriptures," "Christianity and the Criminal," and "The Requirements for Confirmation." These are timely topics, and two of them, "The Relations of the Church to the Colored Race," and "The Powers of Standing Committees," are of present importance. The social status of the colored people as involved in their religious and general education is not yet settled beyond the most preliminary conditions, and the authority of the Standing Committee of a diocese, as illustrated by the arbitrary action of such a Committee in Maryland in rejecting candidates for Orders, happens to be a burning subject in the Episcopal Church at the present time.

**ST. AMBROSE'S CHURCH.**—The Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Ambrose, Prince and Thompson Streets, New York city, is the only regularly appointed church of its denomination in the Eighth Ward, which contains a population of 80,000. It has little to rely upon in the shape of contributions from its regular members, who are poor, and for some years it has had a hard struggle. On June 26th, 1880, its present pastor, the Rev. J. Bloomfield Wetherill, took charge of the scanty congregation, agreeing to serve without pay until the church should be out of its difficulties. Finding that an assistant was necessary, he appointed one at a salary of \$50 a month, which he paid out of his own resources, as well as supplying books for the Sunday-school and supplies of various kinds for the church. The church contributions were distributed among the sick and poor of the parish. The attendance at the church at the Sunday-service is now about 150. The Sunday-school has on its roll the names of 300 members, and probably 200 children are instructed every Sunday. On Tuesday evenings a Bible-class for men draws from twenty to fifty students, who afterward are invited to a social meeting where simple refreshments are provided. On Wednesdays and Saturdays a class is prepared for confirmation, and Mrs. Laidlaw of the Eighth Ward Mission has organized a mothers' meeting, which is held at two o'clock every Friday at 9 Ludlow Place. She also instructs a sewing-school at the same place at two o'clock on Saturdays. The St. Ambrose Brotherhood meet in the church on Friday evenings. There is a kindergarten every week day except Saturday. All the services of the church are well attended, the congregation steadily increasing. The

church is burdened with a mortgage of \$12,800 and has a floating debt of \$3,000. It is generally conceded that the pastor has already done all in his power to save the church, and he is driven to ask some outside assistance in order to carry on the work. An earnest appeal for help is made to those interested in such work among the poor, especially to those who have an abundance of wealth. No more needy or deserving cause could be found. The instruction and religious improvement of this dense population is certainly a good thing.

IN Wales the custom of visiting the resting-places of the dead is observed on Palm Sunday, or, as it is called there, "Flowering Sunday." On that day the cemeteries are the popular places of resort, and the tombs are covered with wreaths of choice flowers.

THE Eastern Primitive Methodist Conference of the United States reports an increase of 194 members during the year, the whole number being 2,157. The whole value of its church property is about \$270,000.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church on an average organizes ten new Sunday-schools, dedicates fourteen new churches and adds two new parsonages, each week during the year.

THE Religious Tract Society of England distributes its publication in 142 languages. The total circulation from the home depot has reached over 73,000,000, and the issues from foreign depots are estimated at 14,000,000.

THE One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the foundation of Trinity Parish, Newtown, Conn., and the consecration of the new church recently freed from debt, took place on June 8th.

THE Presbyterian Church in Texas, according to the census of 1880, foots up 13,000 members; the Methodists have 157,000, the Catholics 150,000, and the Baptists 125,000.

THE number of communicants of the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts is nearly 18,000, or a gain of over 50 per cent. since 1873.

THE Lutheran Almanac for 1882 reports for the United States and Canada, 56 synods, 3,307 ministers, 5,851 churches, and 789,418 communicants.

THE Primitive Methodists of England had no existence as late as 1810. Now there are nearly 200,000. They had then no chapel, whereas to-day they have 6,221, and 383,350 Sunday-school scholars.

THE massive solid gold communion service made to order in England for St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, was used for the first time last Easter; also the beautiful old Spanish-altar cloth that has been on exhibition for some weeks past. It is believed to be five hundred years old, and was purchased abroad by the late Hon. E. R. Mudge, for St. Stephen's.

THE net profit of the New York Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church was \$69,064, and of the Western Concern \$25,466, a total of \$94,530 during the last year.

THE money needed for the establishment of a new Episcopal diocese within the bounds of the present Diocese of Central Pennsylvania has been subscribed. Over \$30,000 has been pledged for the new See, to be erected out of the Convocation of Williamsport. Digitized by Google



THE Year Book of the Unitarian Churches for 1882 gives, as the whole number of churches, 344, seven more than for 1881. The whole number of ministers is 404. Of the list for 1881, fourteen died the past year. Ten were graduated from the two divinity schools; six from Cambridge and four from Meadville. The names of four women are among the list of ministers.

CHAUTAQUA IN 1882.—The Chautauqua Foreign Missionary Institute invites all friends of missions, foreign and home, in every denomination and from every land, to its fourth annual gathering, in the beautiful grove beside Chautauqua, a little west of the city of Buffalo, from July 29th to August 3d. The great days at Chautauqua will be: Opening Day, C. Teachers' Retreat and C. School of Languages, July 8th; Memorial Day, C. Literary and Scientific Circle, July 9th; Closing Exercises, C. T. R., July 28th; Mid-Season Celebration, Saturday, July 29th; Fourth Anniversary, C. F. M. I., Thursday, August 3d; Memorial Day Anniversary, C. L. S. C., August 5; National Day, August 5th; Denominational Congresses,

August 9th; Alumni Day—Reunion, illuminated fleet, etc., August 10th; C. L. S. C. Day, First Commencement, August 12; C. School Theology Day, August 15th; College Society Day, August 17th; The Farewell, August 11th. As in other years, the C. F. M. I., through its president, Dr. Vincent, secures a rich programme, and this will soon be sent out. Suggestions and inquiries will be welcomed by the Executive Committee: Congregational, W. A. Duncan, *Chairman*, Syracuse, N. Y.; Baptist, A. H. Burlingham, D.D., New York; Presbyterian, Rev. M. B. De Witt, McMinnville, Tenn.; Lutheran, Rev. J. A. Clutz, Baltimore, Md.; Methodist Episcopal, M. M. Parkhurst, D.D., Elgin, Ill.; Methodist Church of Canada, Rev. J. Philp, Belgrave, Ont.; Presbyterian, D. Cunningham, D. D., Wheeling, W. Va.; Reformed, Rev. J. P. Rubenkam, Philadelphia, Pa.; United Brethren in Christ, D. Berger, D.D., Dayton, Ohio. Latest reports of all missionary work, also papers publishing the Chautauqua notices, are desired, that they may be seen in the missionary reading-room at Chautauqua. These may be sent to the St. Mark's parsonage, Buffalo, N. Y., to C. P. Hard, *Secretary*.

## MILTON'S ITALIAN SONNETS.

## DONE INTO ENGLISH.

## I.

O LADY fair, whose honored name doth grace  
Green vale and noble ford of Rheno's stream,  
Him empty of all worth I surely deem,  
Who thy sweet spirit loveth not apace—  
Gently revealed from out its hidden place,  
In tender deeds that beauty well beseeem,  
And gifts that make Love's bow twang, quiver teem,  
And into blossom burst thy lofty praise.  
When thou dost sweetly talk, or gladsome sing,  
Enough to draw the stubborn savage wood,  
The doors of eyes and ears let that man hold  
Who knows himself unworthy of thy good;  
Heav'n's grace alone the needful aid can bring,  
Should in his heart the passion have grown old.

## II.

As ON rough hill, the evening all imbrowned,  
After her went the little shepherd maid  
Goes watering flowerets, lovely-strange, which spread  
And blossom poorly on unaccustomed ground,  
Their native genial Spring no longer round;  
So on my quick tongue, as his garden-bed,  
Love makes new flowers of strange speech rear their head,  
Whilst I of thee, with gracious disdain crowned,  
Sing darkling, by my people all unknown—  
Yield the sweet Thames, and the sweet Arno gain.  
Love willed it so; and I from others' moan  
Already knew Love never willed in vain.  
To him, oh! were heart slow and bosom hard,  
Who plants from heaven a soil of such regard!

## III.

## CANZONET.

THE youths and damsels that Love's livery wear,  
Come round me, smile, and say, "Why hast thou writ,  
Why dost thou write in strange and foreign speech,  
Building Love's rhyme? How is it thou canst dare?  
Tell us—so come thy hope still in thy reach,  
And of all thoughts arrive the thought most fit!  
Thus they, feathering the arrows of their wit:  
"These other streams wait, other shores and sky,  
"Neath which the green banks lie  
Where sprouts for thee, for thee the laureate fate,  
Eternal leaves—immortal guerdon high:  
Wherefore thy shoulders load with needless weight?"  
Song, I will tell thee—thou for me reply:  
My lady says, and her voice is my heart:  
This is the tongue in which Love boasts his part.

## IV.

DIODATI, wondering at myself I tell—  
This stubborn I, that love was wont despise,  
Mocking his snares as they were fabled lies—  
Has fallen, where good man not seldom falls.  
Tresses of golden hue, nor cheek vermell  
Beguiled me thus; but, with a new surprise,  
A foreign beauty woke my happy sighs;  
A noble, truthful carriage; brows where dwell  
The serene lightnings of a lovely black;  
Words that can use another tongue as need;  
And song which, in the middle sphyry track,  
Might well the pathless, laboring moon mislead.  
And from her eyes such potent fires forth shoot,  
To stop my ears would bring but little boot.

## V.

CHERUS, my lady sweet, your eyes of bliss—  
It cannot be but that they are my sun,  
So strong they smite me; nor them can I shun,  
More than on Libyan sands his radiance miss.  
The while a vapor hot—a new sense this—  
Up from the side where lies my pain doth run  
Perchance accustomed lovers—I am none—  
Call it a sigh; I know not what it is.  
Repressed, it straight its struggling self conceals,  
Shaking my breast; then issuing a space  
About the region icy-cold congeals;  
But that which in my eyes doth find a place,  
Makes all my nights in silent showers abound,  
Until my dawn returns, with roses crowned.

## VI.

A SIMPLE youth, to pure love servant bound,  
Above myself when I myself would lift;  
Madonna, of my heart the humble gift  
I vow to thee. Certes, on many a ground,  
It faithful, fearless, constant, I have found;  
Graceful in thought, prudent and good in drift;  
When roars the great world—in the thunder-rift,  
Itself its armor, adamant, sound;  
Against all chance, all envy, as firmly barred—  
All fears and hopes which still the folk abuse,  
As inward light, high worth, desiring hot,  
And the sonorous harp of every muse,  
There only wilt thou find it less than hard,  
Where Love his dart incurable hath shot.





A MOROCCAN WOMAN.



## MOROCCO.

MOROCCO is a name that suggests nothing to many people beyond the definition of the dictionary, "a fine kind of leather, prepared commonly from goat-skin, and tanned with sumach: first prepared by the Moors"; to most of us it has only the further interest of historical romance, from the glorious days of its sultans and the desperate doings of its pirates, whose ships ran out from Sallee and Tangier and struck terror into the sailors of England and other countries of Europe; but it is probable that within a few years it will be dragged before our eyes in every newspaper, and become the cynosure of English, French, Spanish, Italian and German statesmen, like the other Mussulman countries, Turkey, Egypt, Tunis and Algeria. Already, indeed, its name is floating about in the political atmosphere, and we do not know how soon its fertile but neglected soil may be trampled by the footsteps of European armies. England has a closer interest in this obscure and rich but undeveloped empire than in any other State on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, Egypt perhaps excepted; and our readers will therefore, perhaps, be interested in the "China of the West" and the "Irish of Islam," the country of the tragic Othello; the country of one of Byron's well-known characters, which drew from his too-often unworthy pen the glittering lines—

"Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,  
Where all is Eden or a wilderness.

"There the large olive rains its amber store  
In ample fronts; there grain, and flower,  
and fruit,  
Gush from the earth till the land runs o'er;  
But there too many a poison-tree has root,  
And Midnight listens to the lion's roar,  
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's  
foot,  
Or whelm a helpless caravan;  
And as the soil is, so the heart of man."

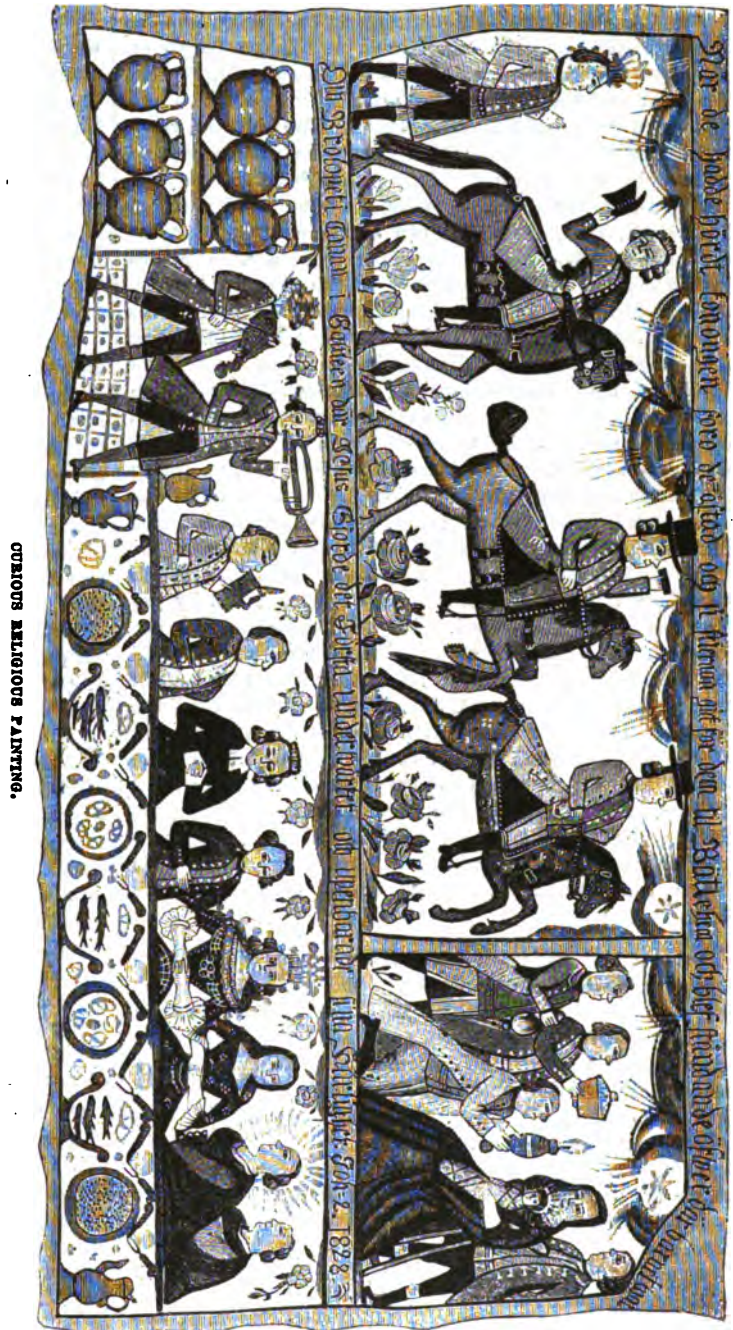
MOROCCO is at least a country of immense possibilities, and by its natural richness it is, we trust, destined some day, under the healthful current of civilization, to rise from the wreck and ruin, amid which it has staggered on for centuries, as an independent State; it may yet again, when freed from the wretched despotism and savage system of plundering misrule that are ever sinking it lower and lower, win back something of its medieval greatness by intelligent and honest labor. The Moroccan Empire is the last and pitiable remnant of the glorious Caliphate which once extended from the vine-clad slopes of Spain to the burning banks of the Niger, the hideous and withered phantom of the gorgeous splendor with which our childhood was entranced—the ghastly and spectral echo of the magic grandeur of the "Arabian Nights"; sunk and sinking still; waiting only to be buried with its sloth, its dirt, its ignorance, its tyranny, its iniquities, that the people may walk forth into the prosperity befitting one of the finest countries under heaven.

Its women are noted for their beauty and grace, and need only the influence of civilization and Christianity to

enable them to take their place among the famous of the world.

## CURIOUS RELIGIOUS PAINTING.

As A specimen of really curious ecclesiastical art, we give, herewith, a reproduction of a painting in a church



CURIOUS RELIGIOUS PAINTING.

at Landsbygden, in Denmark. The upper portion represents, on the right hand, the visit of the Three Wise Men of the East to the Infant Christ. They are presenting Him with their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. On the left, the Three Wise Men are bidding a courteous adieu to King Herod, as they start on their return journey to their Orient home.

The lower portion of the painting represents the miracle at the Wedding Feast in Cana. The six waterpots are



shown, and the figures of the Saviour and the Blessed Virgin are easily distinguished by the nimbus around the head of the one, and the crown on the other.

The spectator will not fail to notice the modern costumes

and appearance of all the characters, the modern instruments employed by the musicians, and especially the knives and forks on the table. The whole forms a very curious production.

## INFORMATION FOR THE CURIOUS.

**AN ANCIENT CEREMONY.**—According to old custom the Easter religious Court ceremonies at Vienna began on the Thursday preceding Easter with the washing by the Emperor and Empress of the feet of twelve old men and women in the great hall of the Burg. The old men, ranging in age from eighty-eight to ninety-one, and the women from eighty-nine to ninety-six, who had been chosen from among the many competitors for the honor, had received beforehand their suits of cloth and the money for the carriages to take them to the appointed place. Previous to the ceremony, Mass was read in the chapel, at which their Majesties and all the archdukes and archduchesses attended. At ten o'clock the Court assembled, including the generals and high dignitaries, a select number of spectators being admitted to the galleries. The old men and women, attired in ancient German costume, were then led in and seated at the table—the men to the right, the women to the left. The chamberlains followed, the privy councilors and the officiating clergy, and after them the ladies-in-waiting, the archdukes, archduchesses and the Emperor and Empress, conducted by the Master of the Imperial Kitchen. Pages brought in the dishes, which were placed by the Emperor before the men, and by the Empress before the women. The food, however, was not touched. The archdukes and ladies of the place removed the dishes and the table. Then, the men and women being seated in two rows, the clergy began to read the sacred story in commemoration of which the ceremony takes place, and the Imperial couple poured water on the feet of the old men and women and dried them again. This performed, each of the people received a bag with thirty pieces of silver, and the Court withdrew, while the men and women were taken in Court carriages to their homes, where the above-mentioned dishes were set before them.

**ANCIENT TABLETS FROM SEPHARVAIM.**—Nine cases, representing a portion of the results of the researches just on the eve of being resumed by M. Hormuzd Rassam, who left England for Alexandretta and Babylon a few months ago, have lately arrived in London. The tablets which they contain are for the most part small, and, either whole or in a fragmentary condition, are estimated to reach about 5,000 in number. The texts on the tablets are large beyond precedent, as compared with the size of the vehicle on which they are inscribed. The new importation, so far as it has been investigated, consists chiefly of trade documents, and largely of contracts for the supply of corn and other agricultural products. They are dated in the reigns of Samas-sum-ukin and Kandalanu, the Ohinladanus of the Greeks, who were contemporary with the latter half of the reign of Assurbanipal, or Sardanapalus, of Assyria, about B.C. 646. The tablets are from Aboo-habba, the site of the ancient Sippara, the Sepharvaim of the Old Testament, which is mentioned by Sennacherib in his letter to Hezekiah as a city whose king had been unable to resist the Assyrians. Sippara, or Pantibiblon, as the Greeks called it, is mentioned by Berosus as having furnished five out of the ten Chaldean kings of the time before the Flood and as the place where Bisuthrus, or Noah, buried the records of the antediluvian world at the time of the

Deluge, and from which his posterity afterward recovered them. The Hebrew term Sepharvaim, which is the verbal equivalent of the "two Sipparas," is applied to twin cities, one of which was situated on each side of the river. The Sippara from which the tablets just arrived in London have been procured is the Sippara of Samas, Tsipar, sha Shamas, or Sippara of the Sun-god, as being the place where pre-eminently the sun was a chief object of worship. The other Sippara, or Sippara of Anunit, which is supposed in ancient times to name the Sepharvaim of Scripture history, is up to the present moment unknown to modern investigation.

**LONGEVITY IN EUROPE.**—M. De Solaville analyzes in the *Revue Scientifique* the results of recent European censuses by ages, and the register of deaths also by ages. If we strike a mean of the census from 1869 to 1872, we find that Europe (exclusive of Russia, Turkey, and some small Southern States) possessed in 1870 a mean population of 242,940,876, classed as follows from the point of view of advanced ages: 17,813,715 of more than 60 years, 79,859 of more than 90, and 3,108 of more than 100 years; i.e., one inhabitant in 12 of more than 60, one in 2,669 of more than 90, and one in 62,503 of more than 100. Women, M. Solaville finds, are more numerous in extreme old age than men, and the difference increases with the age. Thus at 60 years the advantage is with the women in the proportion of 7 per cent., at 90 and above it rises to 45, and with centenarians to 60 per 100. It is in France that we find the greatest relative number of inhabitants at the age of 60 and upward; but it is not so for centenarians, of which France has less than all the other States of Europe except Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland. From a calculation of deaths by ages the result is reached that, to the total deaths, those at the age of 90 and upward bore the following proportions to the countries named and arranged according to the decreasing order of importance: Great Britain, 9.78; Sweden, 7.39; France, 6.58; Belgium, 6.07; Switzerland, 6.00; Holland, 4.47; Italy, 3.76; Bavaria, 3.42; Prussia, 3.06; Austria, 2.61. The result is in accordance with what we know of the mean age of the deceased in the same countries.

Of the United States gold dollars (25.8 grains) about 271½ weigh one pound avoirdupois. Of silver coins, the new silver dollar ("Buzzards")—412½ grains—17 weigh almost exactly one pound. The "halves," "quarters" and "dimes" are proportionately lighter, and require \$18.14½ of them to make a pound avoirdupois. Of "nickels," the five-cent pieces weigh 77.16 grains, or about 90 to the pound. The "nickel" three-cent pieces weigh 80 grains, or 238 to the pound. The small copper cents weigh 48 grains, or about 146 to the pound, or about 9 to the ounce. "It is quite a mistake," says the *Churchman*, "to suppose that the nickel five-cent coin, because it has on it a pious motto, is intended exclusively for alms and oblations. It is found to be, we are told, a key to the tables of linear measures and weights. It is two centimetres in diameter, and five grammes in weight. Five of them in a row give the length of the decimeter, and two of them weigh a decagramme. The kiloliter is a cubic meter, so that the key to measures and length is also the key to measures of

capacity. The five-cent nickel is thus a key to the entire metric system of weights and measures, and becomes more valuable for individual than for Church use. It is also often the measure of character. Contributors should note the fact, and substitute a larger coin.

### The Restoration of St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Times* gives an interesting account of the restoration of the Cathedral of St. Giles in Edinburgh, made at the expense of Dr. William Chambers, the well-known publisher. The following will give an idea of the difficulties and the costliness of the undertaking: "The original cruciform plan of the church was long ago obliterated by successive alterations and additions, but the great features of the choir, nave and transepts have always been distinguishable on the ground-plan of the church. After the Reformation the choir was fitted up as a Protestant Church, the Gothic arches being filled up with partition walls. About the same time the south-west aisle was cut off in the same way, and formed the Tolbooth Church. The other parts of the building were freely utilized for secular purposes. It contained, at various times, a grammar school, the courts of justice, town clerk's office, a prison, and the storehouse of the machinery of the gallows. As Edinburgh extended, and the population increased, more churches were required. Instead of building new churches in convenient localities, recourse was again had to St. Giles's. The school, the law courts, the town clerk, and the gallows were cleared out, and four separate churches were accommodated under the one roof. This arrangement continued till far on in the present century, when the number of churches was reduced to three. The High Kirk, or St. Giles's proper, occupied the choir; West St. Giles's occupied the nave; and the old church occupied the south transept.

"These churches were separated from one another by solid partition walls, and in each of them cumbersome galleries had been erected, after the fashion of Scottish churches, which galleries rested on beams inserted in the wall at one end, and into the solid stone pillars which support the roof at the other. Not only in this way, and for this purpose had the pillars been chiseled and marred, but they had also been fined down and scooped out, to enable the worshippers to obtain a clear view of the clergyman in the pulpit.

"The work of the restoration began in 1872, with the clearing out and renovation of the choir, occupied by the congregation of St. Giles's proper. A second advance was taken in 1879, when the partition wall between St. Giles's and the Preston aisle on the southeast was taken down, and a wide area was thereby added to the church. When this had been done, however, barely one-half of the building had been subjected to the work of restoration. The whole of the western portion, most of which was occupied by the West St. Giles's congregation, remained intact as a hideous deformity. In order to complete the work it was necessary to get rid of the congregation of West St. Giles's. Dr. Chambers publicly intimated his willingness to bear the cost of completing the work of restoration to which he had set his hand, if a fund were subscribed for providing a new place of worship for that congregation within a specified time.

"After various delays, the requisite fund, amounting to £10,000, was subscribed, and the work of completing the restoration of the entire fabric was entered on. This is the part of the work that is approaching completion. There is now every reason to believe that, when completed,

the work will be one of the finest examples of judicious and intelligent restoration of which Scotland or the century can boast. Already the famous Albany aisle stands out in all its chaste beauty, and the vista of the nave, as seen from the transept, presents an architectural effect to which there is no equal in Scotland. The central pillar of the Albany aisle is not only beautiful in itself; it is also noteworthy as being, it is said, a memorial of one of the most terrible crimes in Scottish history.

"The aisle was built jointly by the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas, who were believed to be associates in the crime of starving to death the young Duke of Rothesay, the second son of King Robert III., and nephew of the former. Conscience-stricken, they built the chapel as an expiation of their guilt, and the armorial bearings of the two noble murderers are carved on two shields of the capitals of the central pillars. This interesting historical memento was completely smothered by the ruthless hands of the post-Reformation Goths. It has been restored as nearly as possible to its original form, and it is now one of the most charming features of the building."

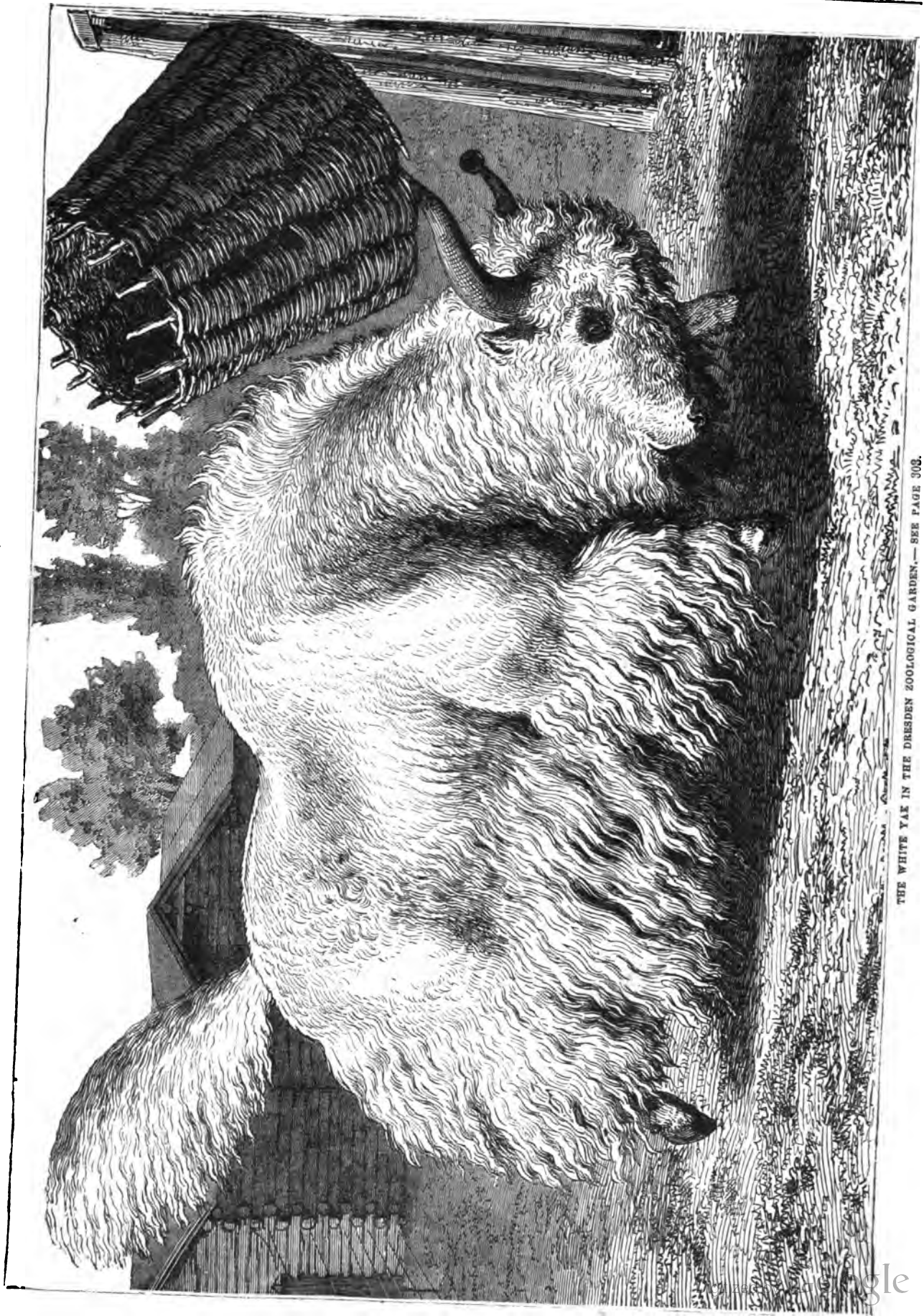
### THE WHITE YAK.

ANIMALS of the ox family have been of immense service to mankind, and some were apparently domesticated at a very early period. Our well-known cattle, varying greatly in size, in the quality of the flesh and abundance of milk, are found wherever civilization has made any progress. Besides these, there are the buffalo of the Eastern Continent and our bison, the musk-ox of the frozen regions of North America, and the yak of India. The last three show more long hair than the others.

The yak which we illustrate, taking as our specimen a very fine white yak in the Dresden Zoological Garden, is found on the confines of Asiatic Tartary, the mountains of Thibet and Central Asia. Like our bison, it has a tuft of crisp hair on the head and a kind of lionlike mane, while the under part of the body and the upper part of the legs are covered with a thick fringe of long hair, reaching nearly to the ground. The full long tail resembles that of a horse, and the general hair on the body is long, thick and soft. The head is short, and the horns round and smooth. The immense mass of hair makes the yak look very much larger than it is, but, independent of this, it is larger than our domestic cattle. It is a wild, irascible and dangerous animal, and, though domesticated in China and Thibet, submits with an ill grace, and shows its ill-temper by a grunt like that of a hog, from which it is sometimes called the grunting-ox. The prevailing color is black; when found white, they are highly prized. Its flesh, milk, hide and hair are all used, the hair being woven into stuff. The tail has a high commercial value, and it is this that, attached to a lance, forms in Mohammedan countries an emblem of the rank of a pasha, and his degree is shown by the number of tails he is allowed to have borne before him.

For this purpose a white tail will often bring four, five or even more ducats. But while the followers of Mohammed call for white, the disciples of Confucius prize red, and a yak's tail, dyed this favorite color and suspended from the cap, is the height of ambition in the Flowery Land. In India the tail is used as a brush for driving off flies and other insects from men, horses and elephants. These tails are often set in costly handles, and are called chowries. We may thus end our tale by calling attention to the fine tail of the specimen we illustrate, which would certainly bring a high price in any of the Asiatic countries.

The White Yak.



THE WHITE YAK IN THE DRESDEN ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—SEE PAGE 303.



## THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

BY THE EDITOR.

At this season of the year, when there come long columns of intelligence from the racecourse, and multitudes are flocking to the watering-places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a word is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgment of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common-sense view of this potent, all-absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off the coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The Centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast.

Job, the old patriarch, sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostrils, the pawing of his hoof and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion, and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit,

The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out: "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says: "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings: "The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." St. John, describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest, represents Him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says: "The armies which were in heaven followed Him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse so banged and bruised and beaten and outraged

on earth should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's description of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative, but somewhat literal. As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch and the prophet and the evangelist and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and ten-

derly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms.

Virgil, in his *Georgics*, almost seems to plagiarize from the description in the Bible, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old warhorse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise-horse become sick or spoiled?"

There is scarcely any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war-charger Marchegay. Walter Scott had so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God, that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket



THE WILD HORSE OF TEXAS.

thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayer he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse; but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity. But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse.

All honor to Mr. Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he has demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned four thousand horses, and some say forty thousand, wrote in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him. That he may come in cool, I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd, in his matchless "Ambrosial Nights," spoke of the maltreatment of the horse as a "practical blasphemy." I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut, and bruise, and whack, and welt, and strike, and maul, and outrage, and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, which carries our burdens, and pulls our plow, and turns our threshers and our mills, and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor, miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated, and frozen and heated, an everlasting stagehorse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post in an eternal Winter, smitten with eternal epizootics!

Oh! is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came on last—the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day. It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feeds him when hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defense against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defense against insectile annoyance—that such a man as that himself ought to be used to pull and let his horse ride! But not only do our humanity and our Christian principle and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation, and especially the horse, but I go further, and say that whatever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and his majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that large books have been written to show how he can be best managed, and how his ailments can be cured, and what his usefulness is, and what his capacities are. It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the florist has turned the thin flower of the wood into a gorgeous rose, and the pomologist has changed the acrid and gnarled

fruit of the ancients into the very poetry of pear, and peach, and plum, and grape, and apple, and the snarling cur of the Orient has become the great mastiff, and the miserable creature in the olden-time barnyard has become the Devonshire, and the Alderney, and the short-horn, that the horse, grander than them all, should get no advantage from our science, or our civilization, or our Christianity. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings and then driven to the furthest goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oatbin and blanketed in comfortable stall.

The long-tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward of succulent forage, and soft litter, and paradisaical pasture-field. Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the North where the horse is trained to perfection in fastness and in beauty and in majesty are well set apart. There is no more virtue in being slow than in being fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles an hour is better than an express train going fifty.

There is a delusion afloat in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, springhalted, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the rate some people drive, Elijah with his horses of fire would have taken three weeks to get into heaven. We want swifter horses and swifter men and swifter enterprises, and the Church of God needs to get off its jog-trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams, why not quick horses?

In time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses.

From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney, were cavalrymen. In this arm of the service Charles Martel, at the battle of Poitiers, beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only seven hundred men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of seven thousand. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the Word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength. But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering prizes to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit-grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best

corn-thresher, or in a school, offering a prize of a copy of of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well-doing.

Heaven itself is called a prize; "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prize the horse's fleetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost \$1,000, or \$5,000, or \$10,000, and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or \$5,000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the river and pitch it off the dock. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children. Generally both and all. There is at this time a horse-betting craze. There is great danger that our beautiful Coney Island beach, the finest watering-place on the American continent, the benediction of God upon Brooklyn and New York, should become a place distinguished for the gathering of gamblers and scoundrels and pickpockets. I say there is great danger in that direction. There are thousands of young men who have already taken a long stride on the down grade through the Brighton Beach races and the Sheepshead Bay races. There have been stores in New York and Brooklyn robbed of small sums of money by boys who wanted to get the money to buy betting tickets. Last Summer, in Barclay Street, New York, there were three pool-rooms for betting on the horse-races at Coney Island and other points, and those three pool-rooms were crowded and surrounded by boys and men, and the police had to stand and keep the way clear. Hear it, you citizens, the police of New York aware of the betting pools! and doing nothing. I hear there is now one such place on Willoughby Street in Brooklyn. I call the attention of the public authorities to it for investigation in that direction. Hunter's Point also is the headquarters of much of this infamy. But what a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheepshead Bay, the horses start, and in a flash fifty or a hundred thousand dollars change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet; others worse ruined by gaining the bet; for if a man lose in a bet at a horse-race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet, he is very apt to go straight on to hell. There are three different kinds of betting at horse-races, and they are about equally leprous: by "auction pools," by "French mutuels," by what is called "book-making"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every pool-seller, as he sits deducting his three or five per cent and alily "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win; and written over every judges' stand, and written on every board of the surrounding fences. That work is "Swindle"! Yet thousands bet. Lawyers

bet. Judges of courts bet. Members of the Legislature bet. Members of Congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday-schools, I am told, bet. Ladies bet, not directly, but through agents. Yesterday, and every day, they bet, they gain, they lose, and this Summer, while the parasols swing and the hands clap and the huzzas deafen, there will be a multitude of people cajoled and deceived and cheated who will at the races go neck and neck, and neck and neck, to perdition. Cultivate the horse, by all means; drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him, or endanger yourself or others; but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof. Do not under the pretense of improving the horse destroy a man. Do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipation of the American racecourse. They say that an honest racecourse is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest racecourse is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad; but I tell you that every race-track surrounded by betting men and betting women and betting customs is a straight track—I mean straight down! Christ asked in one of His gospels, "Is not a man better than a sheep?" I say yes, and he is better than all the Dexters, and the Luke Blackburns, and the Hindoos, and the Glenmores, and the old Paroles that, with lathered flanks, ever shot around the ring at a racecourse. That is a very poor job by which a man, in order to get a horse to come out a full length ahead of some racer, so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the race set before him. Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides to-day to get money without earning it? That is the curse of Brooklyn, and it is the curse of New York; it is the curse of the country—the effort to get money without earning it—and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into these gambling practices. I have received a letter giving the names of the proprietors and the locations of some ten or fifteen "policy" shops in Brooklyn. I do not know whether they are correct charges or slanderous charges. I have no time to make an investigation myself. I shall hand the letter over to the public authorities. But let me say to the officers in Brooklyn and New York, and in Kings County, that they will be backed up in all their efforts to extirpate gambling from these cities—gambling of all sorts, gambling whether it appears in the crowded street or down on the magnificent beach, where the Atlantic, with increasing voice, invites our sweltering populations to come down to refreshment, stepping into the great Bethesda where the angel of healing is ever troubling the waters.

I write these words on square, old-fashioned honesty. I have written nothing against the horse, I have written nothing against the turf. I have written everything against their prostitution. Young men, you go into straightforward industries and you will have better livelihood, and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager; but you get in with some of the whisky-eyed, rum-blotched crew which I see going down on the ocean boulevards, though I never bet, I will risk this wager, five million to nothing you will be debauched and damned. Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him; test all the speed he has if he have any; but be careful which way you drive. You cannot always tell what direction a man is driving in by the way his horse head.

Forty years ago we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them and they





THE HORSE WITH CHECK-REIN, MARTINGALE AND BLINDERS.

knew him. They were friends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. He had all of us in the wagon with him. He drove to the country church. The fact is, that for eighty-two years he drove in the same direction. The roan span that I speak of was long ago unhitched, and the driver put up his whip in the wagon-house never again to take it down; but in those good old times I learned something that I never forgot, that a man may admire a horse, and love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not always be willing to take the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the church of God cries out, as Eliasha exclaimed when Elijah went up with the galloping horses of fire: "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

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### "I CANT HELP IT."

THAT was what Harry Day always said when he was told of any of his bad habits, "I can't help it"—which meant "I don't wish to help it"; because we know well enough

that we can, every one of us, "help" doing wrong if we try in the right.

Once Harry came upon an old story in a worn, "boiled book which he routed out of a chest in the lumber-closet, and this story set him thinking, as it may perhaps set some other young folks thinking, about the reason why it is necessary to resist what is bad in its earliest beginning:

"Long ago there lived an old hermit, who had left the busy world for a cell in the desert, and who was reputed to be learned and wise.

"Many people used to visit the lonely man, that they might receive his advice, and once a youth came to him, who begged to stay with him for a time as his pupil.

"The hermit consented, and the first day he led his young companion into a small wood near his humble dwelling. Looking around, he pointed to a very young oak-tree just shooting from the ground.

"'Pull up that young sapling from the root,' said he to his pupil, who obeyed without difficulty. They went on a little further, and the old man pointed to another tree, but also a young one, whose roots struck deeper. This was not so easy to pull up as the first had been, but with several efforts it was accomplished.



THE HORSE WITHOUT CHECK-REIN, BLINDERS, COLLAR OR MARTINGALE.

"The third had grown quite tall and strong, so that the youth was a long time before he could tear it up; but when his master pointed to a fourth, which was still larger and stronger, he found, try as he might, it was impossible to move it.

"Now, remember and take heed to what you have seen," said the hermit. "The bad habits and passions of men are just like these trees of the wood. When young and tender they may be easily overcome, but let them once gain firm root in your soul, and no human strength is sufficient to get rid of them. Watch over your heart, and do not wait till your faults and passions have grown strong before you try to uproot them."

That was the end of the story; but, as I have said, it set Harry Day thinking, and when "I can't help it" was rising to his lips, he was ashamed to utter it. So he set himself to the work of mastering his temper, his idleness, and all that conscience told him was amiss. Though this is a work that is not done in an hour, or a day, a month, or even a year, it will be effected at last (perhaps after many failures) by prayer and by perseverance; nay, it must be done unless we wish to become the servants and the slaves of sin.

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### THE STARLINGS AND THE SPARROWS.

"Look here, my dear," said a starling to her mate; "in our pretty Summer villa a pair of saucy sparrows have taken up their abode. What shall we do?"

"What shall we do?" cried Mr. Starling, who was calmly standing on a fence; "why, rout them out, of course; give them notice to quit."

"That we will do," replied Mrs. Starling. "Here, you beggars, you; out of that house! You've no business there. Be off!"

"What's all that?" piped Mrs. Sparrow, looking out of her little round doorway. "Go away, you impudent tramp! Don't you dare to come near our house."

"It is not your house," said Mr. Starling, springing nimbly to a bough, and confronting Mrs. Sparrow.

"It is ours!" cried Mrs. Sparrow, looking down from the roof of the house. "I have the title-deeds. Stand up for your rights, my love!"

"Yes, stand up for your rights. I'll back you," said Mrs. Sparrow's brother-in-law, taking position on a branch just at the foot of the house.

"We'll see about that, you thieves!" cried Mrs. Starling, in a rage, making a dash at Mrs. Sparrow's brother-in-law.

But two of Mrs. Sparrow's consins came to the rescue just then, and attacked Mrs. Starling in the rear.

Thereupon Mr. Starling flew at Mrs. Sparrow. Mr. Sparrow, without more delay, went at Mr. Starling. Mrs. Sparrow's brother-in-law paid his respects to Mrs. Starling. There was a lively fight.

It ended in the defeat of the sparrows. The starlings were too big for them. The sparrows retreated in good order, and left the starlings to enjoy their triumph.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Starling, "go in, and put

the house in order. I'll warrant those vulgar sparrows have made a nice mess in there. Sweep the floors, dust the furniture, and get the beds made. I'll stay here in the garden, and rest myself."

"Just like that husband of mine!" muttered Mrs. Starling; "I must do all the work, while he has all the fun. But I suppose there's no help for it."

So she flew up to the door of the house, but to her surprise, she could not get through it, the opening was not large enough.

"Well, Mr. Starling," said she, "I do believe we have made a mistake. This is not our house, after all."

"Why did you say it was, then?" said Mr. Starling, in a huff. "Here I have got a black eye, and a lame claw, and a sprained wing, and have lost two feathers out of my tail, all through your blunder. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mrs. Starling!"

"I own that I was hasty," said poor Mrs. Starling, "but I meant well."

"Yes; and you thought the sparrows were thieves, and so did I. But it turns out that we are no better than burglars ourselves; and what's more, we shall have a whole army of sparrows back upon us before long. We had better take ourselves off." And off they flew.

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A FRIENDLY HORSE GIVING WARNING OF DANGER TO HIS MASTER.

THE JEWISH SABBATH.—The law fenced round the Sabbath with a thousand petty rules and troublesome ceremonies that found no place in the mind of Moses when he brought down from Mount Sinai, amid the thunders of heaven, the beautiful commandment to keep the seventh day holy. I will tell you a few of the many little laws, but the whole of them would fill a book. Some of them are wise and good, and are to be found in the Old Testament, but a great number were added long after the Jewish ceremonial law had been ordained. A Sabbath journey was

one thousand paces. No man might walk further than one thousand paces on the Sabbath. No burden might be carried; and nails were forbidden in shoes, because they were considered as a burden. A tailor must not have his needle in his pocket toward sunset on Friday, for fear the sun should set while he was not thinking about it, and he should find himself with the burden of his needle still on his person. Indeed, all persons carefully emptied their pockets, lest they might carry about with them some forbidden burden. The amount of weight that *might* be carried was specially ordered, and no one dared go beyond what was permitted. Thus, one man alone might not carry a loaf, but two men together might, as they divided the weight. Only particular knots might be tied on the Sabbath. The sailor's knot and the camel-driver's were both forbidden; and no knot might be untied that required the use of both hands, but if it could be unfastened by one hand it might be done. No food might be cooked on the Sabbath, no vessels washed, and no fires lighted. All these things had to be done during the Friday night before the sun set, in preparation for the Sabbath. — *From "The Child's Life of Christ."*

## THE COLLECTION BASKET.

**NOVELS AND NOVEL-READING.**—The Rev. David Swing says the art that can say the most to us is the greatest. The language of painting is composed of few words, and when these are said it lapses into silence. Music is the narrowest of all arts, but is the most eloquent. It has the fewest words, but those that it does use are the strongest. Literature is immeasurably the broadest of all arts. Through the fifty or sixty thousand words which compose its language, all the feelings and sentiments of the soul can rush out. Finally, of the novel. The ideal woman is the origin of the novel. But if the ideal woman is the origin and the inspiration of the novel, she is only a decoration. In the novel, as it should be written, human truth is gathered from history, from politics or from religion. It is the world's truth, with a beautiful woman walking through it. In the early novels, two persons were discovered who were interested in each other, and with obstacles to their union. This was the sum and substance of the tale, but now the ideal novel has a loftier and nobler aim. There are not above twenty great novelists, and the following are among them: Jean Paul Richter, Berthold Auerbach, Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray, George Macdonald and George Eliot. In Macdonald's novels hell seemed to be a much smaller place than it used to be. Dickens has been said to have scarcely enough beautiful women to allure the majority of readers, but he was impelled by one motive, philanthropy. In Dickens, little children first make their appearance in literature, and he introduces in his novels even bootblacks and chimney-sweeps.

## PSALM VI.

(Metrically rendered from the Hebrew by the  
Rev. James K. Guthrie.)

1. **ETERNAL!** in Thy wrath rebuke me not,  
Nor chide me in Thine anger burning hot.
2. Have pity on me, Lord, for I am weak,  
Heal me, Eternal, for my bones are sick.
3. My soul also is troubled, troubled sore,  
And Thou, O Lord, how long?—Wilt peace restore?
4. Return, O Lord, deliver Thou my soul,  
Save me for Thy love's sake and make me whole.
5. For no remembrance of Thee is in death,  
And in the grave—who'll thank Thee with a breath?
6. I'm weary with my groaning, with my fears,  
I drench all night my couch for these long years,  
And flood my pillow with my scalding tears.
7. From gnawing grief my eye is wasting fast,  
'Mong all my foes is growing old at last.
8. Depart from me, ye evil doers all,  
For God hath heard my weeping voice and call.
9. The Lord hath heard my supplication, too,  
The Lord accepts my prayer—He is true.
10. They'll be ashamed and greatly terrified.  
My enemies retreat on every side,  
And suddenly abashed in shame will hide.

**SOUTHERN** people who are familiar with the religious favor of the negro race, and their love for high-sounding names for their church societies, will be interested in the names of some of those who deposited all their earnings

and collections with the Freedman's Bank. The following are a few of the

## PECULIAR TITLES OF THE DEPOSITORS.

Junior Rising Sons and Daughters of the Vine yard.  
Resolute Daughters of Joshua.  
Benevolent Sons of the Young Army Shining.  
First National Phenix Sisters.  
Young Ladies Golden Harp of America.  
Daughters of the First Star of Jacob.  
Rising Sons and Daughters of the East.  
Loving Daughters of Paradise.  
Young Rising Sons of Ham.  
Sisters of the Lord's Delight Society.  
Heavenly-called Laborers of the Vineyard.  
Originating Sons and Daughters of Business.  
Young Home Search Daughters of Love.  
Young Sons and Daughters of the Gospel Travelers.  
Sons and Daughters of the True and Living God.  
I Hope to be Righteous Society.  
Young Reapers of the Vineyard.  
United Sons and Daughters of Rising Morning Star.  
Seven Golden Candlesticks.  
Following Sons of Abraham.  
Benevolent Daughters of Weeping Mary Society.  
Daughters Independent National Blues.  
Loving Sons and Daughters of Revelation.  
Grand United Sons and Daughters of the Living Council of the Cross.  
Reformed Daughters of Love.  
Benevolent Sons of Love.  
Zion Travelers' Society.  
Benevolent Daughters of the First District.  
Young Sons of Zion.  
Young Lambs.  
Supporters of the Vineyard.  
Loving Daughters of Galilee.  
Female Followers of Mount Zion.  
Rising Daughters of Job.  
Peaceable Daughters of Bethlehem.  
Loving Daughters of Bethlehem.  
Young Sons of Enoch.  
Infant Daughters of Love.  
Sons and Daughters of Job.  
Daughters of Ruth.  
Sweet Prospects of Paradise.  
Loving Daughters of the Sepulchre.  
Loving Daughters of Consolation.  
Daughters of the Golden Chariot.  
United Daughters of Liberty.  
United Sons of Abraham.  
Rising Sons of Elijah.  
Young National Daughters of Phenix.  
Young Daughters of the Ark of Shiloh.  
Sisters of Providence.

**COURTING IN CHURCH.**—One of the most diffident men I have ever known courted his wife while they sat in church—her hymn-book serving as a medium of converse. He was turning the leaves of the book, when suddenly these lines met his eye, which he marked with a pencil and handed her to read:

" 'Tis thee I love—for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan?  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love."

The hymn-book was presently handed back to him, with a leaf turned down and these lines designated with pencil-mark:

" I yield, I yield, I yield,  
I can hold out no more."

With a heart bounding with joy, the youth continued to



look over the volume, until he found this appropriate expression of his feelings :

"—When shall it be,  
That I shall find my heaven in thee—  
The fullness of the promise prove  
The pledge of thy eternal love?"

To which in a moment he received the response, indicated as before, by the turned leaf and the pencil-mark :

"Soon as thou wilt."

This unique courtship then ended, by the enraptured youth marking the passage :

"O happy day that fixed my choice  
On thee—"

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—A traveler in Texas overtook a teamster driving four oxen yoked in pairs. Flourishing his long lash over his head, he would bring it down with a report like a pistol-shot, while he urged forward his team as follows: "Go ahead, Methodist; keep moving, Baptist; tighten up, Presbyterian; steady there, Episcopalian!" Attracted by the singularity of this address, the traveler asked why he spoke thus to his oxen. "That's their names," replied the teamster. "Why did you so name them?" "Because it shows their nature. You see that head one, Methodist? He's either a-ranting, a-bellowing or a-rearing up, or making a great fuss; else you can scarcely get him along. That one on the off-side is Baptist; every pond or hole of water he comes to big enough for him, in he plunges head over ears and flounders about like a porpoise. You can't get him out till he splashes and bespatters everything around. This one here, Presbyterian, when he is hitched up, stands still till you say 'Go-long,' then he pulls straight forward, swerves neither right nor left, never gives back nor stops till you call 'Whoa!' Episcopalian there does very well while the road is smooth and level; but let it come rocky and hilly, he'll stop and kick, and kick until he comes clear out of the traces."

## THE BOY WHO FORGOT.

HARRY RIPLEY sat by the kitchen window with an open book in his hand; but he was not reading. His mother, in the buttry just beyond, was busy with her milk-pans, and his sister Flora was outdoors tying up rose-bushes, and transplanting violets. Harry's book was about heroes, and the boy was lost in a dream of the great things he would have done had he lived in the days of the knights who went to and fro to assist people in distress, and who always fought on the side of the weak.

"But now," thought Harry, "there is nothing for a brave man to do. The same humdrum life every day, and no adventures or wonderful things happening. I am tired of it."

"Harry," called his father, from the barn, "the cows are in the garden. They are trampling down the turnips and breaking off the currant-bushes. I am afraid you forgot to shut the gate. Run, my boy, and drive White-foot and Bess to pasture."

Harry made haste to obey. He remembered now that in his hurry to get to "Launcelot and Galahad," he had left the gate open, and one glance showed him that the cows had done some mischief. He felt vexed at them.

"I meant to have written a splendid composition this afternoon," he said to himself. "Now it will take a whole hour to put this garden to rights again. What hateful things cows are!"

Harry went down the lane, through the bars, across the

dewy fields, and out to the clover meadow with the "creatures," and then turned round and came slowly home. All the way he was planning what noble things he would do if he were only a soldier, or a sailor, or a rich banker, or a king's son. As he approached the house he saw that something unusual had taken place. Flora was standing in the doorway with tears in her eyes. Mother was very pale, and where was father? Surely that was not father lying on the lounge and looking so white and deathlike. Yet it could be nobody else. Harry's heart stood still.

"My dear boy," said his mother, "where did you put those drops I asked you to bring from the shop yesterday? Father has had a bad turn, and I could not find the medicine anywhere."

Poor Harry! He blushed and fidgeted a moment before he answered,

"Oh, mother, I am so very sorry. I forgot to go to the shop. The bottle is still in the pocket of my best coat up-stairs."

"Well," said his mother, "your father is better, but his life might at some time depend upon having had medicine at hand. You must give the bottle to Flora, and let her go to the apothecary's with it. I can always trust my Flora, and, Harry, I cannot always trust you. Do you know what made father ill to-day?"

"His heart?" said Harry.

"Yes, dear, his poor heart can endure so little over-exertion, and you forgot to chop the wood or bring down the hay last night; so while you were gone with the cows your father did those things himself."

"It was all that book," Harry began.

"Not the book, but the boy, Harry," said the gentle mother. "It is right to read about heroes, and to wish to be like them; but the real heroes, after all, are those who attend to the little duties faithfully just as they come along. God blesses the boys who do not forget the business He has given them to do."

I am glad to tell you that Harry resolved, with God's help, not to be a dreamer, but a worker, and God assisted him in his efforts to conquer his besetting sin. His mother to-day says that she depends a great deal on Harry.

DANCING IN A CATHEDRAL.—Among the early Christians, as also the Pagans, dancing has constituted a part of the religious ceremonies; and did not David dance before the Ark, and "the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances"? The practice of dancing in churches was looked upon with favor in France until the twelfth century; and in Spain, in this very nineteenth century, it forms part of the Easter Sunday ceremonies at the cathedral in Seville. Lady Louisa Tenison, traveling in these parts, speaks of them as being most singular and quite peculiar to Seville. The principal actors are boys who are placed in the open space in front of the altar, five standing on each side opposite to each other. They begin a slow movement, singing hymns and keeping time with their castanets. A dignitary, disapproving of the custom, tried to stop them; but this so enraged the authorities that they suddenly shipped off the boys to Rome, so that the Pope might judge for himself. His Holiness saw nothing against it, and continued the privilege, allowing them to dance, with their heads covered, before the Sacrament; and this is done to the present day.

PLEASURE must first have the warrant that it is without sin, then the measure that it is without excess.—Adams.



## THE QUEST OF THE ROSE.

### I.—MIDSUMMER EVE.

SWEET-SCENTED June! with fragrant hay  
About the new-mown meadow tossed,  
Where lad and lass turn work to play  
Upon a Summer holiday,  
And hearts are won and lost.

When fairies dance in magic rings  
All underneath the Summer moon,  
And weird St. Johnswort answer brings  
To maids whose sweet belief still clings  
To old-world spells in June.

When sun in Summer solstice glows,  
And bonfires flash from hill to hill,  
And maidens seek the magic rose,  
Then in awed silence seek repose,  
The while the world is still.

Hence reddening blaze on distant height,  
Each lovelorn wight looks fondly on,  
As ushering in the blessed night  
Whereon to practice mystic rite,  
The Eve of good St. John.

### II.—IN THE HAYFIELD.

BASHFUL Colin all the day  
Nigh sweet Phebe lingers;  
Turns for her the half-tanned hay,  
Lest she tire her fingers.

Scarce a word he dares to speak,  
Frowning answer fearing;  
Crimson glows his sunburnt cheek  
When her voice he's hearing.

Phebe, with well-feigned disdain,  
Out beyond him glancing,  
Pouts her lips; tho' love's sweet pain  
Sets her heart a-dancing.

Stupid Colin turns away  
Ne'er the truth divining;  
Dark and clouded grows the day,  
Though the sun was shining.

So two foolish hearts aside  
May turn Love's smiling river,  
Knowing not but that its tide  
May flow away for ever.

### III.—OBERON.

THROUGH the forest, by the river,  
Lo, the fairy torches quiver;  
Oberon in state is sitting,  
Darting fireflies round him fitting:  
By his side  
His fairy bride;  
And the nightingale is singing;  
And the lily-bells are ringing;

Fairy trumpets gayly pealing;  
 Fairy music softly stealing  
 Underneath the night-blue ceiling,  
 Painted with gold stars a-shining  
 Through the moss-set branches twining,  
 Leaf and stem with lamps a-glow  
 That the glittering glow-worms show.  
 Acorn-cup with nectar filled,  
 Takes the Elf-king in his hand;  
 Greet he first his queen self-willed,  
 Greet he next the fairy band;  
 Drinks he, "To each mortal lover!"  
 Fairy subjects, prove your power;  
 Round the magic roses hover,  
 Lend enchantment to each flower.  
 Give the lover courage true,  
 That his heart no more despair;  
 Dry the maiden's eyes of blue,  
 Wrinkles smooth from foreheads fair.  
 Fairy subjects, prove your might,  
 In the rare midsummer night."

## IV.—GATHERING THE ROSE.

NIGH a cottage blooms a garden  
 Where the roses blow.  
 In the garden, 'mongst the roses,  
 In the silver glow  
 Of the moonlight stands a maiden,  
 Glancing not to left or right;  
 Backward moves she 'mongst the roses  
 Rival-streaked or red or white;  
 Moss-velled roses, maiden-blush-rose—  
 Surely this the magic flower;  
 Trampling, snatches she a blossom  
 In the lonely midnight hour.  
 To her lips the rose she presses,  
 Silently doth own,  
 In her heart for ay and ever  
 Colin reigns alone.  
 Silent still the rose she layeth  
 All in folds of white;  
 Mortal eye must not behold it  
 Until Christmas night.

Then if fresh the rose is blowing,  
 Colin will be true;  
 And he'll take from her the blossom,  
 And she'll smile anew.  
 And no more with coy deceiving  
 Will she mar her bliss;  
 Colin, bolder grown, his thieving  
 Crowns with loving kiss.  
 So she muses, never speaking,  
 While the moonlight pale,  
 In and out among the roses  
 Weaves a silver veil.  
 Silent still—her couch now seeking,  
 She in slumber lies.  
 Who can tell the love-sweet visions  
 That her sleep-sealed eyes  
 See amongst the fadeless roses,  
 That her spell-bound dream discloses  
 In a fairy paradise?

## V.—FAIRY SERENADE.

SLEEP, maiden, sleep!  
 We guard the rose,  
 And safe will keep  
 It from all foes.  
 No cankerworm nor cruel blight  
 Shall harm the blossom plucked to-night.  
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!  
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!  
 We guard the rose;  
 Though skies may weep,  
 Though rough wind blows,  
 When Christmas snow lies on the ground,  
 Thy rose shall fresh and fair be found.  
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!  
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!  
 Whilst visions bright  
 Entrancing creep  
 Round thee to-night;  
 Yet sweeter shall the moment be  
 When Colin takes the rose from thee.  
 Sleep, maiden, sleep!

## A CHILD'S PARTY IN JAPAN.

FORMAL children's parties have been given in this house, for which formal invitations in the name of the house-child, a girl of twelve, are sent out. About 3 P.M. the guests arrive, frequently attended by servants; and this child, Haru, receives them at the top of the stone steps, and conducts each into the reception-room, where they are arranged according to some well-understood rules of precedence.

Haru's hair is drawn back, raised in the front and gathered into a double loop, in which some scarlet crape is twisted. Her face and throat are much whitened, the paint terminating in three points at the back of her neck, from which all the short hair has been carefully extracted with pincers. Her lips are slightly touched with red paint, and her face looks like that of a cheap Japanese doll. She wears a blue, flowered silk Kimono (dressing gown) with sleeves touching the ground, a blue girdle (sash) lined with scarlet, and a fold of scarlet crape lies between her painted neck and her Kimono. On her little feet she wears tabi, socks of cotton cloth, with a separate place for the great toe, so as to allow the scarlet throngs of the finely lacquered clogs (which she puts on when she stands on the stone steps to receive her guests) to pass between it and the smaller toes. All the other little ladies were dressed in the same style, and all looked like ill-executed dolls. She met them with very formal but graceful bows.

When they were assembled, she and her very graceful

mother, squatting before each, presented tea and sweetmeats on lacquer trays, and then they played at very quiet and polite games till dusk. They addressed each other by their name with the honorific prefix O, only used in the case of women, and the respectful affix San; thus Haru becomes O-Haru-San, which is equivalent to "Miss." A mistress of the house is addressed as O-Kami-San, and O-Kusuma. Something like "My Lady!" is applied to married ladies. Women have no surnames; thus you do not speak of Mrs. Saguchi, but of the wife of Saguchi-San, and you would address her as O-Kusuma. Among the children's names were Haru, Spring; Yuki, Snow; Hana, Blossom; Kiku, Chrysanthemum; Gin, Silver.

One of the most amusing games was played with spirit and dignity. It consisted in one child feigning sickness and another playing doctor, and the pompousness and the gravity of the latter, and the distress and weakness of the former, were most successfully imitated. Unfortunately, the doctor killed his patient, who counterfeited death very effectively with her whitened face; then followed the funeral and the mourning. They thus dramatize weddings, dinner-parties, and many other of the events of life. Before they went away, tea and sweetmeats were again handed, and, as it is not etiquette to refuse or to leave anything, the small ladies slipped what they could not eat in their sleeves. On departing, the same courtesies were used as on arriving.



## LEGEND OF ANDERNACH.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

NEAR the Drachenfels on the Rhine is the quaint old town of Andernach. One of the prettiest legends of the Rhine attaches to this place. It is given by Longfellow thus :

"There was once a poor old woman in Andernach, whose name was Frau Martha, and she lived all alone in a house by herself, and loved all the saints and the blessed Virgin, and was good as an angel, and sold tarts down the Rheinkrahn. But her house was very old, and the roof-tiles were broken, and she was too poor to get new ones, and the rain kept coming in, and no Christian soul in Andernach would help her. But the Frau Martha was a good woman, and never did anybody any harm, but went to Mass every morning, and sold tarts by the Rheinkrahn. Now, one dark, windy night, when all good Christians in Andernach were asleep in the feathers, Frau Martha, who lay under the roof, heard a great noise over head and in her chamber. Drip! drip! drip! as if the rain were dripping down through the broken tiles. Dear soul! and sure enough it was. And then there was a pounding and hammering overhead, as if somebody were at work on the roof, and she thought it was Pelz-Nickel tearing the tiles off because she had not been to confession often enough. So she began to pray, and the faster she said her Pater-noster and Ave Maria the faster Pelz-Nickel pounded and pulled, and drip! drip! drip! it went all around in the dark chamber, till the poor woman was frightened out of her wits, and ran to the window to call for help. Then in a moment all was still, death still. But she saw a light streaming through the mist and rain, and a great shadow on the house opposite. And then somebody came down from the top of her house by a ladder, and had a lantern in his hand, and he took the ladder on his shoulder and passed down the street. But she could not see clearly, because the window was streaked with rain. And in the morning the old broken tiles were found scattered about the street, and there were new ones on the roof, and the old house has never leaked to this blessed day.

"As soon as Mass was over Frau Martha told the priest what had happened, and said it was not Pelz-Nickel, but without doubt St. Castor or St. Florian. Then she went to market, and told Frau Bridget all about it, and Frau Bridget said that two nights before Hans Olaus, the cooper, had heard a great pounding in his shop, and in the morning found new hoops on all his hogsheads, and that a man with a lantern and a ladder had been seen riding out of town at midnight on a donkey; and that the same night the old windmill at Kloster St. Thomas had been mended, and the old gate in the churchyard at Feldkirche made as good as new, though nobody knew how the man got across the river. Then Frau Martha went down to the Rheinkrahn and told all these stories over again, and the old Ferryman of Fahr said he could tell something about it, for the very night the churchyard gate was mended he was lying awake in his bed because he could not sleep, and he heard a loud knocking at the door, and somebody calling him to get up and set him over the river. And when he got up he saw a man down by the river with a lantern and a ladder; but as he was going down to him the man blew out the light, and it was so dark he could not see who he was; and his boat was old and leaky; and he was afraid to set him over in the dark, but the man said he must be in Andernach that night, and so he set him over. And after they had crossed the river he watched the man till he came to an image of the Holy Virgin, and he saw him put his ladder against the wall and light his lamp, and then walk along the street. And in the morning he found his old

boat all caulked and tight and painted red, and he could not tell for his blessed life who did it, unless it was the man with the lantern. Dear soul! how strange it was! And so it went on for some time, and whenever the man with the lantern had been seen walking through the street at night, so sure as the morning came some work had been done for the sake of some good soul; and everybody knew he did it, and yet nobody could find out who he was, nor where he lived; for whenever anybody came near him he blew out his light and turned down another street, and suddenly disappeared, nobody could tell how. And some said it was Rubenzahl, and some Pelz-Nickel, and some St. Anthony on the Hearth. Now, one stormy night, a poor sinful creature was wandering about the street with her babe in her arms, and she was hungry and cold, and no soul in Andernach would take her in. And when she came to the church where the great crucifix stood she saw no light in the little chapel at the corner, but she sat down on a stone at the foot of the cross and began to pray, and prayed till she fell asleep with her poor little babe on her bosom. But she did not sleep long, for a bright light shone full in her face, and when she opened her eyes she saw a pale man with a lantern standing right before her. He was almost naked, and there was blood upon his hands and body, and great tear in his beautiful eyes, and his face was like the face of the Saviour on the cross. Not a single word did he say to the poor woman, but looked at her compassionately, and gave her a loaf of bread, and took the little babe in his arms and kissed it. Then the mother looked up to the great crucifix, but there was no image there! and she shrieked and fell down as if she were dead. And there she was found with her child; and a few days after they both died and were buried together in one grave. And nobody would have believed her story if a woman who lived at the corner had not gone to the window when she heard the scream, and seen the figure hang the lantern up in its place, and then set the ladder against the wall, and go up and nail itself to the cross. It has never moved since that night. 'Ach! Herr! Je!'"

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.—The Vienna *Politische Correspondenz* says: "The once famous cedar forest of Lebanon, formerly so extensive, has dwindled down to the dimensions of a mere thicket, numbering about 400 trees. To save it from complete destruction, and preserve it at least in its present extent, Rustem Pasha, the Governor-general of the Lebanon, has issued a special ordinance, containing a series of stringent regulations calculated to check, if not quite to put a stop to, the vandalism and carelessness of most travelers. It is expressly forbidden to put up tents, or other kinds of shelter, within the district of the trees, or to light fires, or to cook any provisions in their vicinity. No one is allowed to break off a bough or even a twig from the trees. It is forbidden to bring any beasts of burden, be they horses, mules, asses, or any other kind of animal, within the district. Should oxen, sheep, goats, or other pasturage cattle, be found within the prescribed limits, they will be irredeemably confiscated."

AN EXPLODING FLOWER.—In some seasons nature's greatest blossoming effort astonishes and delights the traveler in presentation of the talapat-tree (*Carypha bractifera*) in bloom, which marvelous flower, it is said, appears only at intervals of many years, and then bursts from its sheaf like a rocket, with a report like a small cannon, sending out immense feathery sprays of a pale yellow or white color laden with an oppressive perfume.

# RHYMES AND RHYTHMS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

## IX.—BABY, BABY, BLESS HER.

BABY, baby, bless her;  
How shall mammy dress her?

The Summer cloud  
Is not too proud  
To find soft wool to dress her.

The blue bell  
Is a true bell,  
And will find the blue to dress her.

The cherry tree  
Is a merry tree,  
And will find the pink to dress her.

The fly bright  
Will find the white,  
The beautiful white, to dress her.

The leaves in the wood  
Are sweet and good,  
And will find the green to dress her.

The honey-suckle,  
With buds for a buckle,  
Will make a girdle to dress her.

The heavens hold  
Both silver and gold  
In the stars, and they will dress her.

## X.—THE VERY TALL MAN.

THERE was a man so very tall,  
That when you spoke you had to bawl  
Through both your hands, put like a cup,  
His head was such a long way up!

But there was something even sadder,  
His wife had to go up a ladder  
Whenever she desired a kiss—  
And he, alas, was proud of this!

Said he, "I am the tallest man  
That ever grew since time began,"  
As down on a housetop he sat;  
Well, he was tall; but what of that?

This monstrous man, as we shall see,  
Was punished for his vanity;  
He grew and grew—the people placed  
A telescope to see his waist!

He grew and grew—you could not see  
Without a telescope his knee;  
He grew till he was overgrown,  
And seen by oversight alone!

## XI.—MY MAN JOHN.

My man John  
To sea is gone  
All in a wicker cradle;  
The cradle creaks,  
The cradle leaks,  
But John has got a ladle.

## XII.—GILBERT GANDER.

GILBERT GANDER, gayly drest,  
Struts about from east to west;  
Gilbert Gander, for a crown,  
Bought a wig in London town;  
To the country, looking big,  
Gilbert Gander bore the wig;  
"Look," said Gilbert, gayly drest,  
"At my lovely linner's nest!"  
"Gilbert's fine clothes," people said,  
"Must have turned his little head!"  
That is odd! can people's clothes  
Really turn their heads? Who knows?

## XIII.—THE SAILOR, THE TAILOR AND THE JAILER

Now this is Tar, the Sailor,  
And this is Silt, the Tailor,  
And this is Job, the Jailer.

The Tailor quarreled with the Sailor,  
The Sailor quarreled with the Tailor,  
And they both got locked up by the Jailer!

I would not be the Sailor,  
I would not be the Tailor,  
And I would not be the Jailer  
That had to lock up the Tailor,  
And had to lock up the Sailor—  
"Oh, bother you both!" says the Jailer.

## XIV.—WHITE FOAM ON THE SEA-TOP.

WHITE foam on the sea-top;  
Green leaves on the tree-top;  
The wind blows gay,  
Sing ho, sing hey,  
For the sea, and the tree, and the fleet wind!

A gray bird on the sea-top,  
A gray bird on the tree-top;  
Craik, craik! says the gray bird,  
Chirrup, chirp! says the gay bird,  
And they ruffle their wings in the sweet wind.

## XV.—THE PEOPLE IN THE STREET.

ALL day long in the street,  
The people pass to and fro,  
And what a clatter of feet,  
As up and down they go!

Here comes Mister Gentleman,  
And here comes Mistress Lady,  
One on the side that's in the sun,  
And one on the side that's shady.

CHORUS.—How d'ye do? How d'ye do?  
Nicely, thank you; how are you?

Some are abroad on business,  
And some are abroad on pleasure,  
Some go quickly, all in a press,  
And some go more at leisure.

Here comes Captain Fightaway,  
Here comes Doctor Pillbox,  
Here comes Mister Writeaway,  
And here comes Lawyer Willbox.

CHORUS.—How d'ye do? How d'ye do?  
Nicely, thank you; how are you?

## XVI.—THE BOUND OF THE YEAR.

WHICH would you rather be without,  
The Winter, the Summer, the Autumn, the Spring?  
Oh, do not leave either of them out—  
Who ever heard of such a thing?

The Spring is good before the Summer;  
And then the Autumn is a pleasant comer;  
Next is Winter, with cold and rain,  
And then it begins all over again!

Violets, primroses,  
Big roses, slim roses,  
Tiger lilies, and hollyhocks bold;  
And soon comes the snow, the white flower of the cold.

Springs, Summers, Autumns, Winters,  
Make up the years and their adventures;  
The tale is telling, and never is told!



HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

## HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

**THERE** are very few persons in the whole universe who do not recall the period of their childhood as being the happiest and most contented epoch of their existence. We have all had little trials during our infancy ; but these very trials, and to us, at that time, seeming hardships and cruelties, are looked back upon with fond yearning and are carefully treasured as being the souvenir of the brightest and most innocent page in the history of our lives. Do we not remember with feelings of fond regret the happy

games we played with our companions at school ? Do we not remember with pride and satisfaction the great triumph that we had over our childish competitors in the race for knowledge, or fondly muse over our defeat by some more fortunate rival ? Verily we may speak and think of the younger days of our existence with feelings of pride and pleasure.

The happy child depicted in our engraving will doubtless remember in days to come the pleasant hours it spent on the shores of the lake. It will recall the gratified feel-





ing with which it cooled its little feet in the clear water, while anxiously watched by its faithful companion, the dog "Nip."

Have we not all of us some little souvenir of a like nature? Reader, if you will only cast your eyes over the well-thumbed pages of your past life, you will probably freely admit that there is no period of our lives so fondly remembered as the days of "Happy Childhood."

#### SCHOOL IS OUT.

SCHOOL is out, and the village children bound away, each with a load of books, but no load of care. They feel the want of fresh air in their lungs, and those lungs are tested again and again till every one can see that they are thoroughly sound. As they run on, climbing stiles or fences, all thought is on play. School is over, and all the humdrum that bears down the elastic spirits of the young.

Tops and strings emerge from unfathomable pockets; jack-knives that have done good service many a day; the apple, ornamented with sundry sly bites, given by stealth during school-hours, all appear.

The girls strike up their pleasant chat, allowing the screaming boys to hurry by, with all their haste not destined to arrive till long after the girls have reached home, related the story of the day, washed and prepared themselves for home-reception.

#### SCHOOL IS OUT.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

PATIENCE, the second bravery of man, is, perhaps, greater than the first.—*De Solis*.

## A STORY OF THE SEASHORE.

THE tide was going out. Slowly and peacefully it retreated from the firm white sands; noisily it ebbed from the brown rocks where the seaweed grew. These same brown rocks ran out very far into the water, and caught the first and last beat of the waves. Curious creatures lived upon them amongst the fronds and tufts of the seaweed.

There were the Urchins—funny fellows they were! some as big as the largest apples you ever saw, and some as tiny as buttons. They were something the shape of buttons, too, with a round shell covered all over with a forest of sharp spines.

There were the Anemones, pink, crimson and drab, with fleshy bodies, and a coronet of feelers, looking like a daisy-shaped flower, upon their heads.

And there were Periwinkles and Limpets, and the quarrelsome Hermit-crabs, who were fond of robbing other folks of their houses and living there themselves; and a host of smaller things, which dwelt in shells among the rocks.

The tide had sunk very low, and in the hollow of the highest part of the rocks it left behind it a pool of clear still water. The pool was fringed with seaweed, and bright with exquisite colors—sea-stains of yellow, dark-red and velvet-green. Now that it was cut off by the ebb, it was so very still that you might have almost believed that a strip of the sky had fallen down, with its flakes of fleecy clouds, among the rocks.

"Oh, how pleasant it is to live!" exclaimed a tiny red Anemone, shaking its thread-like arms. This creature was very young, having been born since the tide had flowed in that same morning.

"You think so, do you?" said a Prawn, swimming lazily past with the most graceful motion in the world. "Ah, wait until there is a storm, and see if you find that so pleasant."

The sun warmed the shallow pool through and through; and a Hermit-crab growled, as he crept further into the shade of a crevice.

"How anything can like to be boiled alive, puzzles me!" he muttered.

The little Anemone felt humble. Life could not be so delightful as his inexperience had thought it, since such wise creatures as the Crab and the Prawn could find fault.

A Starfish clung to a pebble at the bottom of the pool: he was pushing out his feelers one after another, and his delicate suckers were quivering in the light. He looked happy enough, the Anemone thought.

"Sir, is the storm very bad?" the Anemone said.

But the Starfish was busy fishing for food, and did not choose to take the trouble to answer. It was a voice from overhead which said, softly, "Storms are bad sometimes, but they do good, for all that; and then they don't happen often, you know."

The speaker was an old Limpet. His shell was covered with knots and knobs, proving his respectability—for only Limpets of a certain standing can boast such adornments.

"Tell me about them," the Anemone said. "I am young, and don't know much yet."

"Ah," replied the Limpet, "the young ones know more than the old ones in these days, but if you really want to be told about the storms I'll do the best I can for you; although I must say that five minutes' experience would enlighten you more than a month of talking. The storm is just the opposite of this present time. Instead of this peace and quiet there is a deafening noise. Instead of this still water there is the weight and dash of gigantic

seas. Instead of warm sunlight and soft coloring there is the howling of freezing winds, and the black hues of cloud and night. Ah, yes! the storm is bad sometimes, no doubt."

"And what shall we do then?"

"I know what I shall do," the Prawn said, airily, not giving the Limpet time to reply; "I shall just skim away to the deep sea, and there, far below the surface, I shall be cosy and calm until fair weather returns."

"Then you will take me with you, please?" the Anemone pleaded.

"You! a likely thing! How are you to swim, I wonder—a red lump like you!"

"I shan't go out to sea," the Starfish roused himself to say. "I don't believe in storms; I never got hurt in one yet. The fact is, their danger is much exaggerated."

"The worst storm that ever blew is more bearable than this heat," grumbled the Crab.

The Anemone scarcely knew what to believe. The Limpet spoke again:

"Little one, sooner or later the storm will come; and when it does it will be strong enough to dash the life out from you and me unless we be prepared. I don't know about swimming out to sea, as the Prawn talks of doing. I couldn't do it, nor you either: all I know is that I should have died long ago if I had not taken fast hold of this rock. I have been here so long that I have worn a hollow into the stone just the shape of my shell; and when the waves rise and the winds begin to shriek I cling fast, firm and strong to my rock, and I am kept safe through all the fury of tide and tempest."

"Yes," answered the Crab, "and now you are half roasted by the sun because you won't leave your precious rock, even for a moment."

"It is rather warm, I confess," the Limpet replied; "but it's only for a little time. The flood-tide will come soon, and the first wash of spray will revive me. No, no! nothing short of death would induce me to leave my rock."

The light glittered through the transparent body of the Prawn, and the Anemone heard him laugh as he moved away. "I'd rather die than be chained there," he said.

"What must I do to be kept safe?" the Anemone asked. "I am so soft and weak that I am sure the storm would soon finish me. I haven't even a shell to guard me."

"Find a sheltered corner, and cling fast," was the advice of the Limpet.

The tide had turned some time ago, and there was a booming sound in the distance, and a rustle among the fronds wrack, which was hanging like a heavy fringe upon the edge of the stones. The sea was coming.

Slowly it came, yet strongly; it broke in frothy foam against the brown rocks, and flowed into the pools, sending volumes of sharp cold water over the drooping wrack, and the sea-grass blistering in the heat.

"Ah, ah!" laughed the Crab, "here comes the tide! This horrid warm water will get freshened up now."

A great wave washed into their pool as he spoke. The Anemone shrank in fear.

"Is this the storm?" it cried.

"Bah! no," said the Prawn; "it's only the sea—the jolly, merry, grand old sea! The storm is twenty thousand times worse than this, if you call this bad."

"Cling fast, and fear not," the Limpet said.

So the baby Anemone found a corner underneath a ledge, which would break the full force of the sea, and there it fastened itself, clinging with all its might to the firm rock. "I'm safe now," it said.

The tide rose and fell; the Summer days grew long



and the Autumn days 'drew near; the Anemone had reached its full size now, in its sheltered corner. Daily it rejoiced in the good life God had planned for it to live, there, in its own pool on the rocks.

"Come and wander with me!" the Prawn asked; but the Anemone refused.

"The storm is coming," it replied.

"Then better face it than stay motionless here," said the Crab, sourly. "I wonder that you haven't died weeks ago from sheer dullness."

"I am quite happy," the Anemone answered.

One night the sea began to sob, a fierce light shone from behind the cloud-masses which lay dark upon the sky; the wind whistled, and the wild birds cried in answer. The storm was coming!

All through the long hours of that night the gale blew heavily, the waves poured with a noise like thunder upon the shore. The ships kept far from land, and spread their canvas wings to fly to the nearest harbor. The seagulls' screams could scarcely be heard; for the voice of the storm had come!

The morning dawned. High on the edge of the tide-mark the Prawn lay dead, his graceful limbs spread over the wet sand, his elastic feelers broken, his beautiful body all dull and stained. When the storm broke he had had no power to swim deep into the sea.

In the pool there lay a broken heap. It was the Hermit-crab. The waves had beaten him until his shell was shattered, and his form crushed and lifeless.

And as for the Starfish, where it was none knew; but a child at play found it days afterward, a dry and shriveled thing, blown off amongst the sand-hills by the shore. It "did not believe in storms," yet a storm had killed it.

On the smooth brown rock the Limpet still clung, and there, in the crevice in the clear pool-water, the Anemone spread its flower-like rays.

"You told me to cling fast," it whispered. "I did so, and I am safe."

"BEHOLD, THERE WENT OUT A SOWER TO SOW."

CHARLIE and Susie were very fond of flowers. When February came with its brighter sunshine and longer days, the plants in their little bay window, which seemed to stand still the early part of the Winter, all began to bloom most beautifully. The children sowed a great many seeds of verbenas and other Spring flowers in little pots, to have ready to put out in the ground as soon as the danger from frost was over. It was so pleasant to watch the tiny shoots spring up, and to think of the beautiful, gay blossoms which each one would bear when the warm May and June sunshine fell on the young plants. When they were about a quarter of an inch high, the children were invited to spend a day or two away from home with their cousin Alice. Mother and father went, too, and only Bridget was left to take care of the plants. As soon as the children got back they ran to the window to see about their flowers, especially the little seedlings. How badly they felt when they saw that not a whole green shoot was left of these last. They ran to Bridget in distress.

"Oh, them little weeds!" she said, looking rather scornfully at the bare green stems. "Shure, I watered all the flowers, but to-day whin I let Dicky out for an airin' in the parlor, as yer mamma tould me to do, I just let him piak away at the little things. Shure they're no good like the other pretty posies."

Well, it would do no good to fret now, the children thought. So, though they felt very much like being cross with Bridget, they concluded that it would be better to

plant more seeds at once, and place them where neither she nor Dicky could get at them.

"It's just like our lesson for next Sunday, Susie," said Charlie; "'the fowls in the air came and devoured it up,' you know. That means Dicky, though he's only one, and not a fowl of the air, exactly."

"And I don't like to compare him to Satan, either," replied Susie. "A great ugly crow, or a vulture, or one of those dreadful bats would seem more like him than my precious birdie." Here Susie stopped talking to let Dicky take a seed from her lips.

"Bats are not birds, Susie. Don't you know better than that?" said Charlie. "Besides, don't you remember that Satan is said to be sometimes like 'an angel of light,' and of course angels are prettier than Dicky. But I'd advise you, Susie, not to plant any of the seeds in that shallow basket, as you did before. If Dicky hadn't eaten them, the sun would have 'scooped them,' unless you had watered them two or three times a day. You know how the crocus died in it last Winter."

"Well, there are no thorns to choke them, anyway, in this room," said Susie. "There is plenty of good ground, though, and we'll do our best with that."

And as their mother heard them talking, she prayed that the seed sown in their hearts, which she knew the Holy Spirit had caused to spring up in its fresh soil, might bring forth a hundredfold to the glory of God.

#### JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE BIBLE.

You have often admired the line of shimmering light which shines on the ruffled waters when the moon is in the heavens. Look in any other direction and the waters are dark and troubled. Look toward the orb of night, and you see the glory all the way, right from your feet to the heavens above. Another standing beside you, looking at another angle, will see another line of light and glory, and another in another place will see another; and so on endlessly. The moon is really shining over all the water, but each one sees only a portion of its radiance, and that portion only by looking in one direction. So is it in the Bible. The glory is shining all over it. You may see nothing of heaven in it so long as you will not look in the right direction. But look to the point of sight; look to Jesus, and you will see the glory of the Bible. You cannot see it all. Another will see something else that you do not. And another, standing at another point, will see something that you and he have missed. But every one who looks earnestly in the right direction will see something. We may be called by different names, and we may look at sacred truth at different angles; but if "looking unto Jesus" be our motto, we shall see "the glory of the Lord." And though no one can see it all, each one will see all he needs. Every one that looks in the right direction will see a path of light and glory leading from his own feet across the troubled waters of his life, up to the heavens above. "We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory"; and "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory" (Col. iii. 4).—*J. Monro Gibson, D.D.*

HAVE the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.





THE TUG OF WAR.

### THE TUG OF WAR.

A VERY pleasant game it is, and one calculated to develop the muscles of the player. Whichever side puts the other over a certain line is the victor. These children are thoroughly in earnest, and as long as they do not allow their goodnature to be destroyed, they will enjoy their tug of war. Men play at this game as well as children, and with them it is a real test of strength.

WISH to be what you are, and you get what you wish.

RATHER be the tail among lions than the head among foxes.

THE flower of meekness grows on the stem of grace.—*Montgomery.*

HE that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.—*Johnson.*

## THE LATE REV. DR. ABRAHAM DE SOLA.

THE late Rev. Professor Abraham De Sola, LL.D., whose portrait appears herewith, was not only the oldest Jewish pastor in Canada, but a theologian whose fame among his own people was world-wide. He was born in London, England, on the 18th of September, 1827, and came from an ancient Spanish-Jewish family. His father, the Rev. David Aaron De Sola, enjoyed a high reputation as a divine and scholar, and his ancestors present a long line of illustrious names celebrated as scholars, physicians and statesmen.

Young De Sola received a careful education, under paternal supervision. After having finished his academical studies, he took to Hebrew, literature and theology. In 1847, responding to a call from the Portuguese-Hebrew congregation of Montreal, he began the career of a pastor, in which in after-years he achieved such wide distinction. He early became a favorite on the lecture platform, and his talents were so conspicuous that in 1848 he was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Semitic literature in McGill College. The duties attached to that honorable office he discharged with commendable zeal. Shortly after this the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him, and he was selected to address the graduates on behalf of the Faculty at one of the Commencements. He was also chosen President of the Natural History Society, and delivered before it very interesting lectures on Jewish history, and on the zoology, cosmogony and botany of the Scriptures.

Professor De Sola labored earnestly for the welfare of his brethren as a minister, but more particularly as a writer, his controlling aim being always the exaltation of the religion of Israel, and the presentation of the grandeur of the Jewish literature. Among his works were "Notes on the Jews of Persia," "Commentary on Samuel Hannazid's Introduction to the Talmud," "Peritsol's Cosmography," "Life of Shabethai Tseï," "History of the Jews of Poland," "History of the Jews of France," "Critical Consideration of the Dietary Laws of the Hebrews," "Life of Saasidia a Gaon," and numerous other works. Dr. De Sola, while thus active in literary walks, also identified himself prominently with education and charitable organizations.

His death is a sad loss to the Church for which he did so much. His funeral in Montreal was attended by many leading citizens, and clergymen of nearly every religious persuasion in the city were present, testifying by the deep sorrow depicted in their countenances to the respect in which they held the memory of the departed. The service was conducted by the Rev. H. P. Mendes, of the Nine-

teenth Street Synagogue in New York, and editor of the *American Hebrew*.

## THE WATCHMAN AND THE STRANGER.

WHEN the hum of business had ceased, the evening shadows had fallen, and the city lamps were lighted, then began the duties of Captain Earnshaw, private night-watchman. Every one in the square of which he had charge will remember the stately man with military bearing, who was so vigilant and faithful; no unlooked door, no gas left burning by careless clerks, escaped his eye.

"If Earnshaw owned the square, he wouldn't be more careful," was often said.

The captain's heart glowed with pride at the compliments he received—very substantial ones at Christmas from some of the merchants whom he served.

Late one Summer evening as he was pacing the square, he heard footsteps approaching. It was seldom that any one passed through these business streets at night, except an officer or some drunken person mistaken in his way.

The captain paused in the shadow. Soon a tall figure passed under a lamp, a little distance off, but the keen eye of the watch had scanned his dress and knew that he was not an officer. He was a stranger, apparently, for he was looking from right to left as if doubtful of his course. When he reached the captain he paused.

"Are you an officer, friend, and will you direct one who was never before in your city?"

The quaint address and deep, rich voice

were peculiarly winning. He appeared like a clergyman, but his shabby dress and sailor-like bundle puzzled Captain Earnshaw.

"What do you want at this time o' night?" was the gruff response.

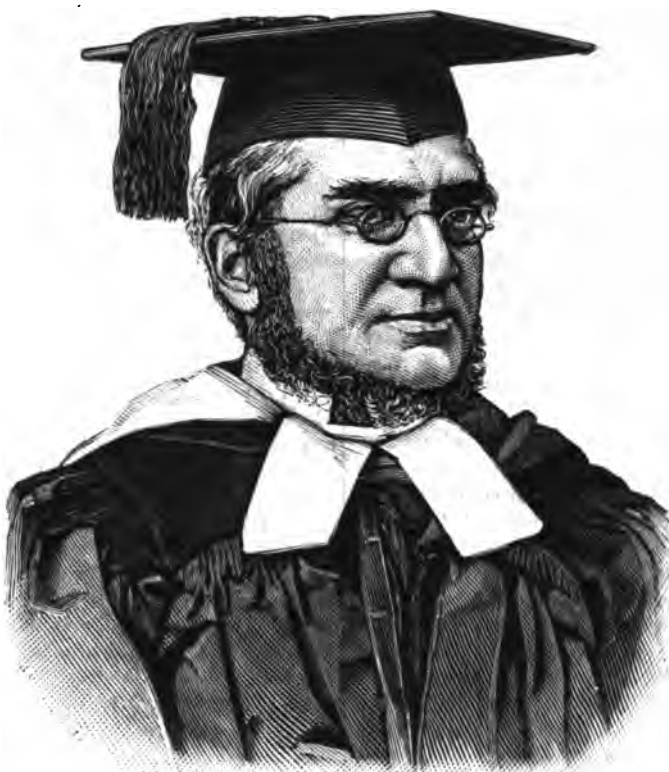
"I came on a coasting schooner," returned the stranger, adding, with great simplicity, "Do you know Andrew Smith? I go to his house to-night."

Captain Earnshaw would have smiled, but could not before that benign countenance with the flowing patriarchal beard. He told him respectfully that he did not know Andrew Smith, but if he had the street and number, the stationed police would show him the way.

"Will you permit me to rest a bit on these steps?" asked the old man. "I am too weary to go on."

"Certainly," said the watch. "You should have left the schooner earlier, sir; this is not to enter a strange city."

"I landed before dark," was the reply, "but my



THE LATE REV. DR. ABRAHAM DE SOLA.

Master's business kept me. That is always my first concern."

"I took you to be on your own hook," said the captain. "I should not think he'd expect one of your age to be about wharves after dark. It isn't safe. Desperate characters are there who come out with the rats and darkness!"

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

The stranger repeated this slowly, with mournful emphasis.

"That's Scriptur', I s'pose," said Captain Earnshaw, who had never before heard a text when on duty, "but it is true."

He thought this a pious reflection, but his strange visitor did not seem satisfied, for he said, earnestly:

"I trust that you believe in the Holy Scriptures, friend; all that is written therein is 'upright, even words of truth.'"

The watch suddenly thought he had "better be moving on." When he came around again the old man was asleep.

"Why, sir, you'll be robbed and murdered yet!" cried the captain, arousing him.

"My Master cares for me," was the calm reply. "I sleep unharmed among the violent. They care not for my treasures—my Bible and these tracts," lifting his bundle, "but sometimes they listen a moment, so I go among them. On the seacoast I am well known. They call me Father Gwynn. When they are in trouble I comfort them with God's own word. I preach on land and sea to those who do not go to church. I have no home, but there is always a place to lay my head, and that is more than my blessed Master had, for it is written 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.'"

Captain Earnshaw was silent.

"I talked on the wharf to-night with men who never heard of Christ. Perhaps good seed was sown. In a few days I hope to return to the coast." Then suddenly raising his eyes to the motionless guard, he said, "I must ask after your soul's welfare, friend! The Lord led me to you for some wise purpose."

All the unbelief in his listening heart burst forth.

"So you think it's the Lord's doing? Now I say, you chanced to cross my beat when I was civil. But we all look at things differently; it'll be the same in the end!"

"My friend, you are greatly mistaken!" returned Father Gwynn. "It makes an eternity's difference whether one has the right belief or not. You are a watchman, I presume?"

This introduced the captain's favorite topic. With visible pride he told how he had guarded the square for twelve years.

"There are millions of property here, sir, and the buildings are all in my charge. Nothing has happened since I took the position!"

"Have you had no robberies?"

"No, sir!" said the night-watch, with emphasis. "They have had them in other parts of the city; but I keep on the move, and if any suspicious person appears, I call the police."

"Have there been no fires in all these years?"

"Not here. I am on the watch, you see!"

The stranger's next question was solemn and searching.

"Have you returned thanks for this long season of prosperity?"

"Why should I?" replied Captain Earnshaw, almost angrily. "Haven't I been careful and faithful, never sleeping at my post? Why should I thank the Lord for my own prudence?"

Father Gwynn was silent, but his sad, shocked face subdued the other, for he advanced, kindly:

"But you and I won't quarrel about this. It is now time to go, if we would meet the police."

When they parted Father Gwynn said:

"We may never meet again, friend. I wish I could convince you that God directs the smallest affairs of life. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Oh, my friend, will you not look into this matter?"

"And remember this," he continued, with the majestic severity that the old prophets might have shown, "it is written in God's Word, and He will yet prove it—'Except the Lord keepeth the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.'"

Father Gwynn repeated the passage again, impressively, and went away.

"He'd give the Lord the credit of everything!" muttered Captain Earnshaw, "but there'd be queer doings if it wasn't for us watchmen!"

"But it was long before he ceased to think of his midnight visitor, and the text that rang in his ears like a prophecy.

Some months later, as Captain Earnshaw was on guard, a gust of wind suddenly swept the square. Thinking it might betoken rain, he lifted his eyes to the sky. The blood leaped into his bronzed face; there was a lurid gleam in Warrenton, Power & Co.'s store—fire in his own square.

The captain instantly gave the alarm. The firemen were soon on the spot. But the building was so secured by the bolts and the iron shutters that they could not get inside, and the fire was in the upper story.

"I'll go to Warrenton's for a key," cried Captain Earnshaw, starting on the run.

But he had not gone far before something new occurred to the athletic man—terrible in the present crisis. His step faltered, his feet would scarcely support his trembling frame; like one in a nightmare, no effort of will hastened his progress. He met no one whom he could send ahead; he could only go slowly on, knowing that each moment was an advantage to the fire-fiend. He groaned aloud as he thought of the property he had proudly guarded. He reached Mr. Warrenton's house too exhausted to pull the bell.

The captain says he was insensible about twenty minutes. When he came to himself he heard the clang of fire-bells, and as distinctly as if he were beside him, the stranger's striking text:

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

He realized then that his midnight visitor was right.

The square was burned that night. It is rebuilt; but Captain Earnshaw does not guard it. The story of that terrible walk was not believed; forgotten were the twelve years of faithfulness under the smart of calamity; he was dismissed with severe rebuke.

The old watchman bears his bitter punishment patiently, for he has learned to rely upon the Lord whom he once despised. He earns his bread by watching in an obscure store near the scene of his former labors; but every night he visits the old square, hoping to aid if there is trouble, and perhaps regain his reputation. And often as he goes the rounds in the silent night he repeats:

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."



## ATMOSPHERIC DUST.

EVERY one is aware that the atmosphere holds quantities of dust in suspension. The dust betrays its presence by settling upon our clothes, furniture and other objects; but on account of the minuteness of its particles it cannot be seen as it floats in the air, except under the illumination of a strong light, as in the case of a sunbeam shining in a dark room. Besides the grains of dust which may be seen in this manner, there are others which can be perceived only through the microscope, and others smaller still, little nothings like nebulosities in the sky, which seem to become more numerous as they are sought for with more powerful instruments. These bits of dust, lifted up and carried hither and thither by the atmospheric currents, must not be overlooked—for they play a part of considerable importance in terrestrial economy, and give rise to real geological formations. Clouds of impalpable dust, falling from the air in showers of considerable abundance, are not uncommon in some countries, and have been noticed in periods of history. Showers of dust both wet and dry, are quite frequent in the Cape de Verd Islands, and are called "red fogs" by the sailors. They are also common in Sicily and Italy, and occur so often in some parts of China as scarcely to attract remark. A shower of very fine dust which fell in Southern France in October, 1846, was found by the analysis of M. Dumas and the microscopic tests applied by M. Ehrenburg, to be composed of the fine sands of Guiana, and to contain the characteristic diatoms and microscopic shells of South America.

## SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round  
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow  
An idol substance, bidding us bow low  
Before those shades of being which are found,  
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;  
As if such shapes and modes, which come and go  
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show,  
To sway or judge, and skill to pain or wound.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined man!  
Know thy dread gift—a creature, yet a cause;  
Each mind its own centre, and it draws  
Home to itself, and molds in its thought's span.  
All outward things, the vassals of its will,  
Aided by heaven, by earth unthwarted still,

## RESTORING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

REFUF PASHA, the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, has recently received imperative orders from Sultan Abdul Hamid to resume the work of restoration of Solomon's Temple, commenced under the reign of Abdul Aziz; but discontinued some five years ago. The pasha has also been instructed to clear the great square fronting the Temple of all the rubbish and rank vegetation with which it is at present encumbered. In this square stands the famous Mosque of Omar, which derives a revenue of some \$75,000 a year from pilgrim contributions, and other sources. Hitherto the greater portion of this sum found its way annually to Stamboul. The Sultan, however, has decreed that henceforth it shall be applied to defraying the expenses of the works above alluded to, the present resumption of which, as well as their original inception, is due in reality to suggestions made at different times to the Ottoman authorities by members of the Austrian imperial family. The restoration of the Temple ruins was

begun at the instance of Francis Joseph during his visit to the Holy Land, shortly after the accession of Abdul Aziz to the throne; and it was the recent pilgrimage of the Archduke Randolph to Judea that imparted a fresh impulse to the interrupted enterprise. Not only has the Commander of the Faithful signified it to be his sovereign will that the works should be carried out without further delay, but two officials of the Sublime Porte, Serid and Raif Effendin, have already left Constantinople for Jerusalem with instructions to take measures, on their arrival, for insuring the literal fulfillment of his majesty's decrees. The gratitude of Christians and Jews alike is due to Abdul Hamid for lending his high authority to so generous and enlightened an undertaking.—*London Telegraph.*

## MONUMENT TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE.

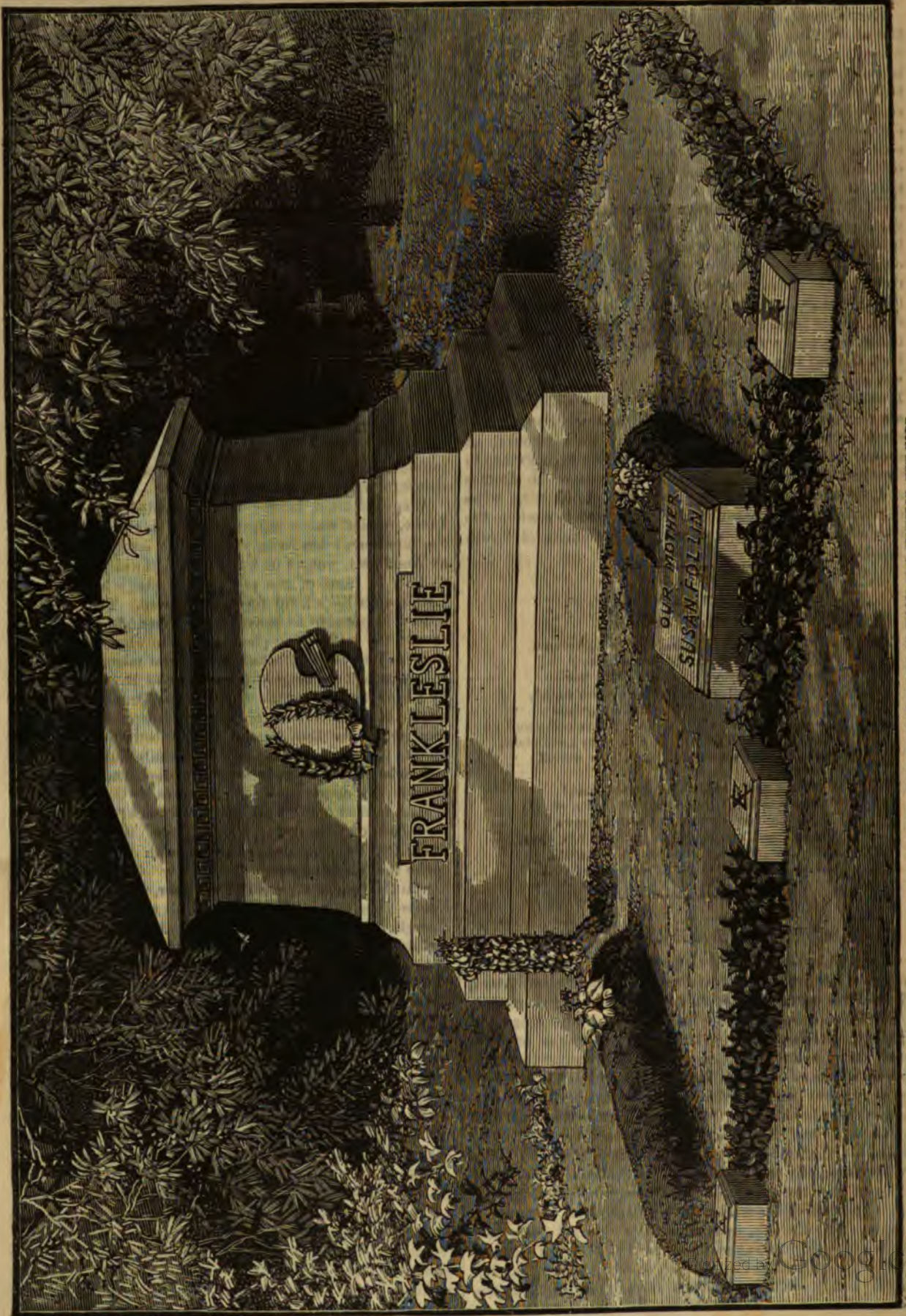
ON Monday, the 26th of June, took place the solemn and impressive service in connection with the consecration of the ground in Woodlawn Cemetery where, beneath a granite sarcophagus of noble dimensions and of simple, yet imposing, design, lie the mortal remains of Frank Leslie. The invitations to the ceremony were confined to the old and faithful employes who had served the deceased publisher for years, and to whom the occasion was one of mournful and tender interest.

A special train having been provided by Mrs. Frank Leslie, under whose immediate and anxious supervision the monument has been erected, the cortege, on arriving at Woodlawn, wound its way through the city of the dead to halt in front of the picturesque plot wherein Frank Leslie, after life's fitful fever, sleeps well. The scene was indeed impressive as grave-visaged men stood in groups around the last resting-place of him to whom in life they were so devotedly attached, and whose memory is to-day so green in their hearts—impressive, as the widow, aided by a Sister, in the grim costume of her Order, deposited a bunch of white flowers on the daisy-dappled knoll—impressive, as the Rev. Dr. Ewer, in priestly gown, the sun gilding his apostolic head as with a nimbus, in a few sweet and solemn words, requested the Rev. Dr. Talmage to address the on-lookers—impressive as in the midst of a silence, broken only by the Summer hum of insect life and the plash of lingering raindrops from the umbrageous trees, Dr. Talmage stepped forth, with bared head, and spoke the following words:

"In this queenly month of the year, the air redolent of resurrection, and at this hour when the clouds are dropping enough tears to show us that heaven is in sympathy with earthly grief, this reverential group assembles at the grave of the great American publisher. We do not try to awaken him from the last slumber which, two years and a half ago, he entered on, but come to put our hands of dedication upon this marble, sculptured with exquisite taste, and bearing the inscription written by her to whom he was everything. The vast business emporium on Park Place will be the monument to his commercial and literary industry, but this marble will stand as the monument of a wife's love. May it remain undamaged of the elements and unprofaned of ruthless touch till the last convulsion of nature shall shatter it.

"Now that time has rolled on and for so many months the weary brain has been cooled off and the artistic hand has forgotten its cunning, the world more deliberately scans and appreciates the work of Frank Leslie. He fought his own way to the top. Ancestral decree had determined that he should follow the business of glove-making, but he could no more be kept at that than Ben





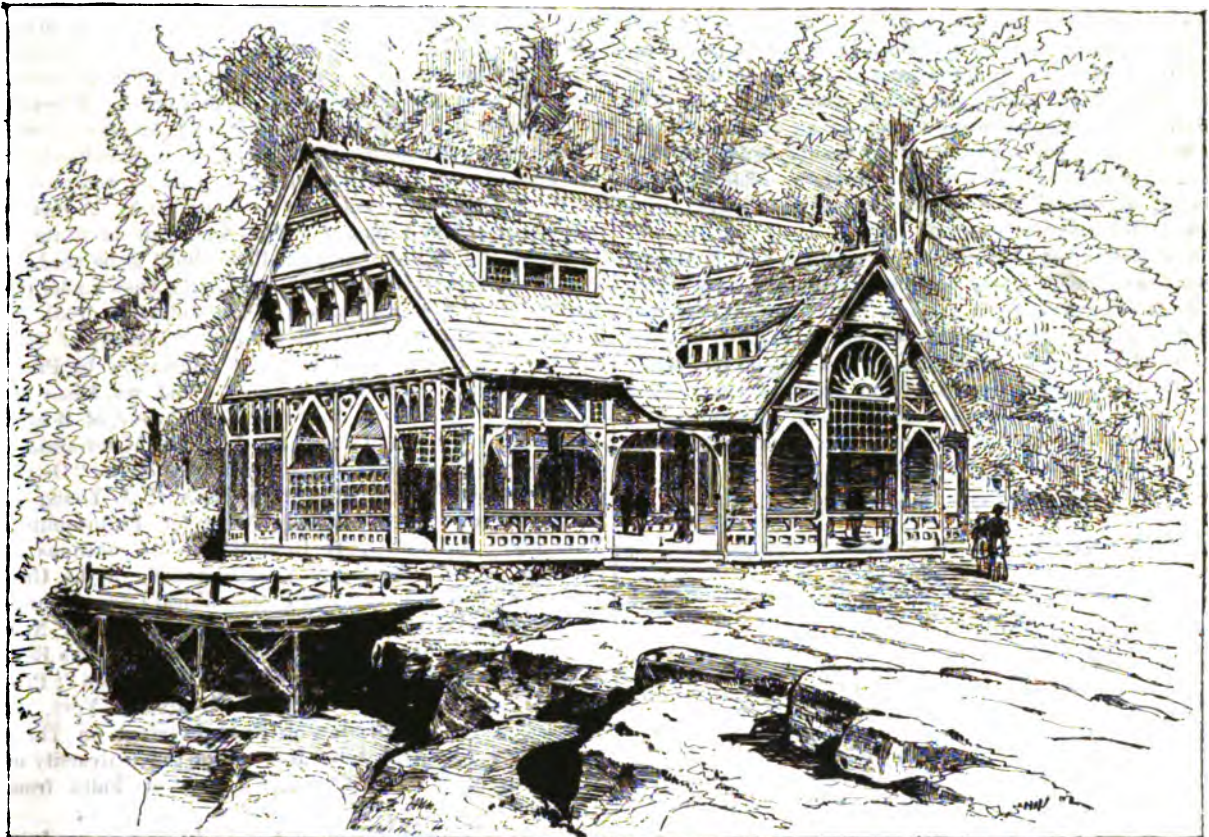
MONUMENT TO THE LATE FRANK LESLIE, IN WOODLAWN CEMETERY, NEW YORK.



Johnson could be kept a bricklayer, or Shakespeare a wool-comber, or Lord Bacon a weaver, or Cardinal Woolsey a butcher, or Michael Faraday a blacksmith. Genius is a divine push to some particular work. Frank Leslie was born an artist. He did for this country what the *Illustrated London News* did for Great Britain. He was the father of pictorial literature in America. For twenty-five years all the great public events were reproduced by this master-mind. The historian of the future will find his richest resource in the engraver's portfolio. We would not have to go stumbling through the pages of ancient historians if in other centuries Babylon and Thebes, and Tyre and Athens, and Herculaneum and Nineveh, had known how graphically to pictorialize. We start in infancy with a love of pictures and never get over it. The

has vanished from our sight. His imperial presence, his suavity, his momentum of business force, his princely hospitality, his genius to play as well as work, his capacity for invention, making it as easy for him to think of something new as others to think of something old, his antagonism to humdrum, his sympathy for hard-working men in his employ, continuing their wages when they were sick and providing for their families when they were dead, his services as artist, as philanthropist, as International Commissioner, his magnificent industry until the last, and then his heroism when told he must go, are thoughts to be treasured by all his friends.

"At the time of Frank Leslie's departure editors of journals all over the land wrote of him, honoring his genius and deploring his transference to another world,



HALL OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY, AT GREENWOOD LAKE, N. J.—SEE PAGE 326.

quickest and most condensed way of impressing the public mind is by the pictorial. What the painter does by his brush for a few favorites, the engraver does by his knife for the million. What the author accomplishes by fifty pages the artist does by a flash. The best part of a painting that costs ten thousand dollars you may buy for ten cents. Fine paintings belong to the aristocracy of art. Engravings belong to the democracy of art. God speed the good pictures on their way with ministries of knowledge and mercy. Spread them before your children after the tea-hour has passed and the evening circle is gathered. Throw them on the invalid's couch. Strew them through the rail-train to cheer the traveler on his journey.

"Now, we do not plant this monument as the period to the chapter of an active life, but only as a milestone on the road to achievement. Frank Leslie's work will live as long as American literature, although his brilliant person

but the words that most impressed me were those of an associate in business, who said: 'With the exception of his visits to Europe and his Summer vacations, I had almost daily intercourse with Mr. Leslie for twenty-five years. I have seen him in many positions of trouble and difficulty, but never saw him thrown off his mental balance. In all these years I never heard him utter a profane or coarse or intemperate expression. He was invariably the same courteous, consistent, well-balanced gentleman.'

"But the journey is ended. How short a mile from the cradle to the grave! Gone from struggle, from misinterpretation, from hard work—yea, gone from much that was bright and beautiful, for he knew how to laugh and sing; gone so long already that it would seem inappropriate to say good-by. Might it not be better to postpone salutation till the day, not far off, when we hope to meet in the



everlasting June of God's smile, the mortal having put on immortality; and instead of graveyard it shall be garden; and instead of shadows plaited in our apparel, the robe so white that "no fuller on earth could whiten it." The departed are not dead. We who toil, we who weep, we who sin, we are the dead. Broken hearts, take courage! In the far East it is the custom to bring a cage of birds to the grave of the loved one, and then open the door and let the birds fly singing toward heaven. So I open over this grave all bright-winged hopes and consolations. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Congratulations for the departed! Sympathy for the living!"

When Dr. Talmage had concluded, Mr. Richard B. Kimball, an old and attached friend of Frank Leslie, addressed the assemblage in a few touching and admirably chosen remarks; and then the Rev. Dr. Ewer—whose tall, slight frame, in its black soutane, stood out in wondrous relief against the white sarcophagus—uttered sweet, sad words in the name of the Master; spoke of the silver chains of Memory, and the golden chains of Hope; of the good dead man, whose life was work, and who calmly laid aside his work to render an account of his stewardship. Dr. Ewer, having briefly explained the nature of the service of consecration, offered up a prayer, in which the entire assemblage joined with bowed and reverent heads.

The monument is composed of granite, and fashioned after the shape of a sarcophagus, ornamented only with a wide Greek border. It is plain almost to severity, but massive and imposing withal. On the front panel in relief is an artist's palette, with brushes and pencils laid aside, emblematic of the life-work of the deceased, surrounded by a laurel wreath indicative of the fame he acquired in its pursuit. On the base of the sarcophagus are the two words, in relief and in large letters,

FRANK LESLIE.

On the back panel is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY

OF

FRANK LESLIE,

Who was called to rest on the 10th of January, 1880. Aged 55 years.

His life was ennobled through its whole course by labor and usefulness, and made gracious and beneficent by unflinching sympathy with the needs, the joys and the sorrows of others.

The pioneer and founder of illustrated journalism in America, his life-work speaks through the artistic and literary monuments he has left behind him.

His aim was to popularize art and make it a common helper of men; and so signal was his success that he lived to see his name a household word in the uttermost part of the earth.

An artist born, he went unto art rejoicing, and art repaid him in full measure.

As a friend he was stanch; as an employer, generous and considerate; as a man, true; to the poor, a benefactor; and to his wife, who raised this stone to his loved and honored memory, he never caused any other grief than his death.

**WILLIAM PENN'S OLD SHIP.**—It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that at the present time there is in existence, and being constantly used for worship, a chapel of the Society of Friends at Steyning, in Sussex, England, which was constructed from the timber of the good ship which took William Penn across the Atlantic the last time he returned to England from America. It has been in use for very many years, and to all appearances may last many generations to come.

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

THIS institution, which is now in its second year of existence, is modeled after the Victoria Institute of England, an organization which has for its object the creation and distribution of literature illustrating the relations existing between science and religion. The English Institute has many members in Canada and the United States, and many of its ablest papers are produced on this side of the Atlantic.

The idea occurred to Dr. Deems, who has been for years a member of the British Institute, that a similar society in this country would accomplish a similar good. He, therefore, made an effort to ascertain whether there could be found ten gentlemen who would deliver a course of lectures in all the line of the relations of science to religion. With the aid of the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, pastor of the Congregational Church at Montclair, N. J., he discovered that the scheme was practicable, and that many gentlemen distinguished for their learning and held in high repute throughout the country on account of their exalted character were in sympathy with the movement. A hearty coadjutor was found in Mr. William O. McDowell, who owned a beautiful property called Warwick Woodland, on the west side of Greenwood Lake, a body of water lying partly in New Jersey and partly in New York. A society was organized and named "The American Institute of Christian Philosophy," and a hall was built to be used for the lectures; and all preparations having been made, the first course of lectures was opened on July 13th, 1881, by Dr. Deems, who chose for his subject, "The Cry of Conflict." This was followed in quick succession by President Porter, of Yale College, on "What we Mean by Christian Philosophy"; Professor B. P. Bowne, of Boston University, on "Some Difficulties of Modern Materialism"; Professor Stephen Alexander, of Princeton, on the "Origin and Primitive State of Man"; Professor C. A. Young, of Princeton, on "Astronomical Facts for Philosophical Thinkers"; the Rev. A. H. Bradford, on "Conditions of Spiritual Sight"; Professor Alex. Winchell, of the University of Michigan, on "The Philosophical Consequences of Evolution"; the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., of New York, on the "Foundations of Christian Belief"; the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D.D., on "Science and Revelation"; Professor B. N. Martin, of the University of New York, on "Recent Physical Theories in their Bearings on Theology"; and President John Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin on "The Gains and Losses of Faith from Science."

The formal organization of the Institute was on July 21st, 1881, in the Hall at Greenwood Lake. Dr. Deems was elected *President*; Mr. Bradford, *Secretary*; and Mr. McDowell, *Treasurer*. A Constitution and By-laws were adopted, and the following gentlemen were elected *Vice-Presidents*: John Bascom, LL.D., Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL.D., of North Carolina; the Rev. Bishop Charles E. Cheney, of Illinois; and General G. W. Custis Lee, of Virginia. The Summer meetings are held and lectures given in the Hall at Greenwood Lake, and the monthly meetings at No. 4 Winthrop Place, New York, on the last Thursday evening of each month.

It was determined that a "Quarterly Review of Christian Philosophy" be published, to contain the most important of the lectures delivered in the Hall. Four numbers of this review have already appeared.

Since then large additions have been made to the roll of membership, both in this country and in England, including the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Duke of Argyll, and the Archbishop of Dublin.

The second Annual Session was held at Greenwood Lake, beginning on July 12th, 1882, and the course of lectures opened by Professor George P. Fisher, on "The Arguments for the Being of God." The following is the full list of the course:

Tuesday, July 11th. Morning: PROFESSOR GEORGE P. FISHER, Yale College. "The Arguments for the Being of God."  
 Wednesday, July 12th. Morning: PROFESSOR GEORGE P. FISHER, Yale College. "Miracles, and their Place in Christian Evidence." Evening: MR. CHARLES F. WINGATE, Sanitary Engineer. "Cleanliness and Godliness."  
 Thursday, July 13th. Morning: LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D., Editor of the *Christian Union*. "What the Bible is and why I believe it." Evening: W. MORRIS BUTLER, A.M., M.D., Middleton, N.Y. "The Curiosities of Insanity."  
 Friday, July 14th. Morning: PROFESSOR GEORGE T. LADD, Yale College. "Nature and the Supernatural." Evening: MR. HAMILTON W. HABIE, of the *Christian Union*. "Literature and Popular Life."  
 Saturday, July 15th. Morning: PROFESSOR GEORGE T. LADD, Yale College. "Revelation"  
 Sunday, July 16th. Morning: ROBERT S. MORAN, D.D. Sermon.  
 Monday, July 17th. Morning: PROFESSOR GEORGE T. LADD, Yale College. "Inspiration."  
 Tuesday, July 18th. Morning: WASHINGTON GLADEN, D.D., Springfield, Mass. "Christianity and Social Science." Evening: PROFESSOR CHARLES A. YOUNG, Princeton, N. J. "Distances and Dimensions of the Heavenly Bodies."  
 Wednesday, July 19th. Morning: MR. S. H. WILDER, Brooklyn. "The Spencerian Philosophy a misinterpretation of the Doctrine of the Correlation of Forces." Evening: PROFESSOR YOUNG. "The Physical Constitution of the Sun."  
 Thursday, July 20th. Morning: PROFESSOR NOAH K. DAVIS, University of Virginia. "The Duality of Mind and Brain." Evening: PROFESSOR YOUNG. "The Moon."  
 Friday, July 21st. Morning: Anniversary Meeting: Addresses by REV. DR. DEEMS, REV. DR. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, REV. A. H. BRADFORD. Evening: PROFESSOR YOUNG. "The Planets."  
 Saturday, July 22d. Morning: PRESIDENT JOHN BASCOM,

University of Wisconsin. "Mind and Matter—their Present Relation." Evening: PROFESSOR YOUNG. "Meteors and Comets."  
 Sunday, July 23d. Morning: HOWARD CROSSY, D.D., LL.D., New York. Sermon: "God and Man Mutually Visible."  
 Monday, July 24th. Morning: PRESIDENT JOHN BASCOM. "Mind and Matter—their Ultimate Reference." Evening: PROFESSOR YOUNG. "The Stars and Nebulae."  
 Tuesday, July 25th. Morning: Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D., Theological Seminary, Princeton. "Genesis of the Idea of God."

### The Strongest Argument for the Truth of Christianity.

PROFESSOR THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, of Prussia, in his masterly address upon "the best methods of counteracting modern infidelity," speaks thus: "The Christian is the world's Bible, and the only one which it reads. If we take care that in this book be plainly shown the loving spirit, the grandeur and the winning friendliness of Christ, then we shall see many hearts open to receive this actual testimony of Christian life and suffering. For many of our opponents in secret envy us our Christian comfort in misfortune and under heavy losses. Their hearts are often stirred by a deep yearning after the support which bears us up, and this superiority of Christian life can often drive the hardest heart to seek help from our Lord.

"In fine, only life can beget life. Where we wish to defend the Word of Life, our own life cannot be separated from the Word. The strongest argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian, the man filled with the Spirit of Christ. The best means of bringing back the world to a belief in miracles is to exhibit the miracle of regeneration and its power in our own life. The best proof of Christ's resurrection is a living Church which itself is walking in new life, and drawing breath from Him who has overcome death."

## PERSONAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THERE were 250 May meetings this year in London. At fifty of them Lord Shaftesbury, now eighty-one years of age, presided.

A PROFESSORSHIP in honor of the late Dr. Enoch Pond, of Bangor Theological Seminary, is to be established at Harpoot College, Eastern Turkey.

THE REV. JOHN BURT WIGHT, of Wayland, Mass., is the oldest living Alumnus of Brown University. He was born in 1790 and was graduated in 1808.

THE REV. DR. HENRY M. FIELD, who has lately returned from a three month's journey through the Holy Land, is now writing out his notes of travel for *The Evangelist*.

THE REV. GEORGE BACHELOR, of the Barton Square Church, Salem, Mass., has received a call to the pulpit of Unity Church, Chicago, formerly the Rev. Robert Collyer's.

THE REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY, of Port Henry, N. Y., has lately been appointed to the Chair of Logic, Rhetoric, History and Literature in Howard University, at Washington.

THE REV. JOHN DEWITT, D.D., of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has been chosen to the Chair of Church History in Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati.

THE honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, of the *Sunday-school Times*, at the recent Commencement of the University of the City of New York.

THE REV. JOSEPH H. SMITH, for many years a rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Newark, N. J., has resigned. He will go to Hamburg, in New Jersey, and become a missionary there.

THE honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon the Rev. John Brainard Morgan, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris, by Trinity College, at its Commencement on June 29th.

THE REV. DR. SULLIVAN was consecrated Bishop of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma, in St. George's Church, Montreal, on June 9th, by the Bishop of Toronto, acting for the Metropolitan of Canada.

THE Bishop of Peterborough (England) recently said to a millionaire who boasted that he gave \$10,000 in charity every year as a religious duty, "That is the largest insurance against fire I ever heard of."

DR. MORGAN DIX favors the revision of the Book of Common Prayer, and the insertion of more new prayers and new offices. He favors the use of two altar lights, the mixed chalice, and prayers for the dead in the burial service.

THE estimation placed by German scholars upon the writings of Longfellow may be judged by the remarks of *The Present Time*, a prominent literary weekly in Berlin. It says: "His poetry . . . is the tender blossom of universal humane education. It resembles a walk in the open air on a Sunday morning."

DR. GUTHRIE, author of "The City: Its Sins and Sorrows," was terribly shocked on entering a bookseller's place to hear a clerk call on some one on the lower floor for "two dozen of Dr. Guthrie's 'Sins.'"

VENERABLE DR. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, the Baptist scholar and orator, has preached in New York almost half a century, and the semi-centennial anniversary of the beginning of his work in that city will be celebrated during the Summer.

THE grave of Lydia Marie Child, in the old moss-grown cemetery at Wayland Centre, Mass., is marked only by a plain white marble slab, bearing her name in full, age, date of death, and the words: "You call us dead. We are not dead, but truly living now."

THE degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred upon the Rev. Frank Rogers Morse, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Brooklyn by the Central University of Iowa. Mr. Morse is a graduate of Dartmouth College and of the Newton Theological Seminary.

THE REV. HORACE BUSHNELL and wife, of Cincinnati, celebrated their golden wedding on Monday, June 19th. He is still the pastor of the congregation to which he began to minister more than half a century ago, although for the past twenty-five years he has been totally blind.

THE REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Germantown, Penn., which he has held for five years past, in order that he may, at the request of the family, write the biography of his brother, the late Henry W. Longfellow. The society has accepted the resignation with regret.

MR. JOHN HALL DEANE, of New York City, has added another item to the long list of his benefactions by the promised gift of a schapel to Rochester University, of which institution he is a trustee. The chapel will have a capacity to seat 400, and will stand in a prominent position on the campus. Mr. Deane gives it as a memorial of his parents.

THE REV. DR. JOSEPH ALDEN, who, at the age of seventy-five, has just retired from the Presidency of the New York State Normal School at Albany, has had a long and honored career as an educator of youth. He was, after being graduated at Union College, for two years tutor in Geometry and Latin at Princeton; seventeen years Professor of Rhetoric and Political Economy at Williams College; five years Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Lafayette College; six years President of Jefferson College, Pa.; and fifteen years President of the Normal School at Albany.

THE will of the late Anna Greenleaf of Philadelphia, which was admitted to probate June 30th, bequeaths \$26,000 to charities. Among the items are \$4,000 each to the American Bible Society, of New York; the Board of Foreign Missions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States; the Board of Domestic Missions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; the Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Dutch Church of North America, to be expended in the destitute portion of the West; the American Tract Society of New York, and the American Sunday-school Union; \$3,000 each to the Union of Philadelphia for establishing Sunday-schools in the West and the American Seamen's Friend Society of New York; and \$1,000 each to the Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged and Indigent Females of New York and the Protestant Orphans' Asylum at Bloomingdale, New York.

DR. NELSON H. CARY, the father of Annie Louise Cary, had a musical family. Joseph Cary, his oldest son, was a fine bass singer, and married a musician, Flora Barry, at one time a well-known opera singer; William Cary, the second son, was a good singer; Marcia Cary, now Mrs. J. C. Merrill, of Portland, the next youngest child, was supposed to possess a richer contralto than her younger sister, Annie. The next daughter, Ellen Cary, was the only soprano singer in the family. There then came Samuel Cary, who had a good bass voice. With the musical qualities of the voice of the next younger child, Annie Louise Cary, the public is well acquainted. The youngest child, Ada Cary, is about to become a professional singer.

THE remains of Emanuel Swedenborg are interred under the old Swedish church in Prince's Square, London, England. The church stands in an old-fashioned graveyard, which is furnished with irregularly placed and quaint headstones. The sexton opens the church for visitors when requested. The vault of Swedenborg is under the chancel, and is covered with a marble slab, inscribed: "In the vault beneath this church are deposited the mortal remains of Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish Philosopher and Theologian. He was born in Stockholm, January 29th, 1688, and died in London, March 29th, 1772, in his eighty-fifth year. This tablet was erected by one of his English admirers in the year 1857—seventy-five years after his death."

It is a remarkable fact that in the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island so many prominent rectorships, especially in Brooklyn, are held by clergymen who were originally members of other ecclesiastical bodies. The Bishop, Right Rev. A. N. Littlejohn; the Rev. N. H. Sohenok, D.D., of St. Ann's; the Rev. W. H. Morgan, of St. Luke's; and the Rev. James H. Darlington, of Christ Church, were once Presbyterians. The Rev. Charles H. Hall, D.D., of Holy Trinity; the Rev. A. H. Partridge, of Christ Church; the Rev. Joseph Beers, of Grace Church, and the Rev. H. R. Harris, of Calvary Church, were originally Congregationalists. The Rev. Spencer L. Roche, of St. Mark's, and the Rev. Charles A. Tibbals, of St. Peter's, came from Methodist stock.

ONE cannot begin too early in life to discipline himself to habits of the most exacting punctuality in keeping every engagement and the performance of every service, be it little or great. Great men in all ages have been noted for punctuality. They believed an act to be well done must be done promptly. Napoleon used to insist on absolute promptness with his marshals, saying: "You must ask anything of me but time." Washington was punctilious in exacting promptness from all his officers. On one occasion, when visiting Boston, the column was ordered to move at six o'clock in the morning. Washington was present before the time, but the marshal of the day, supposing that the hour was too early to start, was tardy in appearing. Washington looked at his watch nervously, waited a moment or two after six, and then ordered the column to move. Some time after, the marshal rode furiously to the front, making many apologies for the delay. Washington replied, pleasantly: "It is our custom to ask, not if the leader, but if the hour has come." John Quincy Adams, in his long service in Congress, was never known to be late. One day the clock struck, and a member said to the Speaker: "It is time to call the House to order." "No," said the Speaker, "Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet." At this moment Mr. Adams appeared. He was punctual, but the clock was three minutes fast.



MISS LOUISA HOWARD, of Burlington, Vt., has given \$5,000 to the University of Vermont, for the establishment of five scholarships, to be known by her name.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has headed with a liberal amount the subscription list for the purchase of an extensive block of buildings in London for the use of the Salvation Army.

THE venerable Rev. H. J. Morton, D.D., has been rector of old St. James Episcopal Church in Philadelphia since 1830. He was the successor of Bishop White upon the election of the latter to the Episcopacy, and the church has had only the two rectors in eighty-two years.

A MURAL tablet has been placed in the new building of the Yale Divinity School, bearing this inscription: "Leonard Bacon. Born, February 19th, 1802. Died, December 24th, 1881. In remembrance of his valuable services to the Church of Christ, and of many years of pleasant intercourse, Frederick Marquand, the friend by whom this building was erected, has named it the Bacon Memorial Hall."

A MEMORIAL window has been placed in the Church of the Holy Communion, South Orange. The prominent figures represented are Mary and St. John near Mount Calvary, the three crosses being seen in the distance. The window bears the inscription: "In loving memory of Mary Field Osborne." The Rev. Henry V. Degen, the rector of the church since 1873, has been granted leave of absence for three months by his vestry, and sailed for England recently in the steamer *Furnessia*, to visit his only daughter, who has resided there for the past two years.

A BEAUTIFUL Episcopal ring has been presented to the Right Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, by the children of his diocese. The ring was made under the supervision of Messrs. J. & R. Lamb, New York, and is a work of art, perfect of its kind. It is of gold, very massive, significant of strength. The stone, a fine Siberian amethyst, of a rich purple, the royal color, is cut in shape of a *Vesica Piscis*, the old conventional shape of a fish, the symbolism of which is derived from an acrostic of our Lord's name and office contained in the Greek word, *Ichthus*, a fish. It is the invariable shape for all ecclesiastical seals and rings as symbolizing purity, the fish being the only creature not cursed by the Flood. The face of the stone is cut with the bishop's insignia. The jeweled mitre, crozier and pastoral staff, indicating his power and mission. The cutting is extremely fine and delicate, being the work of one of the best seal-cutters in the country. On the side of the ring, chased and enameled in the gold, are the monograms I. H. S. and X. P.

In addition to the degrees conferred upon him by Yale College and the Universities of Pennsylvania, Berlin and Paris, the Rev. Henry E. Dwight, of Philadelphia, has just received the honorary degree of D.D. from the University of Washington and Lee, Lexington, Va. Many members of Dr. Dwight's family have achieved prominence during the last half century. Among the well-known names are the Rev. Dr. William T. Dwight, formerly a prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, afterward, for thirty-five years, pastor of one parish in Portland, Me.; his brother, the Rev. Dr. S. E. Dwight, pastor of Park Street Church, Boston, and subsequently President of Hamilton College New York; the Rev. Professor Timothy Dwight, D.D., of Yale College, New Haven; the Hon. Professor Theodore W. Dwight, LL.D., Professor of Law for over a quarter of a century in Columbia College, New York City, and Judge of the Court of Appeals for the State of New York; and the two

brothers, the Rev. Dr. Henry E. Dwight and the Hon. Judge T. B. Dwight, of Philadelphia, all sons or grandsons of the Rev. President Dwight, LL.D., of Yale College, and great grandsons of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, A.M., President of Princeton College, New Jersey.

In a recent number of *The Independent* the Rev. P. S. Boyd asserts that the Congregationalists have dropped Calvinism entirely: "The Congregationalists," he says, "have not waited until the last quarter of the nineteenth century to learn that Jesus Christ, and not John Calvin, is the true corner-stone of the Christian Church. All that is of value, of permanent value, in Calvinism, was taught by Jesus, the real Head of the Church; but he never taught Calvinism. He taught a larger Gospel and a broader theology than Calvinism contains. The religion of Jesus Christ is all the better adapted to the various conditions and classes of the human race by reason of its breadth and fullness. The Congregationalists have dropped that system of theology, as inadequate to the present needs of the race. It is too small a cup in which to carry to the millions athirst the water of life. It is not only too small, but it is too much a work of art to render the best service. The various devices of the exterior attract more attention than the water within."

A BEAUTIFUL altar has been presented to Kay Chapel, Newport, R. I., by John W. Paine, of Troy, N. Y. It is of oak and stands about three feet from the floor. The front is divided into three panels, separated by columns in bas-relief, and in each side-panel is a Greek cross within a circle, while the centre panel contains the letters "I. H. S." in raised capitals. Just below the top of the altar in prominent raised letters are the words, "Do this in remembrance of Me." Upon the base is the memorial inscription: "To the glory of God and to the loving memory of my mother, Eliza O. Paine.—J. W. P." The retables is composed of two wings and a centrepiece above the altar. It is six feet high and extends the whole width of the chancel. Directly over the altar are two disks, in which are carved the symbols of the Lord's Supper—a sheaf of wheat and a bunch of grapes. The wings are divided into two Gothic panels each, in the arches of which are represented in bas-relief the four Evangelists beautifully delineated. It was consecrated on Friday, July 7th, when there were appropriate services in the chapel at twelve o'clock. The bishop of the diocese, the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, and other clergymen were present. There was a Processional and an Address by the bishop and the celebration of the Holy Communion.

DR. MOORHOUSE, the Bishop of Melbourne, Australia, has delivered an address which is altogether likely to bring a hornet's nest of orthodox believers about his Episcopal ears. The people of his diocese have been suffering for lack of rain, and his clergy have besought him to frame the customary "form of prayer for rain." This he has declined to do, declaring that the course of seasons and the changes of weather are regulated by unvarying laws of natural government. If, he said, the sufferings of a famine or a drought were not the result of such laws, which God could not wisely and righteously break, then God would appear to inflict suffering wantonly; while if human prayer could obtain rain in spite of natural laws, Christians who failed to obtain rain should be accounted criminals who inflicted suffering which they might remove. As to prayers for material wants, as a whole, the bishop observed that all the lower wants of men were supplied by an unvarying all-comprehensive rule, which people should study and obey, taking, without anxiety or discontent,

what the working of the law gives them, and seeking in their prayers spiritual blessings rather than material requirements. In conclusion, the bishop put in a good word for his hobby of irrigation, observing that it would be much more rational for the Australians to utilize the waters of their rushing rivers in irrigating the fields than to neglect all such precautions, and, when they find the consequences of their neglect intolerable, resort to prayer.

"A MINOR canon of Westminster Abbey," says the *London Telegraph*, "may claim the honor of a real discovery in respect to 'God Save the King.' This fine old tune is obscured as to its origin by the cobwebs of history; and these it has been Mr. Harford's fortunate lot to clear away. Lately he has been scheming how to teach the swarthy children of the Empress of India to sing our national anthem in their own tongues and dialects; and he is now writing a series of interesting papers in Mr. Edward Walford's new *Antiquarian Magazine*, a publication which unites with the erudition attractive to archaeological students much lighter and pleasanter lore for the edification of all who take a lively interest in the records of humanity and civilization. Mr. Harford, in his contributions to this well-edited magazine, proves, or seeks to prove, by internal evidence, that the structure of 'God Save the King' is essentially Latin, not English; and historically that it was composed in the cause, not of the House of Brunswick, but of the Stuarts. The writer's contention is that those who ascribe the birth of the loyal ditty to a feast of one of the city companies after the Revolution do not go far enough back. Neither, he argues, do others, who imagine they have detected its origin in some French lines of devotion to the Bourbons. Mr. Harford has run

to earth the object of his hunt in the Chapel Royal of St. James's and in the reign of the Papistical James II. With great show of probability, it is attributed to Father Petre, the Jesuit confessor of that reign."

THE REV. DR. R. A. HOLLAND, of Trinity Episcopal Church, Chicago, delivered a sermon before the Convention of the Diocese of Illinois, not long ago, which is remarkable for its renunciation of orthodoxy. He flatly denied the infallibility of the Scriptures, the orthodox atonement, and eternal punishment—the three "heresies" of Dr. Thomas. Of the Bible, Dr. Holland said that it was an authority which had "lost its voice." Though a hundred sects gave its ancient language a hundred different interpretations, it was dumb, and could not decide which among them was correct. It was an authority, therefore, the ultimate decision of which produced strife rather than peace, division instead of unity. Speaking of the orthodox theory of the atonement, he said: "All the evangelical denominations agree in maintaining certain theories about the atonement to be the very essence of the Gospel, which every Catholic, Greek, Roman or Anglican would laugh at as absurd, if the absurdity were not so pitiful in its unreason and so hurtful to the cause of Christ in the esteem of rational men who are so unfortunate as to identify Christianity with Evangelicalism." The "old-fashioned" doctrine of hell Dr. Holland dismissed in the following words: "Mumbo Jumbo is as false as eternal punishment." Divine authority, according to his ideas, can have no other than rational form, "for reason is the essence of God in man, and there can be no higher proof than its reasonableness that any idea is from the Absolute Reason or God"

## THE DRIFT OF RELIGIOUS COMMENT.

He who trusts to skepticism for support, while staggering beneath the burdens of life, leans on a staff of sand. Listen to poor Shelley, whose brilliant intellect wrapped itself in garments of doubt! Hear his sad confession of human weakness when unsupported by consciousness of divine friendship and a hope of immortality! Sadly he sings:

"I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne and still must bear."

In strong contrast with this groan of hopeless despair is Paul's swan-song of faith: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day." Oh happy Paul! Alas! for the unhappy, skeptical Shelley!—*Zion Herald*.

We are exceedingly sorry to see introduced into Virginia, at the anniversary exercises of our female schools, the custom of permitting the young ladies to deliver addresses and read essays to the audience from the platform. See I Cor. xiv. 34, "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak." But if not in the church, why in a public hall?—*Central Presbyterian*.

THEY talk foolishly who prate about the discovery of new religious truths. Deeper insight into the meaning and reach of revealed truth there may, probably will, be as the Church gains more of the life which flows from her union with the person of the living Christ. But the truths

by which she is to attain to higher purity and by which the world is to be saved, are as old as the time of Christ. What the age needs is not new truths, but the old, old truth earnestly spoken in the language of the present times. There is eminent suggestiveness, therefore, in these words of Professor Shairp: "The deepest truths are always becoming commonplaces until they are revived by thought. And they are true thinkers and benefactors of their kind, who having thought them over once more, and passed them through the alembic of their own hearts, bring them forth fresh minted and make them tell anew on their generation."—*Zion's Herald*.

CLERICAL vestments were enjoined upon the Jewish Church by Divine command. They were in universal use in the Temple and synagogue, when our Lord worshiped there. They were certainly in general use among Christians as early as the third century, and probably from the beginning, where the condition of worship allowed it. It must be remembered that the conditions were peculiar. It was a time of beginnings. It was a missionary age. Churches were not built and there was no money to build any. Worship was in private houses and mostly in secret, because of persecution. When things were settled, then we find vestments in use everywhere in all parts of the world. And this continued up to the time of the English Reformation. It was continued then by the Reformed Church of England, but the Puritans either discarded it altogether, or substituted black for white, as a kind of protest. Can it be conceived that the use of vestments which continued 1,500 years by Divine Command—which our Saviour in His time uttered no word against, but tacitly

sanctioned, which the universal Church of the Christian age everywhere used till the seventeenth century, and which from that time eleven-twelfths of all Christians have continued to use to this day, should now rest on no better authority than the fancy of men? The objection most commonly made is, that our Vestments are relics of Romanism—rags of Popery and superstition—and that our use of them proves us to be substantially the same with the Church of Rome. The argument is this: Our clergy wear robes; Roman priests wear robes; therefore, our clergy are Roman Catholics. Suppose we apply the same reasoning to other bodies. Thus, the officers of the Society of Freemasons wear robes; Roman priests wear robes; therefore, *Freemasons are Roman Catholics*. Or, Freemasons wear robes; Oddfellows wear robes; therefore, *Freemasons are Oddfellows*. It is evident that the reasoning is just as conclusive in the one case as in the other, and it is also evident that all such reasoning is absurd. — *The Living Church*.

BISHOP WHIPPLE, of the Episcopal Church, in his annual address to the clergymen of his diocese, recently delivered in St. Paul, Minn., dwelt at length upon the relations of capital and labor. The Church could not shut its eyes, he said, to the alienation between the employer and the employed. Churchmen were startled at the radicalism of the new "reformers," and wondered "why the people turn from the Church which teaches peasant and king to say 'Our Father' to find a brotherhood in the club, in the trades-union." And he intimated that the chief cause, in his opinion, was that the Church had turned the cold shoulder upon the laboring classes. The rights of labor, the bishop said, were primary rights, the rights of capital, secondary; but the Church had neglected the rights of labor. The bishop seems to have assumed that all the capitalists are within the fold of the Church, which does not appear to be true of all the New York capitalists. Possibly, however, he thinks that the consolation and sympathy of pious folk would mollify the workingman and make him bear his burden of hard work and poor pay in a more cheerful manner. — *New York Times*.

Don't be afraid to do some genuine idling this Summer. Lie on the grass in the shade and listen to the birds and watch the clouds. Sit on the rocks and let the waves curl up into the crevices just below, and see the seaweed sway. Don't feel obliged to study, or even to read, all the time. Never was any worse nonsense uttered than the claim of

some morbidly conscientious souls that we must "employ every moment of time." Bless their good but blundering hearts, isn't it improving the time actually—if not in their sense—to drink in health and peace with each breath, to rest the tired muscles by relaxing them, to reap a whole harvest of delight by every glance around, and to expand and enrich one's entire being by communion with nature? You can't lie quiet and look at field or forest or ocean long without thinking of God and thanking Him. If some men would idle thus a little—or a great deal—more, they would be worth twice as much to the world. — *The Congregationalist*.

THE question how far government shall interfere with the liberty of the individual in relation to private indulgence has never been settled on a practical basis. Sump-tuary laws, which indicate just what men shall eat and drink or what they shall abstain from, have often been marked by gross infringements of the individual liberty. If prohibitive laws of this kind are to be enacted at all, they should obviously be limited to those which are necessary for the protection of society; and it is society itself that should decide when they are necessary. There can be no fairer way of settling the difficult question concerning the sale of intoxicating liquor by any State than to let the people of that State decide by their votes that matter for themselves. This has just been done in Iowa, and the prohibitionists have carried the day by a vote of twenty-nine thousand majority. The practicability of this law is a matter to be determined by experiment; but we cannot but rejoice at the noble protest against intemperance which this vote records. If prohibition does not always prohibit, it expresses at least a sentiment against the use of intoxicating drink, which is of immense value in forming the habits of the rising generation. If the open temptations to its use are taken away, and its sale is placed under the ban of the law, a powerful bulwark is certainly erected against the acquisition of intemperate habits. But it is useless to pass such laws until the people are measurably ready for them. And more important than the laws themselves is that education of the community which demands that such laws be passed by which the curse of intemperance shall be cured or abated. The experience in Iowa, like that in Kansas, will be watched with interest. Its failure or success will undoubtedly influence temperance legislation in other States. — *Christian Register*.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### LAUNCHED.

FIVE baccalaureate sermons in one day, and sixty Commencement speeches in another, and hundreds of young doctors coming forth from our medical colleges, and hundreds of young advocates graduating from our law institutes, and hundreds of ministers launched from our theological seminaries, arouse the question: What are we going to do with so many? The question is easily answered. They will decide for themselves upon their life-work. Scores of those educated for physicians will never stay doctors. Scores of those educated for lawyers will not stay advocates. Scores of those educated for ministers will not stay clergymen. Many of them launched by their parents or particular surroundings, to do one thing, will do another. They will naturally drop into that for which they are best qualified. But is not the supply greater than the demand? No. The world's population is mightily increasing, and we want in all departments more hands and hearts and heads. The world can never have a surplus of educated men. You say that hundreds of these highly educated turn out nerveless and useless. Yes, but how much

more their deficit, had no opportunities been afforded them? The work will go on until thorough education will come within the reach of all the people, and ignorance will be forever banished from the earth. What is now called liberal education will come to help labor in all departments, until chemistry and geology shall be harnessed to every plow, and science will prune and trim and enrich and redeem every orchard; and mathematics and natural philosophy will help in the construction and management of all machinery, and those things that are considered the luxuries of education will be the common and universal possession of all the people. So much has the standard of collegiate education been advanced, that those who used to graduate with honors from universities would not now be qualified to enter some of our modern colleges. The speeches now made by the young men at Commencements are far superior to those of our boyhood. The old humdrum about Greece and Homer has been exchanged for harangues about the things of here and to-day. The sylphs, the dryads, the naiads, the gods have gone out of business. Longfellow turns out to be a better poet than Homer, and Bancroft a better



historian than Herodotus, and we have fifty orators who can beat Demosthenes. The absurd halo has melted from the brow of the ancients, and the old philosophers could not keep up with a class in our Polytechnic or Packer. I have more respect for the moderns than the ancients. Washington got angry and pitched a negro servant out of the window at Mount Vernon, and in the biography of Thomas Jefferson we find that the signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by the fact that next to Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was a livery-stable, and that the horse-flies left their perch one day and attacked the American Congress, and bit and stung the members so that those who could not before get their courage up to sign the tremendous document, at the intolerable annoyances of the flies, hastily penned their names so as to get out and away from the cutaneous irritation. Collegiate education has been revolutionized, and the mind of the student is not so stuffed with the baggage of Latin and Greek that he has no room for practical everyday information. Look at the graduate of this season and you will find vast improvement in physique. By regatta and baseball club, and gymnasium and military drill, classes of healthy men are launched from the dry-docks instead of those crazy crafts that were loaded to the water's edge with physical infirmities enough to sink them before they got out as far as Quarantine. In many of the institutions a great achievement has been made, in the fact that male and female education go side by side just as God intended it. He put the two sexes beside each other in Eden. He puts them beside each other in the family. Why not side by side in colleges? The plan succeeds, except at Cornell University, Ithaca, where this year resolutions are passed ascribing the decadence of that institution to the co-education of the sexes. No, gentlemen; that is not what is the matter with Cornell. This land will not be what it ought to be until woman has equal opportunity for thorough education with man. She has greater responsibilities. Certainly she should not have less opportunity. The mothers decide the destiny of nations. Men mean and small-souled and inefficient had mean and small-souled and inefficient mothers; but good and grand and useful men had mothers of good heart and stout sense. Mother wit, or lack of it, decides almost everything. Gumption is an indispensable characteristic. Now, gumption is inherited from the mother. Higher style of education for women means more gumption. Is it possible that any one wants to know what gumption is? Then I will define it. Gumption is that quality of mind and heart by which—well, if you do not know what it is, it is because you are lacking in gumption! Bring woman's education to the perfection of man's and there will be more equipoise of character, and stronger equipment for the generations following. Co-education is now proposed at Columbia College. Co-education is going to be the rallying cry for the universities throughout Christendom. We want more female doctors. Naturally qualified by the Lord with higher qualities for attendance upon the sick, why should woman not have all possible advantages of improving her especial faculty in that direction? Many of us would have been dead long ago had it not been for maternal or sisterly or wifely nursing. It is time that the world stops deriding the female medical colleges, as every Spring they hand out the diplomas to their graduates. We want more womanly lawyers added to the catalogue of those who are already pleading in the courts of this country. No one surely could plead for woman's life like a woman. Our laws about dowers, about divorce, about defense against husbandly squandering of estates, about the holding of property, will never be what they ought to be until there are a great number of women with severest legal acumen, able to shape statutes, and confront courts on these questions. Yea, we want female preachers. Surely she who was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre ought to be able to tell the Gospel story with surprising effectiveness. The pulpit has already had its Miss Miley and its Lucretia Mott, and the law in the Presbyterian Church which arraigned a clergyman as a criminal if he allowed a woman to preach has been modified to let every Presbytery do as they think best. The doors of our colleges, now set ajar to let women crowd in, must be swung wide open. I hail the improved condition of manly education as revealed in the annual Commencements, and the improved prospect for womanly achievement, notwithstanding the vote of the Massachusetts Medical Society against the admission of women to membership.

#### "EVE'S DAUGHTERS."

ADVICE, to be effectual, must be given, first, by one competent to speak, and second, in an earnest, kindly spirit. Both these conditions, we think, are fulfilled by Marion Harland in her latest work, to which she has given the extremely apt title, "Eve's

Daughters." It is a series of familiar talks to mothers first and daughters next, on personal and household topics, with an especial leaning toward those physical and medical subjects which appeal exclusively to women. The thought is plain and the words are sufficiently direct to express the thought, but the whole is written in language chaste and delicate. In the modern fashionable life led by our wives and daughters, it needed a work like this to arouse women to a true sense of their own physical needs, the peculiar trials and troubles which beset them, and from which man is free, and the importance of their position as the mothers of future generations. Whether the earnest, loving words of the author will have any effect on the frivolous young maidens of the time, and the equally frivolous but more culpable mothers of society, remains to be seen; but if they should carefully read and follow the rules and precepts given in "Eve's Daughters," the author's purpose will be accomplished.

#### GARIBALDI.

EVERY free nation on the earth ought to have dropped its flag to half mast on the day of his burial. Amid all the editorials and funeral orations on both sides the sea, none have quoted the two most thrilling things he ever uttered. In the darkest time of Italian misfortune he cried out, "The Bible is the canon which will free Italy." Let that eulogium of Christianity stand out before all nations in contrast with the pusillanimous defamation of the Christian religion by men who think it smart to caricature the only hope for the world's civilization and redemption. The other remarks of Garibaldi which the world and history cannot afford to let die, is the following: When about to start on one of his most terrific campaigns for the liberation of Italy, he made the most wonderful address that any army had ever listened to. After he had told them of the long marches they must endure, and the tremendous battles they must fight, they asked him what he would give them in return. He said: "You shall have hunger and thirst and exhausting marches, and battle wounds and death. How do you like it?" They looked into each other's faces, and then they looked into his, and then they threw up their arms, crying, "We are the men! we are the men!" Would God we had as much enthusiasm for our Captain of Salvation as the Italians for their leader, and that whatever darkness or trouble, or long march, or wounds were to be suffered in His cause, we might take all with cheerfulness and hosanna.

#### SACRED MUSIC AT THE GREAT FESTIVALS.

It is a subject worthy of remark that at the great musical festivals held at intervals throughout this country, musical works of a religious character should be so largely represented. The great music festivals of England have always had a religious tendency, but this is easily accounted for. The majority of their festivals are distinctly connected with the national church of England—such as the Three Choir Festival held annually in alternation in the cathedrals of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford; the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, held annually in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; the annual Norwich Festival, and others. But in America there is no national Church, no cathedrals and no old ecclesiastical traditions; still, the religious character has prevailed through all the music festivals so far held.

These are now eight in number: five in Cincinnati, held every two years; two at New York, 1861 and 1862; and one at Chicago, 1862. In reviewing the programmes we find that the following works have been performed, some of them twice, and others thrice:

ORATORIOS and CANTATAS: Handel's "Messiah" (three times); "Israel in Egypt"; "Dettingen Te Deum" (three times); "Utrecht Jubilate" (three times); Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; Bach's "Passion" (St. Matthew); "Magnificat"; "A Stronghold Sure" and "Who Believeth and Obeyeth."

MASSSES and PSALMS: Beethoven's Mass in D (three times); Mozart's Requiem; Berlioz's Requiem; Schumann's Mass in C Minor; Liszt's Missa Solennis; Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm, and Gilchrist's Forty-sixth Psalm.

We can scarcely call to mind a single composer of eminence who has not produced at least one work of a religious character. Even Richard Wagner, who has devoted his life to a reformation in the composition of operas—or music dramas, as he insists they ought to be called—has composed a sacred cantata entitled, "The Holy Supper of the Apostles"; while many composers of the first rank have given forth quite a number of sacred works, and some even have devoted their entire genius to this class of composition. For instance, Bach, all of whose vocal compositions are sacred. The great Beethoven wrote two Masses and a sacred oratorio,

"Christus am Oelberge"; Schumann, the great romantic composer, is the author of a Mass and an "Advent Hymn," cantata; Spohr wrote several sacred oratorios and cantatas; and even Rossini is the creator of a "Stabat Mater" and a Grand Mass, while the last work thus far published of Verdi, the famous opera composer, is a Requiem Mass. Schubert, the genius of melody, to whose pen nothing came amiss, composed five Masses and a number of sacred cantatas and choruses; and Gounod, whose fame will ever be associated with his opera "Faust," has produced two Masses, and anthems, psalms, and sacred choruses innumerable.

The fact is that the liturgical forms of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches, and the Psalms and Hymns of the Bible, have proved a powerful attraction for the musicians of all ages and of all shades of religious belief. Bach was a Lutheran, still he composed Masses for the Catholic Church as well as cantatas for his own. Haydn and Mozart were devout Catholics, and each wrote many Masses, cantatas, motets and choruses for their Church services. Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were both born Jews, and in the compositions of both the sacred element largely enters.

It is perfectly natural, in a twofold sense, that the religious element should so largely enter in the programmes of our great music festivals; first, because, as shown above, the greatest composers have consecrated their genius to this form of composition; and second, because, notwithstanding all our liberalism—falsely so called—there runs, deep in the hearts of the people, a reverence for sacred things, which finds fitting expression in these great sacred works. Indeed, we only carry out the injunction of the Psalmist, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

#### "WHICH IS THE BETTER?"

PROFESSOR HUXLEY says that Mr. Darwin's "intellect had no superior." Referring to the close of his life he writes: "The image of Socrates rises unbidden, and the noble peroration of the

'Apology' rings in our ears as if it were Charles Darwin's farewell: 'The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is the better, God only knows.'" I believe Professor Huxley is greatly in error in his estimate of Mr. Darwin's views of religious truth. However much we may regret some of his speculations as to the mode and processes of creation, the testimonies borne by the Bishop of Carlisle and Bishop Stirling at least show that his "intellect" bowed in the presence of Divine Revelation. But by placing Mr. Darwin religiously by the side of Socrates—although admittedly one of the most enlightened of the heathen philosophers—Professor Huxley not only entirely ignores Christianity, but admits how little the "wisdom of this world" can do, even at its best—shall we say after nineteen centuries of progress?—to cheer the pilgrim through the valley of the shadow of death with the sense of God's presence and guidance, and the good hope, through grace, of everlasting life. "Which is the better, God only knows" is a poor "leap in the dark," a miserable substitute for the simple faith which takes hold of God's revealed truth, and realizing that "godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of the life that is to come," is, therefore, able to say, "To depart and be with Christ is far better." "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS have published the second volume of Spurgeon's valuable book, "The Treasury of David," which, it is gratifying to learn, is meeting with a large sale; also, "Eastern Proverbs and Emblems," by the Rev. A. Long; "The Burial of the Dead," a handbook of forms for ministers, by the Revs. George Duffield and S. W. Duffield. The Presbyterian Board of Publication has issued a neat little volume entitled, "The Children's Sermon," by the Rev. John C. Hill.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

"For this God is our God, for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM xlviii. 14.

#### EDWIN CATER.

THE REV. EDWIN CATER died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Smith, in Somerville, Tenn., on June 18th. He was born in Buford, S. C., on November 1st, 1813; graduated at Franklin College at the age of seventeen, studied theology at Columbia Seminary, and was licensed to preach in 1836.

His first charge was the church at Anderson Courthouse, S. C. In 1860 he was called to the church at Somerville, Tenn., where he remained until 1867. In that year he removed to Macon, Miss., and from thence he was called to the College church, near Oxford, Miss., where he remained some years. The church at Yazoo City, Miss., was his last regular charge.

#### DR. W. H. STUDLEY.

DR. WILLIAM HARRISON STUDLEY died at his home, No. 160 East Eighty-third Street, New York City, on June 14th, of pneumonia, aged fifty-three. He was born in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1827. He became a minister of the Episcopal Church, and filled various pulpits. Finding the labor detrimental to his health, he studied medicine. He wrote much on medical subjects, and made important inventions and improvements in surgical instruments. He leaves a wife and four children.

#### R. F. JACKSON.

THE REV. ROBERT F. JACKSON, rector of Christ Church, Richmond, died at Petersburg, Va., June 16th, of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He was formerly rector of St. Paul's Church, at Macon, Ga., and was widely known. He was a native of Petersburg, and was graduated at the University of Virginia. He was one of the editors of the *Southern Pulpit*.

#### J. H. HILL.

THE REV. JOHN HENRY HILL, D.D., LL.D., died at Athens, Greece, on Saturday, July 1st, in the ninety-first year of his age. He was born in New York City on September 11th, 1791, and was graduated from Columbia College. In September, 1830, he was appointed missionary to Greece, and was accompanied thither by the late Dr. Robertson. They two, with their wives, were for five years the only missionaries of the American Church in a foreign

country. In July, 1832, Mrs. Hill opened at Athens a school for females, which soon increased from twenty to one hundred and sixty-seven pupils. In 1834 a large stone building was erected, in which more than three hundred children were instructed. The school continued to grow in numbers and favor, until in 1869 the charge of it devolved upon Miss Marion Muir. For several years past the attendance has not varied much from seven hundred. In the last annual report of the Committee for Foreign Missions was published a Royal Ordinance, expressive of the King's approval of the educational work done by these missionaries. The document was addressed to Dr. and Mrs. Hill, and stated that the true education of the female sex in Greece had had its fitting impulse and succor. The labors of Dr. Hill were not, however, confined to the schools. He and others connected with the missions were engaged in the translation of devotional and other books into the modern Greek language. Also, in 1845, he was appointed chaplain to the British Legation, and officiated on Sundays in the English chapel of St. Paul, a position he continued to fill for many years. In 1854 he was, moreover, invited to hold service for 5,000 English and French troops which had quartered near Athens. Dr. Hill was a fine scholar, and an instructive and persuasive preacher. He was greatly respected in Athens, and there and elsewhere those who knew him best loved him most. As to the particulars of his death we are not as yet informed.

#### MOSES HILL.

THE REV. MOSES HILL, of the New York East Conference, was suddenly stricken with paralysis, at his home in Norwalk, Conn., on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 21st, and died the evening of the following day. He was a man of marked ability, and was for many years a leading member of the Maine Conference, being four times elected a member of the General Conference. In 1851 he was transferred to the New York East Conference, and stationed at Hartford, Conn., when his health failed, and he was obliged to retire from the active ministry. In 1854 he settled in Norwalk, where he continued to reside until called home, in his seventy-eighth year. Mr. Hill leaves a widow, in feeble health; a son, E. J. Hill, an active church member and business man in Norwalk; and a daughter, the wife of the Rev. Albert Miller, of the North Iowa Conference.

## J. A. BROWN.

THE REV. J. A. BROWN, for many years President of the Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, died at his home, on June 20th.

## H. L. STARK.

THE REV. HENRY L. STARK, who for nearly half a century has been a zealous Methodist clergyman in the central and eastern districts of New York State, died on June 22d, at Waterford, the place of his last appointment.

## JOHN POISAL.

THE REV. DR. JOHN POISAL died on Sunday evening, June 25th, at Baltimore. He was born at Martinsburg, W. Va., May 13, 1807, and entered the Methodist ministry in 1826. He was stationed for some years in New York, but served most of his time in Maryland. He was the oldest minister in the Maryland Conference.

In company with the Rev. George Hillot, recently deceased, he was licensed to preach in 1826. His Conference appointments were as follows: 1827, Clearspring circuit; 1828, Carlisle circuit; 1829, Hartford circuit. In 1830 he was stationed in East Baltimore; 1832, at Harrisonburg; 1833-34, at Severn circuit; 1835-36, at Annapolis; 1837, Baltimore circuit. In 1838-39 he was stationed in North Baltimore with Rev. Charles B. Tippett. In 1840 he went to York, and in 1841-42 was admitted to the New York Conference, and went to Allen Street Church. In 1843, at Brooklyn; 1844, at Mariners' Church; 1845-46, at Duane Street. From 1847 to 1850 he was agent of the Bible Society; 1851-52, in Baltimore; 1853, at Columbia Street Church. From 1854 to 1856 he was presiding elder of Bellefont district; 1857, at Baltimore circuit; 1858 to 1859 he was at the Eighteenth Street Church, New York; 1860-61 he was at Bedford Street Church. In 1862 he was returned to the New York Conference. In 1866 he entered the Baltimore Conference South, to which communion he continued a minister up to his death. With Rev. Alpheus Wilson (lately elected bishop by the General Conference at Nashville) and Rev. Mr. Busey (since deceased), he established the Methodist Episcopal Church South in Baltimore. After the war he was agent of the Virginia Bible Society, established the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist*, then and now the official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and was also chaplain of the Maryland Legislature. Dr. Poisal was associated with the Rev. Thomas E. Bond in the management of the *Episcopal Methodist*, Dr. Poisal being the publisher and proprietor, and Mr. Bond the editor. He married Miss Annie M. Wood, a niece of the Rev. Thomas E. Bond, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, and with her celebrated their golden wedding in Baltimore last Fall. His wife survives him, as also a son, Mr. Thomas B. Poisal.

## BISHOP SCOTT.

THE REV. LEVI SCOTT, A.M., D.D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, died July 13th on his farm near Odessa, Newcastle County, Del., where he was born on October 11th, 1802. His father was the Rev. Thomas Scott, a local preacher, who died in 1803. The boy grew up on the farm, having but few opportunities for obtaining an education, going to school only in the Winter and working in the fields the remainder of the year. At sixteen he began to learn the trade of a tanner, but after four months' work abandoned the business and went to Georgetown, D. C., where he worked as a carpenter for a short time. His health, however, gave way under the hard labor, and he returned home and followed the pursuit of a cabinet-maker until 1821. In the Spring of 1826 the Philadelphia Conference received him into the Church and appointed him to Talbot circuit, Maryland. In 1827 he was sent to Dover circuit, and in the following year was ordained deacon by Bishop George, and was appointed to the St. George's charge at Philadelphia. There he had better opportunities for study and made himself acquainted with Latin and Greek and gained a greater knowledge of theology and science. He studied too hard and his health failed, but he continued his St. George's charge until 1830, when he was transferred to West Chester and Marshallton. That same year he married Miss Sarah Smith, of West Chester. His excessive labor, however, told on his health, and he was compelled to ask for a supernumerary relation at the ensuing conference. He was placed on Kent circuit, Md., in 1833, a charge with eleven appointments. Here he remained but one year, being made presiding elder of the Delaware district in 1834 and serving for two years.

In 1836 Bishop Hedding removed him from the district and appointed him to Franklin Street Church, Newark, N. J. In this

year, the Conference then embracing Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and the Eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia, was divided, and the New Jersey Conference was created, and Mr. Scott asked to be returned to the Philadelphia Conference. This was granted him, and he was appointed pastor of the old Ebenezer Church, Philadelphia. He was also reappointed the second year. In 1839 he was sent to St. Paul's charge in the same city. In 1840, at the earnest solicitation of Dr. Durbin, then president of Dickinson College, he was appointed principal of Dickinson College Grammar School. Here he served with great acceptance for three years, and during the last year was assisted by the Rev. George R. Crook, D.D., and during the preceding two years was assisted by Thomas Bowman, now Bishop Bowman. In 1840 the degree of A.M. was conferred by the Wesleyan University. In 1846 the college of his native State conferred on him the deserved honor of D.D. In 1843 he became pastor of the Union Church, Philadelphia, serving for two years. At the close of his term, in 1845, he was appointed presiding elder of the Southern Philadelphia district, and after three years, at the General Conference of 1848, was elected by that body assistant book-agent of the Methodist Book Concern in New York. He was first sent as delegate from the Philadelphia Annual Conference to the General Conference of 1856, and has attended every General Conference since. In 1852 the General Conference met in Boston, and Dr. Scott was elected to the most honored position of the Church, that of the Methodist Episcopacy. Soon after Bishop Scott made the first official Episcopal visitation to the church in Liberia, appearing in its Conference as the first of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Since that period he presided in the annual conferences, North and South, as well as on the Pacific Coast, and until 1872 performed his full share of the laborious duties of the office he so long and so honorably adorned by a wisdom and purity which the Church has never questioned. The bishop was stricken with paralysis a few years before his death and was deprived of his faculties, which he never recovered.

## GEORGE NICHOLS.

THE REV. GEORGE NICHOLS, who was borne to his last rest on Saturday, July 8th, graduated in the Harvard Class of 1828, at the age of nineteen; he then studied at the Theological School in Cambridge; after a ministry of three years, commencing at Meadville, he felt that his calling was to literature rather than divinity. Very soon he found his place—a place that no one could fill so well. In partnership with the Rev. John Owen, as a book-publisher, he saw the necessity of better proof-reading than could then be obtained in America; and very soon his critical accuracy, his unwearied painstaking, his wide knowledge of books, his perfect fidelity to every trust, induced President Quiney to bring him to Cambridge, into a position which he has admirably filled for forty years.

Mr. Nichols was anything but a common proof-reader. Though Charles Sumner had said to him that he would publish no more if he could not have George Nichols for a critic, Mr. Nichols would not yield even to him where he felt he was right; and the senator gave up to the proof-reader—the crown of whose seventy-three and a half years was that he completed the publication of those fifteen volumes upon which the fame of his friend will rest.

Besides the constancy of toil which devoted more than ten hours a day to a confining task, Mr. Nichols was so modest that he would not permit W. H. Prescott to acknowledge his indebtedness for that unintermitted care which brought each of his works into the most perfect form a standard history could take.

Nor were there higher qualities lacking in his experience. The thorough preparation of his uncle's work, "Hours with the Evangelists," interested him so that he overstrained his eyes, so that they never recovered entirely. And when the oculist assured him seven years ago that he must relinquish his business or his eyesight, he determined at any cost to complete the great charge of Mr. Sumner's literary bequest, though with feeble help from only one eye.

It is pleasant to feel that he was called from twilight into the noon beyond, before the dreaded darkness had fallen upon him, in a Christian trust and hope which shed light on the path he was to walk. The very last work which came under his critical eye gives us these appropriate lines by his life-long friend:

"And if by faith as in old times was said  
Women received their dead  
Raised up to life, then only for a season  
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain  
Until we meet again."



# RECREATIONS FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"And searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so."—ACTS XVII. 11.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

306. Who was it caused the Israelites to give up the captives they had taken from Jerusalem?
307. Mention some occasion in which a lion killed a man but did not devour his body.
308. What service did an angel render to St. Peter?
309. What prophet mentions the piercing of our Lord's body on the cross?
310. For what object was Holy Scripture written? Quote passage.
311. Who is it speaks of Christians as the "Temple of God"?
312. Who is it mentions the Bible as one of the great weapons for resisting the attacks of Satan?
313. What book in the Bible is a testimony to the providence of God, but does not mention His name?
314. Mention six races of giants who formerly dwelt in the land of Canaan.
315. What tribes of Israel were specially noted for the abundance of their cattle?
316. Quote passage in which Moses prays God to be allowed to go into the land of Canaan.
317. For what purpose did Moses set apart the three cities of Bezer, Ramoth and Gozan?
318. What famous battle took place at Ramoth?
319. Under what three different characters is our Lord spoken of in one verse by the prophet Isaiah?
320. In what way did Moses try to find out the best route by which to enter the land of Canaan?

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 25.

### Single Acrostic.

1. THE first man.
2. The first name of Bethel.
3. The first master of Joseph in Egypt.
4. The first name of the Jewish people.
5. The first High Priest among the Jews.

The initials make the first letter of the Greek alphabet, a name of Christ.

No. 26.

### Double Acrostic.

Two extremes which meet in the grave.

1. A MAN of Macedonia, Paul's companion in travel.
2. A place at which the children of Israel pitched their tents and found no water.
3. The prophet at whose door Naaman stood.
4. Eve's second child.
5. The father of a man whom the enemies of the children of Israel wanted to make king.

## SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

No. 12.

1. THE person of whom we write was honored by a visit from an angel.
  2. He was called to military service in the cause of God.
  3. He pleaded his insignificance and mean descent as an excuse.
  4. He was encouraged by the promise of Divine assistance, and vouchsafed a twofold sign in token thereof.
  5. The fear of man led him to choose the night season for the execution of a Divine command.
  6. A special duty was assigned him, which he performed; by most unlikely means vanquishing the enemies of his country.
  7. He enjoyed forty years of peace, and died in a good old age.
  8. Honorable mention is made of him in the New Testament.
  9. The signification of his name expresses in a single word the nature of his occupation when addressed by the angel, and the character of the service to which he was called.
- Who was this personage?

## BIBLE SCENE.

No. 7.

In the banqueting-room of a palace a large and stately company are assembled. The host is a king in his royal robes, and the guests, many of whom are military men, appear to be all of rank and distinction. Every eye is fixed upon a young and beautiful woman, arrayed in all the magnificence of an Eastern lady of rank, who seems to have just entered the room, and is addressing a few words to the King. His countenance suddenly changes, and betrays much agitation; while he evidently makes a strong effort to appear calm. The guests look surprised, and watch the scene with much interest. He grants the request.

## ANSWERS TO RECREATIONS IN AUGUST.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

291. ST. PAUL (Rom. xi. 1).
292. St. Luke, who says, "The fashion of His countenance was altered" (St. Luke ix. 29).
293. The shrunken sinew of his thigh (Gen. xxxii. 25-31).
294. "The Lord your God, He is God in Heaven above and in earth beneath" (Josh. ii. 11).
295. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego (Dan. iii. 26).
296. To St. Paul and his companions at Philippi (Acts xvi. 17).
297. By the inhabitants of Ekron (II. Kings i. 2).
298. Oreb, a prince of Midian, who was slain upon the rock Oreb (Judges vii. 25).
299. Of the prophet Balaam (II. Peter ii. 15).
300. The prophet Agabus, who foretold a great dearth in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, and afterward the imprisonment of St. Paul (Acts xi. 27, 28, and xxi. 8-11).
301. Pashur the son of Immer (Jer. xx. 1-6).
302. Jeremiah the prophet (Jer. xvii. 1).
303. The City of Samaria, which received the first news of the flight of the Syrians, from four lepers who had been banished from the city (II. Kings vii. 8-10).
304. "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world" (St. John i. 29).
305. Josiah King of Judah, and Cyrus King of Persia (I. Kings xiii. 2; Is. xlv. 1).

### SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 23.—THE MOTHER OF MOSES—JOCKERED.—EX. VI. 20.

- |                          |                     |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. J-ezebel . . . . .    | II. Kings ix. 22.   |
| 2. O-rpah . . . . .      | Ruth i. 4.          |
| 3. C-hloe . . . . .      | I. Cor. i. 11.      |
| 4. H-annah . . . . .     | I. Sam. i. 20.      |
| 5. E-lizabeth . . . . .  | Luke i. 60.         |
| 6. B-ath-sheba . . . . . | I. Kings i. 16, 17. |
| 7. E-unice . . . . .     | II. Tim. i. 5.      |
| 8. D-eborah . . . . .    | Judges v. 7.        |

No. 24.—ELEAZAR—ITHAMAR.

- |                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. E-l-i . . . . .      | I. Sam. iv. 15, 18.  |
| 2. I-o-t . . . . .      | Gen. xix. 1.         |
| 3. E-noc-h . . . . .    | Gen. v. 22.          |
| 4. A-dri-a . . . . .    | Acts xxvii. 27.      |
| 5. Z-ebou-l-m . . . . . | Gen. xiv. 2.         |
| 6. A-seyri-a . . . . .  | II. Kings xviii. 13. |
| 7. Redeeme-r . . . . .  | Isa. xlix. 26.       |

### SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

No. 2.—EARNEST.

1. EAR: Psa. xlix. 4; Isa. lv. 3.
2. NEST: Deut. xxxii. 11; Psa. lxxxiv. 3.
3. EARNEST: II. Cor. i. 23; Eph. i. 14.

### SCRIPTURE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

No. 2.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; Dan. iii. 26.  
Daniel; Dan. vi. 4-23.  
Peter; Matt. xxvi. 33-35, 69-75.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whose putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe" (Prov. xxix. 25).

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by the REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war; With the Cross of Je - sus

*mf*  
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,

*f*  
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers,

March - ing as to war; With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

2. At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.
3. Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the Saints have trod.  
We are not divided,  
All one body we;  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane;  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain.  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.
5. Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song.  
Glory, laud and honor,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and Angels sing.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Frank Leslie's  
**SUNDAY MAGAZINE.**

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., EDITOR.

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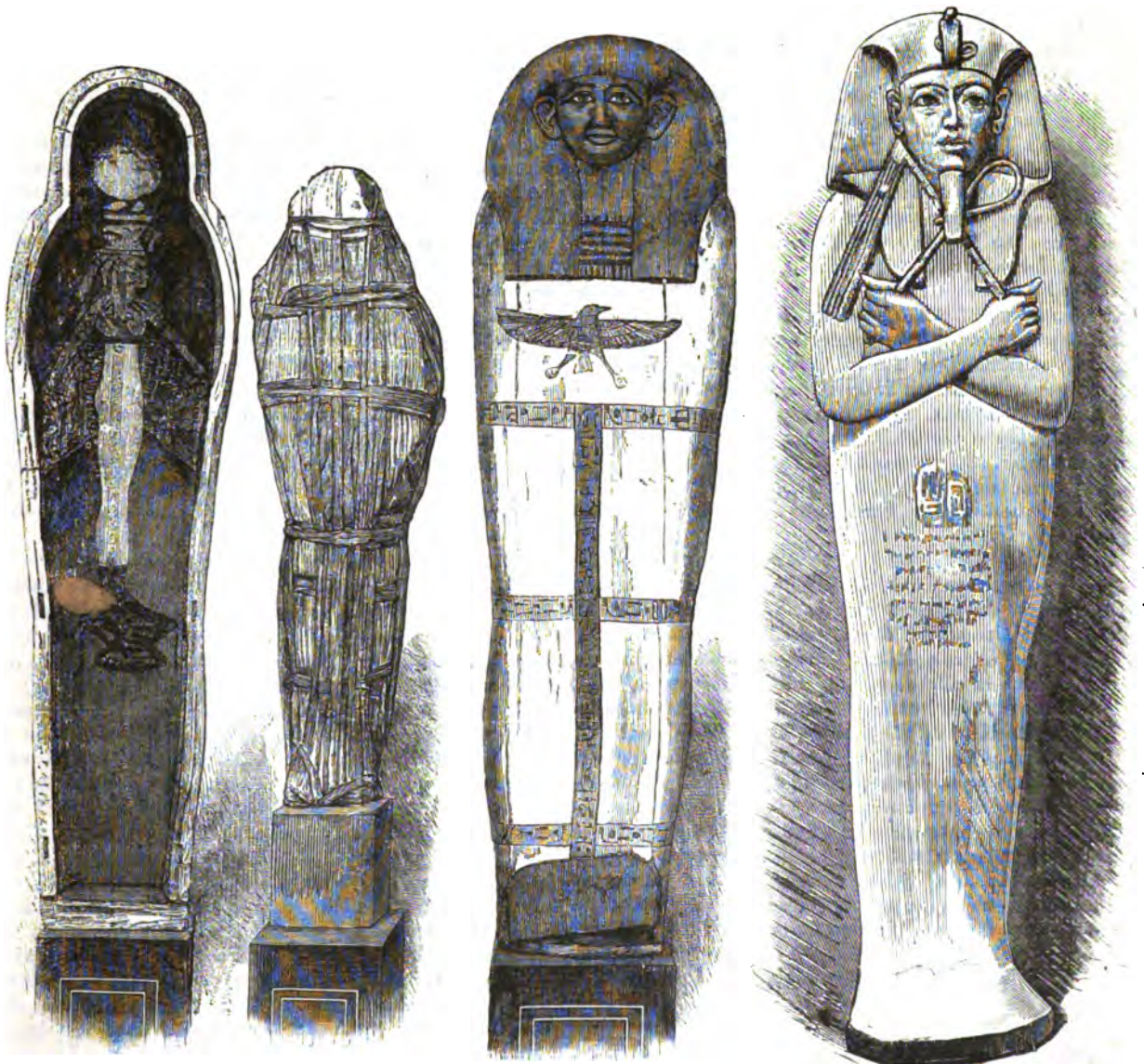
OCTOBER, 1882.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM.

**THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.**

BY JOHN NEUENHAM HOARE.

“Oh, Egypt! Egypt! Of thy religion, fables only will remain, which thy disciples will understand as little as they do thy religion. Words cut into stone will alone remain telling of thy pious deeds. The Scythian, or the dweller of the Indus, or some other barbarian, will inhabit thy fair land.”  
Such was the prophecy of Hermes Trismegistus, too literally fulfilled concerning the religion of the nation



MUMMY AND MUMMY CASE OF QUREN HATHOR-HONT-TAUI, 21ST DYNASTY.

MUMMY OF KING THOTHMES II., 18TH DYNASTY.

MUMMY CASE OF KING RAMESSES II.



which Herodotus considered to be "by far the best instructed people with whom he was acquainted, since they, of all men, store up most for recollection"—the people who "of all men were most attentive to the worship of the gods," and "most scrupulous in matters of religion"—the people from whose Pantheon he gladly acknowledges that "almost all the gods came into Greece." The crowning glory of the wisdom of King Solomon was that it "excelled the wisdom of Egypt."

Of their love of learning and reverence for religion we have abundant proof in their writings on the papyrus of the Nile and the "fine linen of Egypt"; and in the "words cut into stone" on the walls of temples, on the tombs of kings and queens, of priests and priestesses, of noble men and fair women. Every temple had its library attached. On the walls of the library at Dendera is sculptured a *catalogue raisonné* of manuscripts belonging to the temple. The exhortations to follow learning are unceasing: "Love letters as thy mother. I make its beauty to appear in thy face. It is a greater possession than all honors."

And so we, descendants of the "barbarians" the thought of whose appearance on the banks of the Nile sent such a shiver to the heart of the cultured priest, are able to spell out the religion of the Egyptians; and, unsealing the lips of the dead, bid them speak for us their "sermons in stones."

The interest which attaches to the religion of ancient Egypt is due partly to the proof it gives that our Father—who is, as a Vedic hymn calls Him, "the most fatherly of fathers"—fed the souls and spirits of His children when they "hungered and thirsted after righteousness" in the remotest ages of the world; and partly to the light it sheds upon the Mosaic conception and idea of the Divine Being and man's relation to Him.

On this account it may be well to bear in mind the extreme antiquity of the Egyptians and the state of their civilization during the serfdom of the Israelites. A pyramid at Sakkarah, near Thebes, has a royal title on the inner door to the fourth king of the first dynasty. If this inscription be correct, then the pyramid was built from five to seven hundred years before the great pyramid of Cheops, and was 2,000 years old in the time of Abraham. Of this pyramid we may say, as King Amenemba said of a palace he was building, "Made for eternity, time shrinks before it."

During the period of the slavery of the Israelites, Egypt was already in its decadence, and its religion had lost much of its original purity. We possess books of travels, moral treatises, letters, sacred hymns, and novels, some written before and some during this period. Moses was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and the influence of this learning is felt in the Pentateuch.

The dry climate and the sand of Egypt have preserved the monuments, the papyri and the frescoes, which appear fresh as the day on which they were painted. M. Mariette describes his penetrating into one of the sealed sepulchral chambers at Memphis and finding, on the thin layer of sand which covered the floor, the footprints of the workmen who, 3,700 years before, had laid the Apis mummy in its sarcophagus and closed, as they believed, the door of perfect fitting stone for ever.

We shall consider (1) the idea of God, (2) the effect of this idea upon the life of the people, (3) the conception of the future life.

I. The manifold forms of the Egyptian Pantheon were nothing, says the late E. Deutsch, but religious masks of the sublime doctrine of the unity of the Deity communicated to the initiated in the Mysteries. "The gods of the Pantheon were," says M. Pierrot, "only manifestations of

the One Being in his various capacities." M. Maspero and other scholars have arrived at the same conclusion.

The following hymn occurs on two papyri in the British Museum. It represents the thought prevalent in Egypt at the time of the Exodus, and is the work of Enna, the well-known author of the "Romance of the Two Brothers," and other works. The hymn was translated some years ago by Maspero. A translation has also been offered by Canon Cook in "Records of the Past." I select portions which express the unity of the Godhead:

"Hail to thee, O Nile!

\* \* \* \* \*

He causeth growth to fulfill all desires,  
He never wearies of it.  
He maketh his might a buckler.  
He is not graven in marble  
As an image bearing the double crown.  
He is not beheld:  
He hath neither ministrants nor offerings:  
He is not adored in sanctuaries:  
His abode is not known.  
No shrine is found with painted figures (of him).  
There is no building that can contain him!  
There is no counselor in thy heart!  
Every eye is satisfied with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unknown is his name in heaven,  
He does not manifest his forms!  
Vain are all representations of him.

On this hymn Canon Cook makes the note, sufficiently remarkable as coming from the editor of the "Speaker's Commentary": "The whole of this passage is of extreme importance, showing that, apart from all objects of idolatrous worship, the old Egyptian recognized the existence of a supreme God, unknown and inconceivable—the true source of all power and goodness."

This one God is moreover the Creator: "He has made the world with His hand, its waters, its atmosphere, its vegetation, all its flocks, and birds, and fish, and reptiles, and beasts of the field." "He made all the world contains, and hath given it light when there was as yet no sun." "Glory to Thee who hast begotten all that exists, who hast made man, and made the gods also, and all the beasts of the field. Thou makest men to live. Thou hast no being second to Thee. Thou givest the breath of life. Thou art the Light of this world."

But although God be the Creator, yet He is "self-created": "His commencement is from the beginning. He is the God who has existed from old time. There is no God without Him. No mother bore Him, no father hath begotten Him. God-goddess created from Himself. All gods came into existence when He began."

Many of the hymns speak the mystery of His name: "Unknown is His name in heaven": "Whose name is hidden from His creatures: in His name which is *Amen*" (*hidden, secret*). Therefore the Egyptians never spoke the Unknown Name, but used a phrase which expressed the self-existence of the Eternal: "I am One Being, I am One." The expression is found in the "Ritual of the Dead," where Lepsius translates it: "Ich bin Tum, ein Wesen das ich eines bin"; and he refers to the similarly constructed sentence: "I and my Father are One." E. Deutsch renders it, "I am He who I am." The original is *Nuk-pu-Nuk*. Plutarch tells us of the veil which overhung the temple of *Neith* at Sais: "I am that was, and is, and is to be; and my veil no mortal hath yet drawn aside." The name *Neith* means "I came from Myself." In one of the magical texts there is a chapter entitled: "To open the Place of the Shrine of the Seat of *Neith*." "I am the seat of *Neith* hidden in the hidden, concealed

in the concealed, shut up in the shut up, unknown I am knowledge."

At the town of Pilhom, God was worshiped under the name of "The Living God," which Brugsch considers to correspond with the meaning of the name Jehovah; and the serpent of brass, called *kerch* (the polished), was there regarded as the living symbol of God.

These passages are sufficient to establish the fact stated in the letter of Iamblichus to Porphyry that the Egyptians "affirm that all things which exist were created, and that He who gave them being is their first Father and Creator."

The Egyptians felt that which we all feel, that no name can express all that God is. Nevertheless, they tried to realize God by taking some natural object which should in itself convey to their minds some feature in God's nature, so that from the well-known they might grope after if

has many names, because He is called according to states into which He is continually entering anew." The same idea is found in several passages of the Rig-Veda: "That which is One the wise call it in divers manners; they call it Agni, Yama, Indra, Varuna." "Wise poets make the beautiful-winged, though He be One, manifold by words."

Nevertheless, as in Greece and in India, so also in ancient Egypt, the symbols became in the popular mind actual gods, and the people degenerated into gross idolatry. It is an instance of the descent from the worship of the invisible attributes of God. They "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible men, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. . . . and they changed the truth of God into a lie; and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator." This is unfortunately the aspect in



FUNERAL PAPYRUS OF QUEEN MAKARA, 21ST DYNASTY.

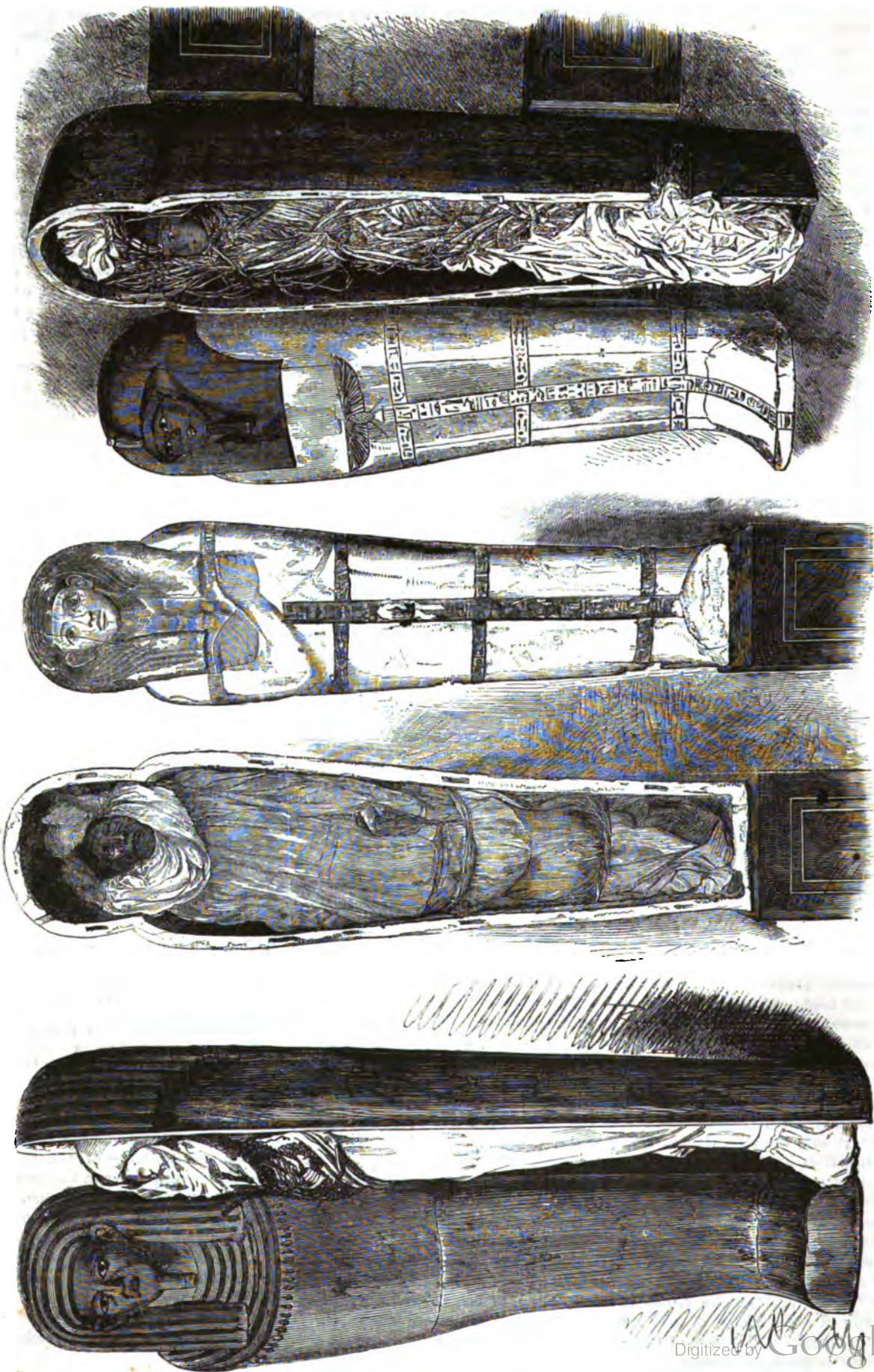
happily they might find the unknown. This became a necessity for the priests in the religious teaching of the people. Therefore in the Sun they saw God manifested as the Light of the world, in the river Nile they saw the likeness of Him whom no temple can contain, whose form cannot be graven in marble, whose abode is unknown. The more fully they felt the infinite nature of God, the more would they seek in nature for symbols, and in flights of inspiration for names, to express the yearnings of their souls after God. Hence they called God *Ptah* when He speaks, and when by His word He becomes Creator; they called Him *Thoth* when He writes the Sacred Books, and "manifests truth and goodness"; they called Him *Osiris* when He manifests all that is best and noblest in man's nature, and taking upon Him the nature of man becomes the god-man. All the deities were regarded as manifestations of the one great Creator, the Uncreated, the Father of the universe. This is expressed in the hymn: "Hail to Thee! Lord of the Lapse of Time, King of Gods! Thou of many names, of holy transformations, of mysterious forms." This idea of One God expressed in many names is given by Aristotle. "God, though He be One,

which the Egyptian Pantheon has presented itself to mankind for many centuries.

"After these appeared  
A crew, who under names of old renown,  
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek  
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms  
Rather than human."

We possess the account of a brilliant effort made by Amenophis IV. (1500 B. C.) to abolish all worship except that of the sun. He assumed the name of "Glory of the solar disk," and changed the capital city so that the architecture might not suggest the popular polytheism. Lepsius explored the ruins of the new city, and found the walls decorated with peculiar floral designs, and with hymns to the sun. This reformation, however, lasted only for one generation, and then passed away. We find the influence of this religious revolution on the stele of a hymn to *Osiris* (eighteenth dynasty), for wherever the name of the deity *Amen* occurs it has been chiseled out; but it is restored under his successors.





MUMMY OF KING AMEN-HOTEP I., 18TH DYNASTY.

MUMMY AND CASE OF THE PRIEST NEBSENI, 20TH DYNASTY.

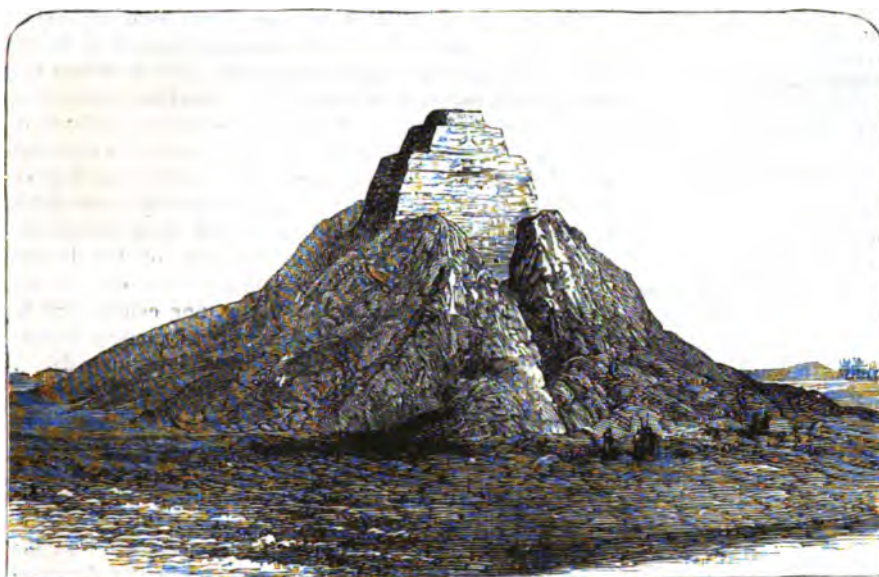
MUMMY OF KING AMOBI.



A striking picture is given of King Pianchi Mer-Amon entering the temple of *Ra*, the sun. "He purified himself in the heart of the cool lake, washing his face in the stream of the heavenly waters in which *Ra* laves his face. Then he proceeded to the sandy height in Heliopolis, making a great sacrifice before the face of *Ra* at his rising, with cows, milk, gum, frankincense, and all precious woods delightful for scent. He went in procession to the temple of *Ra*. . . . then the chief priest offered supplications to ward off calamity for the king, girded with the sacred vestments. He then purified him with incense and sprinkling,



CLIFFS NEAR THEBES WHERE THE MUMMIES WERE FOUND.

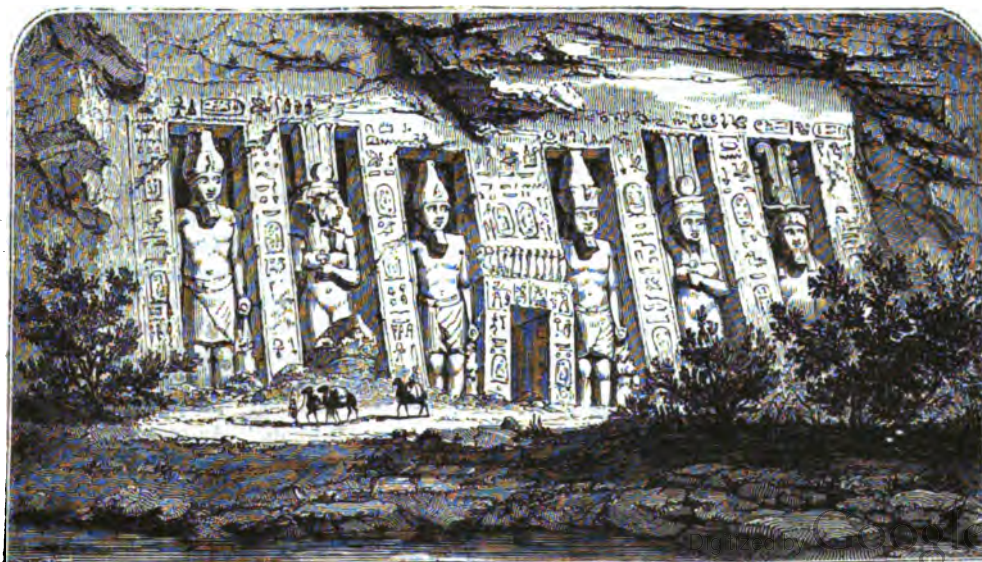


THE PYRAMID OF MEYDOOM, OPENED DECEMBER 13TH, 1881.

signet, and enjoined the priests, saying: 'I have set my seal; let no other king whatever enter therein.' Then he stood, and they prostrated themselves before his majesty."

The conception of the Godhead did not prevent the Egyptians from thinking of God as very near to them. He is their Father, and they "sons beloved of their Father." He is the "Giver of life"; "Toucher of the hearts, Seacher of the inward parts is His name." "Every one glorifies Thy goodness, mild is Thy love toward us; Thy tenderness surrounds our hearts; great is Thy love in all the souls of men. One lamentation

and brought to him garlands from the Temple of Obelisks. The king ascended the flight of steps to the great shrine to behold *Ra* in the Temple of Obelisks. The king stood by himself, the great one alone, he drew the bolt, he opened the folding doors, he saw his father *Ra* in the Temple of Obelisks. Then he closed the doors, and set sealing clay with the king's own



ROCK-CUT TEMPLE AT ABOU-SIMBOUL, NUBIA.

cries: "Let not Thy face be turned away from us; the joy of our hearts is to contemplate Thee. Chase all anguish from our hearts." "He wipes tears from off all faces." "Hail to Thee, *Ra*, Lord of all truth: whose shrine is hidden; Lord of the gods: who listeneth to the poor in distress; gentle of heart when we cry to Thee. Deliverer of the timid man from the violent; judging the poor, the poor and the oppressed. Lord of mercy most loving, at whose coming men live; at whose goodness gods and men rejoice. Sovereign of life, health and strength." "Speak nothing offensive of the great Creator, if the words are spoken in secret; the heart of man is no secret to Him that made it. . . . He is present with thee though thou be alone."

As we might expect from so lofty a conception of God, their hearts broke forth into joyous hymns of praise:

"Hail to thee, say all creatures:  
Salutation from every land:  
To the height of heaven, to the breadth of the earth:  
To the depths of the sea:  
The gods adore Thy Majesty.  
The spirits Thou hast made exalt Thee,  
Rejoicing before the feet of their begetter.

"They cry out welcome to Thee:  
Father of the father of all the gods:  
Who raises the heavens, who fixes the earth.  
Maker of beings, Creator of existences,  
Sovereign of life, health, and strength, Chief of the gods:  
We worship Thy spirit, who alone hast made us:  
We, whom Thou hast made, thank Thee, that Thou hast  
given us birth;  
We give to Thee praises for Thy mercy toward us."

II. Such was the idea of God and His relation to man held by the ancient Egyptians; and, as we might expect, it drew forth in them "lovely and pleasant lives."

The three cardinal requirements of Egyptian piety were love to God, love to virtue, love to man. "I was a wise man upon earth," says an ancient Egyptian, "and I ever loved God." On one of the tombs at Thebes a king sums up his life: "I lived in truth, I fed my soul with justice. What I did to men was done in peace; and how I loved God, God and my heart well know." The Rosetta stone records of Ptolemy Epiphanes: "He was pious toward the gods, he ameliorated the life of man, he was full of generous piety, he showed forth with all his might his sentiments of humanity. He distributed justice to all like God Himself." Thus was the modern king a worthy successor of the ancient.

Love of truth and justice was a distinguishing characteristic of the Egyptians. God is invoked: "Rock of Truth is Thy name." In an inscription at Sistrum a king addresses *Hathor*, Goddess of Truth: "I offer to thee the truth, O Goddess! for truth is thy work, and thou thyself art the Truth." Thoth is the god who "manifests truth and goodness." The high priest in every town, who was also the chief magistrate, wore round his neck a jeweled jewel, which bore on one side the image of Truth, and on the other sometimes the image of Justice, sometimes of Light. When the accused was acquitted the judge held out the image for him to kiss. The image of Justice is represented with the eyes closed and without hands, to signify that the judge should never receive any bribe with his hands to "blind his eyes withal." So also, in the scene of the final judgment, *Osiris* wears round his neck the jeweled Justice and Truth, the heavenly pattern of the earthly copy, for justice and truth are eternal in the heavens. This jewel was adopted apparently by the Jewish High Priest after the flight from Egypt. No English translation has been offered for the strange words *Urim* and *Thummim*, but the LXX. translated them "Truth and

Light." Truthfulness was an essential part of the Egyptian moral code; and when, after death, the soul enters the "Hall of the Two Truths, or Perfect Justice," it repeats the words learned upon earth: "O Thou great God, Lord of Truth! I have known Thee. I have known Thy name. Lord of Truth is Thy name. I never told a lie at the tribunal of truth."

The honor due to parents sprang naturally from the belief in God as "our Father which art in heaven." We constantly find inscriptions on the tombs such as the following: "I honored my father and my mother; I loved my brothers. I taught little children. I took care of orphans as though they had been my own children." In letters of excellent advice addressed by an old man of 110 years of age to a young friend—which form the most ancient book in the world, dating 8,000 B.C.—he says: "The obedience of a docile son is a blessing. God loves obedience. Disobedience is hated by God. The obedience of a son maketh glad the heart of his father. . . . A son teachable in God's service will be happy in consequence of his obedience; he will grow to be old, he will find favor." This is the earliest appearance of the "first commandment with promise" (Eph. vi. 2), the obedience to God and man which was the "essence of Hebraism."

The moral code of the Egyptians was exceedingly elaborate. It consisted of forty-two commandments or heads under which all sins might be classed. This code was the ideal placed before men on earth; it was the standard of perfection according to which they would be judged in heaven. Some of them are of local interest only, but most belong to the eternal laws of right and wrong written on the tables of the heart. Men were taught from childhood, as children are nowadays taught their catechism, that they must appear in the presence of the Divine Judge, and say: "I have not privily done evil to my neighbors. I have not afflicted any, nor caused any to weep. I have not told lies. I have not done any wicked thing. I have not done what is hateful to the gods. I have not calumniated the slave to his master. I have not been idle. I have not stolen. I have not committed adultery. I have not committed murder." And so on.

But their commandments were positive as well as negative. On the tombs we find the common formula: "I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, shelter to the stranger." In the lamentation at funerals, the mourners see the deceased entering the presence of the Divine Judge, and they chant the words: "There is no fault in him. No accuser riseth up against him. In the truth he liveth, with the truth he nourisheth himself. The gods are satisfied with all that he hath done. . . . He succored the afflicted, he gave bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, he sheltered the outcast, his doors were open to the stranger, he was a father to the fatherless." This was the principle of the final judgment announced by the Son of Man to whom "all judgment is committed," some 4,000 years afterward among the hills of Palestine.

This tenderness for suffering humanity is characteristic of the nation. Gratefully does a man acknowledge in his autobiography (4000 B.C.): "Wandering I wandered and was hungry, bread was set before me; I fled from the land naked, there was given me fine linen." It is a glory to a man that "the poor shall make their moan at the door of his tomb." An inscription on a tomb at Beni-Hassan, written about 2500 B.C., reads: "I have not oppressed any widow. No prisoner languished in my days. No one died of hunger. When there were years of famine I had my fields plowed. I gave food to the inhabitants, so that there was no hungry person. I gave the widow equal



portions with the married. I did not prefer the rich to the poor." On a wall of the Temple of Karnak there is sculptured the earliest known extraditionary treaty. It is between Rameses II. and a Khetan prince. The last clause provides that political fugitives are to be sent back, with the following humane provision for their personal safety: "Whoever shall be delivered up, himself, his wives, his children, let him not be smitten to the death; moreover, let him not suffer in the eyes, in the mouth, in the feet; moreover, let not any crime be set up against him." This treaty was engraven for the Khetan prince on a silver tablet. In a volume of maxims we read: "Maltreat not an inferior. Let your wife find in you her protector, maltreat her not. Save not thine own life at the cost of another." On the tomb of a man at El-Kalb (4000 B.C.) it is recorded that he "never left home with anger in his heart."

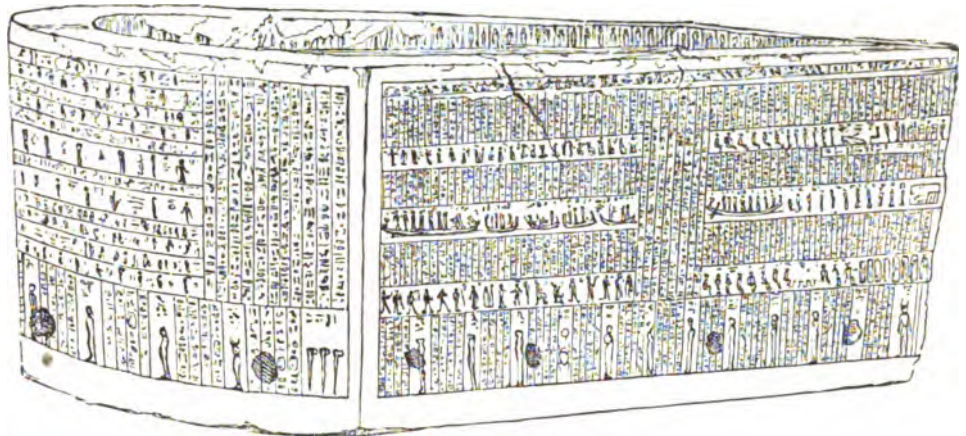
III. It was the opinion of Herodotus that the "Egyptians were the first people who affirmed the immortality of the soul." No satisfactory explanation has been given of the silence of the Pentateuch on the immortality of the soul. No definite expression of the belief appears in the Hebrew Scriptures until the time of the Babylonish captivity, when the Jews came into contact with the Persians, who held it as a fixed article of faith. Certain it is that no nation kept more prominently before their minds the reality of the other world and the final judgment than did the ancient Egyptians. Birth into this world they called death into the land of darkness; death they spoke of as birth into the manifestation of light.

There are a large number of papyri found in the tombs laid beside and upon the mummy, which are known as "The Book" or "Ritual of the Dead." The most complete of these books, the "Turin Papyrus," consists of 165 chapters, each with a title of its contents, and with rubrics in red ink explanatory of its use; the whole being illustrated by descriptive vignettes. Generally we find only a few chapters, either in papyrus leaves or cut into the hard black granite or the pure alabaster sarcophagus. There is an unknown variety of texts, apparently expressing the doctrine prevailing at the time in that part of Egypt where it was written. The oldest are the most valuable, as they are the purer, and show the various additions which have been made in the way of paraphrase and explanation, and which have become in process of time incorporated as part of the text. Some chapters of the book declare that they were written by God Himself, and that they reveal His will and the divine mysteries to man. One chapter, the 64th, states that it was written by the "finger of the God Thoth," the "Manifester of truth and goodness;" therefore the book was regarded as hermetic or inspired. It says of itself: "There is no book like it; man hath not spoken it, neither hath ear heard it."

The "Book of the Dead" describes the passage of the deceased through the other world into the presence of the Eternal Judge, *Osiris*,

The story of *Osiris* is one of great interest. He is said to have been a divine being, who in ancient times descended to earth and took upon him the form and nature of man. A being perfectly good, he ameliorated mankind by persuasion and by good deeds. But at length he was killed by *Typhon* the Evil One. His wife *Isis* went through the world in search of him, asking the little children if they had seen her lord. He was raised to life again; and he made his son *Horus* his avenger on the Evil One. It is this sacrifice which *Osiris* had once accomplished in behalf of man on earth which makes him the protector of man in the other world, the invisible place. The god-man becomes not only the guide of the deceased through the other world; he also clothes him with his own divine nature, so that throughout the books the deceased is described as *Osiris M. or N.*, for he has put on, and become identified with, *Osiris*; and he sits on the throne of justice, the Judge Eternal. Finally he is represented as the mediator between God and man, and is thus at once the representative man and the saviour of mankind.

In one of the hymns to *Osiris*, his praise is sung as he walks the heaven in holiness and overthrows the impure upon earth. He judges the world according to his will;



EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS.

then his name becomes hallowed, his immutable laws are respected, the world is at rest, evil flies away, there is peace and plenty upon the earth, justice is established, and iniquity purged away.

The national hymn of Egypt was the "Maneros," which was the passionate cry of *Isis* to *Osiris*.

The soul on entering the realms of the dead addresses the Divine Being: "O thou Hidden One! Hidden where thou hast the praises of all in Hades (*Amenti*), who livest in power, covered with a precious veil—in purity!" Then he prays for admission. Choirs of glorified spirits support the prayer. The priest on earth speaks in his turn, and implores the divine mercy. Then *Osiris* encourages the deceased to speak to his Father, and enter fearlessly into *Amenti*. Nevertheless, before the soul can enter, he must be purified, "cleansed from all stain of evil which is in his heart." Then and then only may he pass through the darkness, and be "manifested into light," and hear the voice of welcome, "Come, come in peace." But the Egyptians felt that no man could become pure enough to enter into the presence of the All-Pure, and therefore they described the soul as putting on *Osiris*. Under the shelter of that divine vesture the "deceased was protected by the mystery of the Name from the ills which afflicted the dead." The soul then enters, and is amazed at the



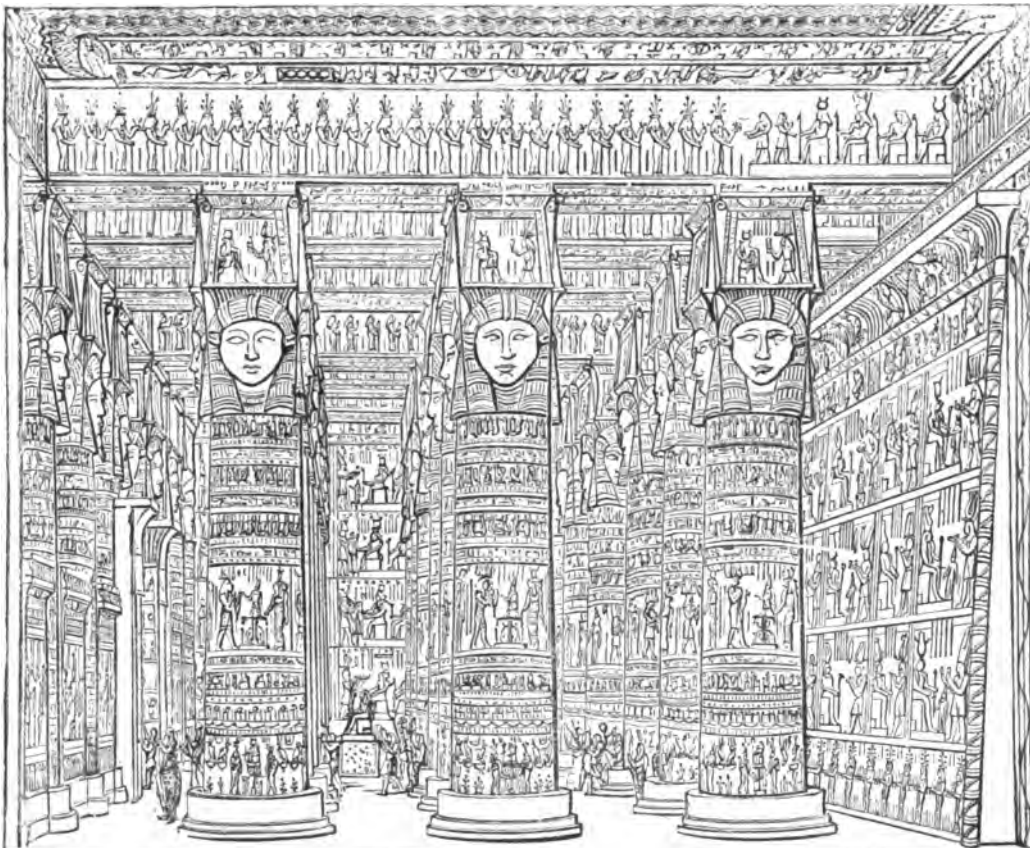


EXTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE AT DENDERAH.

glory of God which he now sees for the first time. He chants a hymn of praise, and passes on his way.

Space will not permit me to follow the soul on its passage. The Turin Papyrus has been translated by Dr. Birch in Bunsen's "Egypt." One chapter is entitled: "Of escaping out of the Folds of the Great Serpent," and tells how the deceased defies, and in the strength of Osiris escapes, the Evil One. A curious series of chapters follows, describing the "Reconstruction of the Deceased," or the new and glorified body which is given him. Several

chapters relate to "The Protection of the Soul." By virtue of repeating one of these the soul "goes forth as the day. His soul is not detained in corruption (*Karnaker*)," a passage which is equivalent to the Hebrew verse: "Thou wilt not abandon my soul in Sheol, neither wilt thou suffer the Holy One to see corruption." A parallel passage occurs in a later chapter (155), "Hail, O Father *Osiris*! Thou dost not corrupt, thou dost not turn to worms. Thou dost not decay. . . I am! I am! I grow! I grow! I wake in peace. I am not corrupted."



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE AT DENDERAH.



PILLAR OF THE TEMPLE AT DENDERAH.



One of the most interesting chapters (125) is entitled : "Going into the Hall of the Two Truths, and separating a Person from his Sins when he has been made to see the Faces of the Gods." Several copies of this chapter are Truth. He finds himself in the presence of forty-two assessors, or avenging deities, corresponding to the forty-two commandments. Before each of these he kneels in turn, and confesses : "I have not committed murder,



KHAZNE FARON, OR PHARAOH'S TREASURY, IN PETRA.

exhibited on the stairs leading from the lower to the upper Egyptian Rooms of the British Museum. The vignettes explain the chapter. At the entrance to that Hall of Justice the deceased is received by the God of theft, falsehood," etc. Then he pronounces the formula of the final judgment : "I have fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, clothed the naked, sheltered the out-cast, and been a father to the fatherless." He is then

placed in one scale of a balance; in the other scale is placed the eyeless and handless image of Justice. This is the supreme moment in the soul's existence. In the Turin Papyrus the scene is painted with a minuteness of detail suited to its importance; the guardian angel watches the scale which holds the soul; *Horus* watches the weight; *Anubis*, guardian of the dead, watches the image of Justice; while *Thoth*, still in hand, records the result on a tablet.

The soul is then conducted by *Thoth* bearing the tablet into an inner chamber, where *Osiris* is seated. *Osiris* pronounces judgment; and according as the soul which has been weighed in the balance is found true or found wanting, it passes to the realms of bliss or to the regions of purifying fires.

In this trial scene the deities are sometimes depicted interceding as mediators, and offering sacrifices on behalf of the soul. There is a tablet in the British Museum in which the deceased is shown in the act of placing the gods themselves on the altar as his sin-offering, and pleading their merits.

Joyfully does the "Book of Respirations," or "Book of the Breath of Life," salute the soul: "Come, *Osiris N.* Thou dost enter the Hall of the Two Goddesses of Truth! Thou art purified from all sin, from all crime. Hail, *Osiris N.*! Thou being very pure dost enter the Lower Heaven. The Two Goddesses of Justice have purified thee in the Great Hall. . . . Thou art justified for ever and ever!" "O ye Gods who dwell in the Lower Heaven, hearken unto the voice of *Osiris N.* He is near unto you. There is no fault in him. . . . He liveth in the truth, he nourisheth himself with truth. The gods are satisfied with what he hath done. Let him live! Let his soul live!"

That which strikes one most in the 125th chapter is the profound insight that every work shall be brought into judgment, and every secret thing whether it be good or evil. It is the voice of conscience which accuses or excuses in that solemn hour, for no accuser appears in the Hall; the man's whole life is seen by himself in its true light, all is "laid bare before Him with whom we have to do;" perfect justice is meted to every man, and yet at the last moment "mercy seasons justice," for the Judge is *Osiris* the god-man.

The rubric that follows this chapter states that it was to be repeated on earth with great solemnity. The worshiper must be "clad in pure linen, and shod with white sandals, and anointed with fragrant oil, because he is received into the service of *Osiris* and is to be dressed in pure fine linen for ever." This reminds us of the Apocalyptic vision: "To her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the linen is the righteousness of saints."

Constantly did the Egyptian look forward to the day of final judgment. It was the most important day of his existence; he called it, with significant brevity, "the day" —*dies illa*—the day in which he hoped to be "justified," or, as he expressed it, "found true in the balance." It was the supreme moment of escape from the death and darkness of this world into the life and light of the other world: then, not till then, should he "behold the face of God." Therefore death had for him no terror; it was a law, not a punishment; it was a release from the company of the fellow-spirits imprisoned in the body. Sometimes a perfect representation of a mummy was seated at the Egyptian banquets; sometimes it was carried round to each guest in turn; "Gaze here, drink and be merry, for when you die such shall you become." The object of this custom was to teach men "to love one another, and to

avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life too long when in reality it is too short." In a festal dirge King Antuf (eleventh dynasty) sang: "The gods who were aforetime rest in their tombs; the mummies of the saints are enwrapped in their tombs. They who build houses, and they who have no houses, behold what becomes of them. . . . No man returns thence. Who tells of their sayings? who tells of their doings? who encourages our hearts? Ye go to the place where none return. . . . Feast in tranquillity, seeing that there is no one who carries away his goods with him. Yes, behold, none who goes thither comes back again." There is a sadness, a profound melancholy, in the "death in life" of the ancient Egyptians, which perhaps justifies the curious remark of Apuleius: "The gods of Egypt rejoice in lamentations, the gods of Greece in dances."

The Egyptian had a reverence for his body—the casket in which the precious jewel of the soul "lodged as in an inn" for so many years—and so he built sumptuous tombs, and adorned them with frescoes and inscriptions, and called them his "everlasting home." Saneha, in his autobiography (2000 B.C.), says: "I built myself a tomb of stone. His Majesty chose the site. The chief painter designed it, the sculptors carved it. . . . All the decorations were of hewn stone. . . . My image was carved upon the portal of pure gold. His majesty caused it to be done. No other was like unto it."

These tombs were often sadly desecrated. We read, for instance, of a commission appointed by Rameses IX. to inspect the tombs of the "royal ancestors" at Thebes. Their report has been translated by M. Chabas. It states that some of the royal mummies were found lying in the dust; their gold and silver ornaments and the treasures had been stolen. It also mentions a tomb "broken into from the back, at the place where the stela is placed before the monument, and having the statue of the king upon the front of the stela with his hound Bahuka between his legs. Verified this day, and found intact." Such is the report of 3,000 years ago. Some years ago M. Mariette discovered the mummies of the tomb of this very king, and the broken stela bearing upon its face a full-length bas-relief of the king with the dog Bahuka between his legs, his name engraved upon his back. It was often difficult to find the tomb in the necropolis. In the "Tale of Setna" we read: "He proceeded to the necropolis of Coptos with the priests of *Isis* and with the high priests of *Isis*. They spent three days and three nights in searching all the tombs, and in examining the tablets of hieroglyphic writing, and reading the letters engraved upon them, without discovering the burial-places of Ahura and her son Merhu."

Before the body was laid in the tomb it was embalmed by the "physicians of Egypt." It is by no means certain why the body was embalmed and preserved with so much care. Sir G. Wilkinson thinks that it intimated a belief in its resuscitation, but there is no proof in their writing of this belief. The most probable solution is the idea that as the soul was purified in the other world so the body should be purified and prevented putrefying in this world. So carefully are the mummies preserved that if a piece of mummy be macerated in warm water, it will recover the natural appearance of flesh, and if it be then exposed to the action of the air it will putrefy.

On the way to the tomb the funeral procession halted on the shore of the sacred lake of its *nome* or department; and the scene of the Hall of the Two Truths was acted with an awe-inspiring solemnity. Forty-two judges stood to hear if any one on earth accused the dead as his own conscience was then accusing him in the hidden world.



If an accusation was made and substantiated, the sentence of exclusion from burial was pronounced, even if the dead were the Pharaoh himself.

Such is a general outline of some few of the characteristics of the religion of the ancient Egyptians. It opens up a considerable number of questions of extreme interest touching its influence on the earlier religion of Israel from the time when Abraham "came near to enter into Egypt," during the period when "Israel abode in Egypt," first as guests, then as slaves, until they were led forth by the hand of Moses, the fair child brought up in the house of Pharaoh, the man "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." In later ages Egypt still stood forth as the source of wisdom and learning whence flowed the culture of Greece; and still later the highest culture and the most brilliant thought of the Christian Church came from the schools of Alexandria, the new capital of the old country.

The Egyptian religion, unaltered by the Persians, the Ptolemies, or the Romans, was of all ancient religions the most obstinate in its resistance to Christianity. The priests of the Temple of *Osiris* at Philæ "He who sleeps

at Philæ"—opposed the edict of Theodosius in A.D. 379; and that so successfully that we find from the votive tablets they were in possession so late as 453 A.D. At length, however, the day came when the chants in honor of the resurrection of *Osiris* gave way to chants in honor of the risen Christ; and the great temple was dedicated to the martyr St. Stephen. "This good work," says a Greek inscription, "was done by the God-beloved Abbot Theodora." But the day of vengeance came, and the Christian in his turn was driven forth by the triumphant Moslem, and the Christian Church is now extinct in Nubia.

In the claim which Egypt has upon our affections let us never forget that it welcomed as guest the patriarch to whom three great religions of the world, Judaism, Christianity and Islam, trace back their spiritual origin, "our forefather Abraham"; and that it was the home in which the infant Saviour of the world, lying in His mother's arms, found a refuge, and the highest significance was given to the words: "Out of Egypt have I called my son."—*From the Nineteenth Century.*

## WIT WISDOM, AND PATHOS OF CHILDHOOD.

[We shall thank our friends for original contributions to this Department.]

In a country family mamma and papa were sick; mamma quite sick in bed, and papa scarcely able to be up to wait upon her a little. Their three-year-old Genie, always full of talk and play and winsome ways, was unusually merry one evening. All were amused at first, but after a time mamma and papa both grew a little weary, and perhaps annoyed, for they were not only sick, but sad from having lost a precious babe a few days before. Papa lay down to rest a while, and, having had Genie's crib placed beside his bed, he called her to get in and go to sleep. She lay down a few minutes, but soon was up and at her pranks again, jumping from crib to bed, and so back and forth and chattering with all her might. At last papa, in peremptory tone and manner, said: "Genie, you must lie down and go to sleep." "Well," said she, evidently offended and grieved, "Le' me says pays first." Dropping upon knees and hands and face in her crib, she was perfectly quiet for a few moments, then rising and laughing, she cried, "I said pays now. Good-night. I goin' to sleep," and lay down. "What did you say, Genie?" asked the papa. "Besh my papa, and besh my bears; besh my sizzlers and besh my buzzers; and besh my Bob." Her mischief and her sense of grief at papa's tone were now all laid aside, and soon she was fast asleep. Whom could she mean by "bears"? That puzzled us at first; but soon we remembered that papa usually addressed mamma as "my dear," and then concluded that she meant mamma by the new name. "Bob" is her older brother's dog. Before that Genie could seldom be induced to say "pays," but afterward she became not only regular, but prompt and anxious to say "pays" like her little brother Allie. Once, when bowing at papa's knee, he, forgetting it was Genie, said, for her to repeat after him, "—and make me a good boy," when Genie threw up her face and hands, and bursting into a hearty laugh, cried out, "Why, you call me a boy!" Papa corrected himself, and Genie demurely finished her "pays"; but getting up, she said: "You called me a boy! Allie is a boy! Don't you know he is a boy? I ain't a boy! I'm a girl! Yo' little Genie! Don't you know it?" Many are her pranks and ways and sayings; and much the fun that she and Allie—her oracle in all things—have. She has cured many heartaches,

alleviated much pain and sorrow, and been a joy, even in adversity.

A missionary in Jamaica was once questioning some little black children on the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and he asked, "Who are the meek?" A little fellow answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

A mother tells the following stories of her little girl: "She came to me a few days since to tie her shoes. Being busy at the time, I told her to string them up first. Looking up at me very earnestly, she said, 'Not string, mamma, lace up; you fortaken that time, eh?' She is very anxious to become a young lady, thinks she will become one in a day. While dressing her doll a few days since she said to me, quite seriously, 'Mamma, you better tell papa to send to Chaston for a big dress for May.' She never uses the pronoun. 'Some day May will wake up a big lady and will have to put on dis little dress, so how will that look, eh?' A gentleman from Augusta took tea with us some time since, and at table finding it impossible to understand some story she was telling, he said, 'You talk like a little Scotchman.' As quick as a flash she replied, 'Well, you is er big possum.' Then turning to me, said, apologetically, 'Well, mamma, he call May names first.'"

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured, "Mamma, he's got one eye that don't go."

Said a lady to a small boy, whom she found crying in the street the other day, "Will you stop crying if I give you a penny?" "No," said he, "but if you'll make it two pennies I'll stop if it kills me."

A boy having been praised by a visitor to the school for his intelligence, his teacher observed that when children are so keen in youth, they are generally stupid when advanced in years. "What a very sensible boy you must have been, sir," replied the child.

Little Edith is now seven years old. She is studying music, and makes a pretty picture as she sits erect on the piano stool, her dainty fingers on the keys, and her blue eyes earnestly fixed on her "notes." The other day, after

carefully playing a favorite exercise, she turned around with a bright smile and said, "Isn't that sweet, Aunt Celie? and the further I get on the more melody there are." Dear child, she does not know that she has cheered her aunty by suggesting to her a thought of the melodies that reach the spiritual ear of God's children as they "get further on" in the higher life. The same little girl was heard to express a wish that "Jesus might find it neces-

A little child gave expression to an old story in the following manner: It seems that the little fellow had discovered a bee crawling upon his hand. Finally the bee stopped for a moment, and, after remaining stationary for an instant, stung the little fellow. When the cry of pain was over, the little child said to his mamma that he didn't care for the bee's walking about on him, but he didn't like his sitting down on him.



THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.—MENEPTHAN, THE PHAROAH OF THE EKODUS, SON AND SUCCESSOR OF HAMESSES II. — SEE PAGE 337.

sary to come down to New York." After a moment she added, "If He should stop at our house I wouldn't care to eat one mouthful if only I might sit beside Him."

A little girl who ran home from school, all out of breath, said: "Oh, please, ma, may I get married and have a husband?" "My child!" exclaimed the astonished mother, "don't let me hear such words from you again!" "Well, then, may I have a piece of bread-and-butter and go out to play in the back yard?"

A little boy who was accustomed to say grace in the absence of his father, had a younger brother who found it hard to wait until grace was over without helping himself to some of the good things near. On one occasion, when company was present, the young master of ceremonies observed the small boy helping himself liberally to cake before the blessing was asked, so he deliberately said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what Charlie has already helped himself to, the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen."





THE SICILIAN VESPERS.—THE MEMORIAL  
CROSS AT PALERMO.

My little friends, Jamie and Madge were equally explicit; Jamie by privilege of age and sex, prayed first; "Dear Lord, please send me a little brother, and Maggie a little sister" — whereupon Maggie hopped up very indignantly from her knees, and said, "Jimmy W—, I wish you'd mind your own business! I guess I can love a little brother, too." "Well, don't get mad, Madge. I just as lief pray for a little brother for you. Dear Lord, please send Mag a little brother, too, though I think she'd much

prefer a little sister; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." And when the "little brother" so earnestly prayed for "came and went," Jamie remonstrated against the speedy retraction of the heavenly gift in this wise: "Dear Lord! haven't you most got through using little Harry for an angel? We want him down here very much."

Tommy was already in bed and supposed to be fast asleep. Johnny, in virtue of two additional years, came later, accompanied by his father, who was to hear his prayers. John having other projects in view, wandered repeatedly, and had to be sharply recalled, in this wise: "God bless my father and mother; God bless Tommy, and make him a good boy—oh, father you won't forget to buy that saw to-morrow, will you?" "Hush, Johnny, and finish your prayers properly." "Bless brother Tommy, and make him a good boy—and father, you know I've got to have a bradawl to make holes with?" "My son, this is very, very wrong. Remember that you are praying." "Bless my brother Tom, and make him a good boy—and father, then there's impression-paper and sand-paper." "John I shall punish you, if I hear anything more from you to-night except your prayers." The thoroughly alarmed Johnny

now resumes in good earnest: "Bless Tommy, and make him a"—when up springs the supposed sleeper in mighty wrath, shouting, "John Riggs, you just stop that! You've prayed for me four times too much already. I'll thank you to let me alone; if I want praying for I'll do it myself!"

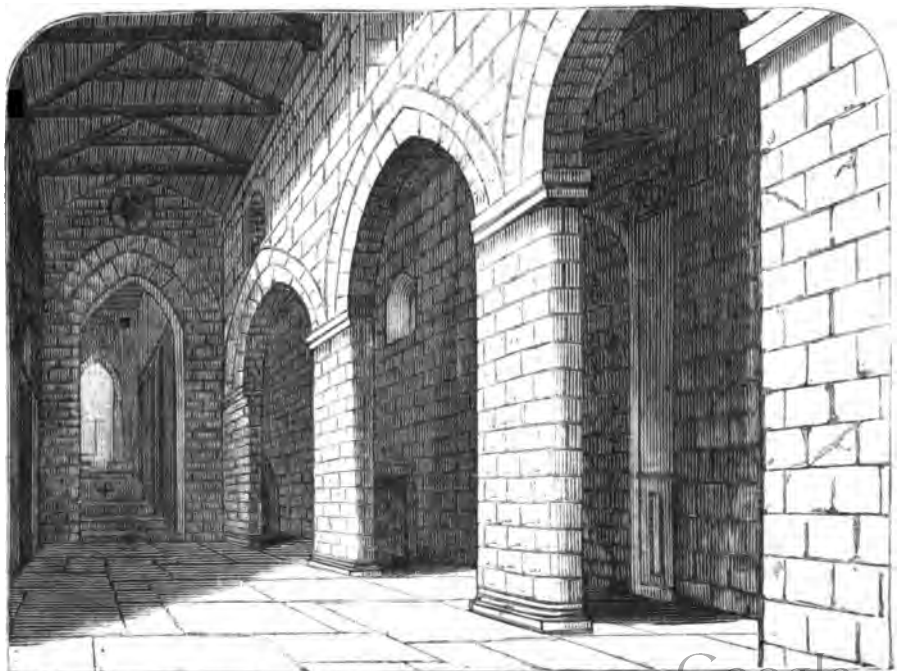
Eddie Grey, our youngest, sprained one of his arms recently, and complained that the "arm bones hurt him." On being called upon soon after to read his accustomed morning psalm, he said, "Mamma, shall I read 'my bones are so vexed'?" And the next is about Eddie's brother.

When Henry G— was about four years old I was reproving the older ones for disagreeing. Henry, in very pathetic tones, said, "Sis Fanny will stand the storm; it won't be long."

When Jonathan Edwards was out riding one day a little boy opened a gate for him. "Whose boy are you, my little man?" asked the theologian. "Noah Clarke's boy, sir," was the answer. On the return of Edwards soon after, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him again. The theologian thanked him and asked: "Whose boy are you, my little man?" to which the urchin replied: "Noah Clarke's boy; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

A little girl was greatly surprised to learn that her grandfather was a minister. She was taken to hear him preach. "Grandpa," said she with delightful artlessness, upon her return home, "you recited an awful long verse this morning!" It is to be hoped that so honest a criticism was not lost upon him.

One of those unnaturally bright children who are always getting people into difficulties was at a prayer-meeting one evening with his mother, when he asked aloud: "Ma, say ma—who was Dinah Moore?" "Hu-u-sh," whispered his mother cautiously, "it's a hymn." "No, it aint, ma," continued the hopeful, "it's a woman's name; say who's going home to Dinah Moore?" "Willie," said his mother in a ghastly voice, "you're disturbing the meeting. It means going to heaven to die no more." "Dine no more!



CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST AT PALERMO.—SEE PAGE 350.



Oh, ma, don't they eat anything there?" His mother explained as well as she could, and Willie sat still for half a minute, his bright eyes roving about the church. Then he asked in a shrill whisper: "Ma, is God out of town?" "No-o-o," answered the distracted woman, faintly. "Then what's Mr. Kelly running this meeting for, ma?" continued the sweet child. The choir sang him down, but as the meeting closed with a moment of silent prayer, his gentle voice was distinctly heard.

### THE SICILIAN VESPER.

CHARLES OF ANJOU, as head of the Guelphic party in Italy, was more than sovereign of Naples. Ramifications of the two great parties disputed Tuscany also, and Charles marched to chase his enemies, the Ghibelines, from that country. In this enterprise also he succeeded, and the Guelphs of Florence procured his nomination as political chief of that city for a period of ten years.

The Ghibeline party, however, rallied. They summoned young Conradin, nephew of Manfred, from Germany to support their cause, and the young prince advanced with a small but valiant army of Germans into Italy. The armies met at Tagliacazzo, 5,000 on the German, and 3,000 on the Neapolitan side. Of these 3,000 Charles placed 800 in ambush, and with them waited till the Germans, having routed the rest, were scattered in the pursuit. He then quitted his ambush, and gained an easy victory. Conradin was taken in flight. Charles did not blush to bring his young competitor to a mock trial, when he was, of course, condemned to death, which took place in one of the great squares of Naples. Charles of Anjou was present with all his court. When Conradin laid down his head for the executioner, he flung his glove amongst the crowd, thus challenging an avenger. The glove was picked up and carried to Don Peter of Aragon, who had married the daughter of Manfred, and who, under this claim, became the competitor of the House of Anjou.

For the time, however, Charles reigned without opposition, not only over Naples but over the whole of Italy. An interregnum of the pontificate left Rome at his disposal, whilst almost all the cities of Lombardy imitated Florence in acknowledging him as their protector, and in swearing allegiance to him. His superstition, however, seemed to lead him astray; he was guilty of great crimes, and he could not neglect an opportunity of washing them away. This induced him, when his brother St. Louis set out upon a new crusade, to assume the cross. Charles, however, arrived at Tunis only in time to take command of the army which the death of St. Louis had left without a leader, and having satisfied his vow, Charles hastened to make peace on condition that Tunis should be tributary to Sicily. Gain was ever his first object. In returning, he confiscated all the vessels of his allies, the Genoese, which had been wrecked in a storm, claiming them as waifs, although they had been damaged in the service of transporting his army.

But Charles's power, and his dream of founding an empire in Italy, were overthrown by the hands that had raised him. A Pope was elected (Gregory X.), who had at heart the interest of Christianity more than those of a party. Instead of crushing the Ghibelines, he sought to reconcile them to the Guelphs, and in order to remove the anarchy of Germany, he procured the nomination of an emperor in the person of Rodolph of Hapsburg, to whom Charles was forced to cede the hold which he had usurped over the north of Italy.

On a vacancy of the pontificate he succeeded, however,

in procuring the nomination of a Pope in his interests. From Martin IV.—so the pontiff was called—he obtained the preaching of a new crusade, directed, however, not against the north of Italy, but of Greece. It was by occupying the throne of Constantinople that Charles hoped to rise superior to Rodolph, and make good eventually his imperial claim on Italy itself. Whilst engaged in preparations for this great project, Peter of Aragon was making similar preparations for attacking Sicily and Naples. But Charles had raised an enemy amongst his own subjects more active and deadly than any kingly rival. This was John of Procida, a Sicilian noble, a partisan of the House of Hohenstauffen, and who had suffered confiscation and exile on that account.

The 30th of March, 1282, was Easter Monday, and, as was customary with them, the Palermitans went in procession to a church without the walls to hear vespers. The French not only regarded such gatherings with suspicion, but availed themselves of such occasions, while feigning to search the people for arms, to insult the women. As a young lady of beauty and position was entering the church, she was brutally seized by a soldier, and her cries so provoked the townsmen that, headed by her father and husband, they rescued her, and with such weapons as they could command butchered the French without regard to age or sex, even the monks taking part in the work of slaughter. The rapidity with which the rising spread to other parts of the island has often been cited as a curious fact in the pathology of popular passion; on the same day like massacres took place in Monte Reale, Coniglio, Carini and Termini; on the 31st the garrisons of Cefaladi, Mazaro and Marsala were put to the sword; and on the 1st of April those of Girgenti and Liceta.

Burdac, Governor of Marsala, was so completely surprised that he was issuing a proclamation bidding the Sicilians bring in their gold and silver when they came to kill him. Louis de Montpellier, Governor of San Giovanni, was stabbed by an injured husband and his body was hung out ignominiously at his castle window. On the 4th of April a similar outbreak occurred at Catania, where a notorious libertine, Jean Viglemada, offered an insult to a lady named Julia Villamelli, and slew her husband for resenting it. Her wrath and anguish provoked the Catanians to vengeance, and, according to the chroniclers, 8,000 Frenchmen were massacred, while the others, who took refuge in a fortress, were either starved out or killed while trying to escape. The Palermitans marching against Taormina stormed it and butchered the garrison, and finally the garrison of Messina was, through its own imprudence, cut off and cut to pieces.

The total number of the French slain is placed at from 24,000 to 28,000, and it is told that Charles of Anjou, when the news was brought him, was so overcome with rage that he could not speak, but rolled his eyes in fury and gnawed the head of his cane. The Pope excommunicated the insurgents and the king besieged Messina, which would have surrendered but for the severity of the terms offered by the French troops. The people in desperation renewed their defense and held out till Don Pedro, having thrown off the mask, took the field to assert his claim with force of arms and compelled the besiegers to raise the siege, subsequently occupying the whole of the island, while Naples was left in the possession of the House of Anjou.

Such is the commonly received story of the Sicilian Vespers, with which, however, modern historians have not failed to deal after their iconoclastic fashion, denying that any such number of French can have perished, and demonstrating that John of Procida in particular could not possibly have taken any part in the massacre.

## THE COLLECTION BASKET.

## A LETTER FROM WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE: Perhaps it may occasion you some surprise to receive a letter from a place with the above novel and unheard of title, and therefore I propose to give you a brief explanation of this matter at the outset. It is said, and I presume with considerable show of truth, that the writer is a lineal descendant and lawful heir to the vast estates of the Earl of Waldegrave, who died long years ago in England, leaving possessions now amounting to many millions. His descendants came to this country, lived and died here, and some of them are buried in Trinity churchyard. Three of their tombstones lie in the front of the yard, not far back from the iron railing, one of which is quite modern and in a good state of preservation. The name on this stone is changed from Waldegrave to Walgrove. It bears the name of George Walgrove, and records his death in the years 1785, and also that of his wife, Magdalen, who died in 1821, the former aged sixty-two years, the latter ninety-nine years.

The latest of the descendants of the earl was the wife of my great-grandfather; her name was Magdalen, and she lies buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, in his vault, which is just in front of Emmet's monument. My great-grandfather, George Warner, after whom I was named, died about 1825, and a tablet to his memory lies in the wall of the same church. It is near the door at the rear entrance to the church. Supposing all the links to be established between the earl and my grandmother, and I, being the oldest son of the family, by the laws of primogeniture in England these vast possessions, now in the custody of the Government, would rightfully belong to me. I have never yet taken any steps to prove or establish the legitimacy of this claim, for the reason that it involves such a vast amount of time and trouble and expense. But, nevertheless, I am inclined to think, from the attention which I have given the subject and the opinions expressed by those who have conversed with me on the subject who have studied family genealogies, that the writer has good reason to think that his title to these estates is well founded.

This, then, is the reason I have to give for surnaming the spot from which I am now writing "Waldegrave Cottage." I came here about one year since, having previously resided for some twelve years or more in your far-famed City of Brooklyn; not that I was dissatisfied with it, for Brooklyn is a most charming and attractive city, with all its noble churches, distinguished preachers and hospitable homes, and pleasant friends. But I felt that a change from city to country would prove beneficial to our health; nor have we been disappointed. Norwalk, which is now a city of considerable size, having fourteen thousand inhabitants, is pleasantly located near Long Island Sound, and lies amid valleys and sloping hills, from which many elegant residences overlook the waters of the Sound. Our home, which is a beautiful and tasteful structure, lies on one of the principal avenues of the town. We have every improvement to be found in a city home—gas of superior quality, pure soft water from the lakes near New Canaan, a fine lawn in front of the house, and a garden with choice vegetables and beautiful flowers in the rear. A nice roadway leads from the street to the barn, where is a favorite horse that takes us to ride every day. Indeed, the drives in this country are charming—some of them leading through the back country to Stamford, with its fine residences, New Canaan, with its little Gothic towers rising so gracefully among the trees; and some leading toward the water. Sometimes we drive near the pleasant Summer home of Dr. Alonzo Clark, or the palatial residences of the Hoyts, with their fine grounds, near Stamford. Sometimes we drive through Westport, a pleasant village, and pass the beautiful and perfect little gem of a church built by Winslow, the New York banker; or drive a little further on, to the splendid seat and grounds of Morris Ketchum; or extend the ride still further to Greenfield Hill, which once was the residence of Dwight, the eminent scholar and divine, who was once President of Yale College. By following on the road still further which leads to New Canaan, we come to the quiet inland village of Bedford, in the State of New York. In this town the writer spent the days of his childhood. Oh, how many delightful associations and pleasant memories cluster around that quiet parsonage and little quaint Episcopal Church, which stands about one mile north of the village, where my boyhood was spent and where my father preached for twenty-three years! How well do I remember that old parsonage, with its green lawn in front, overshadowed by the

trees planted there by the hand of the rector, and the venerable church, too, which stood beside it, and the numerous marble tablets which lay around it! Time, though it seems to obliterate often the scenes and events of later years, yet seldom can efface from our remembrances the early impressions of our childhood or the tender associations of home. In that church of sweet memories, I may here mention, worshiped the various members of the family of that distinguished and honored patriot, John Jay. I remember him well, and recollect perfectly his venerable, mild and placid face as he sat at his own fireside, or in his pew on Sunday in the parish church, joining with devout sincerity in the prayers and hymns or listening to the sermon. There sat also his daughters, Miss Ann Jay and Mrs. Banyer, and Judge William Jay and John Jay, his son now living, late minister from this country to the Court of Austria. The Jay mansion lay about two miles north of the church, beautifully located upon an elevated slope of ground, upon which the eye rested upon a broad landscape of diversified scenery. This distinguished and honored statesman, after having spent the best part of his life in labors for the good of his beloved country, sought this quiet and peaceful retreat, far removed from all the turmoil and business of life, and there he spent a serene and happy old age in the bosom of his family. I have thus thrown together a few thoughts from this, my *new* home, chosen after having spent the greater part of life, while health and strength permitted, in the duties of the sacred ministry, and where I may perhaps spend the remainder of life; and should this brief letter be deemed of sufficient interest to occupy a place in that most valuable journal, the SUNDAY MAGAZINE, it is at your service. Very truly yours, GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE,  
Norwalk, Conn., July 18th, 1882.

The mother of the writer sends us the following

## MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

BY GRACE ELMA UHLER—(NINE YEARS OLD).

When the morning light doth break,  
To begin bright the day,  
Soon as you become awake,  
Never do forget to pray.

In the burning noontide heat,  
When has flown half of the day,  
Kneeling in thy room alone,  
Never do forget to pray.

When the sun its course has run,  
And has ended up the day,  
Ere you rest your weary limbs,  
Never do forget to pray.

## THE MONSTRANCE.

THE Host, in the Church of Rome, is a name given to the consecrated bread used in the Eucharist. The reader will therefore understand that the Mass in the Roman Catholic Church is a ceremony intended to serve as a repetition of the Lord's Supper, from which it is borrowed; that the celebration of this Mass is, therefore, the most vital part of the Saviour's life renewed, and re-enacted that the miracle of His presence in the flesh and in the blood is understood and believed by them to be performed during the act of consecration; and that when the priest takes the wafer and the wine, the Lord Jesus Himself is contained therein, in substance and life.

At present the Mass consists of four parts. First, the introduction, which constitutes its chief part, and is called the Evangelium; second, the Offertorium, or sacrifice; third, the consecration, or transubstantiation; fourth, the communion. Again, these four chief parts are sub-divided into smaller parts, each having its proper denomination; they are prayers, songs, scriptural passages, and a number

of ceremonies commemorative of the principal circumstances and events in the Saviour's life, or signs of devotion and homage paid to the presence of the Lord in the host. The order of these ceremonies and of the whole celebration of the Mass is given in the Missal, or Mass-book.

The consecration of the wafer is a part of the Church service, or Mass, and may be called the crisis of it, because at that moment the sacramental bread and wine are partaken of by the priest officiating before the altar, and the miracle of transubstantiation is, by all true Catholics, supposed to take place. The belief in this miracle, constantly recurring, has given to the pious and religious flocks that enthusiastic love for the altar where the event takes place which has caused such great expenditure in its costly decoration. This feeling it is which has suggested those rich altars and altar embellishments, those magnificent churches and cathedrals, which amaze the traveler as he journeys through Flanders, France, Spain and Italy.

With regard to the Mass itself, it is a service which includes the several prayers and ceremonies accompanying the consecration of the Eucharist. It is derived from the Latin word *missa*, which designated formerly the public service of the Christians, under the direction of the bishop, assisted by the elders, deacons and others, in presence of the whole community.

In those early ages this service consisted

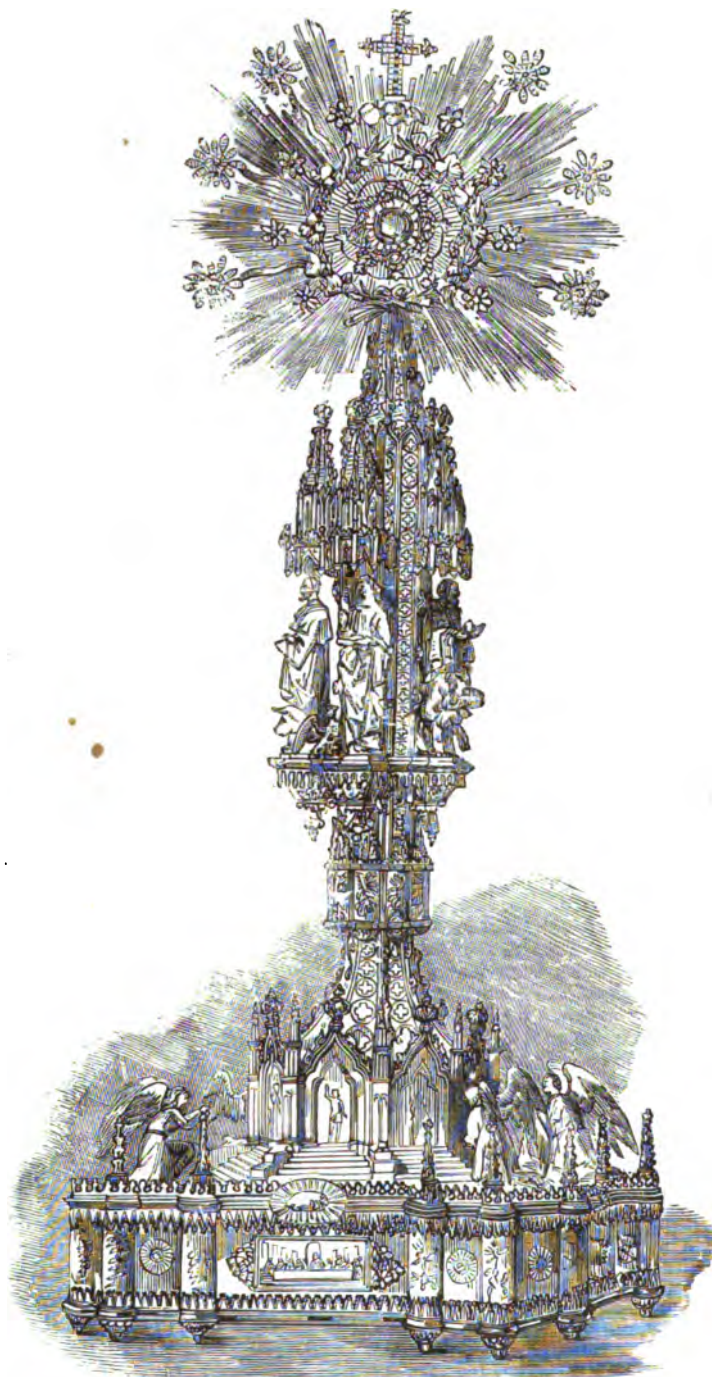
of prayers, singing, reading the Bible, preaching and the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The people not only understood what was done, but likewise sang, responded, prayed and received bread and wine. In the course of time it became customary to divide the divine service into two chief parts, by separating the rest of the service from the celebration of the Eucharist. Only the faithful, who lived in communion with the Church, were allowed to be present at

the latter; at the former were seen the catechumens, the penitents, and even the unbelievers; but these classes were dismissed before the celebration of the Eucharist was begun. The act of dismissing these in Latin was called *dismissio*, or *missio*, and thence it sank into *missa*, and lastly into *mass* in English and *messe* in French.

When the number of the faithful had increased, and communities of Christians began to form, not only in the large towns and cities, but also in the villages, the celebration of divine service was intrusted also to priests, who officiated only before the whole community, and on days appointed for the purpose.

Thus the celebration of the Eucharist or the Mass, separate from the preaching, became more and more common, and the actual participation of the people in it gradually lessened. The responses were made by a servant of the altar, and the priest alone took the sacred elements.

In past ages a blind homage has been shown to the Host as a representative of the Catholic religion, and even at the present day, in many cities of Italy, Mexico and other southern countries, the inhabitants uncover their heads and kneel when the Host is carried through the public streets. The monstrance is the vessel in which the Host is placed after consecration, and then held up for the worship of the faithful; a little bell is rung by an acolyte, and the entire congregation kneels in adoration. The large



OSTENSORIUM OR MONSTRANCE.

bell of the church is tolled, and the world is thus informed of the holy act, and the devout everywhere within hearing pause a moment in silent prayer at the sound.

The monstrance shown in the engraving is one which was exhibited in the Spanish department in the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, in London, in 1851. This magnificent piece of workmanship is of enameled gold, five feet in height, and is valued at about \$400,000.



## A GOOD FELLOW.

BY MARION HARLAND.

## PART III.

THE failure of West & Black was announced in June. In August, Mark West joined his family, now fairly domesticated in Highfield. He had survived two months of what he described to his wife as "unparalleled boredom."

"What with creditorial bull-fights in the area and private badger-drawings in my back den, it is a miracle of mercy that you have any corporeal husband left," he declared. "Millions would not tempt me to encounter the

severe comments upon the fact that a firm so lately accounted solvent could pay but thirty cents in the dollar. Were the creditors satisfied?"

"That reminds me of another capital story I got off the day our compromise—'composition' is the more elegant term—was effected. You may have heard the Dutchman's reply to the clergyman who inquired if his—Hans's—wife, lately deceased, was resigned to her fate.



"SHE WAS LYING STILL AND RIGID, BLOODLESS FINGERS INTERLOCKED, AND EYES FIXED IN AGONY."

like again. Yet there was an element of comicality in it all. I told the story at the bloodiest battle of the season of the Frenchman who laughed aloud on awakening one night to see a burglar with a dark lantern rummaging in his desk for money.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the thief, fiercely.

"Pardon," said monsieur. "I laugh to see you try to find in ze night dark zat vich I cannot find in ze daylight."

"It is a good anecdote, but some of the fellows didn't seem to appreciate it. Nothing deadens one's sense of humor more effectively than a few years in the trade treadmill. I am glad to be well out of it."

"Are you well out?" interrogated Edna, in a tone that was curiously constrained. "I read in the papers some

"Eh?" queried Hans. "Vat ish resign?"

"Was she submissive—willing to depart this life—to die?"

"Villin?" guffawed Hans. "Ach! du lieber himmel! She had to be!"

Mark had removed his cigar to laugh at his own anecdote. He now filipped the tip of the ignited weed over a silver-gilt ash-cup, returned it to his lips and lay back in his lounging-chair. The room was shaded into delicious coolness. From the lawn below came up at intervals the prattle and laughter of the babies, the cheerful murmur of girlish voices. Edna, fresh and sweet in her white lawn morning dress, sat near him with her sewing.

"If that was purgatory, this is heaven," he continued,

in relishful appreciation of the position. "I don't want to think or hear of dollars and cents for six months at least. I must have time to get the dust out of my lungs, the taste of the shop out of my mouth. I shall devote the next few weeks to a diligent attempt to forget everything except the exceeding sweetness of being again with you—the dearest, best, loveliest wife ever given to erring man."

A hard knot came into Edna's throat at the remembered cadence, a sudden chill to the fingers that held the needle. With all the strength of a steadfast nature she loved the man she had elected of her own glad will to the highest place in her heart; the husband in himself so love-compelling, from whom, as she had truly said to her father, she had never had a sharp word or frown. The fair structure of wifely devotion abode in symmetry and seeming strength, but very far down there was a strange, horrible sense of weakening and dissolution. The most fearful question that can be offered for the consideration of a rational, affectionate woman was slowly shaping itself before her inward vision—"Can love exist without respect?"

This irresponsible being who had yet not hesitated to assume the responsibilities of commercial transactions, had received and handled and spent money not his own, and ridiculed the desire of the defrauded to recover that which was justly their due, and never his; the husband and father who saw, with laughing unconcern, his wife and children fed and lodged by another's bounty, and did not scruple to avail himself of the same; the penniless, houseless bankrupt, in credit as in money, who projected a foreign tour in the near future, and talked of the delights of idleness—was this a thing to be honored and obeyed in singleness of faith in his right and ability to guide her conscience and will? When from the silvery threefold cord those two strands are worn or rent away, what a poor filament does the solitary bond of love appear! Heart and spirit put forth appealing hands to warn off the approaching horror until the maternal part of the womanly being could adjust itself to the changed relation. She had refused utterly to admit to herself that for three years she had appreciated more or less clearly what must be as she continued to grow. It had seemed disloyal, ungrateful, arrogant to perceive that she was leaving Mark behind and below her. The increasing tenderness of feeling, the gentleness of charity, the enlargement of her sympathies that had lent new loveliness to her demeanor had been for him as well as for things younger and feebler than herself. She had deepened and developed in motherliness—not merely because God had given her children, but because her husband must be indulged, excused and defended.

Like most men whose frailties and foibles require the exercise of this maternal strain in their wives, Mark often wished inly, and occasionally delicately hinted that wish, that Edna were not "such a martyr to duty—that she were less oppressively conscientious."

"The only pricks I ever get from conscience are from yours," he had once said to her. "It is the crown of your womanhood, I know, my love, but a thorny diadem to those who touch it. I get along excellently well without any conscience—to speak of."

"My fluffy curls are tucked away into matronly smoothness, I see." He broke a silence that was becoming significant to say it, caressing the bent head. "Such pretty curls they were—like floating sunrays when the light caught them."

"They were oppressive in hot weather. Now that my hair has grown so thick and long," she answered, "I

was afraid you would miss them. And really, they were rather absurdly girlish."

"You are very lovely as you are, sweet wife—more lovely with every year added to our life. Only, I should be happier if you did not look so depressed sometimes. What is it, love? Tell me all about it!"

"I cannot, dear, without talking of dollars and cents," smiling faintly. "It does trouble me that our store of these is so small. When I look at our little ones, I feel that we ought, as sensible parents, to be making provision for their future. Would you mind telling me what your prospects and plans are, now that the old business is wound up? *Legally*, you are at liberty to begin life again."

"But not morally, you would hint, little precisian? With regard to plans, I may parody the knife-grinder's declaration—'Plans! Lord bless you, sir, I have none!' I am a promising but impetuous young man who is waiting for an opening."

In lieu of further and futile discussion of the disagreeable subject with him, Edna, some days later, sought an interview with her father. Before her preamble was finished, she discovered that her application had been anticipated by him. His influence in the business world was powerful, and he had not hesitated to use it in behalf of his son-in-law. He was prepared with several schemes, and laid them in detail before her with confidence in her clear sense and sound judgment, which was a grateful tribute to her humbled soul.

Here, at least, was one man who estimated aright her longing to be independent, sympathized in her impatience at the compulsory inaction laid upon the one bread-winner of her little family. In a passing fervor of hopefulness, she made an inconsiderate proposition.

"Let me call Mark, papa! We will talk it over in a council of three."

"As you think best, my daughter."

Edna turned back at the door, to lay a timid hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Papa, dear! we are very, very grateful to you. And we must not forget—you and I—that this is a new business to Mark. His father's policy with his sons was totally unlike yours—unfortunately. He never taught them to walk alone."

"I understand! I do not expect miracles," was the non-committal reply.

Mark was on the tennis-lawn with Pauline, Judith and a third young girl, a visitor. He shrugged his shoulders in comic deprecation when his wife drew him aside and made known her errand. Pauline ran up, pantingly. Her cheeks were glowing with exercise, her eyes bright and eager.

"You are a genuine kill-joy, Edna! What are you carrying him off for, now?"

"Papa wishes to speak with him on important business," rejoined her sister, in dignified rebuke. "Even a game of tennis must give way at such a summons."

"'Papa' and 'business' are synonymous, and you are fast becoming as tiresome as either. Between you all, you never grant the poor fellow one hour of recreation."

"The poor fellow doesn't deserve to have a minute's dream of playtime, Polly," interposed Mark, invincibly good-humored. "Nobody but a rich fellow has a right to laugh, or even to live."

Edna led the way, silently, back to the house until they were out of sight of the players. Then she paused in the shelter of a thicket to throw her arms about her husband's neck, and laid her head on his arm with one dry, choking sob.

"Mark, darling, don't get to thinking me harsh and unfeeling! Indeed, indeed, I only desire your best good."

"As if I didn't know that, Mousie! My blessed mother—the next best woman in the world to my wife—used to say the same when she dosed me with salts and senna. I do full justice to her motives and to yours. Nor do I cavil at your father's dispositions meward. To a staid, successful citizen it must be intolerable to have an impoverished son-in-law and two hungry, fat babies depleting his substance. He must look upon me as the prodigal calf who ought, of his own accord, to trot off to the butcher."

His cheery laugh announced their entrance to him who awaited the pair. When Mark stood before him, unabashed and debonair, his tall figure displayed to the best advantage by the closely-fitting tennis-suit, Mr. Pym almost hated him. But for his daughter's presence, he must have told him that he was an offense to his every instinct, and ordered him incontinently from his house.

"I am afraid that we have interrupted your game at an unlucky moment," he began, in austere civility. "But your wife has expressed a desire to have your opinion upon certain proposals I hold subject to your decision."

"The game can wait, of course, sir," imperturbably courteous. "I am honored by your reference to me, in matters of which you are so much the better judge than I."

He took, with a smile and word of thanks, the chair Edna set forward for him, and listened respectfully to the statements that followed.

Tapping his knuckles lightly with the racket he had brought in with him, he then expressed his entire willingness to take whatever position Mr. Pym—"and my very sensible and dear wife"—bowing affectionately to her—"think best suited to my poor abilities. I myself have absolutely no choice in the matter."

It must be owned that Mr. Pym's temper was severely tried in those days. He lost it now, beyond hope of recall.

"That is absurd!" he said, rising! "and you know it! Whether you mean your declaration as a deliberate insult or not, is not for me to say, here and now. You may talk the affair over with your wife, if she has the patience to listen to such farrago. With her leave I withdraw from the conference, which was not of my seeking."

Mark shrugged his shoulders anew, whistled under his breath, as the door closed reverberantly behind the retiring member of the "council."

"Is he really offended, do you suppose? Upon my honor as a gentleman and nominal Christian, I thought I was saying the polite and politic thing. I wonder how it feels to have such an essentially condimental temper. I am devoutly grateful that you have less mustard and pepper in your composition."

Edna was battling with her tears; sat with clenched hands and downcast lids, afraid to trust eyes or voice. Mark came around to her, dropped upon one knee, and put his arm about her in playfully-coaxing fashion.

"Now, my pet, we will not quarrel, nor do I mean to put your long-suffering patience to a crucial test. I am altogether reasonable and amenable. Since it is a foregone conclusion that I go hence, in what direction shall I take up my line of march? I am offered the illustrious positions of bookkeeper in the store of a man who began life as my father's porter; of teller in a country-bank; of accountant and supercargo in a foundry; and of ticket-agent in a railway station. *L'embarras des richesses!* Who shall say that there is not work and to spare for every able-bodied man in this free and glorious country?"

Before Edna could begin the temperate protest she was trying to frame, Pauline burst in like a whirlwind.

"I saw papa go out of the front door, so I knew your ordeal was over, Mark. We are waiting for you—or what is left of you. Never mind Kill-joy! She monopolizes you three-quarters of the time, now. I shan't let her devour the bones papa left unpicked. Come!"

She dragged him off, a laughing and willing captive.

Edna waited two whole days before subduing her outraged pride to the level of renewed expostulation with her husband. She well knew that her importunity would "bore" him intensely. She comprehended still more clearly the fact of her father's growing contempt and dislike for him. Under this goad she spoke strongly, and to the point, and in a tone she had never used with him.

"So soon as you can provide a home, however humble, for the children and myself, we will come to you. If you had the means with which to pay our traveling expenses and a month's board for us at a third-class hotel, I would go with you to-morrow. I do not fear poverty and hard fare. Dependence, even upon my father, cuts into the quick of my heart. If you had a gleam of manhood in you, you would feel this more keenly than I do. I am ashamed! ashamed!"

She wept as he had never seen her weep before—stormily, and from the hot depths of wounded pride and affection. When she could listen, the gentle dignity of Mark's response seemed to her sensitive fancy to put her altogether in the wrong.

"I will do whatever you wish, Edna, dear. I supposed that you understood that all along, and that I made it yet clearer when we talked the matter over the other day. I regret exceedingly that through a misapprehension you have suffered so much useless pain. I was sincere in asking your advice and that of your father, although he did not believe it. When a man is just recovering from the shock of one egregious failure in life he is not sanguine in his dependence upon the soundness of his individual judgment. What do you think I had better do? I put myself unreservedly into your hands."

Disarmed and deprecatory, she set forth her views in very modest terms, taking the initiative in assuming the intense mortification and disappointment inseparable from a downward step, anxious to convince him that she still believed in his ability to retrieve his fortunes.

"If I had a few thousands in my own right, I would set you up in business again," she assured him, earnestly.

Mark shook his head, half-sadly, yet with a thorough appreciation of the unconscious humor of the suggestion.

"Thank you, my darling, for your generous trust in me. But your father is wiser on that point than you. He could preach by the hour upon the folly of throwing money after money. Be guided by him, and waste neither funds nor sympathy upon an unsuccessful man. Not an unhappy one, however. I fail to see the enormous crime involved in the mere act of losing one's capital and earnings through a turn of fortune's wheel. As to the ignominy of taking a lower seat in the synagogue of Mammon, there are compensations even in my debasement. I never enjoyed leadership in the ranks of money-scrappers. The underling has more leisure for his own thoughts and chosen pursuits."

In this philosophic mood, he accepted the position of teller in the Highfield Bank. Mr. Pym was president of the corporation, but it was not as his son-in-law that the new employé gained popularity. His ready pleasantries, unflinching good-nature, his willingness to oblige, made a friend of every customer. For two months he rode on the surface-waves of public esteem. Then murmurs began to



be heard. He was unpunctual to a proverb. His wife's loving wiles, Mr. Pym's black looks, the open expostulations and friendly warnings of fellow-officials—finally, the formal reprimand of the Board of Directors—were insufficient to cure the habit. Upon one plausible pretext and another he was late morning after morning, the more dilatory as the days shortened, until it was a matter of surprise when the sunny face appeared at the desk-window within an hour after the bank-doors were opened. Sometimes he overlept himself: sometimes dallied in his dressing-room with a book or paper until the rest of the family had breakfasted. Oftener a romp with the babies, a game of tennis, a surreptitious ride with Pauline, who was his closest ally in all escapades, or a pull down the river in his boat, usually in company with the same harum-scarum damsel, were the temptations to tardiness in duty. There were also hints of carelessness in his accounts, and in counting out money of trifling losses, apologized for gracefully by himself and readily made up by deductions from his salary. He was incapable of deliberate dishonesty. His worst enemies, if he had an ill-wisher in the community, would have said that he cared too little for money to embezzle it. He was simply negligent and nonchalant. Business, like most things other men esteemed as momentous concerns, was to him a farce. He took nothing hard—life, as a whole, with easy jocularity. Everybody liked him. Everybody averred that he was a thoroughly good fellow, who hurt nobody but himself and wished well to all the rest of mankind, and at the end of a half-year after the assumption of the duties of his office in the flourishing institution which was the monetary centre of the surrounding country, no man in Highfield or in the county would have trusted him to manage the finances of a peanut stand.

"He hasn't energy enough to draw his salary. It has to be offered to him, and then he is surprised to learn that pay-day has come around again," said a director at a meeting held in the absence of the president. "He is a lazy, luxurious dog, spoiled by prosperity, an indulgent father and a rich father-in-law. He doesn't amount to a row of pins, and never will. The sooner we can ship him without offending Mr. Pym, the better for us."

Mr. Pym was accordingly sounded dexterously on the subject, and promised, with no show of surprise or feeling, to consider it. As a result of his deliberations, he announced, at the next meeting of the Board, that Mr. West, the bank teller, having been offered a situation in New York City, tendered through him his resignation.

Mark gave an oyster-supper the following night at the Highfield Hotel to his late comrades in office, and fairly glorified the shabby dining-room, stone china and clumsy serving by his genial hospitality and sparkling table-talk. In their enthusiasm they drew up a set of resolutions some days later, testifying their regret at his departure, and sent them to him, elegantly engrossed upon parchment-paper, with the accompanying gift of a silver card-case bearing a suitable inscription.

"Generous, whole-souled fellows they are, down to the youngest clerk!" said Mark, turning the gift over in his hand, the shine of moisture in his eyes. "But they should not have gone to this expense! I feel as I do when one of the twinies insists upon giving 'Papa' half of her one poor little lemon-drop. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to know that one has not utterly lost the knack of making friends."

The "situation" for which he threw up the tellership was that of bookkeeper in a city store, the proprietor of which was under certain obligations to Mr. Pym. A sense of these served to retain Mr. West in his place three

months, although his employer was a very martinet in business discipline.

Then, as Mark reported to his wife on his unexpected return in the middle of the week, to Highfield, the two "shook hands and parted in the most friendly manner compatible with a decorous observance of the relations of master and servant."

"I did not suit him in some respects," he said. "I had been aware from the outset that he was as far as possible from suiting me in any, but politeness withheld me from putting forward a fact to the appreciation of which he could scarcely be hoped to rise. Your father—so my late chief kindly informed me—has doubts whether I will ever stick to business. As I look at it, the difficulty is that business does not stick to me. I shall never discharge myself, no matter how obnoxious the position. I promise you that much. My *forte* is stability. I shall give the experiment of making a living a fair trial."

"This is terrible!" said Edna, in a stifled voice.

The dreary wistfulness of her eyes should have found a sentient place in the Good Fellow's conscience.

"Blame Kismet, my love—not me, the victim!" he returned, lightly. "There is no use wrestling with an irresistible power. The best that mortal can do is a conscientious 'going through the forms.' I am weighted now with the odium of three mistakes, but in no wise cast down in spirit. The tennis-ball of fortune awaits the next stroke of your father's racket."

His impersonal interest in the philosophy of human endeavor and failure was an odd psychological study. Judith, who had much of her father's practical sense and steadfastness of purpose, expressed confidentially to the latter her opinion that "Mark West was no better than a whistling buoy—always bobbing and floating and singing, but only fit to warn people off the rocks, or show them where the channel was not!"

The comparison would have angered Pauline beyond measure. She was never so happy elsewhere as in Mark's society. Early in the prolonged vacation during which he airily described himself as a "ferryman resting on his oars in the middle of the river, and waiting for a call from the shore," it became apparent that she was never contented away from him. He was her "best friend," her "darling brother," the "only person who really understood her, as she was the one living mortal who thoroughly appreciated him."

Mark had always petted and been fond of her. He had abundance of leisure now for a careful study of her. The inevitable law, with the young, of "love-in-idleness," wrought out with him the sequence of increasing affection for this one of his daily associates.

She was a pretty girl of nineteen, warm-hearted and vivacious, and she adored him. His wife, always gentle, affectionate and attentive to his every known want, yet offered in her gravity of expression and speech a continual reproach to his happy-go-lucky ways. Her unflinching industry as her father's housekeeper, her own and the children's seamstress, nettled him as much as his easy nature could be annoyed, and he could not bear to be uncomfortable.

"You, at least, pay for your board and lodging," he had said to her one day, when she was prevented by home-duties from driving out with him.

Her reply, spoken quietly and not significantly to the ear, was like the flick of a whip-lash to his vanity:

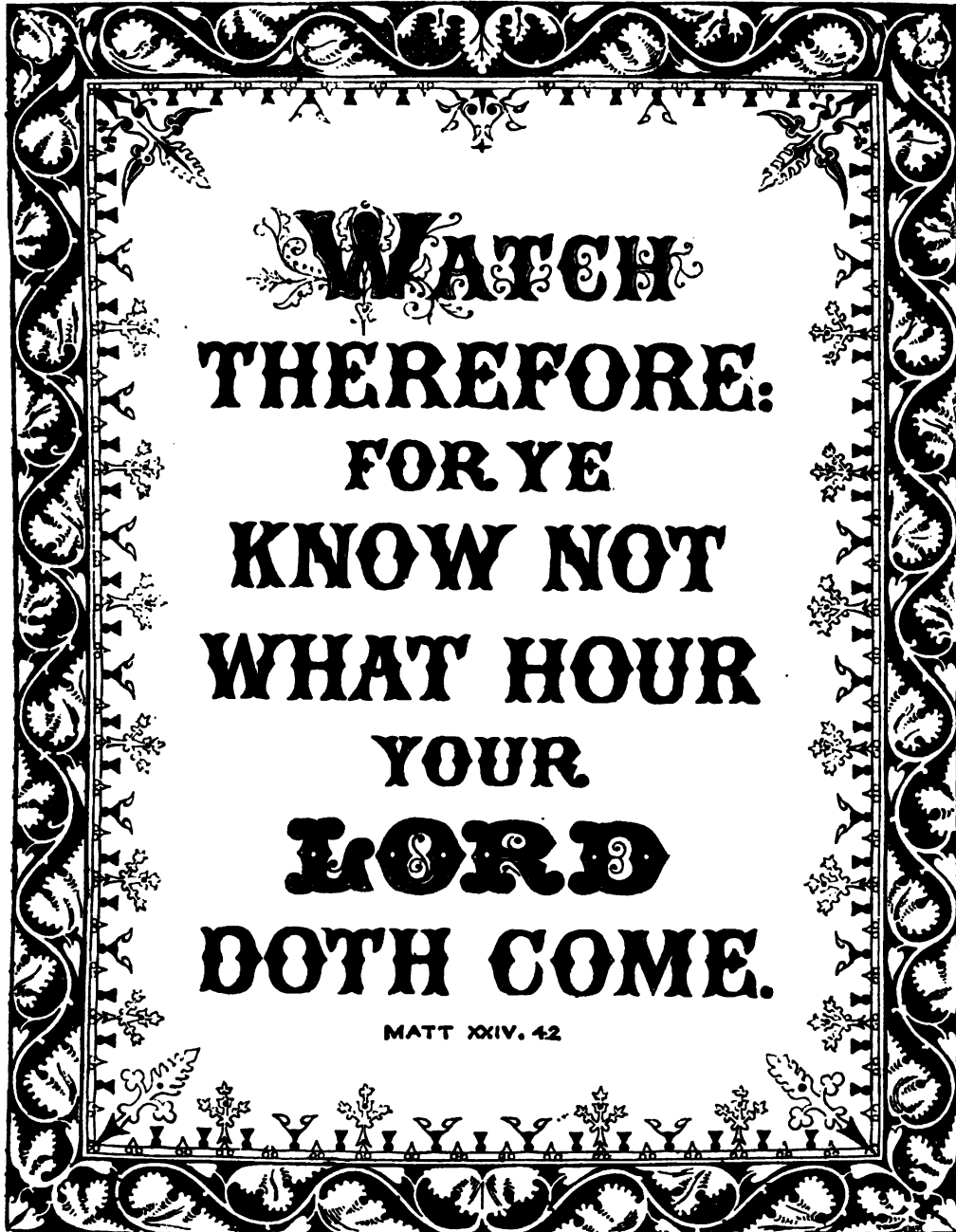
"I try to do it!"

At heart, he did not see why Mr. Pym should not be delighted to maintain him and his family. They made a different place of the spacious homestead. To what better

use could the old man put his money than by providing for his nearest of kin? Were he—Mark—in his stead, he would gladly support any number of lovely daughters, their agreeable husbands and twin-babies. This was his reasoning when he took the trouble to reason at all, and in it he was perfectly sincere.

Pauline was his ardent advocate, bringing back to him fresh accessions of loving loyalty after every wordy battle

off, at a friend's invitation, on a fishing-expedition to the Rangely lakes. He wrote to his wife, as was his custom, every other day. His talks on paper with her, he styled his "daily food." They were charming letters, bright, spicy, and as full of romantic affection as were the epistles of their betrothal-days. Edna had carefully treasured every line he had ever sent her. His constancy in this one respect was the mainstay of a heart that quailed and sick-



in his behalf with her father and Judith. His name was seldom mentioned, no adverse criticism ever spoken in Edna's presence. With a superfluous devotion, characteristic of her sex, Pauline threw herself between him and every possible annoyance and alight. These would have glanced from his moral epidermis like hayseed from a bullock's hide, but he saw her intent and was grateful for it, while it amused him.

He had rested on his oars for four months when he ran

ened with fearful looking forward to the future of their united lives. However unstable he might be in other relations, he was true and fond to her.

A week after his departure she presented herself in her father's study, an open letter in her hand. Unwonted agitation had robbed her face of every vestige of color, strangely altered her features.

"Papa!" she began, without preamble, sinking rather than seating herself in the chair he hastily set for her,

"we must contrive to send Mark away—a long distance off! It is asking a great deal of you, I know, but it is not for my sake or his. This letter, meant for Pauline, was directed wrong by mistake—put into my envelope."

The shamed face fell upon the table. Mr. Pym read the letter she had given him, and a deathlike silence ensued. The rustling of the vine-leaves outside the window, the chirp of a bird, languid with the heat of an August noon, sounded as through an empty room. Then a breath, long-drawn into torture, escaped the father's breast. A muttered curse came with it.

"Even he might be satisfied with having ruined the life of one of my daughters. The villain!—the conscienceless brute!"

"Papa!" The motherly instinct was aroused by the fierce invective. "He means no harm! It is pastime with him—such careless trifling as many other men account innocent. He does not think what it may be to an imaginative, inexperienced girl. It is so easy for him to be kind and to say pleasant things—especially to one to whom he is really so much attached as he is to her. It is always the woman who suffers in such affairs. We—that is, I—have erred in forgetting that Pauline is no longer a child."

Mr. Pym did not humble her further by contesting her views and deduction. In the talk that ensued, feeling was held forcibly out of sight. They conferred together, weighed plans and decided upon definite and prompt measures, as if the parties to be dealt with had been comparative strangers to both. This done, Edna arose:

"We need never speak of this again, even to one another, papa! I shall never tell Mark of his blunder. When words are useless, sensible people are silent."

She walked steadily to the door. He heard her answer some question put by one of the children whom she met in the hall, and marveled, in his grief and wrath, at her full, sweet intonations.

"No, my darling, not now! Mamma will come out to you in a little while."

The twin-sisters waited an hour for "mamma's" coming. Within her locked chamber she was lying, still and rigid, bloodless fingers interlocked and eyes fixed in agony that spared no strength for speech or motion. She had spoken but once—a groan with which her heart broke, as she fell upon the pillows.

"*All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me! Am I of less value than a sparrow?*"

When she got up, knowing that she must live, must arrange her hair and dress and go down to give the babies their early dinner, she took from a drawer the broken bird's-egg, unwrapped the layers of pink jeweler's cotton and threw the pale-blue bits out of the window.

In three days Mr. Pym set off on a tour to Niagara and the Saguenay, taking his younger daughters with him. Before their return, Mark had accepted an invitation to travel abroad for a year, in the interest of a manufacturing corporation in which his father-in-law was a large stockholder. He never suspected by whom his salary was paid, nor at whose instance he was kept abroad a second, and still a third year. He wrote to his wife regularly and affectionately. If an occasional note reached his pretty sister-in-law, it was through a chance defect in her father's system of espial. She married a gentlemanly city merchant when she was twenty-one. The next Spring Mark was recalled.

Gossips had wearied of wondering that Mrs. West did not join her husband, when he returned to her, handsomer and more fascinating than ever; as ready with laugh and repartee, overflowing with tender assiduities to Edna and the twins, who "looked so like their father."

"It is a pity that Mrs. West had aged so fast and grown so quiet," cooed a benevolent neighbor, the queen-mother of the gossip-hive. "But he seems as devoted to her as ever. It isn't every man who would be faithful through such a long separation. With all his foibles he was always one of the best husbands and fathers in the world. It does seem to me as if so rich a man as Mr. Pym is scarcely justified in not doing enough for him to enable the poor, dear fellow to keep his family with him. Such an open-hearted, affectionate creature as he is—who never knowingly harmed a living creature!"

THE END.

EDDELWEISS.

GONE, quite gone, the Summer roses red,  
(How pale the hands that late her blushes wed!)  
Revapored back to ether seas again  
Forget-me-not, pure drops of azure rain.  
(Her eyes are closed—I look to heaven instead.)

Mid cloud-isles, pink with Summer's life-blood shed,  
Now flood-tide streams of Autumn blue light spread;  
Only the clay-corruptive forms that wane  
Are gone, quite gone.

Nor tints of fleeted Summer will have fled  
Till, wound in stainless snow, the year lie dead,  
(On Earth, Earth reveries must still remain,  
With hue of longing and with tinge of pain;  
Nor, till with Edelweiss she wreaths my head,  
Be gone, quite gone.)

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

By R. HERBERT STORY, D.D.

We read, in the Book of Isaiah, of a time when the armies of the King of Assyria encompassed Jerusalem, and the borders of the land were all overrun by the invader, and when the people were in sore dismay and terror, and when the king, shut up in the city, was sitting in the House of the Lord, covered with sackcloth, and crying, "This is a day of trouble, and rebuke, and of blasphemy." Then, as at many another time of distress and anguish, the presence of the prophet was the one centre light and hope, the voice of the prophet the only note of peace. In a striking passage of a famous history the historian relates how, during one of the most horrible massacres which the world's annals record, high above the heads of the struggling throng in the streets of a great city, there sounded every half-quarter of every hour from the belfry of the cathedral the "tender and melodious chimes." So, above all the calamities and fear and confusion that befell the disobedient children of the Covenant, the voice of God's prophet, God's remembrancer and interpreter, ever rose, calm and unshaken, testifying to the eternal truth and the Divine righteousness, mingling with the rebuke and admonition of the sinner, words of cheering and good hope for the faithful and godly.

And thus, when the king was hidden from his people's sight, an humble and awe-stricken suppliant before the altar, his royal robes rent, wearing sackcloth instead of purple and fine linen, and with ashes on his head, dis-crowned and low—when Judæa was devastated by the Assyrian spoiler, encroached upon and hemmed in on every side, the prophet was able to look beyond the present extremity and disaster, and to see the coming time when Hezekiah should be again upon his throne in all the pomp and splendor of his rank and power, when the borders of the land should be rid of the defiling pre-



sence of the heathen ; and he sang, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty : they shall behold the land that is very far off ;" or rather—as the Hebrew words strictly mean—"the land of far distances," the King's land, as it seems truest to interpret it—no longer limited and over-run, but with its borders stretched to their utmost bound, far beyond that within which the enemy had pent them now.

This seems the real and original meaning of the passage to which we have referred ; and yet for many a generation this special promise has been believed to hold far wider meanings. And those to whom its hopeful and beautiful words have been familiar and dear, may feel as though these were robbed of their full significance when thus brought down to their simple bearing on the time and place and circumstance, in connection with which they were spoken at the first. They may feel as though we had no right to restrict to any local or temporary application words which have been found comforting and helpful by so many generations of Christians ; whose promise has brightened many a closing eye from whose vision the world was fading, and cheered many a lonely heart that was ready to fail, because of the greatness and the solitude of the untrodden way ; words in which Calvin read the name of a greater King than Hezekiah, for, "I pursue here," he says, "no allegories, for these I do not love ; but because in Christ alone is found the stability of that frail kingdom of His, the likeness which Hezekiah bore leads us to Christ, as it were, by the hand ;" words in which Keble discovered the assurance of that day of the restitution of all things, which shall make good the losses, the frailties, the failures of this mortal life, that day in which he says :

"These eyes that, dazzled now and weak,  
At glancing notes in sunshine wink,  
Shall see the King's full glory break,  
Nor from the blissful vision shrink.  
Though scarcely now their laggard glance  
Reach to an arrow's flight, that day  
They shall behold, and not in trance,  
The region very far away."

But is this feeling justified ? Have we any right to feel as if robbed of something that we were entitled to, if we are told that the text can be interpreted only as speaking of a Jewish king and his little Judæan kingdom ? I do not think we have. We value the promises of God—if we understand them rightly—not just because of the exact thing they seem to promise, but because of that which they reveal to us of God. The promise in itself, in its letter, in its outward form, is often little else than an illusion. God, for instance, promised to give Abraham the land of Canaan, that he and his children might dwell there. The promise never was fulfilled. The only portion of the Holy Land that Abraham ever possessed was the field, with the cave in it, that he bought from the stranger, that there he might bury his dead. So with Isaac, so with Jacob, the promise was but a vision and a dream. When, long afterward, their children did settle in the promised land, the region that they had hoped to find "flowing with milk and honey" was one full of heathen enemies and turmoil and labor and war. And yet these patriarchs made no complaint. They did not think they had been deceived. We are told, "They all died in faith, not having received the promise. The promise that eluded their grasp did not unloose the bands of their strong faith, because they knew that

"'Twas not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
But the long faith that falls not by the way."

They knew that the promise was, so to speak, but the

signal from the Father's hand to lead them on, and show them He was *there*. And so the promise is ever most precious to us when we perceive that it is revealing Him, and know what it is that it reveals. It is a little matter to us that in the day of Jewish distress and shame, Isaiah, the son of Amos, had such confidence in his country's destiny as to foretell that the Assyrians should yet be overthrown, and the King of Judæa be reseated in his palace, and all his borders be purged of the heathen invasion ; but it is much to us to know that in that cloudy and dark day, when men's hearts were failing them for fear, and when their faith was well-nigh shaken from its rest, the Lord God of their fathers had compassion on His forlorn people, and through His prophet's courageous words sent them a message that should lift up their hearts and strengthen their hands ; that He saw their trouble and knew their need, and sent them help from His holy habitation. We feel that the ancient promise renews itself for us, because it reveals to us the character of the same God in whose name it was spoken then. It encourages us to trust to the same mercy—to believe in the same fatherly good-will—to endure in the time of distress, because sure of the support of the same arm that is now, as it was then, "mighty to save." It teaches us to understand that, amidst all our sins and unworthiness, it is "of His mercy that we are not consumed, and because His compassions fail not."

But are we therefore to think of any of the promises of God as having no substantial reality behind them, as only vague, general indications of His character and will ?

We have but slender ground to go on in arriving at an answer. We read the promises, and we know that again and again we fail to find the fulfillment. Christ promised His disciples that that generation should not pass away till all the things He had spoken of were accomplished. Some of them are not accomplished yet. The early Church was taught by the Apostles to look for and to hold fast the blessed hope of the return of the Lord, in their own day. And now in this nineteenth century there are still those who cling to the letter of that early expectation, and believe that ere this generation has fallen asleep, the reign of the Lord and of His saints shall have begun. But still, after more than eighteen hundred years, the time "is not yet." No such promise would seem to be absolute. Its realization hinges more or less on the state and the qualification of those to whom it is made. Their faith, their righteousness, their ability to receive the fullness of the promise, become conditions which have a share in determining how, or when, or to what extent, it shall be fulfilled. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise as some men count slackness ;" but the time and the manner of its fulfillment rest with Him. Not one word that He has spoken shall ever fail ; but it may be fulfilled otherwise than we have expected, because we have not understood the inner meaning, the true secret, the spirit of that which was spoken, and which is fulfilled to those that walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. The fulfillment is part of that "secret of the Lord" which is with them that fear Him, and into which, as into the promised land of old, there are always multitudes who cannot enter "because of unbelief."

Now, there is a special sense in which ancient prophecy and promise have grown dear to Christ's people, and which this principle of the spiritual fulfillment rather than of the literal fulfillment of prophecy and promise may be said to justify. They have been accustomed to read in the words which spoke of God's early kingdom, of its laws, its kings, its judges, its heroes, meanings which point to the eternal kingdom of which Christ is king, and

to find in all that was true and sacred and beautiful in the elder dispensation fore-shadowings of Him. St. Paul himself seems to warrant this use of the old as the forerunner of the new, when he says that the ordinances of the Mosaic law were "a shadow" of things to come; but "the body," he says, the reality, the substance, "is of Christ." He is the "first-born of every creature," the "beginning of the creation of God," the original type and reality, that is to say, of all that is true and beautiful and good. And so all that is excellent in the old time before Him is understood in its full excellence only after He has manifested the high ideal, of which that was but the partial anticipa-



DR. GEORGE M'CLOSKIE, PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY.

tion. And the heroes, and prophets, and kings of the Old Testament become to the Church types of Christ, her head, not because of mere coincidence here and there between points in their history and events in His, but because they were, each in their several degree of attainment, promises of the coming of the Perfect Man. And the purity of Joseph, the governance of Moses, the courage of Joshua, the strength of Samson, the faith of David, the wisdom of Solomon, the righteousness of Josiah, were regarded as bearing witness to Him who was the perfectly pure and wise, and strong, and mighty, and righteous, the Captain of our salvation, the author and finisher of the faith. And so, too, since He has



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THE STUDY OF BIOLOGY IN PRINCETON COLLEGE.—A CORNER IN THE MICROSCOPIC-ROOM.  
SEE PAGE 362.

come, all human goodness, all righteousness of character, all loftiness of ennobling influence, all that testifies to us, in any way or degree, for a life that is higher than our own, that is not of the earth earthly, but is of heaven and from above, is likewise to us a witness for Christ, a remembrance of Him, a reflection of His light, a step in "the world's great altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God," that helps us to come up higher. All these, to the mind that is full of God, that seeks in His light to see light, are screens coming between it and Him tending to hide Him, because making us content with something lower than the highest, and meaner than the best, but are aids to our infirmity, and helpers to our faith; as it were friendly voices, kindly hands, that reach us through the twilight and amid the perplexities of our way, and bid us strive and hope. Whatever is true, whatever is beautiful, whatever is pure, whatever is noble in human thought or deed, whatever is best that the mind of man has imagined or his hand portrayed, is but the minister of "the man Christ Jesus."

It seems, then, not wrong, not a mere idle play of the devout imagination, as it is certainly not unnatural, that Christian people reading these words of ancient promise about the Jewish king and the Judean kingdom should bring out of them more than he who spoke them first could understand, but not more than the spirit of God, uttering God's message of mercy and hope through him, will warrant us in discovering there.

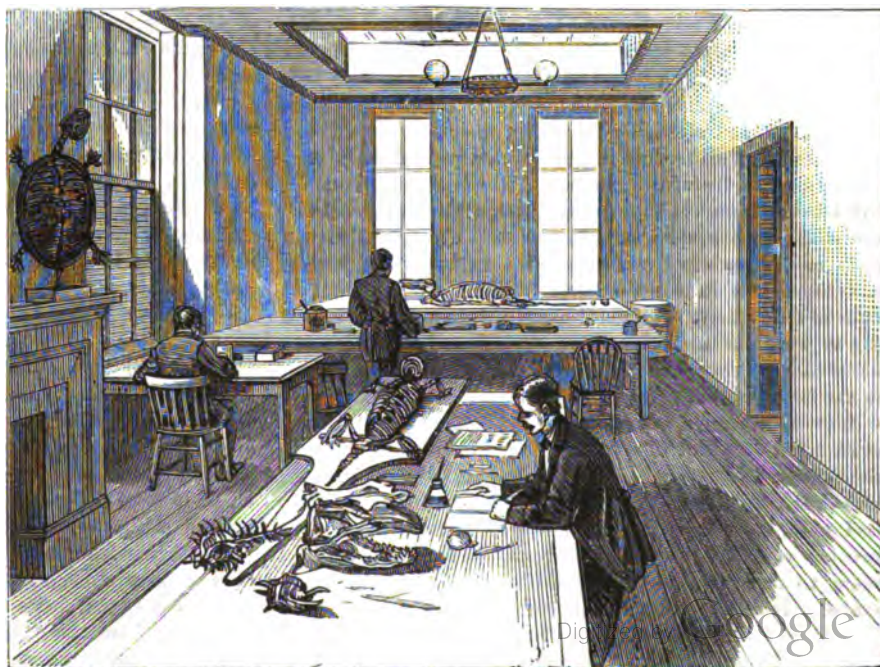
Those promises of the earlier dispensation, in which we

Him in whom He is revealed, acquire a vaster scope :

"There is no speech nor language  
Where their voice is not heard."

There is no limit to their horizon; they stretch beyond the furthest bounds of the everlasting hills, where "gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades, for ever and for ever, when we move."

And if then to us, who are citizens of the City of God, there should sometimes befall the day of trouble and rebuke, when the enemy presses on us from without, and the heart is faint and downcast within; when some adversity or scandal or error of the Church distresses us, and we are apt to feel as though the very ark of God were



THE MORPHOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

of the later find new life and fullness, remind one of the old device of the Spanish monarch who engraved upon his coins the image of the "Pillars of Hercules," the furthest gateway of the world, according to the primitive belief, and took for his motto "No more beyond"; but when Columbus had discovered the new world in the West, and added it to that monarch's dominions, the two graven pillars looking out upon the sea were still retained upon the shield, but a word was struck out of the motto, and so it was changed into "More beyond." The confine of the old world had become the open threshold of the new. So the prophecy, the vision, the promise, which to the Jewish eye and ear unfolded only some blessing of the ancient covenant, to us who have known the Father and



taken ; when our Lord and King seems, as it were, driven from His throne and is lost sight of amidst the bitter strifes of those who wrangle and contend for what they call His truth and His rights, but which are often in reality only their own conceits, then there may come to us out of the words of the old promise, in a larger meaning than the prophet deemed, a note of encouragement and hope—"These poor conflicts and jealousies will pass away. The Christ whose sacred presence they obscure will yet be manifested in His people, 'the hope of glory.'"

Or, if sometimes that hope of glory seems to us to burn but low and dim, by reason of the sins that darken and the failures that impair the lives of which it ought to be the life ; if our faith even in the Divine original is almost strained to breaking by the dull imperfection of the human reflections of it ; if we find deformity where we had looked for beauty, insincerity where we had expected truth, carnality where we had believed there was purity of soul, baseness where we had trusted there was some vision of the high ideal ; then, too, amidst the disappointment, the weariness and disgust of heart, the inner ear may detect the voice of ancient comfort, "These are but the failures, the unworthinesses, the fallings short of men. The blemishes of earth cannot stain the white purity of heaven. There is One who is perfect, and who will draw all of those who have not yet attained to His likeness, but who desire to attain to it, toward His own perfection. Oh, thou afflicted and tempest-tossed ! thine eyes shall yet behold His beauty."

Or if, again, it may be our lot to feel, and to suffer in feeling, how far short the Church of Christ, at her best, fails of her great mission and work in the world ; to feel our love chilled by her lack of unity, our faith straitened by her want of faith, our devotion hampered and restrained by her imperfect offices, our vision of the eternal city with its many entrances, its ample walls, its unfading light, overclouded by the very smoke that rises from our earthly altars ; if it is borne in on us that it is hard to realize how great God's kingdom is, because of the jealousy and narrowness and poverty of man's conceptions of it ; then, too, we are saved from despondency and distrust when His word reminds us, though it be but in a figure, that although His City may for a time be beset with foes, it is His City still ; that although the life within its walls may be inclosed and burdened, yet it *lives* ; that though the land may seem to be hemmed in and narrowed, His people will one day possess it wholly, and shall find that it is vaster than their need, and that the boundaries of the kingdom of God are wider than they deem.

And so amid all human trial, and change, and want, considering that He who gave of old the temporal blessing, the release from cruel siege and shameful overthrow, will not withhold the spiritual gift, will not deny to Christian faith and hope any good thing, we may seek help to do and to endure in the words, of which we make bold to believe that Christ is Himself the "Substance," and which say to us, "Be not dismayed, be not overcome, be not daunted and restrained in the hopefulness of your effort, in the freedom and fullness of your life. Suffer not yourself to sink to the world's low level, to take your pattern even from the best of what you see around you here, to receive for doctrines of Christ the commandments of men, to call any man master upon earth, to rest in, or be satisfied with, anything, how good soever it may be, which, because your king is hidden from you for a time, might seem to represent to you His blessed and glorious presence. Hold fast your faith in Himself, and in the eternal kingdom of which He is King. Believe that somewhere in God's wide universe that kingdom's everlasting bounds

are set, and wait to receive all His faithful ones whose lives have been true and upward, who have walked by faith and not by sight, to receive these into rest and peace, and into the perfect vision of the King. The time may be protracted and weary, the night may be long of breaking, but yet the dawn shall come, when you shall see Him, not as now under the veil of earthly things and through a glass darkly, but as He is ; when you shall no longer need the aid of symbol or ministry to help you to discern His aspect, but shall behold Him openly ; when sin, and folly, and sorrow, and ignorance shall no more contract His dominion within narrow and sordid bounds, but when you shall see it stretch far beyond your utmost view. Yet a while, if you live as strangers and pilgrims on earth, not content with aught that it can offer, still amidst all its resting-places seeking the city which hath foundations, amid all its loveliness desiring that uncreated beauty which no type can embody or fully shadow forth ; still amid all its disciplines holding fast the confidence that these are but the earnest of the life to come ; then, at the end, when all worldly vision is fading from your sight, when all worldly possession is dwindling down the few feet of earth that shall cover your decay, then your eye shall be opened to the glory to be revealed within the veil—to see the King in His beauty and the land of wide expanse."

#### The Study of Biology at Princeton College.

DURING the past ten years, through the liberality of several of the Alumni, instruction in the various sciences has been greatly improved and increased, particularly in the department of natural history. The J. C. Green School of Science was erected in 1878, supplying a need which had long been felt, and, at the same time, giving ample room at that period for a museum and laboratories. The collections and specimens have lately increased to such an extent that there will be scarcely sufficient room left to arrange them properly. Our sketches represent several of the laboratories in which biology is taught at Princeton. The herbarium, a very large room in the northern portion of the Green School of Science, contains a part of the botanical specimens, and is also used as a lecture hall. In the microscopic-room are kept at least twenty microscopes, of all sizes and shapes, with dissecting instruments, models, and all the necessary appliances of a naturalist. The student has everything provided for him. He is put to but little expense in purchasing text-books. Works of reference are supplied him, and an alcove in the college library contains the most valuable monographs and proceedings of the different societies. The morphological laboratory, although connected with the Green School of Science, is not in the same building. Animals can be easily procured from the neighborhood, and when this is not possible, orders are sent out for them. Dr. George Macloskie is at the head of the department. He graduated with high honors both in the Queen's and London Universities, and directed his special attention to the study of natural history. He was called, in 1874, to the chair which he now holds. He has written a number of valuable articles on insects, and original researches on the Diptera and Hymenoptera have been published. Dr. H. F. Osborn, a recent graduate of the college, has been elected a Fellow, and has charge of the morphological laboratory. He has just returned from Europe, where he has been studying under Professor Huxley and Mr. Francis Balfour. His articles on the "Development of the Newt," and on "Loxolophodon and Uintatherium," are particularly valuable. By means of the incubator,

eggs are prepared for observing the different stages of the embryo. A well-equipped histological laboratory has been added within the last year under the superintendence of Dr. W. Libbey, Jr.

No college in the country has kept more fully abreast of the educational demands of the age than Princeton, and, with the enlargement of its equipment in all departments of study, its future eminence cannot fail to be even more auspicious than that of the past.

#### CARLYLE AND THE BRIDGE AT AULDGARTH.

"PERHAPS my father," said the late Thomas Carlyle in his recently published "Reminiscences," "was William Brown's first apprentice. Somewhere about his sixteenth year, early in the course of the engagement, work grew scarce in Annandale. The two 'slung their tools,' and crossed the hills into Nithdale to Auldgarth, where a bridge was building. This was my father's most foreign adventure. He never again, or before, saw anything so new; or, except when he came to Craigenputtoch on visits, so distant. He loved to speak of it. That day, talking together, I made him tell it me all over again from the beginning, as a whole, for the first time. He could describe with the lucidest distinctness how the whole work went on, and 'headers' and 'closers,' solidly massed together, made an impregnable pile. A superintendent of the work, a mason from Edinburgh, who did nothing but look on, and, rather decidedly, insist on terms of contract, 'took a great notion of him'; was for having him to Edinburgh along with him. The master builder, pleased with his ingenious diligence, once laid a shilling on his 'banker' (stone bench for hewing on), which he rather ungraciously refused. A flood once carried off all the centres and wood-work. He saw the master anxiously, tremulously watch through the rain as the water rose. When they prevailed, and all went headlong, the poor man, wringing his hands together, spread them out with open palms down to the river, as if to say, 'There!'

"It was a noble moment, which I regret to have missed, when my father, going to look at Craigenputtoch, saw this work for the first time again, after a space of more than fifty years. How changed was all else, this thing yet the same! Then he was a poor boy, now he was a respected old man, increased in worldly goods, honored in himself and in his household. He grew alert (Jamie said) and eagerly observant, eagerly yet with sadness. Our country was all altered; browsing knowes were become seed fields; trees, then not so much as seeds, now waved out broad boughs.

"Well do I remember the first time I saw this bridge twelve years ago in the dusk of a May day. I had walked from Muir Kirk, sickly, forlorn, of saddest mood (for it was my days of darkness. A rustic answered me, 'Auldgarth.' There it lay silent, red in the red dusk. It was as if half a century of past time had fatefully for moments turned back.

"The master builder of this bridge was one Stewart of Minniyve, who afterward became my uncle John Atkins's father-in-law. Him I once saw. My Craigenputtoch mason, James Hainning's father, was the smith that 'sharpened the tools.' A noble craft is that of a mason; a good building will last longer than most books, than one book of a million. The Auldgarth bridge still spans the water silently, defies its chafing. There hangs it, and will have grim and strong, when of all the cunning hands that piled it together perhaps the last now is powerless in the sleep of death.

#### LACE-MAKING.

THE same may be said of a woman's dress as is said of Nature—that she excels in details, *maxime miranda in minimis*. We must not, then, be astonished at the important part played by lace in her attire; and, in fact, how many things here require consideration, how many delicate precautions must be taken in the fabrication of an ornament which is at once so strong and so light, so transparent and so firm!

It would be useless to write much about lace if we still retained the habits of our ancestors, for formerly every woman was a connoisseur in stitches. It was not the "cloistered nuns" alone who undertook the task of spinning, sewing and embroidering to escape the *ennui* of the convent and to prevent their thoughts from wandering to the outer world.

Needlework occupied a large portion of woman's time, even of those of high birth and station. This sedentary employment of the hours of daylight, whilst exercising the delicacy of their hands and taste, kept them at home, habituating and attaching them to a secluded life, so that even their thoughts could not stray far away. But the isolation of the large mansions, and the bad state of the roads, rendered traveling difficult, and confined dames and maidens to their houses, and even princesses to their palaces.

Queens set the example. Isabella in Spain, Catherine de Medicis in France, Catherine of Arragon in England, without naming Mary Stuart, who found thread-and-silk companions in her captivity, were clever and diligent workwomen, who themselves taught the art of needlework to the young maidens of their courts.

It is probable that lace was invented in one of these workrooms, where great ladies prepared the triumphs of their coquetry and elegance.

There was but a slight step from the open embroidery to guipure, which was the first lace; and since the oldest guipures and earliest engraved patterns came to us from Venice, there is reason to believe that lace was an Italian invention.

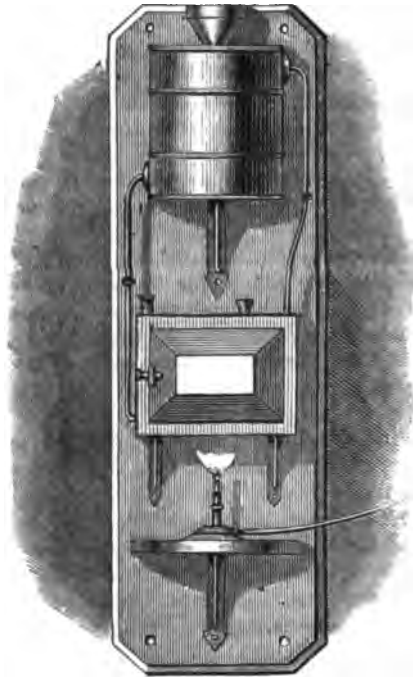
Those who attribute a much greater antiquity, and an Oriental origin, to this style of work, have not remembered that if the early Eastern races—who are the first mentioned in the history of the world—had manufactured lace several centuries before it was known in Europe, it would be strange if they had ceased to make it from the moment they communicated their secret to us; especially as these people have, since the commencement of history, faithfully retained their ideas, their habits, and their industrial arts.

Be this as it may, without dwelling on a question which is not precisely within our range, we have now to consider lace as a decorative object.

The essential distinction between embroidery and lace consists in the former being worked upon a pre-existent foundation, whilst the latter is manufactured at the same time as its foundation, and requires no ground to work upon.

By lace is understood a fabric made with a needle or with bobbins on a regular foundation, called network or trellis (*réseau ou treille*), and all work of the same style, where the design is in relief on an irregular foundation, is called guipure.

Thus it is in the foundation that the chief difference between guipure and lace exists. The one is intended to stand out from a network from which it is inseparable; the other is invented and executed independently of the ground.



THE INCUBATOR.—SEE PAGE 362.

The appearance of a piece of lace, its softness, its fullness, its elegance, are connected with innumerable details, which require to be thoroughly understood, in order to comprehend the charming and important effects resulting from the use of this trifling article.

These details are the foundation, the pattern, the stitch, the *toile*, the *grillé*, the close work (*mat*), the open work (*jours*), the edge or footing, and the pearl.

The foundation, which is also called *réseau*, is a regular network of threads, which form in crossing sometimes square or diamond-shaped meshes, like the Valenciennes, sometimes six-sided meshes, like those used in point d'Alençon. Sometimes the sides of the hexagon are strengthened by twisting the thread, or by button-holing each mesh when the lace is of needlework, and this also gives strength to the *réseau*, which is then called *fond de bride*.

When this is the case, the threads resemble the twisted bars, which form the *brides* in guipure.

But as the engraver, wishing to make his shades on the copper lighter or deeper, crosses the lines in various directions, leaving the white paper visible through them, so the lace-worker varies her *réseau*, either by crossing three threads so as to form a succession of hexagons separated by small triangles, or by small lattice-work. This latter style, which is costly and beautiful, is used in the lace called *à la Vierge*, which is manufactured at Dieppe; it is usually called *fond de cinq trous*, or five-hold netting, and

The work-woman having finished her work, her *fleur*, unites the details by means of unequal lines, called *brides*, or sometimes *barrettes*.

The *bride* in needle-lace is composed of two or three twisted threads, and, in spite of its apparent frailty, it forms a strong fastening.

In pillow guipure, the *bride* is a plait of four threads, united by a twisted or button-holed stitch.

in Auvergne is known as *mariage*. The other is the *Point de Paris*, or *fond chant*, which doubtless derives its name from an abbreviation of Chantilly, where this style of lace was first made.

What delicate inventions, simply to embellish a pretty woman! What grace is displayed in this fabric only made to please us! But we have but just reached the commencement of the combinations required.

On the *réseau*, the pattern, technically called the *fleur*, is to be worked. This is the ornament which is designed on paper, and reproduced on parchment. The outlines are first traced in pin-pricks, then in a coarse, strong cotton, which interlaces itself in the finer threads of the *réseau*. The pattern will be more or less in relief, according to the coarseness of the threads used in the outlines, whether it is a thick, flat *cordonné*, like the Malines lace, or whether no other edging is employed than a light border of the *réseau*, like that seen in the old Brussels point.

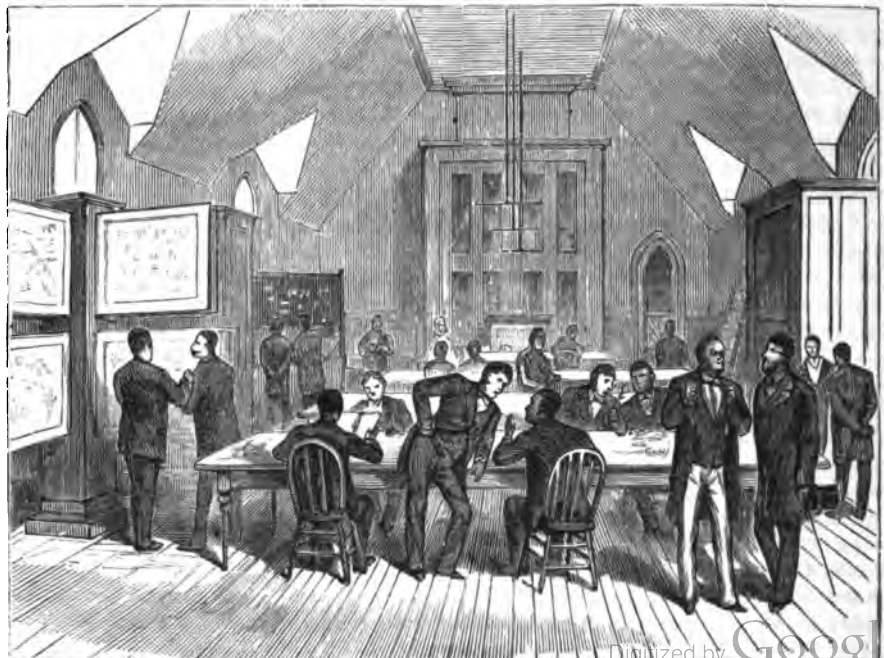
The *fleur* once traced—I should say, once completed in the exterior lines—how is it to be filled in? By linen stitch, by trellis-work, or by heavy embroidery.

The linen stitch, or *toile*, is a close texture, in which the threads cross at right angles, in the same way as in a piece of linen, and they produce a plain surface.

The *grillé*, or trellis-work, is made by the threads being a little more apart, crossing diagonally, and forming a trellis of diamonds of different sizes. The pieces where the needle or bobbin has repassed to thicken them constitute the *mat* or heavy embroidery.

Thus, in this fairy-like architecture, in which the courses of stone are, as it were, linen or silk threads, the solid masonry is represented by the *toile* and the *mat*; the apertures, half by the *grille*, and half by the openings called *jours*—but the name *jours* is only used when the openings are crossed by threads artistically arranged to intercept a part of the light. When there are no cross threads, the space left is only an open hole.

However slightly we may be acquainted with the art of engraving, or of drawing in chalks, we can easily imagine what richness, what variety, what coloring—I say it advisedly—what coloring can be given to lace by the mixture



THE STUDY OF BIOLOGY AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.—LECTURE-ROOM AND HERBARIUM.



of the *grills* with the *mat*, of the *jours* with the *toile*, by the transitions between the plain and the spotted, by the accentuation of the outlines, and, finally, by the great contrast afforded by this fanciful embroidery, and its light and regular foundation of netting, which forms a contrast

a dress to form an edging or flounce, requires a footing, technically called an *engrelure*. This consists of a kind of selvage which allows the lace to be used for different purposes—to be taken off one dress and sewn on to another—without interfering with or spoiling the pattern.

A BELGIAN FAMILY OF LACE-WORKERS.



and a transition, a softening effect, as well as a relief. This charming work becomes doubly piquant if the *réseau* is spotted with *points d'esprit*—that is, with small round knots in relief, about the size of a grain of millet-seed, placed in squares, in the same way as on tulle veils, or the small flat squares on Lisle and d'Arras lace.

This is not all; lace being usually sewn or basted on to

But some pieces do not require more than a *piéd*. By this name is designated the coarse thread to which the lace is attached; it resembles an abridgment of the *engrelure*. Instead of being at the lower edge of the lace, it finishes the top of it. There is an upper and lower edging to all lace that is not circular. The bottom one ends with a pearl (*picot*), a tiny loop of thread, not larger than a pin's point.

What minuteness in the grace of this almost imperceptible ornament! Suppress it, and there would remain a harsh, cold line; the lace would be distinct from the silk or velvet, instead of blending with it by a faint, broken outline.

These delicate fabrications, which are only made to please the eye, these ingenious methods of reproducing a design by means of interwoven threads passing through one another, are common to all laces—to all *passements*, as they were formerly called; all have the *mats*, the *jours*, the open spaces (*vides*), the *piéd*, and the *picot*—for the expressions, *toile* and *grillé*, are only employed in pillow lace—but each has its distinctive style, which results chiefly from the choice of the pattern and from the stitches used in making it. Belgium has long been famous for its lace, and our illustration shows a family engaged in the manufacture of this delicate fabric.

### THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

VL.—“Christ walking on the sea” (Matthew xiv. 22-33; Mark vi. 45-52; John vi. 17-21).

AFTER that long day of teaching, healing and feeding the multitude in the desert of Bethsaida, our Lord longed for solitary communion with His Father. Having “constrained His disciples to get into the ship,” and recross the lake to the Western Bethsaida, while He sent the multitudes away, “He departed into a mountain to pray” (Mark vi. 46).

We nowhere else find Jesus constraining His disciples to leave Him. Why did He do so now? Did He detect in them a readiness to join the multitude who, after His late miracle, would have made Him their king? This exaltation of their Master to the throne of David, involving, as it would, *their* exaltation likewise, would have gratified their earthly desires. Was it, then, to avoid being taken by force to Jerusalem that Jesus would be left alone? Or was it from very weariness of body and mind, by constant intercourse with men incapable of comprehending even His plainest utterances, still less of sympathizing with His inner life? Probably these all combined to lead Christ to retire to the mountain, and in the deep silence of night seek strength from His Father to finish the work given Him to do. How little could even the Twelve, being very earthly yet, comprehend the nature of this communion between the Eternal Son and His Father!

And may it not have been, also, to teach His disciples a deeper lesson of trust, to draw them closer to Him in spirit while absent in body, that Jesus now sends them from Him? Calm as the lake then was, He foresaw the storm which would try their faith, already gathering over the heights of Gadara.

Group by group the people dispersed to their several homes. The disciples, too, obeyed their Lord; yet we may imagine them lingering on the beach in the fond hope of His joining them ere they left the shore. But He came not; and soon they are in the ship “in the midst of the sea, and He alone on the land” (Mark vi. 47).

Amidst the deep calm which reigned within and without Him, Christ saw His disciples “toiling in rowing,” in vain trying to make head against the wind, which was “contrary,” and stronger than their rowing. Once before, at least, they had experienced a sudden tempest on those uncertain waters. But how different their case *then* from what it is *now*! *Then* Jesus had said, “Let us pass over unto the other side.” He was with them in the storm. Now He had “constrained” them to go away,

and thus left them to face the storm alone. How terrible the contrast—the wind howling, wave after wave threatening to sink the ship, and He whose voice, they knew, could calm the storm, not with them! Thus the hours passed throughout the night. They had started on their voyage about six o'clock, while it was yet twilight. Had the wind been favorable, they would soon have reached the opposite coast; but as it was, midnight found them still in the midst of the lake.

Did their Master feel for them in their distress? Did their cries reach Him and touch His heart? If they did, why did He delay to succor? We can well believe that these or similar distrustful questionings increased the dismay of the tempest-tossed mariners. The despairing cry, “Master, carest Thou not that we perish?” once before uttered, may have again mingled with the storm. What would they not give to have Him, even though asleep, in the ship? How essential to their very existence did His presence now seem to them!

And may it not have been to give the disciples this experience that Jesus left them? The discipline was severe, but salutary. It was but a few days since they had themselves wrought miracles—but a few hours since they had distributed to thousands the food provided by their Lord, and when the multitude were filled, gathered up twelve baskets full of fragments of what had not existed an hour before. The apostles were men of like passions with ourselves, in whose hearts high thoughts of self were ever ready to spring up. The late excitement may have left them impressed with a sense of their own power and importance—all-forgetful that without Christ they could “do nothing.”

What so calculated to humble *them*, and exalt *Christ*, as the trial now sent them? No such experience awaited the multitudes whom Christ had also sent away. We read of no obstacle to their progress, no lion in their path. It is His own, His chosen ones, whose lives are placed in peril. It is often thus with the beloved of the Lord; many a pitiless storm descends upon them of which the world knows nothing. But it is because “whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth” (Hebrews xii. 6). For, though Christ may seem to leave His people, He never loses sight of them. How could He? Are not their names engraven on the palms of His hands? (Isaiah xlix. 16). At the right moment, when the trial is, it may be, at its height, the sense of bereavement deepest, He, whose design has been to strengthen, not weaken faith, comes to deliver. As in nature, so is it often in spiritual experience—the darkest hour is that which precedes the dawn.

The disciples learn this blessed truth by a miracle which will also teach them wherein lay their Master's real glory—not in the possession of an earthly kingdom, to which their hopes were ever turning, but in His Divinity. This, His essential glory, Christ had already manifested by miracles wrought upon external nature, as when “the waves of His own Gennesaret,” at His word, “rooked themselves to sleep.” Now, He will display His power by making that human nature, to which He had “humbled Himself,” obedient to His Divine will.

“About the fourth watch of the night” (between three and six o'clock in the morning), Jesus, having left His disciples during three long watches, comes to their relief. But how? “Walking upon the sea.” How strange! how miraculous! A human form treading upon the waves of the sea! “His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies” (Psalm xviii. 11). Fear, rather than joy, seized the disciples at this unwanted sight. They were troubled, saying, “It is a spirit!” Jesus, though seeming as if He would pass them by, perceived their terror, and knew that it was not caused by fear of



*Him.* Had they known it was their Lord whom they dimly discerned in the gloom, they would not have feared. But to their comprehension His coming to them was simply an impossibility. They themselves had taken the only available boat the previous evening (John vi. 22). How, then, could He cross the lake? The idea—so natural to the Jewish mind—that it was a phantom, “a spirit” (whether from beneath or from above), which they saw approaching; this it was that terrified them. They had yet to learn that Christ, by whom the worlds were made (Hebrews i. 2), could not be fettered by any element in creation, and in their ignorance regarded the figure in the distance as an omen of evil.

Scarcely had they time to fear, when through the darkness and over the storm came the well-known voice, saying to them, “Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.” What comforting, calming words, “It is I!” The voice should not be mistaken. There was not one of that little crew but knew it well; but Peter is the only one to speak. How like himself, the bold, loving, impetuous apostle, are his words—“Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water” (Matthew xiv. 28).

Some there are who find much to condemn in this request of St. Peter. They see doubt in the “if” with which it begins, and an implied assumption of superiority in the words “bid me come,” as if he alone of all the Twelve had love or courage to make the venture. Faith and distrust are, no doubt, closely interwoven in this incident. Faith recognized the Master’s voice; and whatever other feeling may have lurked beneath, it was faith, boundless confidence in the power and love of Christ, which nerved His apostle to make the bold request. For the storm was yet raging when he, passing in an instant from despair to courage, says, “Lord, if it be Thou” (perhaps more correctly, “Since it is Thou”), “bid me come unto Thee on the water.” His desire was granted; Jesus said “Come,” and the next instant Peter was upon the restless wave.

But how varied the experience of God’s children—one moment strong in faith, the next tossed to and fro by doubts and fears! So it was with Peter. Scarcely had his feet touched the water when he cried, “Lord save me!” How sudden the change! To what was it owing? The sight of the troubled waters. So long as his eye was fixed on Jesus, storm and darkness were as nothing. Now he sees the wind “boisterous,” his fears awake, and he begins to sink. Thus faith gave place to fear as the wind and waves shut out of view Jesus and His power to save. Peter’s faith is now at the lowest, but it is not dead. “Beginning to sink,” he calls—not to his comrades in the ship to throw him rope or oar; not to his own strength in swimming does he look for safety—but to Him whom he knows can alone uphold him from sinking, or deliver him out of the depths, if he does sink. To that gracious Lord whom he had mistrusted he cries, “Lord, save me!” That cry was the cry of faith. Few and simple were the words, but they told all, and went straight to his Master’s heart. “Immediately” Jesus “stretched forth His hand, and caught him.” We are not told *how*, but simply Jesus “caught him”; and once “caught” he was safe. What were wind and waves to him now? How applicable the Psalmist’s words, “When I said, My foot slippeth; Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up” (Psalm xciv. 18).

What tender compassion is there in this: that Jesus “caught” His sinking disciple, and thus calmed his fears before He rebuked his “little faith.” And how gentle the rebuke! no upbraiding; merely the touching question, “Wherefore didst thou doubt?”—as if by it to recall to Peter’s mind all his Master had been to him and done for

him in times past. Had He ever given him cause to doubt Him?

Why should he doubt Him now? What reply could Peter make to that searching question? He had none to give, and remained silent. But we can well believe that as he, with his Lord, re-entered the ship, his heart throbbed with loving gratitude to his Divine Preserver.

From our Lord’s rebuke to St. Peter we may learn this: that distrust in His faithfulness grieves and displeases Him; and in the silence with which it was met, we see how deeply it was felt. Can we doubt that, as upon a subsequent and more painful occasion, when Peter “thought thereon, he wept”?

The three Evangelists who record this miracle tell of the cessation of the wind as Christ entered the ship. St. John alone adds, “And immediately the ship was at the land whither they went” (vi. 21). Have we here an instance—the only one recorded—of space itself being subject to the man, Christ Jesus? Did the disciples, after their night of toil, find themselves suddenly at the haven where they would be? Whether such was the case, or that the Evangelist merely implies that once Jesus entered the ship the vessel made rapid progress to the other side, we equally recognize His power who, as King, “sitteth upon the flood,” whose “way is in the sea,” and His “path in the great waters.”

This miracle appears to have made a deeper impression on the apostles than any previous one. “They came and worshiped” their Lord, “saying, Of a truth Thou art the Son of God” (Matthew xiv. 33). St. Mark says, “They were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure”—unable to express the extent of their amazement—“and wondered.” “For,” he adds, “they considered not”—had not fully appreciated—“the miracle of the loaves; for their heart was hardened” (Mark vi. 51, 52). He does not charge them with their want of faith, but describes their state as one of hardness of heart and unbelief. And this was their condition, in greater or less measure, until after the Resurrection of Christ. Not until the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit was poured upon them from on high, was their faith fully established.

The teaching conveyed by this miracle is varied and of peculiar interest both to the individual Christian and to the Church at large. How vividly it portrays the character of our Lord Himself—His power, love, gentleness, faithfulness; and not less vividly the character of His dealings with His people, who are, at the best, so imperfect, so unstable; one moment triumphing by faith, the next overcome by unbelief, ready to cry, “My God hath forsaken me.” For the little ship so tempest-tossed on the Lake of Galilee figures to us the Church of Christ beating about on the unquiet sea of this world, the waves and billows of trial and temptation threatening to overwhelm her. But, even as from the Mount, Christ saw that toiling crew, and at the fourth watch came to their relief, so now His eye is ever on His Church, and on each member of it. Though Himself hidden behind the veil, it is He who guides throughout the darkest night, and in the moment of deepest need comes forth mighty to save. Therefore to wait patiently on the Lord, assured that at the set time, though it be at the last watch of the night, He will surely come and not tarry, is plainly the duty of His children.

But this sitting still, this waiting we know not for what, is often hard work—a sore trial of faith; a trial in which it often fails. Else, why did the apostle pray for the Colossians that they might be “strengthened with all might . . . unto all patience”? (Colossians i. 11). For what is patience but the sitting still and waiting upon God?

The strange manner of their Master’s appearing, when





"AND WHEN THE DISCIPLES SAW HIM WALKING ON THE SEA, THEY WERE TROUBLED."

He did come, tried His disciples almost as much as His previous absence. And how unlike Him to pass by them! and yet not unlike Him whose ways are past finding out, but are ever the best ways. For, had it not been for this, the disciples then, and the Church to the end of time,

would have lost those blessed words which have soothed and comforted thousands of troubled hearts in all ages of the world: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

This walking on the sea was the second recorded miracle of Christ over elemental nature.

## WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXX.

MR. RAYMOUNT went now and then up to London, but never staid long. In the Autumn he had his books removed from Addison Square to Yrndaie, saying in London he could always get what books he wanted, but he must have his own about him or go without in the country. Having got them accommodated and arranged to his mind, all on the same floor, and partly in the same room with the old library of the house, he began, for the first time in his life, to feel he had an abiding-place. His books about him, he seldom wanted to go to town, and began to talk of selling the house in Addison Square.

In the month of October, when the forsaken spider-webs were filled no more with flies, but in the morning now with dewdrops, now with hoarfrost; and the fine stimulus, and gentle challenge of the cold drew forth the vital spirit into every fibre to meet it; when the sun shone a little sadly, and the wraith of the coming Winter might be felt hovering in the air, the major again made his appearance at Yrndaie, but not quite the man he was. He had a troubled expression, such as Mrs. Raymount had never seen on his face before; the look, it seemed to Mr. Raymount, of one who had an unpleasant duty to discharge. And in effect, he had that to do which it would cost him more to leave alone than to go through with. He had brought the things he had promised, every one of them. Mark brightened up amazingly at sight of his. For Hester alone he had brought nothing, yet it was plain his interest in the family was centred in her. At table he tried to be merry like his old self, but failed rather conspicuously, drank more wine than was his custom, and laid the blame on the climate—so different from what he had for thirty years been accustomed to! His chamber was over that of his host and hostess, and they heard him walking about for hours after he retired. There was something on his mind that would not let him sleep! He appeared in the morning, nevertheless, at the usual hour for breakfast, but showed plain marks of a sleepless night. When condoled with upon it, he answered that he feared he would have to seek a warmer climate, for if it was like this already, what would it be in January?

It was a perfect Autumn morning, and every one except the major seemed to feel the enlivening influence of it. The morning of all mornings for a walk! The proposal was made first by one then by another at the breakfast-table, but the major seemed not to hear. Just as Hester was leaving the room to get ready to go with the children, he rose and overtook her in the anteroom, with the request, humbly whispered, that she would walk with him alone, as he greatly wished a little private conversation with her. Hester, though with a little surprise, also a little undefined anxiety, at once consented, and running to her mother's room, told her.

"What can he want to talk to me about, mamma, do you think?" she concluded.

"How can I tell, my dear?" answered her mother, with a smile. "Perhaps he wants to run the risk of the daughter's refusal as well as the mother's."

"Oh, mamma! how can you joke about such a thing!"

"I'm not quite joking, my child. There is no knowing what altogether unsuitable things men will do! and who can blame them when they look around them and see how many unsuitable things are done?"

"But, mamma, he is old enough to be my father!"

"Of course he is! but don't be unkind to him, for all that. Poor man! it will be a hard fate if he has fallen in love with both mother and daughter in vain!"

"I won't go with him, mamma!"

"You had better go, my dear. You need not be much afraid. He is really a gentleman, though very easily mistaken for something else. And you must not forget how much we owe him for Mark!"

"Do you mean, mamma," said Hester, with a strange look out of her eyes—she was sometimes oddly stupid for a moment as to the intent of those she knew best—"that I ought to marry him if he asks me?"

Her mother laughed heartily.

"What a goose you are, my darling! don't you know your mother from a cow yet?"

But the truth was, her mother so rarely jested that there was some excuse for her. She laughed heartily at herself, and relieved from the passing pang of a terror, went and put on her bonnet to go with the cause of it. She did not at all like the thing, for no one could be certain that anything conceivable would be too outrageous for him. If one could imagine it, why not another? And for the major to take a thing into his head was almost the same as to attempt at least to carry it out. She had only seen him for two whole days; but she had corresponded with him frequently, though briefly, concerning Mark; and now that he was here again, she could, alas! very well imagine he might be going to make her an offer!

They set out together, but until they were out of sight of the house walked in absolute silence, and that seemed to Hester to bode no good. Then how changed the poor man was, she thought, pityingly! It would be horrid if he were made still more miserable by anything she might be forced to say to him! Steadily he marched along, his stick under his arm like a sword, and his eyes looking straight before him.

"Cousin Hester," he said at length, "I am about to talk to you very strangely—to conduct myself in a very unusual manner. I may indeed make you a very strange proposal ere I have done. Can you believe a man might carry himself so, even find occasion from the very best of motives to render himself intensely, unpardonably disagreeable and presuming?"

This was a speech very different from any she could have expected from him. That he should behave oddly it was almost natural to expect, but never that he should be aware of it and intend it!

"I could almost believe anything when human behavior is the point; I have seen enough of it for that amongst the unsophisticated!" answered Hester, aiming at a generality; for she did not wish either to lead him on or to push him back; whatever it was he had to say, it evidently would out one way or another, and the sooner the thing was over the better.

"Tell me," he said, suddenly, after a pause that was just beginning to be awkward, and then paused again. "—But let me ask you first," he resumed, "whether you feel as if you could trust me a little. I am old enough to be your father—let me say your grandfather; fancy I am your grandfather; and in my soul I believe neither your father nor your grandfather, if you have one, wishes you well more truly than I do. Tell me, I say, and let me see

that you can trust me—what is there between you and that—and Mr. Vavasor?"

Hester was silent. The silence would have lasted but for a moment, for it was characteristic of Hester that instead of being indignant with him for presuming, and on such short acquaintance, to ask her such a question, she immediately began to ask herself what answer there was to give to it. Her first thought was not that she was no-wise bound to answer the question; that thought might have come presently, but it did not come now. Before she knew, however, what might, or even what might not, with truth be answered, the major resumed.

"I know," he said, "young ladies—the best of them—think such things are not to be talked about; but there are exceptions to every rule. David ate the show-bread because there was a good reason for breaking a good rule. Are you engaged to Mr. Vavasor?"

"No," answered Hester, promptly.

"What is it, then? Are you going to be?"

"If I could answer that in the affirmative," said Hester, "would it not be much the same as being engaged to him already?"

"No! no!" cried the major, almost vehemently. "So long as your word was not passed, it would be as different as the pole from the equator. I thank God you are not engaged to him!"

"But why?" asked Hester, with a pang of something very like fear. "He is free and so am I. Only I should like to understand why you should be so anxious about it."

"He has never told you he loved you?"

"No, again," said Hester, hurriedly. She felt instinctively that the truest, best way was to answer directly where there was no obligation to silence. What he might be wrong to ask she was not therefore wrong to answer. But her last word shook a little, for the doubt came whether the reply, though literally true, was strictly so. "We are friends," she added. "We trust each other a good deal."

"Trust him with anything but your heart, my dear," said the major, earnestly. "Trust him with anything but that. He is not worthy of you."

"Do you say that to flatter me or to disparage him?"

"Entirely to disparage him. I never flatter."

"You did not surely bring me out, Major Marvel, for the sake of compelling me to hear one of my best friends evil spoken of?" said Hester, now beginning to be angry.

"I certainly did—if the truth be evil speaking—but just so far as necessary to protect you from him and no further. The man himself I do not feel interest enough in to abuse. He is a nobody—one of the most insignificant of mortals."

"That only shows you do not know him. You would not speak of him so if you did," said Hester, widening the space between her and the major, and feeling ready to choke with what she put in such gentle form.

"I am confident I should have worse to say if I knew him better. It is you who do not know him. It astonishes me that sensible people like your father and mother should let a fellow like that come prowling after you like a man-eating tiger! Believe me, the man is not worthy of you."

"What have you got against him?—not that I have a right to ask or to object more than any other friend of his; but I do hate backbiting. As his friend, I ask you what have you got against him?"

"That's the worst of it: I can't tell you of anything very bad of him. But a man of whom no one has anything good to say—one of whom never a warm word is to be heard—"

"You hear one now, and there are more behind," said Hester.

"That's the worst of it! He is altogether detestable to me. I dare say you think it a fine thing that he should stick to business as he has done! He was put to that before there was much chance of his succeeding, and then his aunt would not have him on her hands to spend the money she meant for the earldom. He must earn his own bread, or she would have nothing to do with him! By George, she must be a sensible woman, that! His elder brother would have succeeded if he hadn't killed himself before it fell due; there are things that must not be talked about to young ladies. I don't say that your *friend* has disgraced himself; that he has not: by Jove it takes a good deal for that in his set! But that not a soul should care twopence for him out of his own family—"

"There are some who are better liked anywhere than at home, and they're not the better sort," said Hester.

"That goes for less than nothing. I know the better part of him—that which chance acquaintances never see. He does not carry his heart on his sleeve. I assure you, Major Marvel, he is a man of uncommon gifts and—"

"Great attractions!—to me invisible," said the major, rudely.

Hester turned from him.

"I am going home," she said. "Luncheon is at the usual hour."

"Just one word," said the major, hurrying after her.

"I swear to you by the living God I have no end in view but to save you from a miserable fate! Promise me not to marry this man, and I will settle on you a thousand a year—safe. I swear to you I will. You shall have the principal if you prefer."

Hester only walked the faster.

"Hear me," he went on, almost in an agony of entreaty mingled with something like anger. "I mean it. What is that to do for one for whom and for whose family I have such a regard!"

She turned on him a glance of contempt. But the tears were in his eyes. She saw them and her heart smote her. He had abused her friend, but was plainly honest in his abuse. Her countenance changed as she looked at him. A new light as to how she ought to treat him came to her. She laid her hand on his arm, and said:

"Dear Major Marvel, I will speak to you without any more anger. The thing you want me to promise is a thing that either ought to be done or ought not to be done: what would you, in a quieter mood, think of any one who would take money to do the thing she ought to do? I will not ask you what you would think of one who took money to do the thing she ought not to do! I would not *promise* not to marry a beggar from the street. It *might* be disgraceful to marry the beggar; it would be disgraceful to promise not—even where no gain was concerned."

"Yes, yes, my dear; you are quite right—absolutely right," said the major, humbly. "I only thought of making you feel independent of anybody. You don't think half enough of yourself. Is he going to ask you to marry him?"

"Perhaps. But I do not know."

"One more question. Can you secure to yourself any liberty? Will your father settle anything upon you?"

"I don't know. I have never thought about things of that sort. They do not interest me. And if they did I would not let them."

"How could they let the man be about with you so much without asking him what he meant by it?"

"You might just as well ask me what I meant by it!"



"If I had such a jewel to look after, I would do it to better purpose."

"Would you have shut me up like an Eastern lady?" said Hester, laughing, "and make life miserable to me in order to take care of me? If a woman has any sense at all, Major Marvel, she can take care of herself, and if she has not enough for that, perhaps it is time she should learn the need of it."

"Ah!" said the major, sadly; "but the thousand pangs to go through you! I would sooner see my child on the funeral pyre of a husband she loved, than living a merry life with one she despised!"

Hester began to feel she had not done the major justice.

"So I would!" she said, heartily. "I know you mean me well, and I will not forget how kindly you have interested yourself for me. Now let us go back."

"One thing more, just: if ever you think I can help you, you will let me know?"

"That I promise with all my heart," she answered. "I mean," she added, "if it is a thing worth troubling you about, and I have no one else."

The major's face fell

"I see," he said, "it won't do to make you promise anything. Well, stick to that, and *don't* promise. I throw myself on your generosity, and trust you to remember that there is an old man that loves you, and has more money than he knows what to do with, to whom it would be the greatest kindness to help him to do some good with it."

"Ah!" said Hester, her face flushing, "if that is what you really mean, I think the day may come when I shall ask your help. We shall see. In the meantime, if it be any pleasure to you to know it, I trust you heartily. Only you are all wrong about Lord Gartley. He is not what you think him."

As she spoke she gave him her hand.

The major took it in his own soft, small one—small enough almost for the hilt of an Indian tulwar—and pressed it devoutly to his lips. She did not draw it away, and he felt she did trust him.

And now that the duty was done, and if not much good yet no harm had resulted, he went home a different man. A pang of fear about Gartley would now and then cross him; but he would say to himself that he had now a right to look after her, and who could tell what might turn up? If only he could prove a burglary, or something of the sort, against the fellow! Lords had been hanged before now! But that was too good to hope for! His lordship was much too careful a man of the world ever to get into any scrape!

His host and hostess congratulated him on looking so much better for his walk. But to her mother Hester had told the story of their strange conversation.

"Only think, mamma!" she said. "He offered me a thousand a year not to marry Lord Gartley!"

"Hester! What did the man mean? Was there no condition besides?"

"None. He does not like Mr. Vavasor, and he does like me; therefore he does not want me to marry him. That is all!"

"Well, I thought I could have believed anything of him! This goes almost beyond belief!"

"Why should it, mamma? There is an odder thing still; and that is, that instead of hating him for it—as I almost did at first—I like him now better than ever."

"Are you certain he has no notion of getting you to take him instead some day?"

"Quite certain. He has none whatever. He spoke of

himself as old enough to be my grandfather. But you know he is not that!"

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind having him then, Hester," said her mother, merrily, "seeing he is too young to be your grandfather?"

"I suppose you had a presentiment that I should like him, and so left him to me, mamma!" said Hester, in like vein.

"But now, Hester, is it not time we knew what Lord Gartley means? What do you think?"

"It will be time enough to think about it when he comes again—if he ever comes—now that he has succeeded. I am afraid he is not quite so much his own master as I should like my husband to be; it is one thing, to marry a man—and another, to marry a man and his aunt!"

"How would you like to be a countess, Hester?"

"Mamma, I would rather not think about it before it is put in my power to choose—which very likely it never will be."

"Well, I think it very strange to have sought so much of your society and never have said a word to you of the sort!"

"Mightn't you just as well say it was very strange of me to let him find so much of my society, or of you, mamma, dear, to let him come to the house as you have so kindly done?"

"But it was neither your part nor mine to say anything. And your father has always said he would scorn to ask a man his *intentions*; either he was fit to be in his daughter's company, or he was not. If he didn't think him fit he would soon get rid of him. But his daughter could best manage her own affairs. He is quite an American in his way of looking at such matters."

"That is just what I think, mamma. And if I let him come, surely he was not to blame for coming. He might mean this or that by it!"

"But, my child, I can't help being anxious for you. If you should have got fond of him, and then it were all to come to nothing!"

"It can't come to nothing, mamma. People must either be the better or the worse for being so much together; neither of us will be any the worse for it, I trust. As to what I think about him, I don't feel as if I quite knew; and I don't think I am bound to know if he is content as things are. I dare say you think me very cool; and in truth I don't always understand myself. But, perhaps, so long as you try to do what is right as it comes up, it may not be necessary always to understand yourself. I will try to do what is right—you may be sure of that, mamma."

"I am sure of that, my dear—quite sure; and I won't trouble you more on the matter. Only I should not like to see my Hester pining and wasting away, a love-sick maiden!"

"Depend upon it, mamma, if I found myself in that condition no one else should discover it," said Hester, partly in play, but thoroughly in earnest.

"That shows how little you know about such things, my love! You could no more hide it from the eyes of your mother than you could a husband."

"Such things have been hid before now, mamma! And yet why should a woman ever hide anything? I must think about that! Not from one's own mother, anyhow! When I am dying of love, I will let you know. But it won't be to-morrow or the next day."

The major was in no haste to leave, but he spent most of his time with Mark, and was in nobody's way. Mark was never happier than with the major. There was such a childlike nature in the man, that, although he knew

little of the deep things in which Mark was at home, his presence was never an interruption to the child's better thoughts; and when the boy would make a remark in the upward direction, he would look so grave, and hold such a peace, that it never jarred the child's higher nature. Who knows what he may not, even unconsciously, have gained by the intercourse?

One day he was telling the boy how he had been out alone on a desolate hill all night; how he had heard the beasts roaring round him, and that not one of them came near him.

"Did you see Him?" asked Mark.

"See who, sonny?" asked the major.

"The One that was between you and them," answered Mark, in a subdued tone; and from the tone the major knew of whom he spoke.

"No," he answered. Then taking into his the spirit of the child, he went on, "I don't think any one sees Him nowadays."

"Isn't it a pity?" said Mark. Then after a thoughtful pause, he resumed: "Well, not see Him just with your eyes, you know! But old Jonathan at the cottage—he has got no eyes, you know—at least none to speak of, for they're no good to see with—he always speaks of seeing the people he has been talking with, and in a way he does see them, don't you think? In that way people do see God yet. But I feel sometimes as if I must have seen Him with my very eyes some time when I was young; and so I keep always expecting to see Him again—some day, you know—some day. Don't you think I shall, Major Marvel?"

"I hope so, indeed, Mark—it would be a bad job if we were never to see Him!" he added, suddenly struck with a feeling such as he had never had before.

"Yes, indeed; that it would!" responded the child.

"Why, where would be the good of it all, you know! That's what we came here for—ain't it? God calls children—I know He calls some, for He said, Samuel! Samuel! I wish He would call me!"

"What would you say?" asked the major.

"I would say—'Here I am, God! What is it?' We mustn't keep God waiting, you know."

The major felt, like Wordsworth with the leech-gatherer, that the child was sent to give him "apt admonishment." Could God have ever called him and he not have listened? Of course it was all a fancy! And yet, as he looked at the child, and met his simple, believing eyes, he felt as if he had been a great sinner, and the best things he had done were not fit to be looked at.

The major was still at Yrndaale when, in the gloomy month to which for a certain reason he had changed his holiday, Cornelius arrived. The major could scarcely believe either eyes or ears that this was one of the family—the very heir of it, so altogether inferior, and that through all his good looks and thin varnish of manner did he appear. There was a kind of mean beauty about his face and person that revolted the major, and from the first he distrusted him. "That lad will bring grief on them all yet," he said to himself, "or my diagnosis is at fault!" He was, however, more than usually polite to the major; he was in the army, which was the goal of his aspiration—an officer with rule over other men! At the same time had that rule been over himself, he would have resented the mere fact, and rebelled against it in all manner of mean, underhand ways. But he laughed at what he called the major's vulgarity in private, and delighted in annoying Hester with remarks upon her "ancient adorer." Because he prized nothing of the kind, he could see nothing of the essential worth of the major; took note only of his careless blunders and small personal

habits and oddities. But in truth the major was not properly vulgar, but ill-bred; he had not had a sharp enough mother, jealous for the good manners as well as good behavior of her boy. There are many ladylike mothers who are ladylike because their mothers were ladies, and taught them to behave like ladies, whose children do not turn out ladies and gentlemen, because they do not teach them as they were taught themselves. But Cornelius had been taught—and had learned nothing but manners. He was vulgar with a vulgarity that went miles deeper than that of the major. The major would have been sorry to find he had hurt the feelings of a dog; Cornelius would have whistled on learning that he had hurt the feelings of a woman. If the major was a clown, Cornelius was a cad. There should be no sympathy between them. The one was capable of genuine sympathy; the other not yet of any. He loved his own paltry self, counting it the most precious thing in creation. The major was conceited, it is true, but had no lofty opinion of himself. Hence it was that he thought so much of his small successes in life. He was ready to boast of them—but mainly with the view of establishing himself comfortably in his own eyes and the eyes of friends. His boasting was little more than a dog's turning of himself round and round before he lies down. From his really moderate opinion of himself, he could not afford to be misjudged. He knew they were small things of which he had to boast, but he knew no other, and scorned to invent; these would serve, he thought, to place him on the good terms he desired with those about him; the great things, on the other hand, those in which he had showed himself a true and generous man, he looked upon as a matter of course, and did not recognize anything in them to think about twice. He was not a great man, but had some elements of greatness; he had no vision of truth, but acted by a kind of moral instinct; when that should blossom, as one day it must, into true intent, then he would begin to be a great man. As he was, he was not yet safe from doing wrong if subjected to certain forms of temptation.

The major was, however, more careful than usual not to make himself disagreeable to Cornelius, for his feelings put him on his guard. He was polite to him—and thus flattered, without intending it, and without blame, the vanity of the youth, who did not therefore spare his criticism behind his back. Hester was generally vocal in his defense, but sometimes would not condescend even to justify him to such an accuser. One day she lost her temper with the beam-eyed fool. "Cornelius, the major may have his faults," she said, "but you are not the man to find them out. He is ten times the gentleman you are. I say it deliberately, and with all my soul!" She was just beginning this speech when the major entered the room; but she did not see him till she had ended it. He had heard it all, but took no notice—only asked Cornelius to go with him for a walk. Hoping he had not "twigged," and anxious to remove possible suspicion, Cornelius readily agreed, and as they walked behaved better to the major than he had ever done before—for a time, that is—until he had persuaded himself that he had heard nothing, when he speedily relapsed into his former condescension—a manner in which indeed he meant no offense, but which, notwithstanding, was full of thin offense to all about him—and the major saw through him more certainly than before—deeper than his mother or even Hester saw—descried a certain furtive anxiety in the youth's eyes when he was not talking, an unrest as of trouble he would not show; and he said to himself, "The rascal has been doing something wrong. He is afraid of being found out! Time will show, for found out he is sure to be; he has not

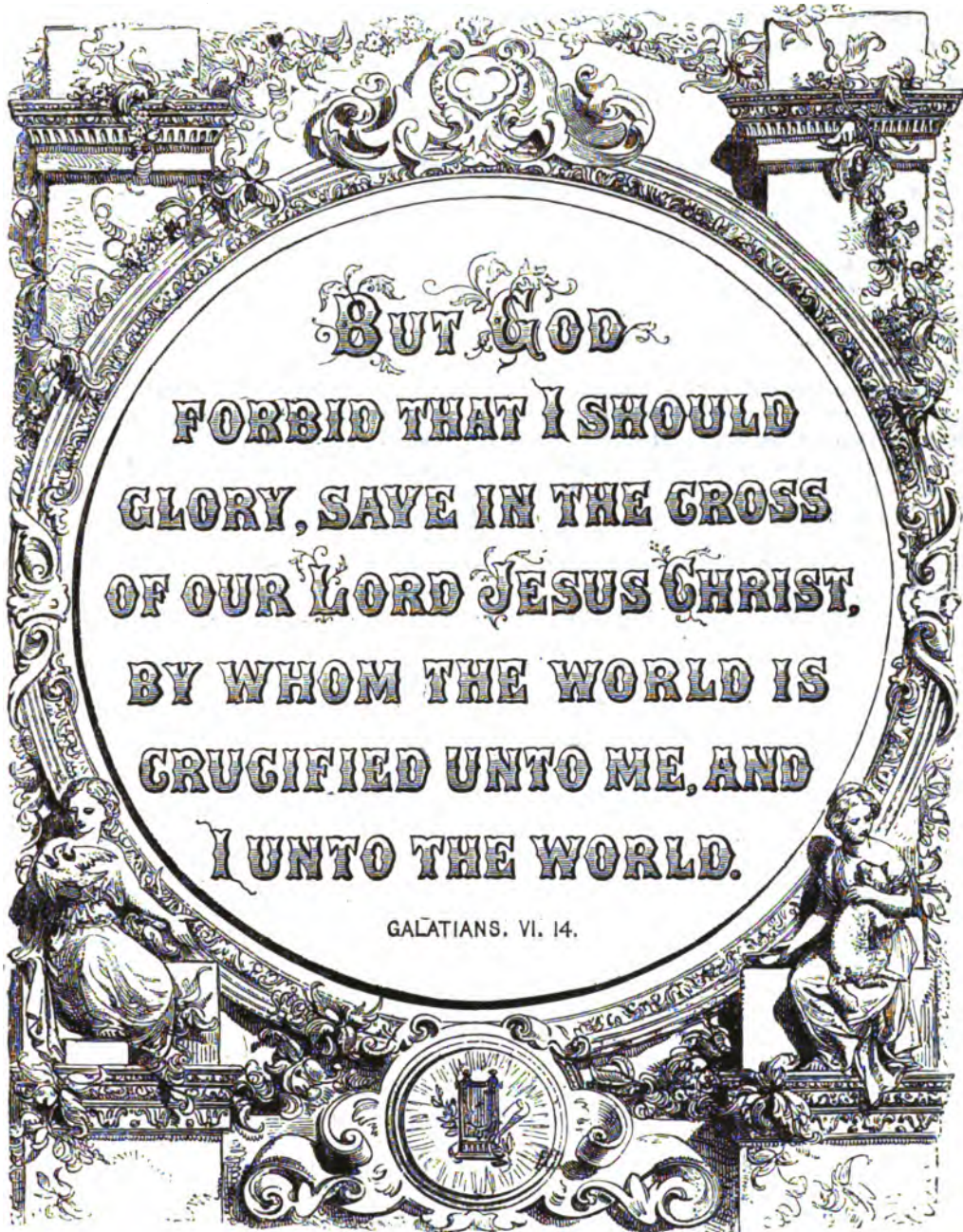
the brains to hide a thing! It's not murder, for he has neither pluck nor hate nor rage enough for that; it may be petty larceny! Whatever it is it will be out by-and-by—and then as a cool fellow, with nothing to do, I may be of use!"

The weeks went on. Cornelius's month wore out, nor did he stay quite to the end of it, but seemed restless to be gone, nor responded to the lamentations of the two

eye. He was not moping—only weakly, and when a little sad-looking, even, was quite happy.

"I don't think I mope, Hesty—do I?" he said. "What does Corney mean? I shouldn't like to do what wasn't nice. I like to be pleasant!"

"Never mind, Markie dear," answered Hester; "it's only that you are not very strong—not up to a game of romps, as you used to be. God will make you strong



children that Christmas was so near, and their new home such a grand one for keeping it in, and Corney was not to be with them. For though he did not show them much kindness, a little went a great way with them, and they did love him. He bade them all good-by in his usual off-hand way.

"Mind you're well, Markie, before I come again. You're not a pleasant sight moping about the house," and this was his last speech to Mark. The tears came in the child's

again one day, and then you will be merry with the best of them."

"I feel merry enough," replied Mark; "only somehow it goes all about inside me, and don't seem to want to come out—like that little bird, you know, that we caught, and it wouldn't go out of the cage though I left the door open for it to go if it liked. I suppose it felt just like me. I don't seem to care if I never go out of the house again."

He was indeed happy enough—more than happy when



*Majis* was there. They would be together most days almost the whole of the day. And the amount of stories that Mark, with all the contemplativeness of his disposition, could swallow was amazing. Perhaps, indeed his capacity and his need were only the greater for his contemplativeness. For he who thinks truly, and does not live from the outside, may yet welcome the more heartily all that comes from it. That may be good food which cannot give life. But the family party was soon to be broken up—not by subtraction, but by addition. The presence of the major had done nothing to spoil the homeness of home, but it was now for a time to be destroyed.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

A LETTER came from Lord Gartley, begging Mrs. Raymount would excuse the liberty he had taken, and allow him to ask whether he might presume upon the kind wish she had casually expressed to welcome his aunt to the hospitality of Yrndaale. London was empty, therefore his aunt's engagements, although Parliament was sitting, were few, and he believed if Mrs. Raymount would take the trouble to invite her, she might be persuaded to avail herself of the courtesy. "I am well aware," he wrote, "of the seeming rudeness of this suggestion, but you, dear Mrs. Raymount, can read between lines, and understand that it is no presumptuous desire to boast my friends to her that makes me venture what to other eyes than yours might well seem an arrogance. If you have no room for us, or if it would spoil your Christmas party, do not scruple to put us off, I beg. I shall understand you, and will say nothing to my rather peculiar but most worthy aunt, waiting a more convenient season."

The desired invitation was immediately dispatched—with some wry faces on the part of the head of the house, who, however, would not oppose what his wife wished. He had long ago learned that to oppose her was all but certain to give occasion to repentant second thoughts.

Notwithstanding his knowledge of men, that is, of fundamental human nature, Mr. Raymount was not good at reading a man, who made himself agreeable, and did not tread on the toes of any of his pet theories.

He did not at all see through or even into Vavasor, though I cannot help thinking he ought to have seen into him, for he was by no means a profound or intentional hypocrite. Only Mr. Raymount never started on a new relation with any suspicions. The man of the world would have called him too good, therefore too trusting, therefore a fool.

It was not, however, any over-exalted idea of human nature that led him astray in his judgment of the individual; it was merely that he was too much occupied with what he counted his work, with his theories first, then his writing of them, then the endless defending of them, to be able to discover at any distance beyond the focus of his short-sighted eyes. Vavasor was a gentlemanly fellow, and that went a long way with him. He did not oppose him, and that went another long way: of all things he could not bear to be opposed in what he so plainly saw to be true. He could not think why every other honest man should not at once also see it to be true. He forgot that the difficulty is not so much in recognizing the truth of a proposition as in recognizing what the proposition is.

Vavasor, then, was rather a favorite with Mr. Raymount. If his wife and daughter liked him, he was prejudiced on behalf of any man. So he was not the man to take that care of his daughter which common people—that is, people of the world—think necessary. But, on the whole, even

with the poor education given them, women, if let alone, would do that better for themselves than father or brother will do it for them.

The day before Christmas Eve the expected visitors arrived—just in time to dress for dinner.

The family was assembled in the large, old drawing-room of dingy white and tarnished gold when Miss Vavasor entered. She was tall and handsome and had been handsomer, for she was not of those who, growing themselves, grow more beautiful as they grow older. She was dressed in the plainest, handsomest fashion—in black velvet, fitting well her fine figure, and half covered with point lace of a very thick texture—Venetian, probably. The only stones she wore with it on dress or person were diamonds. Her features were regular, her complexion was sallow, but not too sallow for the sunset of beauty; her eyes were rather large, and of a clear gray; her expression was very still, self-contained, and self-dependent without being self-satisfied; her hair was more than half gray, but very plentiful. Altogether she was one with an evident claim to distinction, which she never put forward, because she never dreamed its assertion necessary. To the merest glance she showed herself well born, well nurtured, well-trained, and well kept, hence well preserved. Her manner was as simple as her dress—not a trace of the vulgarity of condescension about it, or the least more stiffness than was becoming with persons whose acquaintance she had yet to make, and toward whose better acquaintance, the rather that she was their guest, it was but decent to advance gently and with circumspection, leaving room to fall back or retreat should that happen to prove desirable. She spoke with the utmost readiness and simplicity, looked with interest at Hester, but without curiosity, had the sweetest smile at hand for use as often as wanted—a modest smile which shone but for a moment and was gone. There was nothing in her behavior to indicate a consciousness of error from her sphere, though not the less she believed herself of an altogether higher order in life than those she had come to visit. The world had given her the appearance of much of which Christ gives the reality. For the world very oddly prizes the form whose informing reality it despises.

Lord Gartley was in fine humor, had never, to these friends, appeared to so great advantage, seeming so much the more at home that his aunt was there, too; the arrival of one who is more of a stranger generally places a former guest on sudden terms of apparent intimacy. Vavasor had never put off his company manner with Hester's family; but Gartley was almost merry, altogether graciously familiar—as if bent on bringing out the best points of the family, and preventing his aunt's greatness from making them abashed, or causing them by too much modesty to show a lack of breeding. But how shall I describe his lordship's face when Major Marvel entered: he had not even feared his presence. A blank dismay, such as could seldom have been visible there, a strange mingling of annoyance, contempt, and fear, clouded it with a mixed and inharmonious expression, which made him look very much like a discomfited commoner. But in a moment he had overcome the unworthy sensation, whatever it was, and was again impassive and seemingly cool. The Major did not choose to catch sight of him at first, but was presented to Miss Vavasor by their hostess, as her cousin. He appeared a little awed by the fine-looking woman, and comported himself with the dignity which awe gives, behaving like any gentleman used to good society. Seated next to her at dinner, he did not once refer to pig-sticking, or tiger-shooting, to elephants, or niggers, or even to his regiment, or India, but talked

about the last opera, and the last play out, uttered some good criticisms upon the acting he had seen when last in London, and altogether conducted himself in such manner as to make Vavasor almost grateful to him—would have made him quite grateful to a small degree, had he not put it down to the quelling influence of the imperial presence of his high-born aunt, before which the inferior nature was cowed with the consciousness of its own miserable lack. But the truth was, that—while indeed the major was naturally checked a little by the indescribable impression of a self-sufficing feminine presence, and the stately carriage of Miss Vavasor, who did not at first quite like him—the cause that chiefly operated to his suppression was of another kind and from an opposite source.

He had been strongly tempted all that day to a very different course. Remembering what he had heard of the character of the lady, and of the relation between her and her nephew, he knew at once, when told she was coming, that Gartley had brought her down with the hope of gaining her consent to his asking Hester to marry him. "The rascal knows," said the major to himself, "that nothing human could stand out against her! There is only her inferior position to urge from any point of view." And therewith arose his temptation: might he not so behave before the aunt as to disgust her with the family, and so save his lovely cousin from being sacrificed to a heartless noodle? The fellow would not go against his aunt! And for Hester, to the extent of his means he was prepared to do what money could do to console her. And was not money better than a poor empty title any day? He recalled the ways of his youth, remembered with what delightful success he had annoyed aunts and cousins and lady friends, so that some of them would for months pass him without even looking at him: how easy it would be to give this fine lady the impression that the family to which he belonged was not altogether of the sort to consort with that of an earl! "I'll soon settle the young ape's hash!" he said to himself. "It only wants a little free-and-easiness with my lady to do the deed. It can cost me nothing except her good opinion, which I never had, and do not care to have. I'll lay you anything to nothing, if she knew how much money I have, she would marry me herself, after it all! I don't quite think myself a lady-killer; my—hum!—*entourage* is against that, but I know what money is and what money can do! Only I don't want her, and I want my money for her betters! What awfully jolly fun it would be to send her out of the house in a rage—and a good deed done, too!—and I'll do it! See if I don't!"

He might possibly have found it not quite so easy to shock Miss Vavasor as some of his late country cousins.

In this resolution he had begun to dress, but before he had finished, he had begun to have his doubts. It would not be honorable! It would be to bring such indignation upon himself that even Mark would turn from him! He hoped some day to be allowed to do something for Hester, but he knew she would not accept a postage-stamp from him after he had behaved so as to bring disgrace on her family, and drive away her suitor! Besides, he might fail. They might come to an explanation, though he must be left out in the cold. Before he went down he had resolved to leave the fancy alone, and behave like a gentleman. But with every sip of wine, the temptation came stronger and stronger. The spirit of fun awoke in him. Not merely for the sake of Hester, but for the joke of the thing, he was tempted. He had to keep fighting his impulse till the struggle was almost more than he could endure. And just thence came the subdued character of his demeanor at table. What had threatened to

destroy his manners for the evening, was just the means of so correcting his usual behavior, that it was in no way to be distinguished from that of any ordinary gentleman. By a kind of reaction, indeed, and as an escape from the strife within him, he found himself trying to make himself agreeable to the lady, who being in truth good-natured, was by and by interested and pleased with him. This reacted on him, and he began to be pleased with her, and so more at his ease. And then came the danger not unforeseen of some at the table; he began to tell one of his stories. But thereupon he saw Hester begin to look anxious; and one glance at her was enough to put him upon his honor. Ere dinner was over he said to himself that if only the nephew had been half as good a fellow as the aunt, he would have been happy to give the young people his blessing and a handsome present.

"By Jove!" said Gartley, "the scoundrel is not such a low fellow, after all! I think I will try to forgive him!" For what, he could scarcely have said. Every now and then he would listen across the table to their talk, and anything the major said that pleased his aunt would please him amazingly, and at one little witticism of hers in answer to the major, he burst into such an unwontedly hearty laugh that his aunt looked up.

"That amuses you, Gartley?" she said.

"It was very clever, aunt," he said.

"Major Marvel has all the merit," she returned; and that finally slew the major's temptation to do evil that good might come, and sacrifice himself that Hester might not sacrifice herself.

After dinner, some of them sat down to whist, of which Miss Vavasor was very fond. When, however, she found that they did not play for money, she praised the asceticism of the manner, but did not thereafter take much interest in the game. The major saw this, and as he had no scruples either of conscience or of pocket in the matter, he contrived to get out of the whist, and proposed cribbage to her, for what points she pleased. She acceded at once. The major was the best player in his regiment, but from whatever cause, Miss Vavasor had much the best of it, and regretted that she had not set the points higher. For all her life, whatever she did, she had had money in the one eye and the poor earldom in the other, but had a little more than almost come to love the money for its own sake. The major laid down his half-crowns so cheerfully, yea, with such a look of satisfaction, even, that she began quite to like the man, and to hope he would be there for some time, and prove as fond of cribbage as she was. All the fears of Lord Gartley as to the malign influence of the major vanished.

And now that he was feeling more at his ease, and saw from the way his aunt regarded Hester, that she was at least far from displeased with her, he began to come out in all the powers of fascination he possessed. His finer nature appeared. He grew playful, even teasing; gave repeatedly a quick repartee; and when they went to the piano, sang as his aunt had never heard him sing before. But when it came to Hester to sing, then the thing was done, and the aunt was won; for she saw at once what a sensation such a singer would make in her heavenly circle—only that she had a little *too* much expression—only that she sang well enough for a professional—too well, in fact, for a respectable amateur who had no object in singing. But she saw also that in manner and style, not to mention beauty, Hester would be a great and decided strength to the family, and bring a not inconsiderable counterpoise to the title of her nephew. For with all she was able to give him, he would be far from rich for a peer. And again, for aught that seemed, there might be something coming



VIEW OF THE AXEN ROAD NEAR THE VILLAGE OF SISKON.—SEE PAGE 381.

to Hester by-and-by! This cousin, who seemed to have plenty of money, he parted with it so easily, might be moved by noble feelings like her own in regard of his family, and might even one day make Hester rich if she were countess. So the thing, I say, was settled so far as the chief family worshiper was concerned.

Christmas was a merry day to all but the major, who did not like the thing any better than before, found refuge and consolation with Mark. The boy was merry in a mild, reflected way, because the rest were merry, but liked better to be in his room with "dear Majie," than in the drawing-room with the grand lady and the rest. He would steal away from it, assured that in a moment or two up would come the major after him, keep him company, and tell him stories about the things he had brought him, and kept sending to London for.

Gartley now began to make love with full intent and purpose—and with success. "How could she listen to him!" says this and that exceptional reader. To explain

the thing is more than I am bound to undertake. As I may have said twenty times before, how this woman will have this man is one of the deeper mysteries of the world—yea, of the Maker of the world, perhaps. One thing I may fairly suggest: that, if, where men see no reason why a woman should love this or that man, and even look upon him as unworthy of her affection, we may suppose that she sees something in him which the objecting either do not see or do not value as she does.

Hester found her lover now most pleasant to her. If sometimes he struck a jarring chord, she was always able to find some way of accounting for it, or explaining it away—if not entirely to her satisfaction, yet so far that she was able to go on hoping everything, and for the present to put off any further consideration of the particular phenomenon to the coming time when, like most self-deceiving women, she scarcely doubted she would have greater influence over him—when, namely, they should be married, and so one soul! But where there is not already a far deeper unity than marriage can give, marriage itself can do but little to bring two souls together—may do much to drive them far asunder.

She began to put him in training, as she thought, for the help she expected from him in her work among her loved poor. "What a silly!" exclaims one of my common-minded girl-readers: "that was not the way to land her

fish!" I say, let those who are content to have fishy husbands, net or hook and land them as they can; but a woman in herself is more than any husband can give her, though he may take much from her. But Gartley had no real idea of her outlook on life, and regarded all her endeavor with him as arising merely from a desire to perfect that in which she had great pride—his voice and singing—namely. He began to imagine that with such teaching as she could give him, he must at length turn out her worthy equal—not even second! He had no notion what sort of thing genius is. Not millions of years, without an utter regeneration of nature, could make such a man as Gartley able to sing like Hester. She sang because of the life that was in her. Her music came out of her being, not out of her brain and her throat. If such a one as Gartley could sing, there was no reason why he should be kept singing. In all the arts the man who does not reach to higher things falls away from the things he has.



For Hester the days now passed in pleasure; and I fear that the presence and love of Lord Gartley, though supposed by her to be a very different man from that he was, influenced at least the *rate* of her growth toward the upper regions—did not a little to check it for the time. We cannot be heart and soul in the company of the evil—and the untrue is the evil—however disguised as an anger of light in the mirage of our loving eyes, without losing thereby. Her prayers were not so fervent, her aspirations were not so strong as for some time before.

Though there were women who would have bewitched Gartley much more, yet he might well delight to be talked to and taught by such a presence as Hester, and yielded himself with pleasing grace to her desires. Inclined to rebel, or get weary of even her demands on his attention and effort, he condescended to them with something of the playfulness with which one would humor a child; he would have a sweet revenge by-and-by! His turn would come soon, when he would have to instruct her in many things she was now ignorant of! She had never moved in his world—the great world; he must teach her its laws, instruct her how to shine, how to make the most of herself, and do honor to his choice! He had at the time but the vaguest idea of the folly, as he would have counted it, that possessed her. He thought of her relation to the poor as only a passing—indeed, a past phase of a hitherto objectless life. To think of anything beyond a little easy benevolence when she was the wife of Lord Gartley, was more than, had the case been plainly put to him, he would have believed her capable of! That she should think to pursue such a life as she had pursued in London before, and that with even greater freedom of devotion, would have seemed to him a thing incredible even to mockery. And at the same time Hester, incredible as this in its turn may seem, never supposed that he could so misunderstand her after the way in which she had again and again opened her heart to him, as to imagine that for anything she would consent to forsake the work she believed she had been sent to do. So they went on upon a *mutual misunderstanding*, to make a bull for my purpose—each of them, in the common meaning of the word, getting more and more in love with the other every day, and yet in reality, though without more than an occasional blating doubt that would cross the mind of Hester, separat-

ing further and further—in as much as the one was reveling in one kind of thought, and the other cherishing a very different kind.

Miss Vavator continued the most pleasant and unexact-ing of guests. Her perfect breeding, informed by a quiet temper and kindly disposition, was easily, by simple hearts, to be mistaken for the sweetness which it only simulated; the real thing was indispensable in appearance, though by no means in itself indispensable. To people like Miss Vavator the thought never seems to occur—what if the thing they find it so necessary to simulate should actually in itself be indispensable? What if their necessity of imitating it comes of its absolute necessity?

She found the company of the major agreeable in the somewhat slow time she had, for her nephew's sake, to pass among such very primitive people, and was glad of what she might otherwise have counted barely endurable. For Mr. Raymount, he would not leave what he counted



A ROCK-CUT ON THE AXEN ROAD, FOUR MILES SOUTH OF THE VILLAGE OF BRUNNEN.—SEE PAGE 381.

his work for any goddess in creation. Hester had got her fixedness of purpose from him, and its direction from her mother. It was well he did not give Miss Vavasor much of his company; for if they had been alone together for a quarter of an hour, they must have parted sworn foes, hating each other as much as, without having ever loved each other, it would have been possible for them to do. So the major, instead of finding he had been commissioned to put a stop to the unworthy alliance, found himself, against his will, actually furthering the affair, doing his part to keep the lady in good humor on whom the desired success of the enemy so much depended, while the enemy prosecuted his victory in peace. He was dreadfully tempted now and then to break through and take a hideous revenge; but, although he had no great sense of personal dignity to restrain him, he was really a man of honor, and behaved like one, refraining, indeed, curb-reining himself with no little necessary severity.

So the time went on till Twelfth Night was past, when Miss Vavasor left upon a round of visits, and Gartley went up on business to London for a week, then to his estate. He was to return to Yrndalet in three weeks or a month, when the marriage was to be finally arranged.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

A CORRESPONDENCE naturally commenced, and Hester received his first letter joyfully, foreboding nothing from former experience. But the letter read, lo! there was the same disappointment as of old! And from the first letter to the last her experience was the same. In Hester's presence, and with her suggesting and leading their talks, the outcome was what Hester could easily deceive herself with as indicating what she would have wished to find in him; but alone in his room, without guide to his thoughts to lead them in this or that direction, also without the stimulus of her presence upon his thinking machine, and the sense of her moral atmosphere, the things Gartley could think and so write, were poor enough; they had no bones in them, and no other fire than that which the thought of Hester's loveliness could supply; and so his letters were not inspiriting to Hester, and made her feel like a creature without an atmosphere fit for its breathing. After every letter fell a period of something like mental asphyxy. Had they been the letters of a person more indifferent to her, she would have called them stupid, thrown them down, and thought no more of them. As it was, I doubt if she read many of them twice over. All would be well, however, she said to herself, when they met again. It was her absence that oppressed him, poor fellow! He was out of spirits, and could not write. He had not the power of writing that some had! Her father had told her of men he knew that were excellent talkers, but set them down pen in hand and not a thought would come to be caught!

One morning the post brought, amongst the rest of the letters, side by side with one from Gartley, one in a strange-looking, cramped hand, which Mrs. Raymount recognized at once, though she had not often seen it.

"What can Sarah be writing about?" she said, a sudden foreboding of evil crossing her mind.

"The water-rate, I dare say," answered Hester, as she opened her own letter in the act of withdrawing to read it. For she did not like to read Gartley's letters even before her mother—not for the reason for which most lovers retire with theirs, but because she was always more or less ashamed of them in that mother's presence, and would have liked ill that she should learn how poor Gartley's utterances were upon paper. But ere she had got six slow

steps away, she stopped, and turned at a cry from her mother.

"Good heavens! what can it be! something has happened!" said Mrs. Raymount, faintly.

Her face was white almost as the paper she held. Hester ran to put her arms round her.

"Mamma! mamma! what is it?" she cried. "Anything about Corney?"

"I thought something would come to stop all this!" she said. "We were too happy!"

She began to tremble violently.

"Come to papa, mamma, dear," said Hester, frightened, but quiet. She did not move, but stood as if fixed to the ground.

Meantime in the study, Mr. Raymount's letters had been carried to him, and one of them had put him into like perturbation. He was pacing up and down the room almost as white as his wife, but his pallor was that of rage rather than despair.

"The scoundrel!" he said, and, seizing a chair, hurled it against the wall, so that it fell broken to the ground. "The villain! I always had the suspicion that he was a mean dog! and now all the world will know that he is, and that he is my son! Wretch! what have I done—what has my wife done, that we should give being to a vile hound like this? What is there in her or in me—?"

But there he paused, for he remembered how—far back in the family-history, some five generations or so—one of the family had in very truth been hanged for forgery.

"There it is again! the taint sticks! Why did I marry with such a possibility hanging over me? Well, the rascal shall hang, for anything I shall do to prevent it! Why don't they hang them nowadays? What's the good of shutting them up for a while and then turning them loose on their relations—to go back to the bosom of their families! Ha! ha! ha!"

He threw himself into a chair, and wept with rage and shame. He had all his life been writing of family and social duties, and here was his own production in those lines. His books were his words; here was his deed! How should he ever lift his head again? He would leave the country! sell the property! The rascal should never succeed to that! Mark should have it—if he had the misfortune to live! He hoped he would die! He would like to poison them all, and go with them out of the world of disgrace into which he had brought them, leaving only the dog of them behind! Hester! marry an earl! Not if truth would prevent it! The engagement must at once be broken off! Lord Gartley marry the sister of a thief!

While he was thus raging a knock came to the door and a maid entered.

"Please, sir," she said, "Miss Raymount sent me to say would you come to mis'ess: she's taken very ill!"

This brought him to himself. The horrible fate was hers, too! He must go to her. But how could she, too, have heard of it? But she must—what else was there to make her ill? He followed the maid to the lawn in front of the house. It was a cold morning of January sunshine, and there stood his wife! How could she be standing there if she knew it? But she stood with her head hanging, and seemingly without power of any motion, but trembling from head to foot! Hester's arms were round her, but she was not holding her up. She had tried to carry her in, but from agitation could not move her. Without a word he took her in his arms, bore her to her room, and laid her on the bed. He then sent off a man on horseback for the doctor, and returning, sat down by the bedside, in a kind of hard despair, scarcely caring if she died, for he had said to himself it were the better the



sooner they were all dead. She lay like one dead, and with all she could do, Hester could not bring her to herself.

She had caught up the letter, and as her father sat there helpless, she handed it to him. Here is the substance of it :

"Dear mistress, it is more than time to let you know of the goings on here. I never was a bearer of tales against my fellow-servants, and perhaps it's worse to bring tales against Master Cornelius, as is your own flesh and blood, but what am I to do as was left in charge, and to keep the house respectable till you come back to it, or part with it? He's not been home this three nights! and I do think as I ought to let you know that there is a young lady as I take to be one of his cousins from New Zealand, as is come to the house a three or four times since you went away, and has staid a long time with him, though that is not for some time now that I have seen her. She is a very pretty, modest-looking girl; but I must say I did not approve when Mr. Cornelius would have her stay all night, and I up and told him if she was his cousin it wasn't as if she was his sister, and that wouldn't do, and I would walk out of the house if he did insist on me making up a bed for her; and he laughed in my face, and told me I was an old fool, and he was only making game of me. But that was after he done his best to persuade me, and I wouldn't be persuaded. I told him if neither of them had a character to keep, I had one to lose, and I wouldn't. But I must say I don't think he had said anything to her about it; for she come down the stair as innocent-like as any dove, and bid me good-night just as several times before, and they walked away together. And I would never have took upon me to be a spy upon Mr. Cornelius, nor wouldn't have mentioned the thing, for it's none o' my business so long as they don't abuse the house as is in my charge; but now that he hasn't been at home for three nights, I ought to consider the feelings of a mother, and let her know as her son hadn't never slept in his own bed for three nights, and that's a fact. So no more at present, and I do hope, dear miss'ess, as this won't kill you to hear on it. Oh, why did his father leave him alone in London, with only an old woman like me, as he always did look down upon, to look after him. Your humble servant for twenty years to command,

SARAH HOLDICH."

Mrs. Raymount had not read the half of this. It was enough for her that he had not been home for three nights. It is a notable thing that parents, without any reasonable ground for believing their children better than those of other people—nay, with considerable ground for believing them worse than many they know, should yet be seized as by the awfully incredible when they hear they are going wrong. They seem to think their children could not do what they themselves would not do. They feel so much one with them, that it seems to them as if their ways of thinking and feeling must be the same as their own—and that although they may have taken very little pains to make them so. Helen Raymount had taken pains, however, and now concluded her boy had turned into the bad ways when left to himself—although she knew he had never taken to good ways while they were with him. If he had never gone right, why should she wonder he had now gone wrong?

"Is this all your mother knows, Hester?" said her father, pointing to the letter in his hand.

The doctor had come, and was sitting by the bedside, watching the effect of something he had given her, and he had led Hester from the room, sternly almost as if it was Hester that was to blame for it all.

Some people, when they are angry, speak as if they were angry with the person to whom, in fact, they look for comfort in the trouble that is assailing them. When we are in trouble, there are few of us masters enough of ourselves, because few of us are children enough of our Father who is in heaven to behave like gentlemen—after the fashion of "the first stock-father of gentleness." But Hester understood her father, and so did not resent the way he spoke. She told him she had but read the first sentence or two of the letter.

He was silent: should he tell Hester more or not? He returned to the bedside, and stood silent. It seemed as if the powers of her life had been withered at the root, like the gourd of Jonah, and yet she did not know the worst.

The father's letter was from his wife's brother, the banker in whose employment Cornelius had been. A considerable deficit had been discovered in the lad's accounts. When he sent to his office to desire his attendance, he learned that he had not been there since the day before the last, and nobody knew anything about him, now that Vavasor was gone. He had not allowed the matter to become known, having regard to the feelings of his sister, but had requested the head of his office to say nothing of the matter in the meantime. He waited his brother-in-law's decision concerning the proper mode of procedure before he took any steps, nor would venture any suggestion. He feared his nephew had reckoned on the forbearance of an uncle. For the sake of his future, the thing could not be passed over in silence.

"Passed over!" Had Gerald Raymount been a Roman with the power of life and death over his children, he would have been near putting his son to death with his own hands. To repay the missing money, he would but for his wife's illness have been already on the way to London; but for his son's sake! To save such a son from the gallows he would not leave his wife for an hour! She was worth ten thousand sons!

But as the day went on, she remaining sunk in exhaustion, he gradually woke to feel that something must be done. What? and who was there who would do it? He could not go himself. But there was Hester! With her uncle she was a great favorite! and would not dread the interview, which, as the heat of his rage yielded to a cold despair, he felt would be to him an unendurable humiliation. For he had had many arguments, not always very friendly, with this same brother concerning the way he brought up his children: they had all turned out well, and here was his miserable son a felon, disgracing both families! Yes; let Hester go! There were things a woman could do better than a man! Hester was no child now, but a thoroughly capable woman! While she was gone he could be making up his mind what was to be done about the wretched boy!

He took Hester to his room, and gave her her uncle's letter to read. Tell her himself, he could not. He watched her as she read—saw her grow pale, then flush, then at some new thought turn pale again. But at length her face settled into a look of determination. She laid the letter on the table, and rose with a steady, troubled light in her eyes. What she was thinking of he could not tell, but he made at once the proposal.

"Hester," he said, "I cannot leave your mother: you must go for me to your uncle, and do the best you can. If it were not for your mother, I would have the rascal prosecuted; but it would break her heart."

Hester wasted no words of reply. Often had she heard him say that there ought to be no interference with public justice for private ends.

"Yes, papa," she answered. "I shall be ready in a moment. If I go on horseback, I shall be in time for the evening train."

"There is time to take the brougham."

"Am I to do anything about Corney, papa?" she asked, her voice trembling over his name. It was strange—but now first for a long time she felt something like love for her brother! Was it a foresight of humiliation and possible awakening? Did she see a possibility of his growing something that could be loved?

"You have nothing to do with him," he said, sternly.





THE "HACKENBECK," A LOCALITY ON THE AXEN ROAD.

"If your uncle should see fit, for your mother's sake, not to prosecute him, the best thing is to leave him to the bitterness of want, and the misery he has brought on himself. I will sign you a blank check, which you can fill up with the amount he has stolen and give to your uncle. Come here again as soon as you are ready."

"But what," she said, "if he should do worse yet for want?"

"He cannot do worse. And if he should, let him go on till he come to the gallows. Where is the good of keeping a villain from being as much of a villain as he has got in him to be? Why keep on whitening the sepulchre?"

Hester thought that was true—but then if it hadn't been for the possibility of repentance, the world would never have been made at all.

As she went to her room to prepare for her journey, she met the major, searching for some one to tell him about Mrs. Rymount, of whose attack, as he had been

out for a long walk, he had but just heard.

"What is it, Hester?" he said. "I can smell in the air that something has gone wrong; whatever is it? There's always something getting out of gear in this best of worlds!"

She would have passed him with a word in her haste, but he turned and walked with her.

"The individual, any individual, all the individuals may come to smash, but the world is all right—a very good, serviceable machine—by George, without a sound pinion in all the carcass of it, or an engineer that cares there should be!"

They had met in a rather dark part of the corridor, and had now, at a turn in it, come opposite a window. Then first the major saw Hester's face; he had never seen her look like that!

"Is your mother very ill?" he asked, his tone changing to the gentlest, most concerned expression, for his heart was in reality a most tender one.

"She is very ill," answered Hester. "The doctor has been with her now three hours. I am going up to London for papa. He can't leave her."

"Going up to London—and by the night-train!" said the major to himself. "Then there has been bad news! That is why Helen is ill! What can it be? Money matters? No; Cousin Helen's not one to send health after money! It's something worse than that! I have it! It's something that scoundrel Corney has been about—the ass! I shouldn't be surprised to

hear anything bad of him! But what can you do, my dear?" he said, aloud. "It's not fit——"

He looked up. Hester was gone.

She put a few things together in a bag, had a cup of tea brought to her room while she did so, went to her father and received the check, and was ready when the brougham came to the door with a pair of horses. She would not even look again into her mother's room, lest she might be sufficiently revived to wonder where she was going. She hastened down, and saw no one on the way. One of the servants was in the hall, and opened the carriage-door for her. The moment it closed on her she was on her way through the gathering dusk to the station.

While the lodge-gate was being opened, she thought she saw some one get up on the box beside the coachman, and thought it must be a groom going with them. The drive seemed long. It was the dread of what might be happening to Corney while she was on the way to his rescue—for



so it seemed to her, that made it look so long. She kept fancying one dreadful thing after another—policemen on his track, and what not! It was like a dreadful dream, only with the assurance of reality mingled in it. The carriage stopped, the door opened, and there was the major, in a huge fur coat, holding out his hand to help her down.

"You didn't think I was going to let you go alone," he said. "Who knows what wolf might be after my Red Riding-hood? I said nothing to any one, but left a message. I'll go in another carriage, of course, if you wish it, but in this train I'm going to London.

(To be continued.)

### THE MOUNT AXEN ROAD IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Federal Constitution of 1848 was the first successful attempt of centralizing all the paramount interests of that Alpine country called Switzerland, and of submitting them to the decision of a federal parliament. A system of mountain post-roads was one of the most admirable and useful improvements introduced by this new régime. It is true that, even before that time, the country, excepting only a few of the cantons, possessed a great number of well-kept turnpike roads, which were generally divided into first-class roads, of 22 Paris feet width; second class roads, of 20; and third class, or neighborhood roads, of 18 feet. Since all goods had to be forwarded upon these roads, the cantonal governments as well as the communes through which they passed were bound to keep them in good condition.

Some of the loftier Alpine passes had also been made accessible to the mail-stages and the heavy wagons of the express companies by costly and most beautiful turnpike-roads, after Napoleon I. had set the Alpine population a glorious example by constructing the splendid Simplon Road, with its numerous mountain-refuges, snow-sheds and tunnels. Austria, in co-operation with the canton of Grisons, first followed, by constructing the Bernardin, the Bernina and the Splügen pass-roads, and by crossing, at its own expense, the Stelvio Pass with a broad military highway, to connect its productive Italian provinces with the main part of the Empire; and the cantons of Berne, Uri and Tessin supplanted the miserable pathways, which

had until then led travelers over the inhospitable heights of the Susten and Gothard, by substantial causeways.

All these improvements have cost immense sums, but repaid themselves at a manifold ratio by increasing the national wealth of the respective countries. The Great St. Bernard, though the most celebrated of all Alpine crossings in history, and most frequented, possesses up to this day nothing but a mule-path, in spite of all the numerous projects devised to tunnel it and make it practicable for carriages.

But the lack of a mutual connection of these beautiful mountain-roads between themselves still formed a great deficiency, which became conspicuously apparent at the time of the Franco-Austrian war in Upper Italy, in 1859. To prevent any violation of the Federal territory by the Garibaldians or others, the Swiss Republic lined its southern border with 30,000 men, and this force had all to be crowded through a single Alpine passage, the Gothard.



SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNELS AND CUTS ON THE AXEN ROAD.

It took them a whole week to cross the ridge of the Alps from one plain to the other. How, then, in case of an attack on their own territory, could the Swiss find sufficient time to send their troops across the Alps to prevent an invasion from the south? And, should they be attacked from the north and their army forced to retreat into the Alps, how could their generals dispose their troops to advantage without a connecting system of military roads? On the solution of this problem evidently depended national independence.

T. Stämpfli, afterward member of the Alabama Court of Arbitration, took the matter in hand, and, in 1861, carried his project through the Federal Chambers. It was resolved to connect the Gothard Road at Andermatt, by a broad highway constructed across the Oberalp Pass, with the eastern passes of the Grisons, and, by another of equal width over the Furca Pass, with the Simplon Road and the Valais, lying to the southwest. But, to effect the connection of this radiating point with the central parts of Switzerland, one link was still missing: the nine-mile stretch of road between Brunnen and Flüelen. Without this piece of road, artillery and the heavy material of an army could never be forwarded with sufficient dispatch.

The motives which prompted the authorities to undertake these improvements were not only their military importance, but also the commercial interests of the mountaineers and of the whole country, and the accommodation of the numerous Summer tourists, who are highly pleased with the grand sights of peaks, glaciers, cascades, lakes, glens and valleys offered to them during the time they wander or ride over the meanderings of these lofty roadways.

One of the highly interesting parts of this Alpine road-system is that stretch between the villages of Brunnen and Flüelen, running parallel to the track followed by the steamboats on Lake Uri. For about one-half of its length this "Axenstrasse" is out into the limestone of Mount Axen, whose rocky base plunges perpendicularly into the depths of the lake. Before steam navigation was inaugurated, in 1838, on Waldstätter Lake, of which Uri Lake forms the southeastern part, the south wind called Föhn often intercepted all traffic during many consecutive days. Everybody who has seen this watersheet in its wildest uproar, throwing the white foam of its excited waves over the sheltering stone wall of the Wehrhaken at Brunnen to an elevation of fifty feet and more, will at once comprehend what great benefits the Axen Road will confer on the valley inhabitants and on travelers.

The road runs, in parts, close to the surface of the lake, but at times soars aloft in softly ascending, wave-like curves, to higher altitudes, and there disappears for minutes in the openings of tunnels. Every corner to its right and left is classic ground; on cliffs, meadows or hills, where history has not inscribed its deeds with its everlasting style, there folk-lore has spun its lovely and cheerful, or melancholy and terrific, but always poetical, webs. The Axen Road was completed in 1865, at an expense of 900,000 francs, two-thirds having been contributed by the Federal Government.

Starting from the populous and thriving town of Brunnen, the Axen Road first ascends in a tolerably steep grade toward its first tunnel, and is girt by strong granite parapets till this point is reached. In near proximity to it, a pathway branches off to the east, leading to the fountain of St. Catharine. The great elevation of the road at its entrance into this limestone tunnel commands a beautiful view of the lake and its picturesque shores and surrounding mountain peaks.

On the western shore, distant about one mile, are plainly

visible the bold, golden characters of the Schiller inscription engraved upon the southern side of the water-bound, sugarloaf-shaped cliff called "Mythenstein," and to its left is situated the quiet, idyllic green spot, the Grütli, where Swiss liberty took its origin. Far above it, on a wide mountain terrace, amid luxuriant pasture-fields, nestles the parochial village of Seelisberg.

A goodly number of hotels, tourists' resorts and establishments for valetudinarians have been of late constructed in this locality, advantageously known for its incomparable climate; it has, too, a chapel, called "Maria zum Sonnenberg," which is a resort of pilgrims. All around this centre of attraction the horizon is bounded by pastures, valleys and lofty mountains, as the gigantic Oberbauen, the flat-topped Kulm, and the ponderous Uriothstock, with its numerous glaciers and an infinity of other peaks.

After passing through the first tunnel, the tourist will gaze with bewildered eyes at the intricate convulsions noticed in the sides of the precipitous Wasifuh. Primordial earth revolutions have left on this rocky eminence the traces of gigantic contortions at a time when its surface was still of a doughy consistence, for these windings do not differ essentially from folds of a piece of cloth pressed together. This primordial event was the upheaval of the Alpine limestone, and through this agency was also formed the valley in which the Uri Lake, whose waters show a depth of eight hundred feet, now lies imbedded. At the foot of this eminence dark and shady pine-trees conceal granite boulders of the erratic period, carried down from the Gothard during the glacial epoch. Similar blocks were also deposited in large numbers on the heights and terraces of Morschach and Seelisberg. The inviting village of Morschach, with all its improvements for lodging tourists and sight-seers, may be reached from here by a good carriage-road.

Further on, between craggy, picturesque and lofty precipices, a narrow, densely wooded glen opens to the left toward Riemenstalden, and close to it lies, in a little bay, bathed by the waters of the lake, the hamlet of Siskon, surrounded by the precipitous rocks of the Hohen Axen and the Wasifuh. This hamlet, which is almost hidden between the crowns of lofty orchard-trees, could, before the construction of the road, communicate with the world only, we may say, by water, as few of the hardy mountaineers would risk their lives on the breakneck paths leading along these almost vertical rocks.

When six tunnels of smaller size, pierced in close contiguity, are passed, the road winds on for some time outside the precipice, owing to the configuration of the rock. The frequent windings afford to the visitor the most surprising and enchanting sights upon the lake beneath and its variegated cliffs and shores.

Close to the roadway, the powerful roots and branches of the dwarf-pine (or creeping pine) pervade in ever-changing aspects the fissured lime-stone and its craggy prominences, and on the scantiest patches of earth flourish in profusion the yellow genista, the modest viola of the Alps, and the lovely field-rose.

One of the most attractive points on the whole Axen Road is the new sanitary establishment "Tellenplatte," and the approaches to it. The building and its annexes do not show the commonplace, prosaic city style of other hotels of the country, but are constructed of wood, in the picturesque but unassuming chalet style of the Bernese Oberland; their graceful, pretty rooms will shelter about thirty guests.

The views upon Lake Uri and its surroundings from the balconies and windows of the hotel are most beautiful also, and the waters of the lake appear here—perhaps



owing to the great elevation above its surface—in a dark-green shade of color.

A narrow pathway leads visitors over a green lawn to the Chapel of William Tell. This chapel is erected on the spot where this hero of primitive Swiss history leaped ashore from the frail skiff of his persecutor, Gessler, pushing him and his suite with a powerful effort into the uproar of the storm-swelled waves. The flat stone on which he leaped out is still there to commemorate the event, which a religious procession on the lake celebrates every year. Even at a distance the bright-red roof of the small, two-arched sanctuary catches the traveler's eye.

The Hotel "Tellenplatte" affords a splendid stopping-place for excursionists, for many towering peaks and interesting valleys and cascades may be easily reached from this point without expense. So the summit of the High Axen can be visited in less than one hour; that of the Ochsenkopf in a three hours' walk.

On the opposite shore, the rocky pillar of the "Devil's Cathedral" rises perpendicularly from the lake; a part of it shows the likeness of the Emperor Napoleon I., dressed in his usual hat. This is the enormous jutting rock, which receives the full blast of the southern storms, and sends them over to the opposite side of the lake. This phenomenon is graphically described in Schiller's immortal tragedy of "Tell," when he says that the Föhn, when deflected in its fury by the barrier of the rocks, will throw the boat, which is whirling around on the foaming surface of the waters, surrendered to its mercy, helplessly against the High Axen, and crush it against that projecting rock called Hackmesser, where it will be irreparably lost, with its inmates, in the fury of the elements.

No part of the extensive shore-line of the rock-bound Walstaten Lake has seen so many shipwrecks as this, and the exceedingly primitive construction of all the Swiss rowboats and sailing-craft might in part account for the frequent occurrence of such losses.

A very attractive sight to be enjoyed from the windows of the hotel is that of Bauen, a village lying at the base of the Oberbauen, and partly hidden in its orchard-trees; its new church, standing above the dwellings, shines forth in splendid colors, and near it, the torrent Isleton rushing forth from the Isenthal, forms a very conspicuous cascade, also furnishing the water-power to a paper and a sawmill.

Leaving the hotel, travelers are led by the road around a very picturesque promontory, projecting to a considerable distance into the lake. When the Föhn is displaying its full rage, this is a very dangerous spot for travelers, for men have been grasped here by the wind and thrown over the parapet into the lake. This is attested by some of their companions, who managed to get hold of some solid prominence on the rocks, which prevented them being swept away.

The entrance of the small tunnel, "Axenloch," is ornamented with the arms of Uri; the sides of this gallery are perforated by two rounded, large port-holes, shaped in Byzantine fashion, thus giving to the interior a slight resemblance to a medieval portico of a convent. The prospect enjoyed from these windows is of startling beauty.

A new spectacle is offered a little beyond by the cascade of the Milchbach, whose limpid waters rush over a high rock-ledge, spattering briskly at their downfall, and, when gathered below, form a rivulet which skips down in several miniature falls. Near the shore its waters are put to practical use by turning a sawmill, then disappear under the shade of some mighty trees, to mingle with the peacefully rippling lake.

A village called Hinterfülen is said to have once existed here, and near its former site stood, of old, three wooden

crosses; but these were carried away, seventy years ago, by a mountain-avalanche. They were intended to commemorate the killing of Balif Roth by an exasperated mob in the year 1525. During his absence from Uri, his native valley, as a deputy of the Federal Diet at Baden (Argovia), this functionary had been falsely accused by personal enemies, and, listening to the charge of bribery and high treason made against him, the people, in a general assembly of the citizens, declared him an outlaw. Relying on his perfect innocence, and in order to obtain full justice from the tribunals, he hurried home, but, on landing in Flüelen, was received with the wildest vociferations and insults from the populace. Finding himself in imminent peril of his life, he escaped by following the narrow footpath to Lisikon, along the actual Axen Road, but was overtaken by his fiendish antagonists and brutally slain at the place marked by the three crosses. Not long ago a grave was opened there, and a coffin discovered, which contained human bones and a sword.

From here upward the rocks receding from the lake-shore allow the road to follow its beach in level proportions through green pastures, meadows and extensive orchards. The road joins the Gothard route at the village of Flüelen, the landing station of the steamboats, and a two-mile walk takes the tourist to Altorf, the principal town of the valley. All strangers who, have seen Switzerland will probably agree in the remark that the entrance into the Central Alps by means of the Axen Road is the most interesting of all, and is to be preferred to the steamboat trip running parallel to it from Brunnen to Flüelen.

#### Cloister of St. John of the Kings, Toledo, Spain

THE most remarkable of the ancient convents of Toledo, Spain, is that of St. John of the Kings, so called in honor of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, by whom it was raised, in 1476, as a monument of thanks to God for the victory of the Spaniards over the Portuguese at Toro. The church has but one nave, of proportion belonging rather to a cathedral than the chapel of a convent, such as it is.

The ornamentation of the whole interior is of the most extraordinary elegance and richness, showing that immense sums of money must have been lavished on its construction and adornment. The galleries, of which there are several, are magnificent, and are sunk into the stone walls with marvelous skill, seemingly disengaged from the pillars from which they depend, and are surmounted by a balustrade. They surround the nave on all sides but that where the grand altar is situated. Ornamental escutcheons, crowns, and heraldic eagles, with spread wings, showing in bold relief in the midst of boughs and foliage, are carved upon their panels, and the decorative effect is rendered still more complete by large Latin and Spanish inscriptions, in fine large Gothic characters of the sixteenth century, in honor of the Catholic kings founders of the convent, whose initials, F. and Y., are ingeniously carved in the centre, and are, indeed, found in most of the monuments of that period in Spain. The church is not very rich in statues and pictures. When Madame D'Aulnoy came to Toledo, she did not forget to visit St. John of the Kings; and in her description of it, gives us a curious picture of the decorations of a Spanish church of the seventeenth century. "We went to hear Mass in the church of San Juan de los Reyes; it is beautiful and large, and all full of tall orange and pomegranate-trees, jasmins, and myrtles, which, placed in boxes filled with earth, make pleasant walks to the grand altar, which is

richly ornamented, so that across their green branches, and the flowers of different colors, one could see the gleam and glitter of the gold, silver, embroidery, and lighted tapers with which the altar is set off, seeming like rays of light which blind the eyes with its brightness and colors. There are also painted and gilt cages, filled with nightingales, canaries, and other birds, which make up a charming concert."

"The Cloister," a good picture of which we show in the present number, is not one whit behind the other parts of the interior of the church in decoration and ornamentation.

**BE STUDIOUS.**—Whitefield was poor, and in "service," but he managed to get education, and both England and America have felt his power for good. William Harvey did not find out the circulation of the blood by a lucky accident. He was a hard student at home and abroad, and taught the doctrine to his classes for ten years before he published it to the world. Young men ought to remember that there are still splendid services to be rendered. All the discoveries have not yet been made. The

field is now the world, as it never was before. Education of the highest kind in physiology, mental philosophy, engineering, chemistry, is accessible as it never was before. An empire without the emperor has grown up on this continent, and much of the soil is yet without occupant and master. Other empires are open to educated ability, and will become more so every year. There is a legitimate sphere for splendid ambition. Let our boys forego the cost of tobacco and catch inspiration from the best books. Let them turn their backs on the tempting glass, and spend their money in stimulating the mind. Even fashion

"parties" and pleasure may be put in the background, that the time and thought required for them may be given to getting that mental habit and furniture that will make its possessor a helper to his race, and a capable servant of that Creator—the "Father of Lights"—who has given us brain and heart, with capabilities, that we may be lights, benefactors and conquerors, on fields where no life is lost, and even the vanquished are gainers.

**NOT AFRAID TO DIE.**—A touching story is told of a poor

lad who was recently smuggled out to sea on a Liverpool steamer. The mate did not believe his story, seized him, and told him that unless he told the truth, in ten minutes he would hang him to the yard-arm. The passengers, sailors, and officers collected around him. When eight minutes had flown, the mate told him that he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth, and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head. And there, all eyes



CLOISTER OF ST. JOHN OF THE KINGS, TOLEDO, SPAIN.

him, the brave and noble little fellow—this poor boy, whom society owned not, and whose own stepfather could not care for—knelt with clasped hands and eyes up-turned to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven. It is needless to say that the threat was not carried into execution. The mate embraced the noble boy, and took him under his protection.

It is a grand comfort to feel that God is right, whatever and whoever else may be wrong.—Robertson.

## THE HOME-PULPIT.

## CHRISTIANITY AS A DELUSION.

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."—EZEKIEL xxi. 21.

Two modes of divination by which the King of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceits practiced upon the human race. In the latter part of last century, Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and 100,000 disciples came forth to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ, Appollonius was born and he came forth, and after five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick and raised the dead, and preached virtue, and according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection. The Delphic oracle deceived vast multitudes of people—the Pythoness seated in the temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them. A general coming forth to battle consulted the Delphic oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle, or killed in the battle, and the answer came from the Delphic oracle in such words that if you put the comma before the word "never" it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never" it means another thing, just opposite, and the message from the Delphic oracle to the general: "Go forth, return never in battle shalt thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic oracle.

So the ancient auguries deceived the people. The priests of those auguries by the flight of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals or nations. The Sibyls deceived the people. The Sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the Sibylline books, afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829, a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and played his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples and threw their fortunes into his discipleship. And so in all ages there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen one of that which has been transpiring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people; they were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

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But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world, the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has to-day two hundred million dupes. It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side of the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side of the sea. It has conquered England and the United States, for they are called Christian nations. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific, and Malanesia, and Micronesia, and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian Archipelago, and Borneo; and Sumatra, and Celebes, and Java have fallen under its wiles. In the Fiji Islands, where there are 120,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on, and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped, it will swallow the globe.

Supposing, then, that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose this morning to show you what has been accomplished by this chimera, this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages. And in the first place I remark, that this delusion of the Christian religion has made wonderful transformation of human character. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind, and amiable, and genial, and loving, and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer-meetings and churches; so complete is the delusion! Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books, and for clothes, and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion. There is as much difference between what he is now and what he once was as between a rose and a nettle, as between a dove and a vulture, as between day and night.

Tremendous delusion! Admiral Farragut, one of the most admired men of the American navy, early became a victim of this Christian delusion, and seated, not long before his death, at Long Branch, he was giving some friends the account of his early life. He said: "My father went down in behalf of the United States Government to put an end to Aaron Burr's rebellion. I was a cabin boy, and went along with him. I could swear like an old salt. I could gamble in every style of gambling.



I knew all the wickedness there was at that time afloat. One day my father cleared everybody out of the cabin, except myself, and locked the door. He said: 'David, what are you going to do? What are you going to be?' 'Well,' I said, 'father, I am going to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! and be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die of a fever in a foreign hospital.' 'Oh! no,' I said, 'father, I will not be that; I will tread the quarterdeck and command as you do.' 'No, David,' my father said; 'no, David; a person that has your principles and your bad habits will never tread the quarterdeck or command.' My father went out and shut the door after him, and I said then, 'I will change; I will never swear again, I will never drink again, I will never gamble again.' And, gentlemen, by the help of God I have kept those three vows to this time. I soon after that became a Christian, and that decided my fate for time and for eternity."

Another captive of this great Christian delusion. There goes Saul of Tarsus on horseback at full gallop. Where is he going? To destroy Christians. He wants no better play spell than to stand and watch the hats and coats of the murderers who are massacring God's children. There goes the same man. This time he is afoot. Where is he going now? Going on the road to Oseba to die for Christ. They tried to whip it out of him, they tried to scare it out of him, they thought they would give him enough of it by putting him into a windowless dungeon, and keeping him on small diet, and denying him a cloak, and condemning him as a criminal, and howling at him through the street; but they could not freeze it out of him, and they could not sweat it out of him, and they could not pound it out of him, so they tried the surgery of the sword, and one Summer day in 66 he was decapitated. Perhaps the mightiest intellect of the six thousand years of the world's existence hoodwinked, cheated, cajoled, duped by the Christian religion. Ah! that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity—it overpowers the strongest intellects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say "Paradise Lost." Who wrote "Paradise Lost?" One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy the "Age of Reason" in manuscript and never let it go into type, and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals He left and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen, or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all the other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to the delusion of the Christian religion crying out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel. David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head, David Brewster saying: "Oh! this religion has been a great light to me—a very great light all my days." President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledged that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet con-

quered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest intellect in England to-day, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, goes to the house of God every Sabbath, and often, at the invitation of the rector, reads the prayers to the people. Oh! if those mighty intellects are overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

Besides, I have noticed that first-rate infidels cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. Goethe, a leading skeptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that in a weak moment he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." Rousseau, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cries out: "The majesty of the Scriptures amazes me." Altemont, the notorious infidel, one would think he would have been safe against this delusion of the Christian religion. Oh! no. After talking against Christianity all his day, in his last hour he cried out: "Oh! Thou blasphemed but most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown." Voltaire, the most talented infidel the world ever saw, writing two hundred and fifty publications, and the most of them spiteful against Christianity, himself the most notorious libertine of the century—one would have thought he could have been depended upon for steadfastness in the advocacy of infidelity and in the war against this terrible chimera, this delusion of the Gospel. But no; in his last hour he asks for Christian burial, and asks that they give him the Sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why, you cannot depend upon the first-rate infidels; you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity. Thomas Paine, the god of modern skeptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm—Thomas Paine, the paragon of Bible-haters—Thomas Paine, about whom his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have in my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England and brought her to this land—Thomas Paine, who was so squalid, and so loathsome, and so drunken, and so profligate, and so beastly in his habits, sometimes picked out of the ditch, sometimes too filthy to be picked out—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on for steadfastness against this great delusion. But no. In his dying hour he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Powerful delusion, all-conquering delusion, earthshaking delusion of the Christian religion!

Yes, it goes on, it is so impertinent and it is so overbearing, this chimera of the Gospel, that having conquered the great picture-galleries of the world, the old masters and the young masters, as I showed in a former sermon, it is not satisfied until it has conquered the music of the world. Look over the programme of that magnificent musical festival in New York last May and see what were the great performances, and learn that the greatest of all the subjects were religious subjects. What was it on that Friday night when three thousand voices were accompanied with a vast number of instruments? "Israel in Egypt." Yes, Beethoven deluded until he wrote the High Mass in D major, and Haydn deluded with this religion until he wrote the "Creation." Handel deluded until he wrote the oratorios of "Jephtha," and "Esther," and "Saul," and "Israel in Egypt," and the "Messiah."

That Friday night, three thousand deluded people singing of a delusion to eight thousand deluded hearers!

Yes, this chimera of the Gospel is not satisfied until it goes on and builds itself into the most permanent architecture; so it seems as if the world is never to get rid of it. What are some of the finest buildings in the world? St. Paul's, St. Peter's, the churches and cathedrals of all Christendom. Yes; this impertinence of the Gospel, this vast delusion, is not satisfied until it projects itself, and in one year contributes \$6,250,000 to foreign missions, the work of which is to make dunces and fools on the other side of the world—people we have never seen.

Deluded doctors—two hundred and twenty physicians meeting week by week in London, in the Union Medical Prayer Circle, to worship God. Deluded lawyers—Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, the adviser of the throne, spends his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, the Secretary of the United States, an old-fashioned Evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed Church; John Bright, a deluded Quaker; Henry Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist; Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian. The cannibals in South Sea, the bushmen of Terra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia putting down the knives of their cruelty, and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion; and Judson, and Doty, and Abeel, and Campbell, and Williams, and the three thousand missionaries of the cross, turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort, and going out amid the equator of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going into graves with no appropriate epitaph, when they might have lived in this country, and lived for themselves, and lived luxuriously, and been at last put into brilliant sepulchres. What a delusion!

Yes, this delusion of the Christian religion shows itself in the fact that it goes to those who are in trouble. Now, it is bad enough to cheat a man when he is well and when he is prosperous; but when this religion comes to a man when he is sick, and says: "You will be well again after a while; you're going into a land where there are no coughs, and no pleurisies and no consumptions, and no languishing; take courage and bear up." Yes, this awful chimera of the Gospel comes to the poor, and it says to them: "You are on your way to vast estates and to dividends always declarable." This delusion of Christianity comes to the bereft, and it talks of reunion before the throne, and of the cessation of all sorrow. And then, to show that this delusion will stop at absolutely nothing, it goes to the dying-bed and fills the man with anticipations. How much better it would be to have him die without any more hope than swine and rats and snakes! Shovel him under! That is all. Nothing more left of him. He will never know anything again. Shovel him under! The soul is only a superior part of the body—and when the body disintegrates, the soul disintegrates. Annihilation, vacancy, everlasting blank, obliteration. Why not present all that beautiful doctrine to the dying, instead of coming with this hoax, this swindle of the Christian religion, and filling the dying man with anticipations of another life until some in the last hour have clapped their hands, and some have shouted, and some have sung, and some had been so overwrought with joy that they could only look ecstatic? Palace-gates opening, they thought; diamonded coronets flashing, hands beckoning, orchestras sounding. Little children dying, actually believing they saw their departed parents—so that, although the little children had

been so weak they could not turn on their dying pillow, at the last, in a paroxysm of rapture uncontrollable, they sprang to their feet and shouted, "Mother, catch me, I am coming!"

And to show the immensity of this delusion, this awful swindle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital, and I bring into that hospital the deathbeds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand this morning and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions. "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all is, God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "If there be any way of going to heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Neander, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now—good-night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain-tops are all gleam from peak to peak." "Dying Alexander Mather, what have you to say?" "The Lord who has taken care of me fifty years will not cast me off now; glory be to God and to the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen, amen!" "Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My deathbed is a bed of roses." "Dying Doctor Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Boys, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph-operator on the battlefield of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Oh! my Lord, my God, what a delusion! what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it; fill my eyes and ears with it; put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy; put it underneath me for an outspread wing; roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep. Oh! infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion. The overwhelming conclusion of every man and woman in the house is that Christianity, producing such grand results, cannot be a delusion, a lie, a cheat, a swindle, an hallucination; cannot launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common sense convince you that a bad cause cannot produce an illustrious result. Out of the womb of such a monster no such an angel can be born. There are many in this house this morning, in the galleries and on the main floor, who began with thinking that the Christian religion was a stupid farce, who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. Why are you here today? Why did you bow your head in the opening prayer? Why did you bring your family with you? Why, when I tell you of the ending of all trial in the bosom of God, do there stand tears in your eyes—not tears of grief, but tears of joy, such as stand in the eyes of homesick children far away at school when some one talks to them about going home? Why is it that you can be so calmly submissive to the death of your loved one about whose departure you once were so angry and so rebellious? There is something the matter with you. All your friends have found out there is a great change, and if some of you would give your experience you would give it in scholarly



THE MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

style, and others giving your experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read everything. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say, "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God." But there may be others here who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer meeting when he said:

"On my way here to-night, I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to prayer meeting.' He said, 'There are a great many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion, that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him, 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course I see you.' 'Now, the time was when, everybody in this town knows, if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there. And, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God, and, stranger, you had better go along with me; you might get religion, too; lots of people are getting religion now."

Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and

mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yea, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be midnight or midnight!

## THE CHURCHES OF NEW YORK.

### I.

WE propose in successive numbers of the *SUNDAY MAGAZINE* to give short sketches, accompanied by illustrations, of some of the prominent churches in this great City of New York, and we begin with two of the best known of the Presbyterian denomination:

The first Presbyterian meeting in this city was held about the year 1706. At first the few families of that faith congregated here met at private houses. Nearly all had come from New England. In 1807 two Presbyterian ministers from abroad received permission to preach in the Dutch Church in Garden Street. For a time these good men were persecuted to the point of being imprisoned, but in time a better state of things prevailed, and in the year 1719—after worshipping for three years in the City Hall—the first society erected a building. It stood in Wall Street, near Broadway. In a few years certain difficulties arose; a party drew off, held worship in a room in William Street, near Liberty, and invited the afterward famous Jonathan Edwards, then a mere lad of nineteen years, to preach for them, which he did for a period of eight months. In 1756 the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Grand Street was organized.

In 1845 there were, according to statistics recently collected by the *New York Times*, 38 Presbyterian churches in this city, with a membership of 13,460. In 1872, there were only 37 churches—a falling off of 1—and a membership of 13,427—a loss of 33. Between 1872 and 1882, however, there has been a gain of 4 churches and of 4,728 in membership—a proportion nearly double the ratio of the city's growth during the same period.

The two churches which we have selected for this month's illustration are the Memorial Church, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-third Street—the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, pastor; and the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street—the Rev. Dr. John Hall, pastor.

The Memorial Church has a membership of 570, and an attendance of about twice that number. It was formerly called the Eleventh Presbyterian Church, and was organized by the Third Presbytery of New York, May 13th, 1839, and consisted of eighty-nine members, who had been dismissed from the Seventh Presbyterian Church, and the Manhattan Island Presbyterian Church, for that purpose. In July, 1839, the Rev. Mason Noble entered upon his duties as the first pastor. For three years the place of worship was an edifice on Fourth Street, formerly occupied by the Manhattan Island Presbyterian Church. A new church was erected on the corner of Fourth Street and Avenue C, which was dedicated in October, 1842. On January 8th, 1850, thirty-one members were dismissed to form the Union Congregational Church. In the Spring of 1850, Mr. Noble was released from his pastoral relations to the church, having accepted a call to a church in Baltimore. During his ministry of about eleven years, 384 persons united with the church.

The Rev. J. Parsons Hovey began his labors as pastor in July, 1850. After an earnest ministry of thirteen years, he was called to his reward on December 16th, 1863. In the Winter of 1863 the church-building was sold, and the church and society removed to a house



of worship on Fifty-fifth Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues.

It is necessary to refer to the division of the Presbyterian body into the Old School and New School. The separation took place nearly half a century ago, after a long controversy, and for a long time there were two distinct Presbyterian General Assemblies, having jurisdiction over the same territory. Many able and sincere men in both branches regretted the division, but could see no way to avoid it. In 1869 the two General Assemblies met in New York, almost within speaking distance of each other, the Old School in the Brick Church on Murray Hill, and the New School in the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church. A movement toward union was begun which happily culminated the following year at Philadelphia. The bodies, formerly one household, but long sundered by questions of doctrine and polity, became one again after a generation of separate action, to the great joy of all Presbyterians of the country. In commemoration of this notable event the congregation of the Eleventh Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Charles S. Robinson was then the pastor, resolved to erect a memorial temple in which to worship in the future. The church on Fifty-fifth Street was sold, and the present Memorial Church erected at a cost of \$160,000. It was dedicated on Sunday, January 26th, 1872.

It is a stone structure, 125 feet front by 120 feet deep, built in the round Gothic style. The church covers 80 feet front, the remaining 45 feet being occupied by the lecture-room, connected with the church by a common entrance. At the corner of Madison Avenue rises the tower, to the height of 90 feet, and the spire—both constructed of stone. The distance from the sidewalk to the iron finial surmounting the spire is 220 feet. The spire is peculiar, and differs in most respects from all others in the city. On the south of the main building is a smaller tower, also entirely of stone, 85 feet in height.

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church belonged to the Old School division. It is the successor of a society organized in 1808, which worshiped for many years in Cedar Street, then removed to Duane, and then to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street. Here, in 1872, it had a membership of 853. For a long period it was under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander. He was succeeded in April, 1861, by the Rev. Dr. N. L. Rice, who was in turn succeeded, in 1867, by the Rev. Dr. John Hall, the present pastor, who was installed on the evening of November 3d of that year. Since the coming of Dr. Hall the congregation has grown and strengthened in every way. Crowds attend each service, and great vitality and personal zeal are shown in all branches of Christian work.

At length it became necessary to have a larger church, and the society determined to move up-town. A plot of ground was secured on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, and the erection of a magnificent church begun, the cornerstone being laid on Monday, June 9th, 1873.

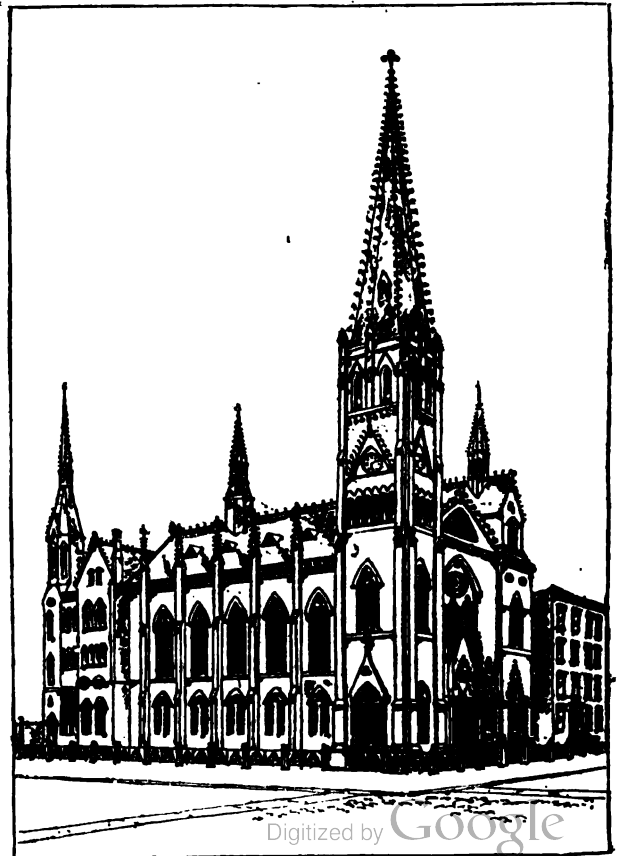
The ceremonies were very interesting. These were entered upon with a prayer of invocation by Dr. Hall, who presided, followed by the singing of the hymn "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." An historical account of the church was then read by Mr. James Frazer, tracing its history, begun more than seventy years ago, from Cedar Street to Duane, and from Duane, in 1852, to its site in Fifth Avenue, at Nineteenth Street, and through the pastorates of Drs. Romeyn, Mason, Potts, James W. Alexander, N. L. Rice, to that of Dr. Hall. The Nineteenth Street church, constructed to accommodate about eight hundred

persons, has become too small, the communicants alone numbering over one thousand. The site referred to was hence selected early the preceding year, at a cost of \$350,000.

At the conclusion of the reading of the historical statement, Dr. Hall laid the cornerstone. The copper box having been placed in position, the upper stone, of Scotch granite, was lowered into its place and secured, after which Dr. Hall gave it three blows with a small stone hammer, and pronounced the stone "well and truly laid, in the name of the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit," the edifice to be erected thereupon to be devoted to the service of God and His true religion. He concluded his remarks by imploring a blessing on the work, that it might be successful for all time.

Remarks were also made by the venerable Dr. Muhlenberg, since gone to rest; the Rev. Dr. Wm. Adams, who has gone to join Dr. Muhlenberg; the Rev. Dr. Foss—since Bishop of the Methodist Church;—the Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle; the Rev. Dr. J. M. Ludlow, then of the Collegiate Reformed Church; and the Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson, of the Memorial Church, and the exercises closed with a benediction by Dr. Hall.

The new church seats comfortably about two thousand persons, having a lecture-room for over seven hundred, a large Sunday-school room, separate rooms for Bible-classes, pastor's private room, and church parlor, with other necessary requirements. The edifice is two hundred feet long on Fifty-fifth Street, one hundred feet wide on Fifth Avenue, and about one hundred and twenty feet high in the clear to the peak of the ridged roof, with a steeple two hundred and eighty-six feet high from the ground. The building is constructed of brown stone with a slated roof, and the interior woodwork is of ash and oak. The design of the building, which is in the Gothic style of



THE FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

architecture, was drawn by Carl Pfeiffer, the architect. The entire cost of lot and edifice was about \$900,000.

The church was finished about a year and a half later, and the old edifice at Nineteenth Street was presented to another congregation, which took it down, and re-erected it in exact imitation of the original, in Fifty-seventh Street. In 1882 the membership of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church is 1,730. The organ is placed at the back of the pulpit. A gallery runs all about the four walls, except the space occupied by the organ. The system of ventilation is elaborate: warm or cold air, as desired, is forced into the aisles from horizontal openings close to the floor, while registers under each window let in the pure air, and large openings in the ceiling and the skylights overhead produce proper circulation.

## STREET-SCENES IN JERUSALEM.

BY AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

STREETS here are not what you would dignify with that name in an American city. As there are no carriages or wagons in Palestine, the streets are mere pathways, narrow and crooked. The word "street" is used in the Bible, but in almost every case it refers to the court of a house, or the bazaar or market-place. The names of only two are mentioned in Scripture: "Baker Street," in Jerusalem, which was the bakers' place, or market; and "Straight Street," in Damascus, which was perhaps a Roman word. There never was known in the sacred city such a thoroughfare as a Broadway, a Cornhill or a Chestnut Street. True, there is a crooked and dingy pathway leading from St. Stephen's gate to the Holy Sepulchre, called the Via Dolorosa; but this is known only to travelers and Christian pilgrims. Ask an Arab or a Turk the name of a street, and he will growl at your senseless inquiry. Ask him to direct you to a particular bazaar, and, if he does not go with you, he will tell you how many turns you make, and how many minutes distant it is.

The average width of these lanes is from five to fifteen feet, with no pavement, or rather all pavement, with an open sewer in the centre, in which is collected filth and garbage. Lean dogs are the scavengers; and if the filth accumulates too fast, and the city is threatened with pestilence, the gates are opened at night, and jackals are admitted as a sanitary measure.

Houses of stone with no pretensions to architecture, tottering walls, and heaps of ruins direct the course of these paths. The remains of all ages are to be seen on either side. In yonder wall are some of the stones of Herod's time; that gateway has for its side a porphyry shaft; that arched doorway was once a part of some temple; this trough from which the camels drink was once an Egyptian sarcophagus. Yonder money-changer has placed his coffers of coin on a piece of the altar of a Crusade church; the shoemaker has appropriated a plinth of vert antique for a lapstone.

It seems as though all the bright hues of the rainbow and colors of the widest contrast are fashionable here for the dress. You are constantly reminded of Joseph's "coat of many colors." For style, take a coffee-sack, make a hole in each corner at the lower end, through which the feet are thrust, then gather the upper end around the waist, and you have the trousers worn by the men. Take another longer sack, make a slit near the corners for the arms, another half-way across the end for the head, and you have the "abia," or cloak. These garments are of course of various qualities, from the finest Damascus silk of the emir to the coarse sackcloth of the Bedouin. The street dress of the women gives them a ghostly

appearance. A long white or black outer garment covers the entire person, with the face veiled; sometimes there is a crown of silver coins where the head ought to be. You simply see this white or black object, moving along, and are expected to believe that there is a woman somewhere about those linen or silken folds.

As many of the inhabitants are here for devotional purposes, they move about in a solemn, funeral-like manner. Yonder is a company of Latin monks, with coarse brown woolen garments made like a woman's dress, a girdle around the waist, a bunch of beads, and a crucifix dangling at their side, and leather sandals for the feet. They are going down the Via Dolorosa toward Gethsemane on their daily round of devotion. Here they pause and repeat a Credo, then a Pater Noster, further on an Ave Maria, and still further a Dolorosa. Those Greeks, too, are on the same errand, but their devotion is evidently not as deep as that of the Latins, as their round faces and careless deportment indicate. They are not so slavishly bound to their forms of worship, and seem more independent and intellectual. They own the best convents, have the most wealth, and are the aristocracy among Christian sects in Jerusalem.

Who are those woe-begone-looking people coming yonder? They are Jews. Once their fathers were princes and rulers in this city and country. Notice their appearance. A tall peaked cap, trimmed with Russian fur, covering a head of sandy hair; a long cloth coat or cloak that has descended through several generations; a countenance sad as though it had never known a day of sunshine; a feeble, withered body, that might almost be blown away by the wind. They walk the street silent and stealthily, as though they had no right to tread on the earth. They are going down to wall by some of the ruins of the temple wall. Poor remnants of a once proud race! Their ancestors once exclaimed: "His blood be on us, and on our children"; and in their abject condition, in their sorrow-plowed countenances, and that wail of the centuries, I see how fearful was the invocation they thus blindly made. Clear the way—here comes a file of Turkish soldiers. They are the police of the city, and seem to walk and act as if they were the lords of creation. Latins, Greeks, and especially Jews seem to be the objects of their loathing. They strike at and outgel the latter as though they were the outcasts of humanity, only born to be tortured and trodden upon.

The streets furnish many illustrations of Bible scenes and allusions. Yonder comes a fellow running at full speed, clad in a white garment, bearing a staff; from the top are blue streamers. As he shouts to the people, and waves his staff, they scatter with their wares, and the street is cleared. He is an outrunner or messenger, sent to prepare the way for some distinguished personage, for see, yonder comes at full trot the Pasha, attended by his staff and body-guard.

The man seated near that gateway, clothed in white linen, is a public scribe. He has an ink-horn in his belt, and is preparing the reed pens which the prophets so often speak of. He writes letters of affection and friendship for people, and transacts various items of business in which writing is required. This dignified functionary may be some descendant of Ezra the scribe. Seated thus, engaged in his professional duties, he may be just such a personage as Ezekiel saw in his vision: "And one among them was clothed in white linen, with a writer's ink-horn by his side."

What comes yonder? It seems to be a train of brush-heaps. The conductor comes before, shouting to the people, "Dahrac, Wushac," "Dahrac, Wushac" ("Your back,

your face." "Your back, your face"), to warn all to look and get out of the way, lest their limbs or clothing may be torn with thorns. It is a train of donkeys laden with brush and thorns for fuel, from the hills about Hebron. Wood is very scarce in Palestine, hence roots, and brush, and thorns, and weeds are in demand by the bakers for heating their ovens. You recall that scene of the widow at the city-gate "gathering sticks" with which to bake her cake, and the allusion of Solomon, "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool," and especially that of the Saviour to the "grass which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

That fellow bearing a heavy burden on his back, looking

like Bunyan's pilgrim, is the water-carrier. His burden is a goat-skin (the bottle of the Bible) filled with water. He is jingling his brass cups, and shouting, "Water—water from Siloam's Pool—pure sweet water—the gift of God." He has, perhaps, never heard of that One who said: "If thou knowest the gift of God, thou wouldst have asked of Him," or who, standing in the street of this same city, said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." At home, with the cool waters bubbling up everywhere, you do not think of purchasing a supply, nor can you see the force of those spiritual allusions to Christ as the "water of life—the gift of God," as can the inhabitants of this dry and thirsty land.

## INFORMATION FOR THE CURIOUS.

**ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.**—The interesting question as to the origin of petroleum has recently been revived in the scientific discussions of the day, but with no other result than the usual divergence of opinion, excepting in the following instances, among others: According to Prof. Peckham's views, this substance is the normal or primary product of the decomposition of animal or vegetable organism—chiefly the former—and the other varieties of bitumen, or nearly all others, exhibit, as he thinks, undoubted evidence of being products of a subsequent decomposition of petroleum. The investigations made by Prof. Lesquereux have led him to attribute its origin to the partial decomposition of low forms of marine vegetation. Again, the first-named scientist affirms his conviction that the remains of animal life have contributed much more largely to the formation of petroleum than has generally been supposed—and further, that the different varieties of petroleum are largely due to the varied forms of animal life existing during the different geological epochs. The opinion of Dr. Sterry Hunt is of equal interest—namely, that the presence of the petroleum oils of Pennsylvania and Canada in the lower palaeozoic rocks, which contain no traces of land plants, shows that they have not in all cases been derived from terrestrial vegetation, but also from marine plants or animals.

**CONVENTS IN MIDAIR.**—English papers report that at the convent of Metamorphosis, on the road from Janina to Larissa, there have been discovered numerous manuscripts dating from the reign of Andronicus II. This was the emperor who assumed the monastic garb and the name of Antony, and after retiring to a cloister died in oblivion about four years afterward, in 1332. The volumes, ten in number, are said to have been already read through at Athens, to which place they were sent direct from the convents. One of them, which is deemed the most interesting gives an account of the establishment of the twenty "meteoric" convents founded in the time of the Palaeologi, ten of which are still extant, including the one where the manuscripts have just been found. It was in one of these that the Emperor Cantacuzene finished his days as a recluse, having deserted the purple for the gown of a monk of St. Basil. The meteoric convents were designed to enable devotees to imitate, in a mild degree, the example of St. Simeon Stylites, and, by raising themselves out of reach of the vulgar world, to practice an elevated form of worship in every sense of the word. Any visitor allowed to enter must wrap himself up in a sort of net let down from the steep crag upon which the convent is built, and be hoisted up the side of it by the monks at the top, to a height of some three hundred feet above the plain.

**PRECIOUS METALS IN ENGLAND.**—Small quantities of gold of the deep-yellow variety have occasionally been picked up in Cornwall from the earliest times, and in the reigns of Edward I and III there were very considerable works at Combmartin, in Devonshire; between 300 and 400 miners, sent for out of Derbyshire, were employed in them, and the produce was so considerable as to assist the Black Prince in his wars against France. In the reign of Henry III. a copper mine which was worked at Newlands, in Cumberland, is said to have contained veins of gold as well as silver. The patent-rolls in the Tower record several grants, made by the sovereign to individuals, of privilege to search for gold and silver. In 1390, Richard II. granted to John Younge, refiner, all the gold and silver found in any mine in England, paying to the crown a ninth part, to the Church a tenth, and to the lord of the soil a thirteenth part. It may here be mentioned as indicative of the spirit of occult philosophy which prevailed in those times that in 1444 a patent was granted to John Cobbe, "that, by the art of philosophy, he might transform imperfect metals from their own proper nature and transmute them into gold and silver." In the reigns of James IV. and V., of Scotland, vast wealth was procured from the lead hills from the gold washed from the mountains; in the reign of the latter not less than the value of £300,000 sterling.

**PURIFYING WATER.**—It is not so generally known as it ought to be that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and the clearness of the finest spring-water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

**SUDDEN JUDGMENT.**—A sad catastrophe befell the town of Pisura, in Italy, in the years 1618. It was situated beneath Mount Conto, and on the very site of a buried town, whose fate might have given forewarning. A gay, laughter-loving, thoughtless little town it was; and as the sun set on September 4th, the people lay down to rest, or pursued their festivities far into the night, without a dream of danger; but in the darkness of that night Mount Conto fell and destroyed them all. A great roar was heard far over the country; a shock felt, as of an earthquake, and then a solemn stillness followed. In the morning a cloud of dust and vapor hung over the valley, and the bed of the river was dry. All the excavations that have been made have failed to discover a single vestige of the inhabitants or their dwellings. The cathedral, with its gold and



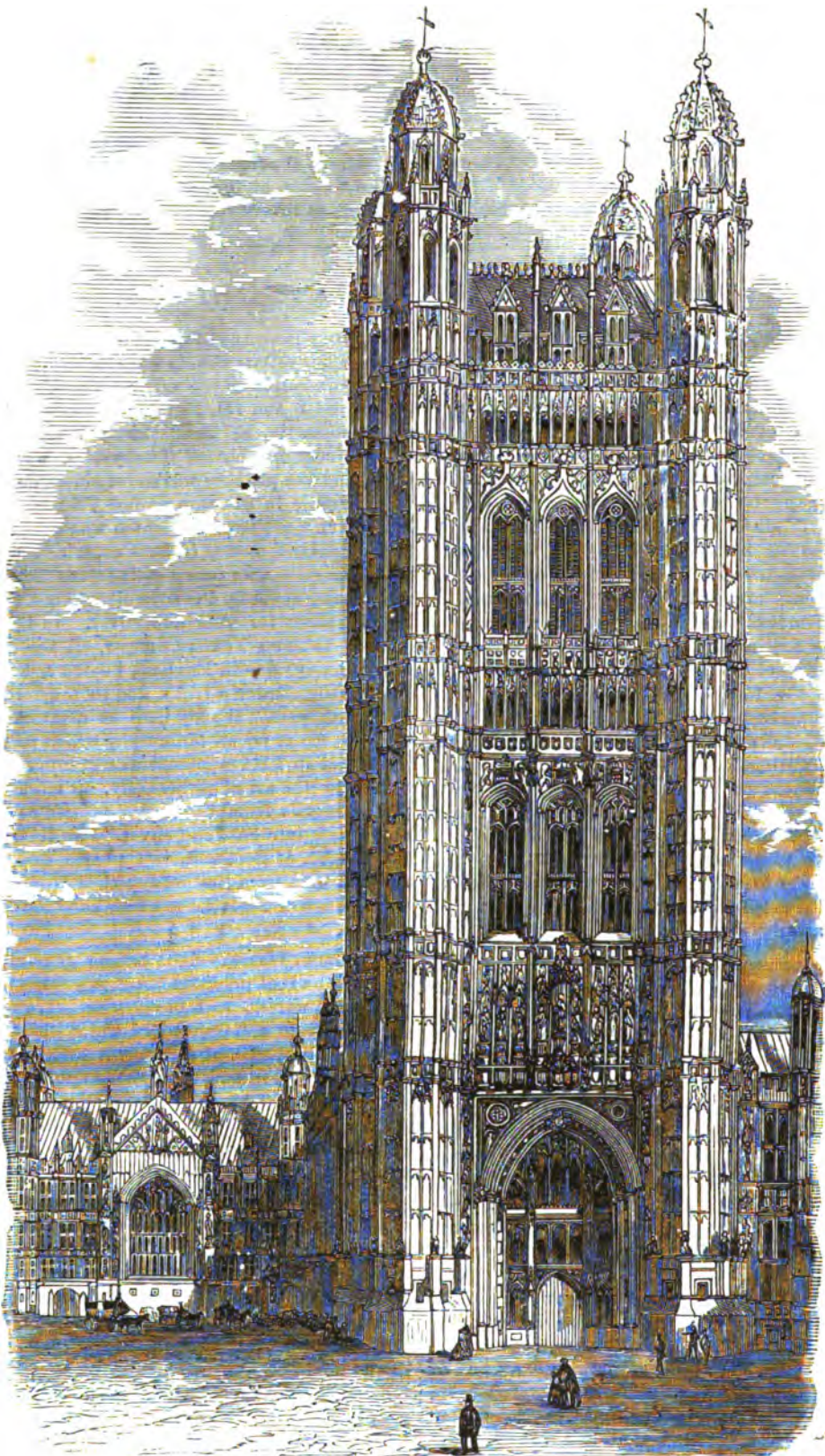
jewels, the churches, houses and hovels, the priests, peasants and nobles, there lie at rest till the great day. In such a fearful ruin shall those perish who, having lived under the very shadow of Christ's salvation all their lives, receive at last the heavy doom of those who, having had the offer, have yet "rejected so great salvation."

THE American school of classical studies at Athens, projected by the Archaeological Institute of America, will be opened on October 2d. Already an annual subscription of \$2,250 for ten years has been granted to pay the expenses of the school by the following colleges and universities: Harvard, Yale, Brown, Amherst, Johns Hopkins, College of the City of New York, Columbia, College of New Jersey and Wesleyan. Professor Goodwin, of Harvard, has accepted the directorship for one year, and the college will pay him during his year's residence in

Athens a salary of \$3,000. American students who have received academic degrees from any of the institutes that

have made subscriptions will be admitted to the school and will be required to prosecute some special study in classical literature, art or antiquities, under the supervision of the director, to reside eight months in Greece and to submit theses on their work. No charge will be made for tuition or direction, but no provision has been made to pay the expenses of students. There is assurance, however, of the attendance of a creditable number, and the Archaeological Institute as well as the institutions of learning anticipate results that will be creditable to American scholarship and enthusiasm, and that will in turn excite greater interest in original classical research at home. The promptness with which subscriptions have been made to carry out the project is itself creditable to these institutions, and means that American classical scholarship, so far from

decaying, proposes to compete with French and German scholarship for archaeological honors on classical soil.



THE VICTORIA TOWER, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



**THE SEVEN WISE MEN.**—Most people have heard of the "Seven Wise Men of Greece," but very few know who they were or how they came to be called so. Here is the story, and the moral of it is worth remembering, if their names are not: The Seven Wise Men of Greece are supposed to have lived in the fifth century before Christ. Their names are Patacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilon, Cleobulus and Periander. The reason of their being called wise is given differently by various authors; but the most approved accounts state that, as some Coans were fishing, certain strangers from Melitus bought whatever should be in the nets without seeing it. When the nets were brought in, they were found to contain a golden tripod which Helen, as she sailed from Troy, is supposed to have thrown there. A dispute arose between the fishermen and the strangers as to whom it belonged, and, as they could not agree, they took it to the Temple of Apollo and consulted the priestess as to what should be done with it. She said it must be given to the wisest man in Greece,

which sum at the time had been pledged for their support in America. None of the money came till Dean Berkeley secured one-fourth of it, and later the whole £80,000 was paid to the Princess Anne, upon her marriage with the Prince of Orange. The Dean was made Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland. In 1743 he conveyed his Whitehall farm in Rhode Island to Yale College.

### THE VICTORIA TOWER.

THIS magnificent tower of the London Houses of Parliament is built in the florid Gothic style and rises to the height of three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the Thames. Based on the solid edifice, seventy feet square, are the turrets, seventy feet in height, above which rises a lofty flagstaff, from which, whenever the Queen visits the Houses of Parliament, the broad banner of England is displayed.

With respect to the architecture of the tower—which,



LOUIS AND AUGUSTINE CARACOL.—SEE PAGE 394.

and it was accordingly sent to Bias, who declared that Thales was wiser, and sent it to him; Thales sent it to another one, and so on, until it had passed through the hands of all the men, distinguished afterward as the "Seven Wise Men," and as each one claimed that the other was wiser than he, it was finally sent to the Temple of Apollo, where it long remained to teach the lesson that the wisest are the most distrustful of their wisdom.

**WHEN WAS BISHOP BERKELEY IN AMERICA?**—In January, 1729, he arrived at Newport, R. I., and remained two years and six months. He was born in Kilkenny County, Ireland, March 12th, 1684, and died at Oxford, England, January 14th, 1753. He was a scholar, a philosopher, a wise divine in theology, and one of the most brilliant men of the past century. He gave great numbers of books to Yale College, and many to Harvard, where his name is much honored, and after a hard struggle with Sir Robert Walpole he secured £20,000 of the £80,000 voted by England to support four bishops, after Queen Anne's wars,

from the immense weight of the materials, the architect was compelled to construct by degrees, in order that one part might be consolidated before the pressure became immoderate—there have been conflicting opinions. Some have objected to Sir Charles Barry's design, that it wants the effect and emphasis of deep lights and shadows. The shape is too formal; the angles are too sharply defined; the surface, with all its ornamentation, is too flat for this class of critics. Others reply that whereas in smaller structures, projecting masses, a graduated pile as if of tower on tower, with fretwork in high relief, might be necessary, this edifice is too imposing to stand in need of such architectural artifices.

A glance at the engraving which we give of the Victoria Tower will convey more clearly to the reader than any description can possibly do an idea of the skill of the architect in picturesque combinations of some of the most beautiful details of the architectural and sculptural decorations of the later or perpendicular style. The highly enriched panels of the main tower are admirably relieved by

the flanks of the turrets, in their turn surmounted by crocketed caps, with richly carved vanes. Then, too, how are the central canopied niches and their statues set off by their flanking panels! and the badges beneath the third story windows aid the effect of the most important heraldic richness displayed below. The statues, or, rather, statuettes, by-the-way, are beautifully executed; they number crowned sovereigns, mitred churchmen and saintly women, and are clever impersonations of character.

In these buildings we see another instance of the power, the wealth, and the enterprise of England—an old architecture recast, and old things become new.

Before the Houses of Parliament have become old, centuries will have rolled over the world, nations will have passed away and new powers and new dynasties will have arisen. London will become blacker and blacker, but the Palace of Westminster will, centuries hence, stand erect in its grandeur, gilded by thousands of suns, silvered by centuries of moons.

Many men, whose fame is noised abroad throughout the world, die and leave the preservation and memory of their names to other hands, but Sir Charles Barry has constructed a monument, which shall at once be the nation's glory, and hand down his name to succeeding generations.

## THE SONG OF THE SUMMER BREEZE.

"He bringeth the wind out of His treasures."—PSALM CXXXV. 7; JER. X. 13.

STRONG Summer Breeze!  
Blown from the Treasure-house of God,  
Where, bending to thy kiss,  
Wave Life's green trees!  
Here through these leaves of earth,  
While flash the southern stars,  
Sweep singing all night long,  
Sweet Summer breeze!

God's gift below!  
The toil and dust of sultry day  
Pass in cool melody,  
When Thou dost blow;  
While voiceless lightning gleams  
Soft o'er the keener stars,  
And gentlest waters heave  
In ebb and flow.

Here softly blown;  
But there, on thy wide-wafting wing,  
The Almighty's footsteps sound  
In thunder tone:  
Thy plumes in Heaven's light shine,  
While the far-darkened sea  
Roars to thy touch of power,  
Thou dread Cyclone!

Or far away,  
On Southern Ocean's boundless breast,  
The Treasure Trade-winds blow  
Day after day;  
The fresh seas, circled round  
By cloudy zones and blue,  
Shine white with swelling sails  
And dancing spray.

Come, gently sweep,  
Laden with scent of meadow hay,  
Across the graves we love,  
And where we weep;  
They loved thee, Wind of Heaven;  
And they shall rise to feel  
Thy fresher, balmy breath,  
After their sleep.

Spirit Divine!  
Thy breath alone can chase away  
The sultry mists which veil  
This heart of mine!  
Thou Gift unspeakable,  
Breathe forth the Saviour's love;  
Refresh me till night pass,  
And morning shine!

## THE THREE CARACCI

THE violence of character betrayed by Denis Calvert, a Flemish painter established at Bologna, who struck, and sometimes even wounded his pupils, contributed to increase the number of those who frequented the new school. Very shortly Guido, Albano, and the timid Domenichino, fled from the brutality of the foreign master, and took refuge in the school of the Caracci. No sooner had the Caracci filled their school with reformers, and proclaimed throughout Italy the true independence of art, than they closed their studio and separated. The ambition of Louis and Augustine was satisfied; but Annibal, being desirous of studying the models of antiquity, proceeded to Rome with a recommendation to Cardinal Farnese. This prelate was so pleased with a painting of St. Catherine presented to him by Annibal, that he commissioned him to decorate the gallery of his palace. Annibal associated with himself in this work his brother Augustine and Domenichino, and its execution occupied nine years of the most assiduous labor. Annibal had looked upon the engagement as affording him the means of subsistence for the remainder of his days; but the courtiers of the cardinal had so great an influence over him, that that prince rewarded the artist with but five hundred crowns in gold. They even proposed to the cardinal to deduct from this sum the cost of his maintenance whilst thus employed,

Overcome with melancholy at such unworthy treatment, Annibal retired to Mount Quirinal, and abstained henceforth from exercising his talent. All commissions he intrusted to his pupils.

Annibal was of a frank and generous disposition; he was the declared enemy of flatterers, and was proud of his humble origin. His plain and simple exterior contrasted strongly with the elegant manners and appearance of Augustine; and it is said that, in order to correct his brother's vanity, and to recall to his mind their common birth, he one day depicted his father threading his needle, with spectacles on nose, and his mother by his side with the scissors ready for his use. From this time Augustine quitted Rome, and never again saw his brother. In order, if possible, to be cured of his melancholy, Annibal was advised to try the air of Naples; but he had scarcely resided there any time, when he was tormented by a desire to revisit Rome. He accordingly traveled thither in the height of Summer, an extremely unhealthy season in that climate. The journey hastened his end. He died in the arms of a son of his brother Augustine, on the 15th of July, 1609, at the age of forty-nine years. His remains were placed near those of Raphael in the Pantheon. Not only did his pupils, the artists, and literary men in Rome pay him the last tribute of respect, but the people even thronged to his funeral, and mourned over the loss of so



great a genius. Augustine had preceded his brother to the tomb. After their separation he retired to Parma, where he fell into profound melancholy of a religious character, and died in 1601 in the convent of the Capuchins. Louis survived his cousins ten years. Having remained in Bologna, and enriched that city with his greatest works, he died there, poor and regretted, in 1619.

#### TEXT FROM THE BUDDHIST BOOKS.

ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought ; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the cart.

For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time ; hatred ceases by love—this is an old rule.

Let a man overcome anger by love ; let him overcome evil by good ; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

Let us live happily then, not hating those who hate us ! Among those men who hate us let us dwell free from hatred.

The man who is free from credulity, but knows the Uncreated, who has cut all ties, removed all temptations, renounced all desires, he is the greatest of men.

As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower or its color or its scent, so let a sage dwell in his village.

When the learned man drives away vanity by earnestness, he, the wise, climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, looks down upon the fools—serene he looks upon the tolling crowd, as one that stands on a mountain looks down upon them that stand on the plain.

#### THE ITALIAN GIRL'S PORTRAIT.

Doest see yon pair beside the gushing fountain ?  
The sun sinks low, the day is well-nigh past,  
And they have led their flocks from yonder mountain,  
And here they stand in sight of home at last.

They stay a while beside the crystal waters  
To quench their thirst and rest their weary feet ;  
A bonny lad ; she, fairest of earth's daughters  
Whom curious eyes in longest march might meet

But who are these, their footsteps hither bending ?  
Two spoilers they—but not of harmful kind—  
Who every day o'er hill and dale are wending,  
Fair Nature's beauties everywhere to find.

And they this maid with joyful eyes beholding,  
Are quick resolved to catch so sweet a prize,  
And one to other artful plan unfolding,  
Each to the spot with eager footfall hies.

With low salute, the maiden's fears disarming  
They take a seat beside the limpid spring ;  
They praise its waters, call the landscape charming,  
And sketch the plants that round the fountain cling.

So gently thus the maid's attention gaining,  
One wily tongue in stream unceasing flows  
Of thrilling speech, these pleasant souls retaining,  
While each swift line upon the paper grows.

For well the artist notes the look of shyness  
That plays so sweetly round those beauteous eyes,  
And quickly works, with smile of placid slyness,  
Lest she his furtive labors should surprise.

And that meek soul in modest terror shrinking  
From faintest wish to catch a stranger's gaze  
Yet mutely stands and listens all unthinking  
The while yon cunning hand her face portrays.

Far, far, dear maid, they'll bear thy lovely features  
To cities where thy virtues are unknown ;  
And to the gaze of Folly's fluttering creatures  
Shall thy fair face with mocking smile be shown.

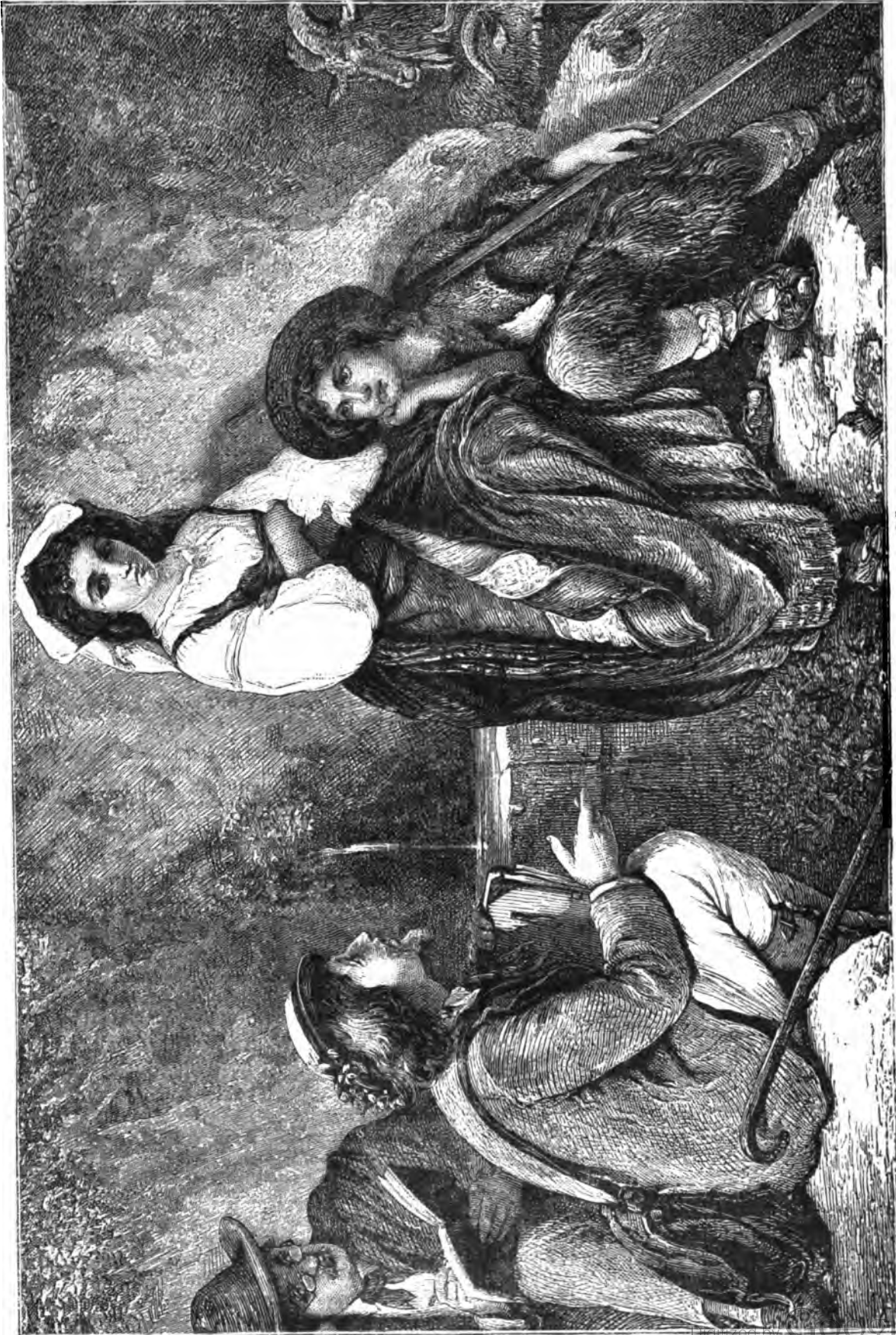
Ah, may we hope the sight of looks so beaming  
With graceful purity, may oft be blest  
By raising pangs regretful—half redeeming  
The wasted hours, in many a sister's breast !

## KOMPERT'S STORIES OF JEWISH HOME LIFE

### IV.

In "The Lost Sheep" we are removed from the noisy Ghetto to a remote Bohemian village, and taken into the only Jewish house in the place. Here we behold the sufferings caused to a family by the defection of one of its children. Dinah, or Marian, as is her new baptismal name, has followed a peasant to his home and his church. She has left behind her a mother, brother and nephew, all of whom suffer in diverse modes from her step. The child is superstitiously afraid of her, the mother grieves for her, and yet her heart goes out toward her and the grandchildren she has never yet blessed ; the brother is torn by implacable hatred of her apostasy. He is the personification of fanaticism ; at heart a noble and good man, but unable to forgive—indeed, fully assured that he is forbidden to do so. He wishes to do his duty by his sister, and searches the Scriptures for light. He reads from them only terrible words of vengeance. His soul struggles between his ancient love, his present hatred of his sister, his gropings after enlightenment of action, are rendered in a masterly mode. One night there is written upon his door the words "Ahasuerus, accursed Jew." He takes

them to refer to the Persian King of the book of Esther, but learns the legend of the accursed man who cannot die because he refused rest to Jesus, and whom a divine voice has never ceased to reproach with his hardness. The story makes a profound impression on his mind. He, too, cannot quiet the reproaches of his conscience that tells him he has been hard. After some ten years there fall into his hands MSS. of his great-grandfather, a learned Rabbi, wherein he reads words of sweet import. Hurrying with them to the nearest synagogue, he consulted a Rabbi learned in the law as to whether indeed his forefather held these views. The learned man tells him that these words do not owe their origin to his grandfather, but proceeded from the lips of the blonde Rabbi of Nazareth. But his grandfather must have held them true, argues Joseph, and his spirit is changed. He forgives his sister ; the words, which are indeed the Sermon on the Mount, have thrown quite a new light into his soul. From that day his innate goodness triumphs, the hard, revengeful spirit of the Old Testament is broken. It is a touching and subtle trait, this, on the part of Kompert, to



THE ITALIAN GIRL'S PORTRAIT.—SEE PAGE 395.



introduce the gentler doctrines of Jesus, and to make his coreligionists see in the New Testament that which it truly is, a continuation and completion of the ancient Law. Another trait introduced into this story finds expression elsewhere. It is this, that the women are generally the first to turn away from the old faith. There is a deep cause for this. What is lacking to the Jewish religion is the feminine element. Had the influence of women been suffered, much of its inflexibility, its hardness, would have given way ere this. As it is, the Jewish faith is a religion only made for men; it has no place for women, and these long naturally for a warmer, wider faith, that can embrace them, too, can give them souls, and raise them to the rank of human beings. The old Oriental idea of female

at once without sufferings and soul-tossings, but she arrives at it more easily than her lover, who is incased in the iron-bound traditions of the rabbinical law. For it is not the Old Testament itself that is so ruthlessly rigid, it is the superstructure of dogmas that has been reared upon it by centuries of learned commentary, of asceticism, of austerity. Into this story there also enters the social difference between Jews and Christians that makes mutual comprehension hard at times. But love builds a bridge and leads to the amalgamation that is not only good but necessary. Both sides are the gainers: the Jews, that their peculiarities should become toned down, that they should become imbued with a more generous and wider spirit; the Teuton, that he imbibes a little Eastern mental



MANUAL SCHOOL FOR TECHNICAL TRAINING, ST. LOUIS.—SEE PAGE 398.

subjection yet obtains with the Jews, and herein is perhaps one of the most dangerous, fruitful, and certain causes of Israel's decay. From the stubborn nature of the people, from their Eastern blood, the emancipation of women will probably prove one of the points they will longest hold out against. The very obstinacy of their resistance will prove their more certain defeat.

"Over Ruins" is the title of one of the longer novels. It depicts the agonized mental struggles of a young Hebrew who has fallen in love with a Christian girl, and is a profound psychological study. Dorothea, the girl, is one of those rare but beautiful and poetical natures that can take to itself the spirit of all religions, that does not require to follow the dead letter, but understands intuitively that all religions are at the bottom the same when divested of their dogmas. Not that even she comes to this comprehension

quickness, a greater power of assimilation, an acuter brain. *Punch*, with his usual British shrewdness and common sense, hit the right nail upon the head when, referring to the shameful German outbreak of medievalism, he proposes as a remedy that the impecunious, empty-headed, and bloodproud German Baron should marry the sister of the rich Hebrew, and that he in return should marry the silly nobleman's sister. But Kempert shows that neither to Jew nor Gentile is the step easy; that only over ruins, over the wrecks of faith that have broken down in form, though not in spirit, can a union of different creeds take place. And how much suffering to both sides does not this wall of prejudice cause! With powerful and penetrating touch Kempert reveals this once more in a different form, under the title of "Leah and Christian." Christian, as his name of itself denotes, is the son of



Christians. He was saved from perishing in an inundation that robbed him of his parents by the charity of poor Jews, whom this same flood had robbed of their home and possessions. He has always been the playmate of the little Leah, and her mother resolves to become a mother also to this orphan and to share with him the little they themselves possess. Her husband is opposed to this idea, but he must submit, because in the hour of their supreme danger he had sworn to his wife upon the sacred rolls of the Law that this desire of hers should be accomplished.

Sarah's philanthropy draws down upon her the invidious comments of the Ghetto, for in this small community everything is known, everything is talked over, everything is criticised, not always too gently. The boy's name alone is a stumbling-block: each time it is spoken it recalls to the community those they have little cause to love. But Sarah is not daunted. She does her duty by the child, she has him taught in his own faith, while teaching him to respect theirs; he grows to love her as his own mother, while his childish affection for Leah and hers for him never wavers, but rather gains strength and grows with their growth. The strongest and fiercest opponent to Sarah's step is her old grandmother, who refuses henceforth to pronounce over her each Sabbath eve the blessing it is customary for parents to speak over their children. "How can I," contends the fanatic old woman—"how, can I lay my hands upon your head and speak, 'And God shall place thee as Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel and Leah,' since none of our mothers in Israel would have acted as you have done?" She foretells that a heavy curse will yet fall upon the family for their deed. She tries to bribe Sarah to abandon her purpose by promising her a rich inheritance. In vain: Christian remains where he was until the time comes for him to leave for the town to be a mason's apprentice. There the fact that he has been reared in the Ghetto at first exposes him to taunts, which he manfully repels by showing how no one could have acted better by him than his Jewish foster-parents, who have not only reared him but reared him in faith alien to their own. His affection for the Ghetto never wanes. He even returns there upon the eve of all Jewish festivals, that he may keep them with his foster-parents. But another magnet besides the festivals attracts him, and that is Leah. As children they have dreamed that Christian should become a builder and build for the two a house that they could inhabit together all alone. The time to realize this dream seems not far distant, and Christian asks Leah's consent to their union. Neither imagine any obstacle can stand in the path that looks so plain. But the grandmother dies cursing Sarah; the curse, added to a fall, disorders her husband's brain; he, too, hurls imprecations at the head of the lad who has been to him a faithful son. Sarah is shaken in her convictions, she fears she has acted wrongly, after all; the Ghetto confirms her in this view. At last, with a heavy heart, she tells Christian the union can never be brought about; that he must separate his lot from theirs, and quit the Ghetto, never to return. After many, many years, when both Leah and Christian are decrepit and old, Christian returns to his old home to find that Leah's life has been wasted in yearning for him, as his has been blasted in longing for her. Their remaining days they spend together; but, alas! their lives had been wrecked, their hearts broken upon the hard, inexorable wheels of form. Oh, terrible bondage of the letter of creeds! "The grandmothers, the grandmothers, it is always the grandmothers who hang the old traditions like millstones around the necks of the younger generations." So speaks Kompert through the mouth of one of his personages in this mournful story. It is the old people

who retain Israel in its ban, who, unable themselves to march with the times, would hinder others from doing so, indeed, do hinder them, for in Israel the reverence for age and parents still wields a mighty, a dangerous power, as often abused as used.

#### ST. LOUIS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

THE new building of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts has a front 138 feet wide, is of massive cold gray limestone, like granite in color, and, for building, as durable. It is situated on Lucas Place and Nineteenth Street, extending to St. Charles Street on the north. Broad curving granite steps, on the front centre, some 36 feet at the base line and 24 feet where they touch the building, present an easy and graceful approach. Three colossal heads of Phidias, Michael Angelo and Raphael, by Howard Kretchmar, are placed in alcoves in the front walls, and other artistic ornamentations on each side. It is in height 74 feet, with a red tile roof and ornamentation on the ridge, that set off the structure and complete the beautiful design. The depth of the front is 48 feet, but the extension, 76x88 feet, seems, by the rare design of the architect, a part of the main building, as one stands in its spacious vestibule, 26x54 feet deep. The walls are finished in Pompeian red and harmonious colors, and simple but very fine frescoing in the simplicity and elegance of the Greek style gives a beautiful effect to the halls and vestibule. One striking feature of the finish is the absence of paint upon the woodwork. Polished oak, with all its fine branch and grain, and black-walnut, constitute the finish. The halls upon the first floor, devoted to statuary, open from each side of the vestibule. They are now filled with choice marbles, casts of the antique and bronzes, the result of several visits of Professor Ives to Europe. "Memorial Hall" is reached through the vestibule by two large entrances. It was piously dedicated to the memory of a son of Wayman Crow, who died abroad. It is a wonderfully beautiful piece of work. The ceilings frescoed and colored, the walls in Pompeian red, its columns elegantly finished, while the woodwork is all black-walnut, harmonious with the thought that dedicated the hall. The wainscoting is 15 feet high, and every window and casing and bit of finish is in the natural wood. The amphitheatre-form of the hall causes every seat to look to the centre, and reveals the curve as the line of beauty. Largely lighted, it seems complete at every point. It seats 700. The heavy carved oak stairways lead from each side of the vestibule to the upper galleries, which are now well filled with a loan of rare paintings from the citizens of St. Louis. A choice Turner and Marrati's "Madonna and Child," and rare selections from the best of the French school, hang upon the walls, with scores of other costly bits of work. These galleries are lighted, of course, through the glass roof. Nothing seems to have been omitted in this splendid structure to make it complete for the purpose for which it was designed. The basement has full windows, and lecture and work rooms and cozy retreats. There are four studios, each 18x36 feet, over Memorial Hall, lighted by northern windows 9x14 feet. These may be thrown into a single exhibition-hall when needed. The building was designed by Peabody & Stearns, of Boston, and was given to Washington University as a trust, for the people of St. Louis for ever by Wayman Crow, Esq.

The Art School opened in 1875 with 18 scholars, and the books of the present year show an attendance of 450. Professor Halsey C. Ives is Director of the school, and is aided by Messrs. Gretherz, Kretchmar, Harney, Engler and Frye.

## THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM.

CHRISTIANITY is not an experiment. We look for no other system that is to regenerate the world—for no other Saviour than Jesus Christ. There can be no doubt that the Christian dispensation, be it long or short, will be the last, and just as the world went through a succession of preparatory stages before the advent of the Messiah, so now it is undergoing changes favorable to the spread of the gospel, and by which the command addressed to the early disciples has for us a new emphasis and meaning. The mission fields are not so far away as they once were. The ends of the earth have been brought together; and there has been a remarkable change in the relationship of the great nations of the world to each other, and to Christianity. The Christian religion has now come to be regarded rather as the handmaid of commerce than in any sense detrimental to it. The missionaries have done more for India than the War Department. The difficulties of language have been greatly lessened. The dialects of nearly all peoples have been mastered by the missionaries, and for that matter the English language is everywhere asserting itself as the one which seems destined to displace every other. Knowledge has increased. The amount of Christian literature distributed over the world is beyond conception. The best Book of all has 150,000,000 copies in circulation, against five millions at the beginning of the present century. In almost every land the missionary has liberty to preach the gospel. The number of missionary societies is tenfold what it was at the beginning of the present century, and the number of converts from heathenism nearly fiftyfold. But the great problem is far from having been solved. Two-thirds of the whole human race are yet in heathen darkness. Add to this, that we have still to deal with by far the most difficult part of the problem. Our successes have hitherto been among decaying races. The work before us is to be done amongst people as intelligent and vigorous as ourselves; in opposition to systems as old as the pyramids, and against traditions, prejudices, and superstitions that are the growth of ages. How the latent power of Christianity is to be developed, and its forces brought to bear most effectively against heathenism is the great question which the churches of Christendom have to consider, and to which some of the ablest minds and most profound thinkers are now turning their attention.

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, of Detroit, has an admirable paper on this subject in the March number of *The Gospel in all Lands*, from which we make the following extract:

"Looking both at the successes of the Gospel in foreign lands and at the transformation of the church at home within these eighty years, I cannot resist the conclusion that the fulfillment of prophecy may be just before us. Two most marked predictions are those that tell us 'the isles shall wait for His law,' and that 'Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God.' Does it mean nothing that the first grand conquests of modern missions have been in these *very directions*?

"Whichever way we turn our eyes, the signs of the times are the sure tokens of a daydawn. We have passed the dull gray that is the first advance herald of the morning—even the purple and crimson tints that tell of the glory, hastening on; the east shows something more than dark clouds edged with gold—the sun of righteousness is rising on the world! Christlieb, completing his survey, breaks forth in rapture: 'Yes, the present is, thank God, the century of missions, such as has never been. In it the age of world-wide missions has begun. More than all the generations on whose dust we tread can we to-day take up

the Psalm: 'All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God!' Let us take to ourselves the great consolation that to-day, as never before, the work is advancing. The long and laborious process of undermining the chief strongholds of heathenism will one day be followed by a great crash.

"The figures and facts reveal an increase in the number of converts from fifty thousand to nearly eighteen hundred thousand within eighty years. But this conveys no adequate idea of the work done. Everybody of professed disciples means a *community of Christians* with great numbers of *adherents*, not in communion. For every ten thousand church members, there are fifty thousand who are identified with Christianity instead of paganism. And no numerical estimates or statistics can give any hint of that deep, broad undercurrent of Gospel influence that, like the surge and swell of a tidal wave, lifts whole races to a higher life.

"The issues that hang upon a revival of missionary principle and spirit are too vast to be measured. Can we do anything to secure it? We need a more complete organization of Church activity. No congregation, however small and weak, must pass missions. The feebleness which is assigned as a cause of such neglect may be a consequence of it, for nothing keeps a Church weak like doing nothing outside of itself. Unselfish effort for a lost world makes its pulse quick and its sinews strong; self-extension reacts to promote self-support, and if Churches that scarce live at all would nourish and cherish a missionary spirit, they would grow in numbers and graces, in vigor and power. The Moravian Brethren, with but 20,000 adults, have no rival as a missionary body. Out of their poverty they give an average of \$1.10 each, annually. From even the smallest Church a yearly missionary-offering is expected as a necessary feature of Church life. Yet even in our great Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, with all their wealth and culture, from one quarter to one-third yield not one dollar to the great mission treasury. A greater need than thorough organization is the thorough sanctification of our Church life. The smoldering embers of our altars need to be fed with the fuel of abundant and accurate knowledge of facts, and then to become a zeal according to knowledge, fanned into glowing coals and consuming fires by the breath of the spirit of God. Otherwise, even where there is the most abundant missionary activity we run what Warneck counts the chief risk of missions: 'That missionary enterprise shall glide into routine; missionary zeal become so much rhetoric; and participation in missionary work degenerate into a matter of mere habit, not to say ecclesiastical business.' The revival of the missionary spirit must begin with the clergy. 'Like priest, like people.' The tide in Church life reaches no higher flood-mark than in the hearts of the ministry. The Chinese to this day feel the power of the person of William Burns, because in himself he was a living proof of the Gospel. Our people will lift the standard of missionary zeal when we burn and shine with that ardor and fervor for missions which is the enthusiasm of Christ, the fire of the Holy Ghost."—*The Presbyterian Record*.

INFIDELITY reproves nothing that is bad. It only ridicules and denounces all that is good. It tears down—it never constructs; it destroys—it never imparts life; it attacks religion, but offers no adequate substitute.—*Rev. J. R. Paxton*.

CHRISTIANITY involves many paradoxes, but no contradictions.—*Bishop Horsely*.

# THE SOUTH WIND.

BY FANNY PARNELL.



OUT of the perfumed, beautiful South, out of the home of the roses,  
Blow, O wind of the Summer Seas, wind of the Isles of the  
Blest!

Come where my heart, like a flower in drouth, chalice and petals  
uncloses,

Sighing in pain for the dew and breeze, faint with a sultry  
unrest.

Rise, O wind of the South, and blow! set the fountain of spices  
flowing,

Aloes and cassia, and costliest nard, cinnamon, saffron and  
myrrh;

Come where the stunted saplings grow, set the garden and orchard glowing,  
Breathe on the earth that is stripped and hard, till the young life waken  
and stir,

Like a bird in nest at the break of day, with its wings in dreams uplifted,  
Thrilled with a sense of the coming dawn, ere the luminous gates unclose,  
Or a germ from the tropical groves astray, on the vagrant breezes drifted,  
Waiting the birth of a brighter morn, in its cerements of alien snows.

Bleak is my garden, sterile and dark, never a bud with sunlight flushes;  
Sealed is the fount of odor and balm, fled and dead is the voice of song;  
Mute are the cushat, mavis and lark, never a rill with music gushes;

Barren are vine and fig-tree and palm, chill is the day, and the night is long;  
Ever I wait and watch for the Spring, for the bloom and glory of May,  
Looking for Youth in his robes of gold, and for Love, like a king alighting,  
That my soul may soar from the dust and sing in the glow of a magical day;  
But the pitiless hours fly one by one, and no sound the stillness breaking,  
Heralds the feet of a risen Love, with the silver strains of the past;  
Never the day that is dead and done shall return for a new awaking,  
Never the wing of the slaughtered dove shall brood o'er the nest at last.

Wind of the North! thou hast nipped my flowers, nipped and blasted my best and fairest;  
How could they blossom beneath thy breath?—thou who art bitter and fierce and chill;  
Keep but away from my frozen bowers—all that is loveliest then, and rarest,  
Freed from thy terrible spell of death, vineyard and orchard and sward shall fill.

Wind of the South! thou tarriest long—come ere the tender roots be perished;  
Shall I not make me a garden meet for the Lord of an Eden of light?—  
Shall not the blossoms grow rich and strong, that on earth He most has cherished?  
Shall I have naught that is fair and sweet?—naught but the frost, and the storm and blight?  
Ah! 'tis in vain that I make my prayer—still is the ice-wind o'er me sweeping;  
Still do I hold my vigil of woe, still do I shudder 'neath wintry skies;  
Still is my garden pallid and bare; still are the torpid vineyards sleeping;  
Never the wind of the South shall blow, till it blows from the Hills of Paradise.



## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

If religion is going to put my piano out of tune, and clog the feet of my children racing through the hall, and sour the bread, and put crape on the door-bell, I do not want it to come into my house. I paid six dollars to hear Jenny Lind warble. I never paid a cent to hear anybody groan. I want to know what religion is going to do if it gets into my house; what it is going to do in the dining-hall, in the nursery, in the parlor, in the sleeping apartment, in every room from cellar to attic.

It is very easy to invite a guest to come to your house, but if he turn out to be a disagreeable guest, it is not so easy to get rid of him. You had better find out the character of the guest before you invite him to come in. Isaac Watts went to visit Sir Thomas and Lady Abney at their place at Theobalds, expecting to stay a week, and he staid thirty-five years. And if you get religion into your house, the probability is it will not stay a week, or a month, or a year, but for ever. Do not, therefore, invite religion into your homestead until you know what religion is, until you know some of its characteristics, whether it is going to cast a joy or a gloom on your household, whether it is going to be an exhilaration or it is going to be a depletion.

The practical question that I want to discuss this month is, and it is a very important one, What will religion do for our household if it gets there?

Question the first: What did religion do in your father's household, if you were brought up in a Christian home?

As you read this the scene all flashes back upon you. It is time for morning prayers in the old homestead. You are called in. You sit down. You are somewhat fidgety while you listen to the reading. Your father makes no pretense to rhetorical reading of the Scriptures, but just goes right on and reads in a plain way. Then you all kneel. You remember it now just as well as though it were yesterday. If you were an artist you could photograph the scene. You were not as devotional, perhaps, as your elder brothers or sisters, and while they had their heads bowed solemnly down, you were thoughtless and looking around, and you know just the posture of your father and mother, and brothers and sisters.

The prayer was longer than you would like to have had it. It was about the same prayer morning by morning and night by night, for your father had the same sins to deplore and the same blessings to thank God for. You were somewhat impatient to have the prayers over. Perhaps the game of ball was waiting, or the skates were lying under the shed, or you wanted to look two or three times over your lesson before you started for school, and you were somewhat impatient. After a while the prayers were over. Your parents did not rise from the floor as easily as you, for their limbs were rheumatic and stiffened with age.

Prayers were over. You recall it all. A tear trickles down your cheek, and it seems to melt all that scene, but it comes back again. There is father, there is mother, there are your brothers and your sisters. Was that morning exercise in your father's house degrading or elevating? As you look back now thirty, forty, fifty years, you hear the same prayers—the prayers of 1830, 1840, 1850, just as familiar to your mind now as though you had heard them yesterday, although the lips that uttered them long ago

turned to dust. But all that scene comes back. Was it elevating or degrading?

Do you not realize that there has been many a battle in life when that scene upheld you? Do you not remember, O man, when once you proposed to go to some place where you ought not to go, and that prayer jerked you back? Do you now, my brother, my sister, reviewing that scene, bringing it to your mind—do you really think it was good economy, or a waste of time, that your father and mother spent those moments in prayer for themselves and prayer for their families?

Ah, my friends, as we think of it we come almost to the conclusion that if those scenes were improving to our father's household they would be improving to our own household. They did no damage there; they do no damage now. "Is God dead?" said a little child to her father. "Is God dead? Oh, no," he said; "my child, what do you ask that question for?" "Oh," she said, "when mother was living we used to have prayers, but since mother has been dead we have not had prayers. I thought perhaps God was dead, too."

A family well launched in the morning with prayer goes with a blessing all day. The breakfast hour over, the family scatter—some to household cares, some to school, some to business in New York or Brooklyn. Before night comes there will be many temptations, many perils, perils of misstep, perils of street-car, perils of the ferryboat, perils of quick temper; many temptations threatening to do you harm. Somewhere between 7 A.M. and 10 P.M. there may be a moment when you will want God. Oh! you had better launch the day right. It will not hinder you, my brother, in business life. It will be a secular advantage.

A man went off to the war and fought for his country, and the children staid and cultivated the farm, and the mother prayed. One young man was telling the story afterward, and some one hearing the story said: "Well, well, your father fighting, children digging on the farm, and mother praying at home; it seems to me all these agencies ought to bring us out of our national troubles." I tell you, friends, pray and be industrious, and you will get a livelihood. You might say, "Give us this day our daily bread," and then fold your arms and starve to death; but industry and prayer will give you temporal prosperity.

What has been your memory, what is your memory now, of those early scenes? Do you think we had better have God in our own household? "Oh," says some one, "I can't formulate a prayer; I never prayed in my life." Well, then, my brother, there are Philip Henry's prayers, and McDuff's prayers, and Doddridge's prayers, and Episcopal Church prayers, and a score of good books with supplications appropriate to your family. If you do not feel yourself competent to formulate a prayer, just take one of those prayer-books, put it down on the bottom of the chair, kneel by it, and then commend to a merciful God your own soul, and the souls of your family.

"Oh!" says a father, "I couldn't do that at all; I am naturally so retiring and reticent, it is impossible." Well, I think sometimes it is the mother's duty to lead in the prayer. I say, sometimes. She knows more of God, she knows more about the family wants, she can read the Scripture with more tender enunciation. To put it in

plain words, she prays better. I remember my father's praying morning by morning and night by night, but when he was absent from home and my mother prayed it was very different. Though sometimes when father prayed we were listless or indifferent, we were none of us listless or indifferent when mother prayed, for we remember just how she looked on the floor, with her hand to her brow as she said: "I ask not for my children riches or honor or fame, but I ask that they all may become subjects of Thy converting grace." "Why," you say, "I never could forget that"; neither could you.

Oh! these mothers—they seem to decide everything. Nero's mother was a murderess. Lord Byron's mother was haughty and impious. So you might have judged from their children. Walter Scott's mother was fond of poetry. Washington's mother was patriotic. St. Bernard's mother was a noble-minded woman. So you might have judged from their children.

Good men have good mothers. There are exceptions to the rule, but they are only exceptions. The father and the mother loving God, their children are almost certain to love God. The son may make a wide curve from the straight path, but he will almost be sure to curve back again after a while. God remembers the prayers, and brings the son back on the right road after a while again, sometimes after the parents are gone. How often we hear it said, "Oh! he was a wild young man until his father's death; since that he has been very different; he has been very steady since his father's death; he has become a Christian." The fact is that the lid of the father's casket is often the altar of repentance for a wandering boy. The marble pillar of the tomb is the point at which many a young man has been revolutionized.

Oh! young man, how long is it since you were out to your father's grave? Perhaps you had better go to-day. Perhaps the storms of last Winter may have bent the headstone toward the earth, and it may need straightening. Perhaps the letters may be somewhat defaced by the elements. Perhaps the gate of the graveyard may be open. Perhaps you might find a sermon in the faded grass. Better go out and look. Oh! prodigal, do you remember your father's house? Do you think that religion which did for the old people would do well you?

It seems to me we are all resolved to have religion in our houses; but let it come in the front door and not at the back door. In other words, do not let us try to smuggle religion into the household. Do not let us be like those families that feel very much mortified when they are caught at family prayer. They do not dare to sing at family prayers lest the neighbors should hear them, and they never have prayers when they have company. Oh! if we are going to have religion in our house, let it come in at the door.

Some of our beautiful homes here in Brooklyn enshrine not the courage of the Western trapper. A traveler passing along far away from home was overtaken by night and by a storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms there. It was a rough-looking place, but he did not dare to go back into the darkness and storm. He had a large amount of money with him, and he felt very much excited and disturbed. After a while the trapper came home. He had a gun on his shoulder. He put the gun roughly down in the cabin, and then the traveler was more disturbed. He was sure he was not safe in that place. After a while he heard the family talking together, and he said: "Now they are plotting for my ruin. I wish I was out in the night and storm instead of being here; I would be safe there."

After a while the old trapper came up to the traveler

and said: "Stranger, we are a rough people; we get our living by hunting, and when we come in at night we are quite tired and we go to bed early, but before we go to bed we are in the habit of reading a few verses from the Scriptures and saying a short prayer; if you don't believe in such things, if you would just please step outside the door for a little while, I'll be obliged to you." There was the courage to do one's whole duty under all circumstances, and a house that has prayers in it is a safe house, it is a holy house, it is a divinely guarded house. So the traveler found out as he tarried in the cabin of that Western trapper.

But there are families that want religion a good way off, but within calling distance for a funeral; but to have religion dominant in the household from the first day of January, seven o'clock A.M., to the thirty-first day of December, ten o'clock P.M., they do not want it. I had in my ancestral home an incident of which I have told once, but I must tell it again for the encouragement of all Christian parents, and as it was blessed of God when I recited it before, so may it be blessed in hundreds of households represented by this Magazine. My grandfather and grandmother went from Somerville to Baskenridge to attend revival meetings under the ministry of Dr. Finley. They were so impressed with the meetings that when they came back to Somerville they were seized upon by a great desire for the salvation of their children. That evening the children were going off to a gay party, and my grandmother said to the children, "When you get all ready for the entertainment come into my room; I have something very important to tell you." After they were all ready for the gay entertainment, they came into my grandmother's room, and she said to them, "Go and have a good time; but while you are gone I want you to know I am praying for you, and will do nothing but pray until you get back."

They went off to the gay entertainment. They did not enjoy it much, because they thought all the time of the fact that mother was praying for them. The evening passed. The children returned. The next day my grandparents heard sobbing and crying in the daughter's room, and then went in and found her praying for the salvation of God, and she said—her daughter Phoebe said: "I wish you would go to the barn and the wagon-house, for Jehiel and David (the brothers) are under powerful conviction of sin." My grandparents went to the barn, and Jehiel, who afterward became an eminent minister of the Gospel, was imploring the salvation of God, and then having first knelt with him and commended his soul to Christ, they went to the wagon-house, and there was David crying for the salvation of God—David, who afterward became my father.

The whole family was swept into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. David could not keep the story to himself, and he crossed the fields to a farmhouse and told one to whom he had been affianced the story of his own salvation, and she yielded her heart to God. It was David and Catherine, and they stood up in the village church a few weeks after—for the story of the converted household went all through the neighborhood; in a few weeks two hundred souls stood up in the plain meeting-house at Somerville to profess faith in Christ, amongst them David and Catherine, afterward my parents.

My mother, impressed with that, in after life, when she had a large family of children gathered around her, made a covenant with three neighbors, three mothers. They would meet once a week to pray for the salvation of their children until all their children were converted—this incident not known until after my mother's death, the

covenant then revealed by one of the survivors. We used to say: "Mother, where are you going?" and she would say, "I am just going out a little while; going over to the neighbors." They kept on in that covenant until all their families were brought into the kingdom of God, myself the last, and I trace that line of results back to that evening when my grandmother commended our family to Christ, the tide of influence going on until this hour, and it will never cease.

I tell this for the encouragement of fathers and mothers who are praying for their children. Take courage. God will answer prayer. He will keep His bargain. He will remember His covenant. Oh, my friends, take your family Bible and read out of it at once. Some of you have such a Bible in the household. I have one in my home. It is a perfect fascination to me. If you looked at it, you would not find a page that was not discolored either with time or tears. My parents read out of it as long as I can remember; morning and evening they read out of it.

When my brother Van Nest died in a foreign land, and the news came to our country home, that night they read the eternal consolations out of the old book. When my brother David died in this city, then that book comforted the old people in their trouble. My father in midlife, fifteen years an invalid, out of that book read of the ravens that fed Elijah all through the hard struggle for bread. When my mother died that book illumined the dark valley. In the years that followed of loneliness, it comforted my father with the thought of reunion which took place afterward in Heaven.

Doré never illustrated a Bible as that Bible is illustrated to me, or your family Bible is illustrated to you. Only three or four pictures in it, but we look right through and we see the marriages, and the burials, and the joys and sorrows, the thanksgiving days and the Christmas festivals, the cradles and the deathbeds. Old, old book! the hand that turned your leaves has gone to ashes; the eyes that perused you are closed. Old, old book! What a pillow thou wouldst make for a dying head!

Let religion come into the dining-room to break the bread, into the parlor to purify the socialities, into the library to select the reading, into the bedroom to hallow the slumber, into the hallway to watch us when we go out and when we come in.

My subject has two arms. One arm of this subject puts its hand on the head of parents and says: "Do not interfere with your children's happiness, do not intercept their eternal welfare, do not put out your foot and trip any of them into a ruin. Start them under the shelter and benediction of the Christian religion. Catechisms will not save them, though the rod may be necessary; lessons of virtue will not save them, though such lessons are very important. Your becoming a Christian through and through, up and down, out and out, will make your children Christians."

The other arm of this subject puts its hand on all those who had good bringing-up, but as yet have not yielded to the anticipations in regard to them. I said that the path of the son or the daughter might widely diverge, and yet it is almost certain that the wandering one would come round again on the straight path. There are exceptions, and you, my brother, might be the exception. You have curved out long enough—it is time to curve in. Would it not be awful, after all the prayers offered for your salvation, if you missed heaven? If your parents prayed for you twenty years, and they offered two prayers a day for twenty years, that would make 29,200 prayers for you. Those 29,200 prayers are either the mountain over which

you will climb into Heaven, or they will be an avalanche coming down upon your soul.

Oh! by the cradle that rocked your childhood with the foot that has long ceased to move; by the crib in which your children sleep night by night under God's protecting care; by the two graves in which the two old hearts are resting—the two hearts that beat with love toward you since before you were born; by the two graves in which you, the now living father and mother, will soon repose, I urge you to faithfulness.

"Though parents may in covenant be  
And have their Heaven in view,  
They are not happy till they see  
Their children happy too."

Oh! thou glorified Christian ancestry. Bend from the skies to-day and give new emphasis to what you told us once with tears and many anxieties. Keep a place for us by your blissful side, for to-day, in the presence of earth and Heaven and Hell, and by the help of the Cross, and amid these overwhelming and gracious memories, we all resolve, each one for himself and his beloved ones: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." May the Lord God of Joshua have mercy on us!

#### THE BIBLE.

STUDY it carefully,  
Think of it prayerfully,  
Deep in the heart let its pure precepts dwell;  
Slight not its history,  
Ponder its mystery,  
None can e'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,  
The warnings and chidings,  
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;  
With faith that's unflinching,  
And love all-prevailing,  
Trust in its promise of life evermore.

With fervent devotion,  
And thankful emotion,  
Hear the blest welcome, respond to its call;  
Life's purest oblation,  
The heart's adoration,  
Give to the Saviour, who died for us all.

May this message of love,  
From the Triune above,  
To every nation and kindred be given,  
Till the ransom'd shall raise  
Joyous anthems of praise—  
Loud Hallelujahs on earth and in heaven!

Dr. Johnson's House in Bolt Court, London.

THAT arbitrary old giant of literature, Samuel Johnson, long reigned in state in the house in Bolt Court, London. He, in fact, spent here the last years of his life, beginning with that which saw our Independence, and closing the year after it was acknowledged. From it in December, 1784, a procession of learned and worthy men followed him to his grave in Westminster Abbey. Here he had a strange household of pensioners, three old maids, of whom he wrote to Mrs. Thrale: "Williams hates everybody; Levett (an apothecary) hates Desmoulens, and does not love Williams; Desmoulens hates them both; Paul (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them."

The annoyance of such a menagerie must have driven Johnson to seek refuge in the clubs, where he could wrestle with the best intellects of the day, and generally retire





DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN BOLT COURT, LONDON.

victorious. He had at this time done nearly all his best work, and was sinking into the sere and yellow leaf, not like Macbeth with the loss of honor, but with love, obedience, troops of friends and golden opinions from all sorts of people. While in this house he wrote his "Lives of the Poets," and exerted all his great influence to save Doctor Dodd, and to soothe his last moments. Here Reynolds, Gibbon, Garrick frequently came to visit him, and many of them gathered around his dying bed. To Burke he said: "I must be in a wretched state, indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me."

### VIOLET AND CHERRY.

You might have said anything about us by way of guess, and it would have seemed reasonable; but I doubt if, for your very life, you could have hit upon the truth. Counting me entirely out of the drama—or, at best, as the chorus—there were four in the play altogether; and the scene opened at the Hermitage.

Where and what was this Hermitage?

It was anywhere you like; and, like a cunning storyteller, I sha'n't say where, because you might go and look at it, which would be easy to do. But it was a tall, gaunt

country house, built of wood on an intensely brick foundation, so that it had the appearance of a house on stilts. Up-stairs you could see so far around the country that you would have thought yourself in a tower; and down-stairs, in the dungeon of a cellar, your view would be so limited that you would have supposed yourself in a well.

We only had a little pitiful furniture, which we dribbled about in the rooms, and about enough matting to cover the floor of the parlor. In fact, we were poor as church-mice, and quite as independent. But we had a dumb-waiter, which we pulled up and down with our wretched little breakfasts and dinners every day, and somehow we almost fancied we were rich. Possibly we were tolerably happy—at least we imagined we were, and that, perhaps, is the main point, after all.

We had so little to do that we felt it a bounden duty to employ a small boy to help us. We engaged him ostensibly to wait, and of course his business was to invariably make us wait, which he did with the most conscientious perseverance imaginable. When we sent him upon an errand, he always said he ran all the way. I admitted the fact, only it was probably the *other* way. And so this little boy came late in the mornings with great regularity, and one of us was obliged to draw water in his stead from the Olmsteads' well. Cherry chose to do this.

I don't mind those gray, bleak days which are so much the horror of people in general; but the ninth of June, many Summers ago, was one of them. Violet seemed affected

by it. She walked up and down restlessly, and at last went to the back-window and stood there staring out.

"Why don't you come to breakfast?" I asked, a shade snappishly.

"I have no appetite."

"Perhaps you don't like the eggs boiled?"

"I like them well enough any way."

There was a period of silence. What could she be looking at? I got up and went over.

Mr. Olmstead's cottage was about a hundred yards from ours. His well was in sight. Cherry stood there, and Mr. Olmstead was drawing the water; but he took a very long time about it. The operation is simple enough, but Cherry was looking down shyly, and he was bending a curiously earnest gaze upon her.

"I do wish Cherry wouldn't go for the water," said Violet. "It is William's business."

"William isn't here, my dear. I really think if you would cease to call him William, and address him as plain Bill, and gently box his ears now and then, he would be of more service to us."

"Mr. Olmstead somehow seems to be always lying in wait for Cherry," continued Violet. "She should discourage it."

"Mr. Olmstead is a young man, love, and Cherry is a



young woman; and they are both attractive, individually and collectively."

"But it is in bad taste. Cherry is so soon to marry Edward. He has noticed these things."

This Mr. Olmstead, our neighbor, was a handsome gentleman, who lived nearly alone all the Summer in his cottage, as each year rolled round, and he was a person of wealth.

We knew him slightly, and yet somehow very well. He certainly hadn't a reputation for piety—rather the contrary, indeed—but why such was the case it would be difficult to explain. However, I did not altogether trust him.

"Cherry doesn't care for anybody but Edward, I'm sure," said I.

"I should hope not; but sometimes I feel a dread to see her talking with Mr. Olmstead," answered Violet, leaving the window, as if the sight already gave her too much pain. "She is young, and perhaps easily impressed. Poor Edward is—is, you know—"

"Afflicted," I inserted. "Or say it out, Violet, and say that he is a blind man."

"Yes; he is blind, and has lost his sight since the engagement. That is why I am troubled."

"My dear woman," I replied, "make your mind easy; everything is always for the best."

Sublime philosophy, and my only scrap! It was so non-committal, you know, and so venerable.

Cherry returned. Never girl was so pretty as Cherry; and now her eyes sparkled and her cheeks were red. She put down the pail of water and drew up her chair to the table.

"What do you think?" she cried. "Mr. Olmstead is going to give us a *fête*. He says he is dreadfully bored, and in want of excitement, and so next week, or so soon as possible, he intends to have a large party, and we are all to dance out of doors in the moonlight."

This was a surprise. Mr. Olmstead had always been considered a hermit. He was supposed to pass his time yawning, reading, smoking, drinking, and other idleness, and to have a perfect horror of anything in the shape of excitement.

I ventured a hint to this effect.

"Oh, he is in earnest," said Cherry. "Old Mrs. Crow, his aunt, is already down and busily planning. I saw her a minute ago."

"Well, if that old woman is down, there is certainly something in the wind. But poor Edward won't enjoy the fun."

Edward Lonsdale was a student of chemistry. In the course of some experiment he had lately, and by some accident, lost his sight. Whether the affliction

would be permanent none could tell. But he was, as Violet had said, a blind man; and Mr. Olmstead was still possessed of the faculty of sight, and was the handsomer. If Cherry were volatile, what then? Perhaps this thought is what caused Violet to make the remark just recorded.

But about half an hour after breakfast Edward came slowly in, and we told him the news. His sad face lighted up. This, for my part, reassured any faintness that I had felt with regard to his faith in the woman of his love. He loved her fully, and believed in her to the utmost.

And so all was very gay until the day the *fête* was to take place was announced, and then it was gayer still.

Mrs. Crow, escorted by Mr. Olmstead, came over to see us, and give the invitation. Such a pompous, tragical sort of old lady! Somehow she reminded us of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, who used to stab her potatoes at dinner, and say, sepulchrally, to the waiters, "Bear me hither a mint sauce!"

These little peculiarities I allowed to pass readily enough, but there was something I could not but seriously observe, and this was the fixed and stony gaze she constantly bent upon Cherry.

"Wherefore?" I said. "Cherry is certainly extremely



"CHERRY STOOD THERE, AND MR. OLMSTEAD WAS DRAWING THE WATER."

pretty ; but I am sure there must have been some other cause."

The days went by again after this quickly as possible. Everybody was in high spirits, and Edward beyond all. At length came the *fête*.

The grounds about Mr. Olmstead's cottage were gloriously illuminated, and there were two bands from the city. Kiosks and tents were scattered hither and thither, flowers bloomed everywhere in profusion, and the supper-table was something to wonder at.

It was a grand night. The moon was full, and the heavens were studded thickly with stars. We danced almost without pause. Toward eleven I suddenly found myself alone, having wandered, for the sake of fresh air, to the zigzag fence of the orchard.

There is something almost thrilling to come from a crowd where all is bustle and excitement, music and delirium, and to stand in a lonely place, where one sees nothing but the stars above, the dark outlines of the trees and fields around, and hears naught but the songs of the birds of night and the low sighing of the wind.

This threw me into aimless reverie. Presently it was broken by the sound of a footstep. I turned, and beheld a man coming toward me slowly. It was Edward Lonsdale, without his usual guide.

I advanced and met him.

"Where are you going, Edward?"

He seemed startled. His face was pale as death, and his frame tremulous.

"I am not well," he answered.

"Perhaps you had better return with me and have some wine. You will lose yourself wandering about here."

"No ; I don't wish to go back where they are dancing."

"Why not? Cherry is there. She has missed you, I know, and is anxious about you."

"Cherry is not there. Violet has been looking for her everywhere. Nobody knows what has become of her."

A shudder of dread seized me in spite of myself. Without another word I plucked hold of his arm and led him with me, and we went back together.

We found the crowd by this time in consternation. Neither Cherry nor Mr. Olmstead was to be found anywhere. Violet was white, but calm ; I did not dare ask her a question, and she seemed unable to demand a word of me.

Of course this broke up the good meeting in one sense. All the music and dancing had ceased ; and people were clustered together under the lights, asking questions of each other in low whispers that were ominous of ill.

Thus we stood for two or three minutes. Somebody suddenly came through the throng, and approached Violet. It was Mrs. Crow, stately and grim ; the train of her gorgeous dress sweeping far behind her.

"This was left for you," she said, rather harshly, to Violet, handing her a letter.

The missive dropped from poor Violet's hand to the ground.

"I know all," she gasped. "It will kill him!"

Everybody seemed paralyzed. Happily, I had not yet lost control of myself, and I stooped and picked up the letter. This is what I read aloud before all :

"My dear Edward must be told that I am going away to-night for a private reason, which shall in time be explained. I will be true to him, and he must be true to me until my return. CHERRY."

He was standing by my side. A cry, as of joyful relief, escaped from him, and he would have fallen but that Violet took his hand and pressed it between her own.

A WHOLE year had passed. We were still at the Hermitage ; but it was greatly altered, and for the better. We had come into some money, and the first use we made of the windfall was to improve the dear old house that had so long given us shelter.

We also laid out the grounds to advantage, and now we had a garden to be really proud of, a tortuous graveled walk, an arbor, and a beautiful wire-fence encircling all.

William for us existed no more. Just when we had concluded that there was no device by which we could possibly get rid of him, he one afternoon walked away of his own accord, and we never saw him afterward.

Edward, better than all, had recovered his sight. Perhaps but for this boon he might have pined for Cherry's return. Not one word had we heard from or of her strange disappearance. But Edward seemed to be hoping on, and he was with us always.

At first, he would ask me often when I thought she would return, and what I supposed had taken her away. I offered various conjectures, but his face always accepted them with an expression of doubt. At length the subject dropped, and we continued to live our lives as if Cherry had never been part of them.

Then it was, after some months, that I observed a singular wistful look in Violet's beautiful eyes. There was plainly some grief or disappointment in her secret heart. What? Sometimes when Edward was by I suspected that I knew.

Oh, if these two would but come together ! I scarcely dared whisper the wild wish to myself, for fear that its very utterance should be a perverse bar to its fulfillment, even. But I see that my suspicion is told without my intending. In a word, Violet loved him even better than she had secretly loved him while Cherry was with us.

By little stratagems I threw them together, and so two months more went by, bringing, imperceptibly, still fresher changes. I could perceive that they were happier with themselves than when apart ; and this was the grand gain. My heart prayed day and night.

It was now that Edward would come to me and say, shyly :

"Do you think Cherry will ever come back? She has been away more than a year."

I expressed doubt, not directly, but by inference. He seemed relieved, and yet troubled afresh. There was nothing further to be done by me at this point, and I could but trust, as before, to Fate.

Thus matters still went on, until half of the second year had passed ; and then, one Winter evening, Edward said to me :

"I love Violet better than I ever loved Cherry."

My spirit leaped within me. He had used such a tone that I was satisfied whither his passion would ultimately lead him.

"And she loves you better than all the world!" I answered.

"I believe it," he replied ; "but what can I do? I am bound to her sister. If Cherry should return and find me false!"

I shook my head.

"She will not soon return. The cause that took her away will keep her many a day yet. Sometimes I think of going in search of her," I added, thoughtfully.

Those were not the days of railroads and telegraphs, and postal-cards. A journey was then a journey in deed as well as name.

He grew despondent. I noted every change, and marked this readily. Violet comforted as of old, and his dejection passed away. At last they were betrothed.



The marriage took place in the little church when Spring bloomed upon us once more, and when the wild-rose tree in front of the Hermitage was full of its crimson glory.

A week afterward, there was a letter to us from New York which fell like a thunderbolt. It was from Cherry. She simply said that she was about to return to us at last.

I shall never forget Edward Lonsdale's consternation. He evidently looked upon himself as a man whose happiness thenceforth was for ever wrecked.

That night he vanished.

With the arrival of the new week came Cherry, blithe and pretty as of old. We embraced her with joy; but the sadness alloyed, and, indeed, almost extinguished it.

She was sitting in the parlor, talking of her travels and telling the secret that, I may now admit, I already knew. I left the room unable to listen further. I went to the piazza, and stood there in the dark. Somebody was approaching from the main road. It was a man—Edward Lonsdale.

He was haggard, thin and cold. I could see that food had not passed his lips since his departure. He ran toward me, almost stumbling from weakness, and, grasping my hand, said, hastily:

"She is here! I know it."

"Yes," I answered.

"I cannot meet her."

"You must."

"I have played the false villain, and her look of reproach would kill me."

"No; she was first false to you. Read this."

I handed him the letter left for Violet on the night of the *fête*. I had read certain words aloud, but they were of my own invention at the moment, and were not Cherry's words. The true letter was:

"My dear Edward must be told that I am going away to-night, to marry Mr. Olmstead. I hope Edward will forgive me if I should ever return or meet him again. CHERRY."

He knew all then, and clasped my hand heartily. A load of grief was lifted from his heart, as he opened the door and went in.

#### The Human Hand, Considered as a Moral Organ.

MAN takes his particular denomination from the hand. He is the only *Bimana*. I shall not here say anything on its structure and its uses; but as it has not been treated of as a moral organ, as being in intimate connection with the heart and affections, as their principal index and premonstrator, and as the mighty instrument by which a great part of the physical good and evil which befalls our race is wrought, I may be permitted to make a few observations upon it as far as these are concerned.

God made the body in general a fit machine not only to execute the purposes of its immaterial inhabitant, the soul, but in some sort He made it a mirror to reflect all its bearings and character, to indicate every motion of the fluctuating sea within, whether its surges lift themselves on high, elevated by the gusts of passion, or all is calm, and tranquil and subdued. No one of the bodily organs, by its structure and station in the body, is so evidently formed in all respects for these functions as the hand. The eye, indeed, is, perhaps, the most faithful mirror of the soul's emotion; yet though it may best portray and render visible the internal feeling, it can in no degree execute its biddings; but the hand is the great agent and minister of the soul, which not only reveals her inmost affection and feeling, and, in conjunction with the tongue—and these two in connection are either the most benefi-

cent or maleficent of all our organs—declares her will and purpose, but is also employed by her to execute them. Thus "heart and hand," the principle and the practice, have been united, in common parlance, from ancient ages. The earliest dawn of reason in the innocent faith is shown by the signs it makes with its little hands; by them it prefers its petitions for anything it desires; and, in imitation of this, God's children are instructed to lift up holy hands in prayer. Love, friendship, charity, and all the kindly affections of our nature use the hands as their symbol and organ; the fond embrace, the hearty shake, the liberal gift, are all administered by them. Joy, gladness, applause, welcome, valediction, all use these organs to represent them. Penitence smites her breast with them; resignation clasps them; devotion and the love of God stretches them out toward heaven.

But the hands are not employed to express only the kindly affections of the soul. Those of a contrary and less amiable character use them as their index. Anger threatens, and more violent and hateful passions destroyed by them. They are, indeed, the instruments by which a great portion of the evil, and mischief, and violence, and misery that our corrupt nature has introduced into the world are perpetrated.

The hand also, on some occasions, becomes the spokesman instead of the tongue. The fore-finger is denominated the *index*, because we use it to indicate to another any object to which we wish to direct his attention. By it the deaf and dumb person is enabled to hold converse with others, so as not to be totally cut off from the enjoyment of society; and by it we can likewise mutually communicate our thoughts, when separated by space, however wide, even with our antipodes.

The blessed Friend, Patron, Advocate and Deliverer of our race, when He was upon earth, appears to have wrought most of His miracles of healing by laying on of His hands; in benediction also, when children were brought unto Him, he laid his hands on them; and at His ascension He lifted up His hands to bless His disciples.

To enumerate all the modes by which the internal affection of the soul is indicated by the hand would be a lengthy task. I shall, therefore, only further observe, that the greater part of the instances I have adduced are natural, and not conventional or casual modes of expressing feeling, as is evident from their being employed, with little variation, in all ages, nations and states of society.

How grateful, then, ought we to be to our Creator for enriching us with these admirable organs, which, more than any outward one that we possess, are the immediate instruments that enable us to master the whole globe that we inhabit; not merely the visible and tangible matter that we tread upon, and its furniture and population; but even to take hold, as it were, of the invisible substances that float around it, and to bottle up the lightning and the wind, as well as the waters! Thus, by their means do we add daily increments to our knowledge and science, and consequently power; to our skill in arts, and every allied manufacture and manipulation; to our comforts, pleasures, and everything desirable in life unto which men seek to attain.—KIRBY'S *Bridgewater Treatise*.

#### STRANGE SIGNATURES.

THE practice of signing as a mode of giving formal assent to written contracts or charters is probably as old as, and in one sense we may say older than, the art of handwriting. Amongst all peoples the art of authenticating a document was accomplished by the most illiterate

persons, either by affixing a stamp with the signet-ring they carried or by imitating the process of signing by some other and ruder device. Conspicuous among these more rustic manœuvres was that which Gibbon mentions as adopted by Theodoric, the great Ostrogoth King of Italy. He had a gold plate made, in which the first few letters of his name were cut in the Greek character; and when a paper had to be signed by him, the plate was laid upon it, and his majesty, passing the pen along the paper in the interstices of the metal, traced by these means the royal signature, which he could never remember in any other way.

A still more barbarous and ungainly device was that which was invented, or at least practiced, by the Turkish Sultans of Iconium, when that town was their capital. They simply dipped their hand in the bowl of ink presented to them, and, laying it flat upon the paper or papyrus, left the indelible impress of it in gigantic and most conspicuous shape. A somewhat similar habit is reported from India, where landowners in the Mahratta country are, or were until lately, accustomed to dip their thumb in the sandal-dye, and by pressing it on the paper leave their

sign-manual, or, as in this case, it should perhaps be called their sign-digital. This was in the case of rajahs or zemindars, who could not write their own name; but it is said that in another part of India a Brahmin who was highly educated resorted to a practice very like that of the Ionian Sultans whenever it was his intention to make a very generous and comprehensive grant, the character of which he thought would be well typified by the mark of the open hand upon the document.

The origin of the "mark" with which illiterates now sign is enveloped in some doubt; but it would be quite wrong to suppose that the cross they now use was employed in very early times. On the contrary, it is said that for many centuries after the Dark Ages those who

could not afford to wear a ring or keep a signet used to make some special and peculiar mark, such as an arrow-head, in which it was supposed, and perhaps rightly, that their autograph could be recognized.

It is well known to any bibliophilist that William Shakespeare spelt his own name in several different ways. In France, Malesherbes spelt his in at least five different ways at different times. Raphael signed his most usually in Latin, but sometimes in Italian. Napoleon altered the spelling both of his Christian and his surname. So Mary Queen of Scots, whose English was most feeble, signed indifferently as "Mary," "Marie" and "Marye." A number of persons have dropped the conclusion of their

names and signed with the first syllable, either making a sort of illegible scratch to represent the other letters, or simply omitting them altogether, as did Theodoric.



THE NEW MEMORIAL CHURCH IN MOSCOW.

The New Memorial Church in Moscow.

THE new Memorial Church in Moscow, of which the first stone was laid by the Emperor Nicholas in 1839, is a very imposing and magnificent edifice. In form it is of the Greek cross, and is 105 metres high. It is built of stone and metal, the sculpture being by Baron Klodt, Professors

Loganewsky and Ramasanoff. The five towers are provided with no less than fourteen bells, the largest weighing 28,305 kilograms. The cost of building, up to 1869, was ten millions of rubles, and from that period to the present, six millions, making sixteen million rubles in all. The idea of building the Memorial Church emanated from Alexander I., who resolved upon erecting it in thanksgiving for the deliverance of his beloved country from the heel of the French invader.

THE foundation of all happiness, temporal and spiritual, is faith in the goodness, the righteousness, and the love of God.—F. W. Robertson.

## DR. JOHN BROWN.

TROSE were sad, but tenderly-expressed tidings, which were found, in the middle of May, in the Obituary column of many of the public journals: "May 11th, at 23 Rutland Street, Edinburgh, John Brown, M.D., LL.D., in his seventy-second year. To all who loved him, at home and in America, this must of necessity be the only intimation." This news came to many with a startling sense of surprise. Although, for the space of years sometimes, the outer circle of those who loved Dr. Brown saw no line from his pen—hoping always that it had not lost its cunning—yet they all knew that he was still in Edinburgh, the city that he loved so much, and near to those in whose hearts there was always a warm place for him. But a chill fell upon us when we thought of him as having gone to "another" city. It was only a few weeks before that we had read his latest words of humor and wisdom. A new volume of "Horæ Subsecivæ" revived pleasures that were more than twenty years old, and brought us once more into company which thrilled the heart with a tender sense of joy.

John Brown came of a really great and good ancestry of which he was justly proud. John Brown, of Haddington, the author of the "Self-Interpreting Bible," and of a small and handy Concordance—of whom the subject of this paper spoke as "their king, and the founder of their dynasty"—was a "herd-laddie" amidst the "braes o' Abernethy." This was the vigorous-minded Scotch lad who left his sheep one night in the care of a companion, while he walked a distance of twenty-four miles to St. Andrews, to get a copy of the Greek Testament at a bookseller's shop. He had managed to pick up a knowledge of the tongue in which that precious book was written, and yearned to possess a copy of it. The bookseller was struck with

wonder at his customer, when he stood at his counter in the morning; and so also were some of the University professors who chanced to enter the shop. One of them promised the lad to give him a copy if he could read it. He did so, and soon carried off his Testament with great joy. Of course the book became an heir-loom in the Brown family. It was of him that the great-grandson relates the following anecdote:

"On his coming to Haddington there was one man who held out against his 'call.' Mr. Brown meeting him when they could not avoid each other, the non-content said, 'Ye see, sir, I canna say what I dinna think, and I think ye're ower young and inexperienced for this charge.' 'So I think, too, David; but it would never do for you and me to gang in the face o' the hale congregation.'"

His grandfather, the Rev. John Brown, of Whitburn, was also a man of eminence in the Church to which he belonged. Of his father he has told us in the inimitable "Supplementary Chapter" to Dr. Cairns's Life, published more than twenty years ago. He was first settled at Biggar, where John was born on September 22d, 1810, and then, while the boy was still young, removed to Edin-

burgh, becoming eventually the minister of Broughton Place Church. We see him a thoughtful, intensely-earnest, finely-gifted man, passionately devoted to exegesis, capable of exciting the enthusiasm of his Sunday audiences, and kindling a passion for Scriptural truths in the minds of the students who came under his instruction in the college halls of his church. A man of refined taste and powerful religious convictions; just such a man as the son would be proud of and never cease to glory in.

We are told, too, in the "Supplementary Chapter" the touching story of his mother's death at Biggar, as far back as the 28th of May, 1816, when John was only in his sixth year; and of the thrillingly sweet story of the sad, quiet, earnest way in which the stricken husband and father went to his work; of how he tried to bless and help and teach his eldest boy, until they went to Edinburgh, when he was sent to school.

This John, the fourth celebrity of the name, did not betake himself to the prophetic work to which his ancestors had been honorably devoted, not having heard the "call" which they all had received. He resolved to adopt the medical profession. His first appointment was assistant-surgeon at Chatham, but in twelve months he returned to Edinburgh, never again to leave the city that he loved with all his heart. In the year 1833 he graduated as M.D., and at once began to practice in the city.

It was, after all, not so much as a physician, but as a man and a writer, that he was to be known to his own and succeeding generations. He became an honored and well-loved member of that interesting Edinburgh circle which for many a decade has had a conspicuous place in the wide realm of literature. Those who found it possible to believe that a literary physician was not disabled by his love of writing for guiding his patients into the paths of health, found his advice and his personal presence



DR. JOHN BROWN, AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

of great comfort and assistance in their sick-rooms. Perhaps, however, John Brown was not altogether fitted to order his physician-methods so as to increase, for his own benefit, the number of his patients and his fees.

It was not until at most twenty-five years ago that Dr. Brown began to be much talked of as a promising writer. It was probably about that time that he wrote "Rab and his Friends." He was asked by his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Biggar, to give a lecture in his native town. Lecturing was not in his way; which we can easily understand. But he greatly wished for the pleasure of talking to "those strong-brained, primitive people of his youth, who were boys and girls when he left them" (1833). At last, as he informs us, he said to himself: "I'll tell them Ailie's story." He had often told it to himself, but he found it difficult to put it into such form and cast as would fit it for others to hear. He came home one night—driving home alone—through "the gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme" of a midsummer night, from a pleasant dinner at Hanley, and sat down about twelve, and rose at four, having finished his story. He read it almost as it was, to the Biggar audience, and showed it



afterward to some friends, who liked it, and wished it printed. It was illustrated by some artist friends; but was first of all published in "Horæ Subsecivæ." In the arch and humorous preface, the author said, "I was at Biggar the other day, and some of the good folks told me, with a grave smile peculiar to that region, that when Rab came to them in print he was so good that they wouldn't believe he was the same Rab I had delivered in the school-room—a testimony to my vocal powers of impressing the multitude somewhat conclusively." The little story is in all essentials true. And what a tale it is! The tenderness of brute and man meet in that heart-breaking story. Simple life—the simplest and yet the truest—not the life of "accomplished," "cultured" people, but of peasants that love one another with a love that is stronger than death, is seen and felt. The old dog Rab is a sharer in it all; seems to have a heart as big and as soft as any of them. The following passage describing the scene in the operating-room is marvelous in its intensity of feeling and perfection of description: "Up ran the youths eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. 'What's the case?' 'Which side is it?' Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you and I; they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them, pity, as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens; while pity, as a *motive*, is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

"The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie; one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short gown, her black bombazine petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

"Ailie stepped up on a seat and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to His suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a *glower* from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

"It is over; she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then turning to the surgeon and the students, she courtesies, and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully, and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following." So much for Dr. Brown's sympathetic descriptive power. We commend "Rab and His Friends" to all our readers.

Dr. Brown's various literary productions have appeared

in the several volumes of "Horæ Subsecivæ," the last, as we have seen, only a few weeks since. These volumes contained many sketches of persons he had known; *pictures*, really—some of them in the half-finished condition, but all of them having the stamp of his genius upon them. He had a fine vision for ability and character, both of men and of animals, whenever they came within the scope of his observation; and more than most men of his time who have received the cordial recognition of the public, he possessed that great moral wisdom—which the Scriptures so highly commend—enabling him to find, and appreciate with faultless precision, whatever and whoever was "lovely, true, and of a good report." Born in the pure lap of goodness, nurtured and trained amid the best influences of home and church—which are still the best influences in the world—heaven, most literally and beautifully, lay about him in his infancy; and through his fairly lengthened (but for us all too brief) career, his days were "linked to each in natural piety." He had a passionate love of literature, a true relish for poetry, and a fine perception of art, but he revered goodness with the sentiment of one who had been born to reverence it from his childhood up. He reveled in those portions of literature which brought him into contact with the deeper aspects of man's marvelous life.

And then how delicately and gently he touched the simple and the young. He had "Sir Walter's" love for the people of old time, and "Sir Walter's" love of children and of animals. We see how he kept a strong attachment within his soul for the ancient ladies and gentlemen who gave so much character to the Scottish life and history of the last century, in his papers on "A Jacobite Family," and "Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune"; and how dearly he cared for the young in his memorable sketch of "Marjorie Fleming." What a charm in the dainty little woman—in her ways and her words, her letters and her self-considering reflections!

The testimonies which are so freely borne to the excellence of Dr. Brown's character, to the geniality and tenderness of his spirit and the felicity of his humor, abundant and loving as they are, are but testimonies to the beauty of Christ. We see the Christian man behind all his works, full of goodness, wisdom, and power; greater than any of his achievements. A correspondent of a leading journal thus wrote of him immediately after his death: "It is now many years since I first met him at pleasant Craigcrook, on a sunny Autumn evening, along with John Carlyle and John Stuart Blackie, and, if I remember right, Scott, of Irvingite association, who was then, I think, lecturing here. It was a night never to be forgotten—sparkling, shining, radiant alike with wit and wisdom. But I do not know if I ever saw all the sweetness and purity of his soul, the gayety of his heart and its earnest thoughtfulness, so well as I did last Summer during a happy week in the West Highlands. "That will remain to me 'a possession of an inheritance for ever!' Glen Nevis, Loch Trague, Spean Bridge, and the parallel roads of Glenroy—what a glory he threw over them; and I shall never think of them without that wistful, beautiful face smiling through their mists."

Many, and very heavy clouds often gathered about the soul of this remarkable man. Perhaps he inherited the darkening depression from his father. He himself spoke of his father's "tendency to distrust himself"; of the "bodily darkness and mournfulness which at times came over him." Out of this he came all the sweeter and the nobler for the trial; fitter to be the bearer of benefit and blessing to those who know the frailty of human nature. And thus it came to pass, that few men had ever left this

world richer in those treasures which abide beyond the storms and shocks of time.

It was a noble indication of a great love which led some of his friends about seven years ago, when his health and means were troubled, to present him, altogether unexpectedly, with a sum of more than six thousand pounds, partly in a check and partly in the shape of an annuity, "which was put into his hands, the list of the contributors first having gone into the fire." But far beyond the circle who shared in that deed of kindness there were many who held "Subsecivæ Brown" in affectionate admiration, and who now miss from the ranks of the living one of the truest and purest of the sons of men.—*From the Sunday Magazine, London.*

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THREE SONNETS.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYLLER.

I.—CHRIST UPRISING.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

THOU art so pure, so high above our state,  
So far beyond all goodness of our ken,  
We faint the more that Thou art good, than great,  
And tremble at what Thou dost ask of men.  
Ah, left behind, and weary with the weight  
Of care too heavy for the fragile pen  
That stands between us and the fields of fate,  
What should we do but fall away again?  
Only that as a royal mourner cried  
Out of such aching void and sense of space,  
The hot heart-tears of separation dried  
Before the loved too well and now lost face,  
So we may cry, voice hoarse and eyes grown dim,  
"He cannot come to me, but I to Him!"

II.—CHRIST STOOPING.

"But Jesus stooped down."

COLD comfort, since the soul to reach His feet  
Must up and meet Him in the nether air,  
And since our steps are tangled in the street  
Of this dark city, and its noisy fair  
What solace to the traveler if he meet  
No outstretched hand, but through the midnight air  
See afar off the cheering lights and sweet,  
And know his strength will never bring him there?  
But Thou, Thou human God, Thou Man Divine,  
When sin and sorrow on Thy path were found  
In fallen woman's face, Thy soul benign,  
Seeing her impotent, her wings earth-bound,  
To set her free, and make sin's captive Thine,  
Didst stoop to write upon the unhallowed ground!

III.—CHRIST WRITING.

"And with His finger wrote on the ground."

WRITE Thou, so write upon this wayward soul,  
Set here Thy seal and make this captive free!  
Prisoned, I languish—make my chain-wounds whole,  
Unbind the wings that cannot rise to Thee,  
Earth is so weary with the ceaseless toll  
Of dying souls and souls all dead to Thee,  
Be pitiful, O Lord, for round us roll  
The troubled waters of life's mystery!  
When we can rise, up-draw, control, sustain!  
When our spent pinions fall us in the flight,  
Stoop Thou, in sadness but in love agè'  
And on this desecrated altar, write!  
So that Thy finger only be the pen,  
Write what Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt, and when!

THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

THIS beautiful waterfall, known as the Minnehaha, is about five miles from Minneapolis, one of the most flourishing towns in Minnesota, near the road which leads from that place to Fort Snelling. The people in the vicinity call them the "Little Falls"; they are described in the most reliable printed authorities "as a place where a small stream from Lake Minnetonka, passing through Lake Calhoun, leaps down a perpendicular ledge some sixty feet, in a way to stir up a great many stupid stanzas, and swelling odes, and sublime distiches." The writer continues: "A few miles back is Lake Calhoun, which it seems must generally be considered our classic lake; for all the poetasters of the Union, when they go into that region, are compelled to affect what they do not feel, poetic fervor, and consequently they break out in couplets, sonnets, descriptions, sketches and various other phenomena peculiar to disordered imaginations."

It would be difficult to find in all the great West a more enchanting country than is to be met with in the vicinity of these falls. They grace, as it were, the entrance of the beautiful valley of the Minnesota River, which winds through a varied landscape of wild prairies, heavy timber and rich bottoms, the grass frequently so high that you cannot look over its undulating surface while you sit upon the back of your pampered pony; or through dense woods, across mill-streams, past newly erected dwellings, large fields recently plowed preparatory to receiving the crop; or across rolling prairies of rich luxuriance, sloping away in the wide, blue, dreaming bosom of the Minnesota, the loveliest view of broad, fair, voluptuous nature that ever flashed upon mortal vision.

One of the early explorers of Minnesota left Fort Snelling with a party of friends, for the purpose of visiting what is now known as Minnesota Falls. To the surprise of all present, including two or three old hunters, the party came most unexpectedly upon a small drove of buffaloes which had, from some unaccountable reason, wandered further south than usual, and taken up a temporary abode on the banks of the river.

Without ceremony every one pell mell dashed at the animals, each fellow for himself, and such yelling, shouting, firing, shying of horses, as their riders, with belted waists, and handkerchiefs round their heads, swayed to and fro in their saddles, loading and firing while at full speed, would have done credit to insane dragoons.

The party soon had a number of the animals wounded, when our friend reined up on some rising ground to reconnoitre. Horsemen were seen scouring hither and thither over the prairie, the smoke of their rifles curling up above their heads, as riding at full speed, side by side, and neck and neck, with the savage, shaggy beasts, pouring their broadsides into them, till one by one the huge animals went down and bit the dust, while a hurrah and wild, triumphant shout came ringing across the prairie, proclaiming the success of the elated hunters. Single buffalo, small droves and large herds, were tearing around at full speed, occasionally halting to tear up the dust and bid defiance to their pursuers. Our friend determined to run down and kill his share at least. To accomplish this he took after a wounded animal, which a moment afterward was headed off by two horsemen, when the enraged bull turned furiously at bay, and enveloped himself in clouds of dust. Members of the party came up and surrounded him, when a murderous fire commenced. The balls whizzed through him, and as each entered his shaggy side he quivered for a moment and then dashed at his assailant, who of course turned and fled. After a dozen

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THE veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

wounds were thus received, the monster suddenly threw his head in the air, as if conscious that safety was in flight. With the speed of a locomotive, the animal made his way through the long grass, the blood pouring from his mouth and nose, and jets spirting from his side, when, reaching the outlet of Minnetonka, he leaped into the clear blue water, making it a river of blood. The hunters came up and still poured in their scathing shots. The stream was swollen, and the buffalo exhausted, and only able to float with the current, when suddenly he felt the influence of the rapids above the Minnehaha falls; it was useless that he essayed to escape, a few vain efforts was all that he could make, when, with a roll upon the side, the next moment the poor brute was projected over the precipice and dashed in the gulf below.

To every one of the party present this was the first introduction they had to the beautiful falls, and it was with varied emotions that they descended the rocks and reached the place where lay their victim stiffened in death. Tired and

exhausted, and yet determined to fill their eyes with the enchanting sight, a rough lunch was resolved upon, and the buffalo, with some salt and bread, afforded a delicious repast; and as the hunters ate and rested, they mingled their praises of the falls with its musical roar of falling water, and they left delighted with the day spent, which ended so picturesquely under the brows of Minnehaha.

The aboriginal name of this most interesting spot, which fortunately has been preserved, is from the Sioux language, and signifies the "deer's leap"; a much more appropriate designation than the imaginary idea of "laughing water," as the "deer's leap" suggests what is the

truth, that the precipice is not of immense height, and that the water most gracefully makes the descent into the basin below. Our artist, who made the sketch from which we have our attractive picture, states that, by a peculiarity of the rocks, the visitor is enabled to pass behind the falling sheet of water. This accomplished, on a clear day the effect is very magical, to look out through what seems to be a snowy, vitreous mass, and behold the sun's rays reflecting in ten thousand rainbow tints,

made more strikingly effective by occasional dashes of deep shadow, that go, like condemned spirits, dashing and struggling into the abyss below.



THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA, NEAR MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

#### THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

ONE of the most picturesque myths of ancient days is that which forms the subject of this article. It is thus told by Jacques de Voragine in his "Legenda Aurea":

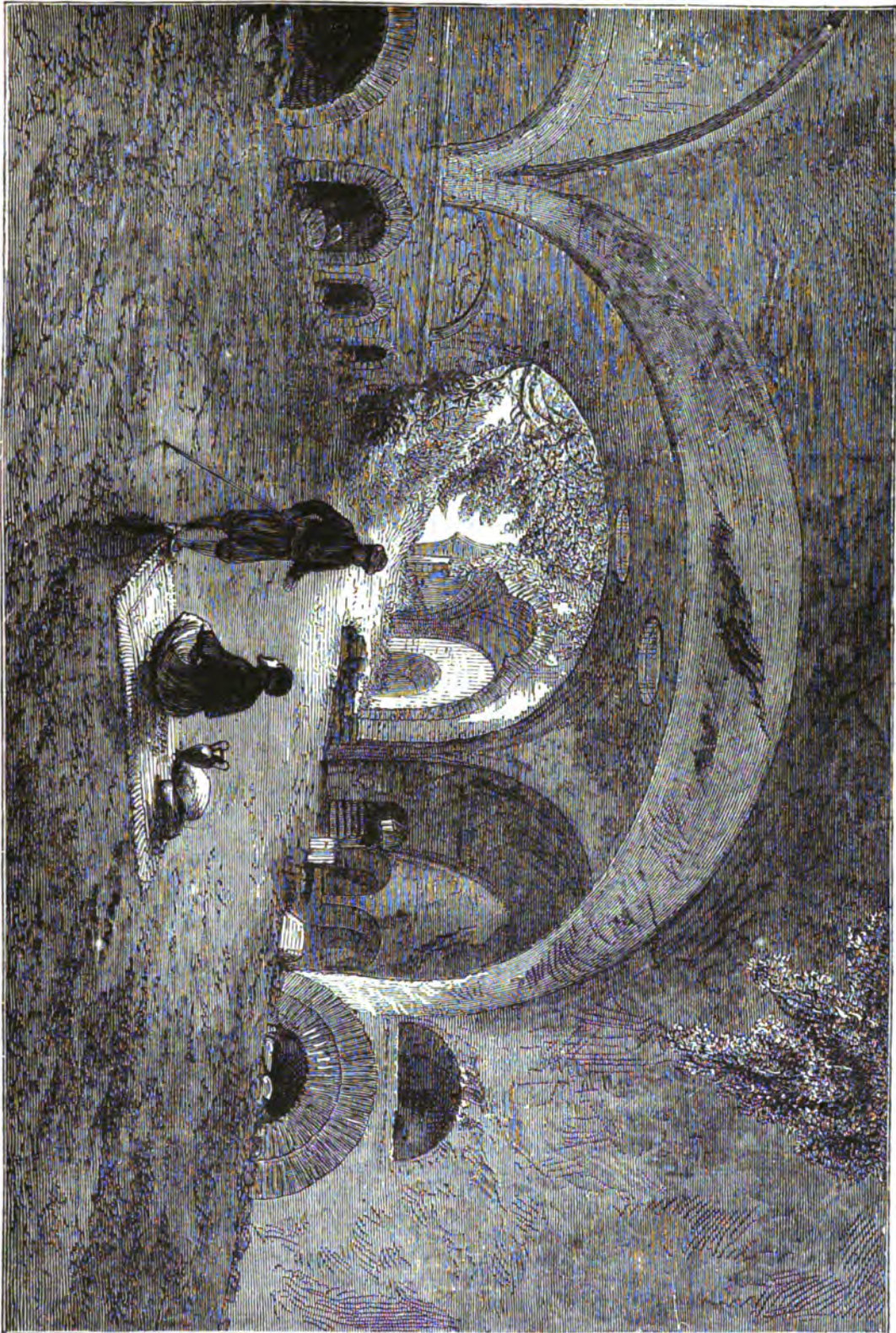
"The seven sleepers were natives of Ephesus. The Emperor Decius, who persecuted the Christians, having come to Ephesus, ordered the erection of temples in the city, that

all might come and sacrifice before him, and he commanded that the Christians should be sought out and given their choice either to worship the idols or to die. So great was the consternation in the city, that the friend denounced his friend, the father his son, and the son his father.

"Now there were in Ephesus seven Christians, Maximian, Malchus, Maroian, Dionysius, John, Serapion and Constantine by name. These refused to sacrifice to the idols, and remained in their houses praying and fasting. They were accused before Decius, and they confessed themselves to be Christians. However, the emperor gave



CHAPEL OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS AT EPHESUS.



them a little time to consider what line they would adopt. They took advantage of this reprieve to dispense their goods among the poor, and then they retired, all seven, to Mount Celion, where they determined to conceal themselves.

"One of their number, Malchus, in the disguise of a physician, went to the town to obtain victuals. Decius,

who had been absent from Ephesus for a little while, returned, and gave orders for the seven to be sought. Malchus, having escaped from the town, fled, full of fear, to his comrades, and told them of the emperor's fury. They were much alarmed; and Malchus handed them the loaves he had bought, bidding them eat, that fortified by the food, they might have courage in the time of trial.



They ate, and then, as they sat weeping and speaking to one another, by the will of God they fell asleep.

"The Pagans sought everywhere, but could not find them, and Decius was greatly irritated at their escape. He had their parents brought before him, and threatened them with death if they did not reveal the place of concealment; but they could only answer that the seven young men had distributed their goods to the poor, and that they were quite ignorant as to their whereabouts.

"Decius, thinking it possible they might be hiding in a cavern, blocked up the mouth with stones, that they might perish of hunger.

"Three hundred and sixty years passed, and in the thirtieth year of the reign of Theodosius, there broke forth a heresy denying the resurrection of the dead. . . .

"Now, it happened that an Ephesian was building a stable on the side of Mount Celion, and finding a pile of stones handy, he took them for his edifice, and thus opened the mouth of the cave. Then the seven sleepers awoke, and it was to them as if they had slept but a single night. They began to ask Malchus what decision Decius had given concerning them.

"He is going to hunt us down, so as to force us to sacrifice to the idols,' was his reply. 'God knows,' replied Maximian, 'we shall never do that.' Then exhorting his companions, he urged Malchus to go back to the town to buy some more bread, and at the same time to obtain fresh information. Malchus took five coins and left the cavern. On seeing the stones he was filled with astonishment; however, he went on toward the city; but what was his bewilderment, on approaching the gate, to see over it a cross! He went to another gate, and there he beheld the same sacred sign; and so he observed it over each gate of the city. He believed that he was suffering from the effects of a dream. Then he entered Ephesus, rubbing his eyes, and he walked to a baker's shop. He heard people using our Lord's name, and he was the more perplexed. 'Yesterday, no one dared pronounce the name of Jesus, and now it is on every one's lips. Wonderful! I can scarcely believe myself to be in Ephesus.' He asked a passer-by the name of the city, and on being told it was Ephesus, he was thunderstruck. Now he entered a baker's shop, and laid down his money. The baker, examining the coin, inquired whether he had found a treasure, and began to whisper to some others in the shop. The youth, thinking that he was discovered, and that they were about to conduct him to the emperor, implored them to let him alone, offering to leave loaves and money if he might only be suffered to escape. But the shopmen, seizing him, said: 'Whoever you are, you have found a treasure; show us where it is, that we may share it with you, and then we will hide you.' Malchus was too much frightened to answer. So they put a rope round his neck, and drew him through the streets into the market-place. The news soon spread that the young man had discovered a great treasure, and there was presently a vast crowd about him. He stoutly protested his innocence. No one recognized him, and his eyes ranging over the faces which surrounded him, could not see one which he had known, or which was in the slightest degree familiar to him.

"St. Martin, the bishop, and Antipater, the governor, having heard of the excitement, ordered the young man to be brought before them, along with the bakers.

"The bishop and the governor asked him where he had found the treasure, and he replied that he had found none, but that the few coins were from his own purse. He was next asked whence he came. He replied that he was a native of Ephesus, 'if this be Ephesus.'

"Send for your relations—your parents, if they live here,' ordered the governor.

"They live here, certainly,' replied the youth; and he mentioned their names. No such names were known in the town. Then the governor exclaimed: 'How dare you say that this money belonged to your parents when it dates back three hundred and seventy-seven years,\* and is as old as the beginning of the reign of Decius, and it is utterly unlike our modern coinage? Do you think to impose on the old men and sages of Ephesus? Believe me, I shall make you suffer the severities of the law till you show where you made the discovery.'

"I implore you,' cried Malchus, 'in the name of God, answer me a few questions, and then I will answer yours! Where is the Emperor Decius gone to?'

"The bishop answered, 'My son, there is no emperor of that name; he who was thus called died long ago.'

"Malchus replied, 'All I hear perplexes me more and more. Follow me, and I will show you my comrades who fled with me into a cave of Mount Celion, only yesterday, to escape the cruelty of Decius. I will lead you to them.'

"The bishop turned to the governor. 'The hand of God is here,' he said. Then they followed, and a great crowd after them. And Malchus entered first into the cavern to his companions, and the bishop after him. . . . And there they saw the martyrs seated in the cave, with their faces fresh and blooming as roses; so all fell down and glorified God. The bishop and the governor sent notice to Theodosius, and he hurried to Ephesus. All the inhabitants met him and conducted him to the cavern. As soon as the saints beheld the emperor, their faces shone like the sun, and the emperor gave thanks unto God, and embraced them, and said, 'I see you, as though I saw the Saviour restoring Lazarus.' Maximian replied, 'Believe us! for the faith's sake, God has resuscitated us before the great resurrection day, in order that you may believe firmly in the resurrection of the dead. For as the child is in its mother's womb living and not suffering, so have we lived without suffering, fast asleep.' And having thus spoken, they bowed their heads, and their souls returned to their Maker. The emperor, rising, bent over them and embraced them weeping. He gave orders for golden reliquaries to be made, but that night they appeared to him in a dream, and said that hitherto they had slept in the earth, and that in the earth they desired to sleep on till God should raise them again."

Such is the beautiful story. It seems to have traveled to us from the East. Jacobus Sarugiensis, a Mesopotamian bishop, in the fifth or sixth century, is said to have been the first to commit it to writing. Gregory of Tours (De Glor. Mart. i. 9) was perhaps the first to introduce it to Europe. Dionysius of Antioch (ninth century) told the story in Syrian, and Photius of Constantinople reproduced it, with the remark that Mohammed had adopted it into the Koran. Metaphrastus alludes to it as well; in the tenth century Eutyochius inserted it in his annals of Arabia; it is found in the Coptic and the Maronite books, and several early historians, as Paulus Diaconus, Nicephorus, etc., have inserted it in their works.

It was perhaps too much for the seven sleepers to ask that their bodies should be left to rest in earth. In ages when saintly relics were valued above gold and precious stones, their request was sure to be shelved; and so we find that their remains were conveyed to Marseilles in a large stone sarcophagus, which is still exhibited in St. Victor's Church. In the Museum Victorium at Rome is a curious and ancient representation of them in a cement of sulphur and plaster. Their names are engraved beside

\* This calculation is sadly inaccurate.

them, together with certain attributes. Near Constantine and John are two clubs, near Maximian a knotty club, near Malchus and Martinian two axes, near Serapion a burning torch, and near Danesius or Dionysius a great nail, such as those spoken of by Horace (Lib. I., Od. 3) and St. Paulinus (Nat. 9, or Carm. 24) as having been used for torture.

It has been inferred from this curious plaster representation that the seven may have suffered under Decius, A.D. 250, and have been buried in the afore-mentioned cave; whilst the discovery and translation of their relics under Theodosius, in 479, may have given rise to the fable. And this I think probable enough. The story of long sleepers and the number seven connected with it is ancient enough, and dates from heathen mythology.

Like many another ancient myth, it was laid hold of by Christian hands and baptized.

Pliny relates the story of Epimenides, the epic poet, who, when tending his sheep one hot day, wearied and oppressed with slumber, retreated into a cave, where he fell asleep. After fifty-seven years he awoke, and found everything changed. His brother, whom he had left a stripling, was now a hoary man.

Epimenides was reckoned one of the seven sages by those who exclude Periander. He flourished in the time of Solon. After his death, at the age of two hundred and eighty-nine, he was revered as a god, and honored especially by the Athenians.

This story is a version of the older legend of the perpetual sleep of the shepherd Endymion, who was thus preserved in unfading youth and beauty by Jupiter.

According to an Arabic legend, St. George thrice rose from his grave, and was thrice slain.

In Scandinavian mythology we have Siegfried or Sigurd thus resting, and awaiting his call to come forth and fight. Charlemagne sleeps in the Odenberg in Hess, or in the Untersberg near Salzburg, seated on his throne, with his crown on his head and his sword at his side, waiting till the times of Antichrist are fulfilled, when he will wake and burst forth to avenge the blood of the saints. Ogier the Dane, or Olger Dansk, will in like manner shake off his slumber and come forth from the dreamland of Avallon to avenge the right—oh, that he had shown himself in the Schleswig-Holstein war!

Well do I remember, as a child, contemplating with wondering awe the great Kyffhäuserberg in Thuringia, for therein, I was told, slept Frederic Barbarossa and his six knights. A shepherd once penetrated into the heart of the mountain by a cave, and discovered therein a hall where sat the emperor at a stone table, and his red beard had grown through the alab. At the tread of the shepherd Frederic awoke from his slumber, and asked, "Do the ravens still fly over the mountains?"

"Sire! they do."

"Then we must sleep another hundred years."

But when his beard has wound itself thrice round the table, then will the emperor awake with his knights, and rush forth to release Germany from its bondage, and exalt it to the first place among the kingdoms of Europe.

In Switzerland slumber three Tells at Rütli near the Vierwaldstätter-see, waiting for the hour of their country's direst need. A shepherd crept into the cave where they rest. The third Tell rose and asked the time. "Noon," replied the shepherd lad. "The time is not yet come," said Tell, and lay down again.

In Scotland, beneath the Eildon hills, sleeps Thomas of Erceadoun; the murdered French who fell in the Sicilian Vespers at Palermo, are also slumbering till the time is come when they may wake to avenge themselves. When

Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, a priest was celebrating the sacred mysteries at the great silver altar of St. Sophia. The celebrant cried to God to protect the sacred host from profanation. Then the wall opened, and he entered, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. It closed on him, and there he is sleeping with his head bowed before the Body of Our Lord, waiting till the Turk is cast out of Constantinople, and St. Sophia is released from its profanation. God speed the time!

In Bohemia sleep three miners deep in the heart of the Kuttenberg. In North America Rip Van Winkle passed twenty years slumbering in the Catskill Mountains. In Portugal it is believed that Sebastian, the chivalrous young monarch who did his best to ruin his country by his rash invasion of Morocco, is sleeping somewhere, but he will wake again to be his country's deliverer in the hour of need. Olaf Tryggvason is waiting a similar occasion in Norway. Even Napoleon Bonaparte is believed among some of the French peasantry to be sleeping on in a like manner.

St. Hippolytus relates that St. John the Divine is slumbering at Ephesus, and Sir John Mandeville relates the circumstances as follows: "From Pathmos men gone unto Ephesim, a fair citee and nyghe to the see. And there dyede Seynte Johne, and was buried behynde the highe Awtiere, in a tombe. And there is a faire chirohe. For Christene mene weren wont to holden that place alweyes. And in the tombe of Seynt John is noughte but manna, that is clept Aungeles meta. For his body was translated into Paradya. And Turkes holden now alle that place and the citee and the Chirohe. And all Asie the leese is yclept Turkye. And ye shalle undrestond, that Seynt Johne bid make his grave there in his Lyf, and leyd himself there-inne all quyk. And therefore somme men seyn, that he dyed noughte, but that he resteth there till the Day of Doom. And forsoothe there is a gret marveule: For men may see there the erthe of the tombe apertly many tymes steren and moven, as there weren quykke thinges undre." The connection of this legend of St. John with Ephesus may have had something to do with turning the seven martyrs of that city into seven sleepers.

The annals of Iceland relate that in 1403, a Finn of the name of Fethmingr, living in Halogaland, in the North of Norway, happening to enter a cave, fell asleep, and woke not for three whole years, lying with his bow and arrows at his side, untouched by bird or beast.

There certainly are authentic accounts of persons having slept for an extraordinary length of time, but I shall not mention any, as I believe the legend we are considering not to have been an exaggeration of facts, but a Christianized myth of paganism. The fact of the number seven being so prominent in many of the tales seems to lead to this conclusion. Barbarossa changes his position every seven years. Charlemagne starts in his chair at similar intervals. Olger Dansk stamps his iron mace on the floor once every seven years. Olaf Redbeard in Sweden uncloses his eyes at precisely the same distances of time.

I believe that the mythological core of this picturesque legend is the repose of the earth through the seven Winter months. In the North, Frederic and Charlemagne certainly replace Odin.

The German and Scandinavian still-heathen legends represent the heroes as about to issue forth for the defense of Fatherland in the hour of direst need. The converted and Christianized tale brings the martyr youths forth in the hour when a heresy is afflicting the Church, that they may destroy the heresy by their witness to the truth of the Resurrection.



"The Messengers Coming to Job."



"THE MESSENGERS COMING TO JOB."—SEE JOB I. 13-22.  
From the picture by Mr. S. Melton Fisher, which gained the Royal Academy Gold Medal, 1881.

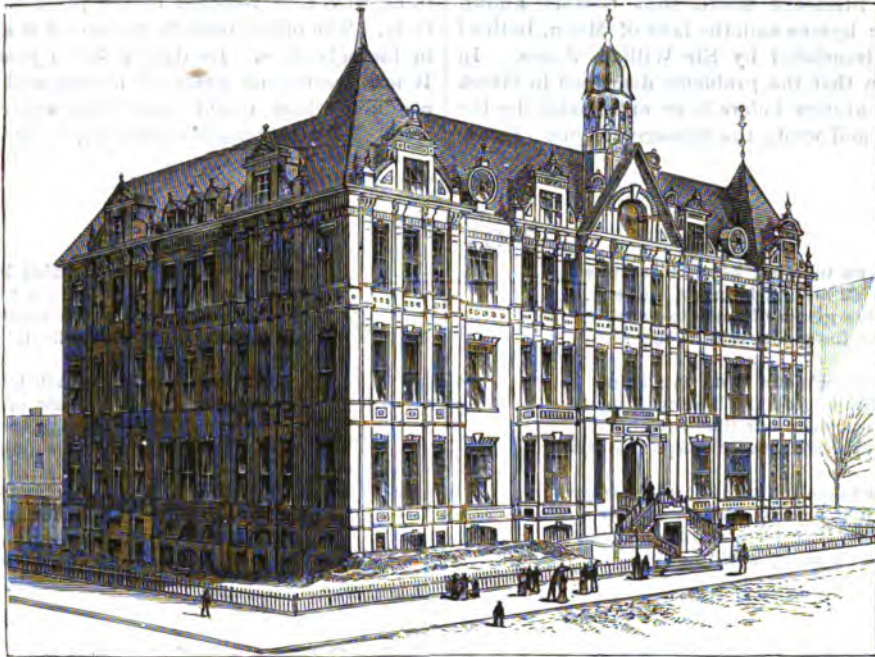


## THE INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES.

THE formal opening, on the 30th of December last, of the new building of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, at Lexington Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, New York City, was an occasion of great interest to a large audience of friends of this noble charity. In this institution the old-fashioned system of sign-teaching is discarded, and pupils are taught articulate language, so as to be able to understand each other from the movements of the lips, and to speak intelligibly to persons who can hear, though the sounds are themselves inaudible. The origin of the institution, in a small and experimental way, dates back to 1867, when a number of gentlemen contributed the means needed to enable Professor Engelsmann, a graduate of the University of Vienna, to make a trial of the theory of articulate instruction. After three years, the Legislature passed an Act permitting deaf-mute children placed at county or State charge in such an asylum to be placed either in this institution or in that at Fort Washington, the usual rate of payment for their maintenance to be paid in either case. After that, voluntary contributions, payments for county and State as well as for private pupils, and wise management, made the institution more and more flourishing and successful; a sinking fund of \$45,000 was accumulated; the City gave the ground on which the new building stands, \$70,000 more was raised by private contribution upon certificates promising repayment if the income of the institution makes it possible, and the result is now seen in an imposing edifice that cost \$130,000, and is said to be the finest structure devoted to deaf mutes in the world.

On the occasion named the Institution was formally transferred to the State by the trustees, and was accepted in a brief address by Mr. Neil Gilmour, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Other addresses were delivered by Alexander Lawrence, son of William Beach Lawrence, of Rhode Island; the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet; Judge Shea, of the Marine Court; and Mr. Isaac Rosenfeld, the President of the Institution. An interesting illustration of the articulate system of deaf-mute instruction, given by Professor Greenberger with the eldest and youngest classes of the Institution, ranging in age from six to eighteen years, was a feature of the proceedings. There are in all 137 pupils, with thirteen lady teachers, under Professor Greenberger.

NEW BUILDING OF THE INSTITUTION FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES.



NEW BUILDING OF THE INSTITUTION FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES.

## ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

THE subject of a recent lecture by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D.D., was the comparative theology of the ethnic and catholic religions. He said that the various religions may be divided into three classes. The primitive religions are those of undeveloped races. They have no formal creed or ritual, and are administered by magicians, conjurers, medicine men and the like. Their devotees have usually great reverence for departed spirits, and seek through forms of worship to gain the favor of the good spirits as a protection against the influence of the bad spirits. The ethnic religions are those which belong to certain races or peoples who made no effort to extend their faith that it might be shared by other peoples. Of these, the religions of the Greeks and the Romans are examples. The catholic or missionary religions are those which show a tendency toward universality, and for the extension of which efforts have been made. These have

nearly all been founded by prophets. The religions of Buddha, Mohammed, Moses and Jesus are examples. The view of these various religions formerly deemed the correct one was that the religion introduced by Moses, and that of Jesus, which was the sequence and fulfillment of the former, were the only true religions. All others

were false and debasing superstitions. So long as this view was held the investigation of these other religions, was a matter of little interest, as they could differ from each other only as one or another kind of falsehood. It is not falsehood but truth that interests us. The view is now generally taken that the Lord has given some truth to all his children, and in that view it becomes a matter of interest to compare these religions to learn what proportion of truth each may contain. Some modern students, having rejected the idea that the religions taught in the Hebrew and Greek scriptures are the only ones that contain truth, have gone to the other extreme and regard all as equally true, giving no precedence of rank or authority to one more than another. It has been the experience of the human race in respect to religion as in other important concerns that those religions destined to be permanent have taken to themselves peculiar characteristics. The law which applies to their development is the same as that defined by Herbert Spencer as governing the natural order throughout—that is, the progress has been from homogeneity to heterogeneity. They differentiate more and more as the race advances. Monotony is not the end of

creation, but variety. To bring harmony out of variety is the aim—to produce not monotony, but concord.

The lecturer traced the great advances which have been made in modern times through the study of comparative philology. It has by this been disclosed that a great primitive race once existed called the Aryan race. While no record of it exists, much certain knowledge is derived from a study of the root words which all modern languages contain, and which certify to the existence of a common tongue in prehistoric times. Thus it happens that modern contemporary scholars have a knowledge of the antecedents of the Latin and the Greek languages which the Romans and Greeks did not themselves have. These inquiries into the origin of languages have given impulse to inquiry into the matters of which the most ancient languages bear record, and especially into the most ancient religious beliefs. The literature of India was unknown one hundred years ago. Nearly a century ago it began to be known through the translations of Sanscrit made by Sir William Jones, a born philologist. Among the contents of Sanscrit literature which thus became known were the old Vedic hymns and the laws of Menu, both of which were first translated by Sir William Jones. In these it was shown that the problems discussed in Greek philosophy had centuries before been anticipated by the people who spoke and wrote the Sanscrit tongue. In the

same way the tenets of the religion of the Brahmins and Buddha were made definitely known. In the Brahmin religion it was taught that God is a spirit, that He is the only reality, and that the things of time and sense are but illusory. The mortification of the body for the sake of exalting the spirit was among the approved exercises of religion. By other and later students the religion taught by Zoroaster and that of the ancient Egyptians were made known. The religion of Zoroaster differed from that of the Brahmins in regarding the universe as consisting of the dual principles of good and evil, and by it religion was defined as the resisting of evil and striving for the good. The Hindoo religion sought to show the way to evade evil rather than to resist it. By the efforts of Champollion, a French scholar, the hieroglyphic inscriptions of the Egyptians were first translated, and the religion of that ancient people was made known. This religion, quite unlike that of India, taught that deity exists in time and space, and in all natural forms, and that the departed soul, having passed through many transmigrations, would be restored to the possession of its original body. The oldest book in the world is a papyrus written in hieroglyphics. Its date is 8,800 years before Christ. It is a treatise on practical morals, and a guide to daily conduct, which might have been written, so far as the spirit of its teaching is concerned, by Dr. Franklin.

## T O - D A Y .

WHY do we tune our hearts to sorrow  
When all around is bright and gay,  
And let the gloom of some to-morrow  
Eclipse the gladness of to-day ?

When Summer's sun is on us shining,  
And flooding all the land with light,  
Why do we waste our time repining,  
That near and nearer creeps the night ?

We teach ourselves with scornful sadness  
That it is vain to seek for bliss—  
There is no time for glee and gladness  
In such a weary world as this.

The snare of doubting thoughts has caught us,  
And we to grim forebodings yield,  
And fall to learn the lesson taught us  
By all the "lilies of the field."

They take no thought for each to-morrow,  
They never dream of doubt or sin,  
They fear no dim forthcoming sorrow,  
"They toil not, neither do they spin."

Yet still they tell the same old story  
To us who crave in vain for ease,  
That "Solomon in all his glory  
Was not arrayed like one of these."

## LITTLE ROSY'S VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

### CHAPTER I.—ROSY AND HER COUSIN CHARLIE.

LITTLE Rosy Girard was in her fifth year, when she had an invitation to spend the Summer at her uncle's house in the country.

Now, this uncle of hers was a very kind one; and Rosy loved him very much, and her aunt, too; and she had often played with her cousin Charlie. She liked running about in the fields, and on nice grassy hills, much better than in the streets of New York. And so, though once upon a time Rosy had been a shy little girl, yet she was not at all afraid to pay this visit, even though her dear mamma could not go with her. As for Master Charlie, he had no sister of his own to play with; so he was very glad to have his little cousin.

The young friends played at all sorts of games, sometimes in the garden and sometimes in the nursery; and every day Charlie used to read to Rosy out of a delightful book of travels.

He was older than Rosy, and could read quite well; and they both thought these stories the most interesting that they had ever heard in all their lives. Rosy said that she thought even Fanny liked them, though she did not generally care for stories.

Now, Miss Fanny was a new doll which Rosy's papa had given her to comfort her for the loss of Julia, who had tumbled overboard as they were coming back from France; but I do not fancy that Fanny thought very much about these stories, however quietly she might sit and hear them; for her head was made of wax, and there were no brains inside it. But if Fanny did not think about them, we shall soon see that into Charlie's head they put a wonderful idea.

But this wonderful idea he contrived to keep in his head, and not to let it get out until the stories were all finished. Only once or twice he said:

"Ah, Rosy! I'll tell you of a plan of mine when the book is done."

Then, of course, she was very curious, as people say young ladies always are, and begged him to tell her now. But Charlie was rather cruel about that, and only answered:

"Oh, some day. Don't stop the story."

At last it was all done; and then Rosy went to put Fanny into her little bed, for fear she should hear the secret. It was a secret, Charlie said.

And, after all, I think she would have heard it all, if



she had not happened to be rather deaf; for the young gentleman was so full of his plan that he told it in rather a loud voice.

Now, what do you think it was?

He had quite made up his mind to go and discover some new countries, like Captain Cook, and Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver!

Just think of that! It made even Rosy open her eyes; and she asked, timidly:

"Are you big enough, Charlie?"

"Of course!" Charlie said, making himself look as tall as he could. "I can take care of myself, I should think; and you, too, Rosy. Don't I take care of you every day?"

Then he talked about monkeys and parrots, and how they would catch some, and bring them home for pets; and about splendid flowers and delicious fruits, larger and more juicy than they had ever seen, till the little girl thought it the most delightful plan in the world, and Charlie the most delightful of boys to make such a plan.

## CHAPTER II.

### WHERE TO GO

"THE first thing is to get a map," said Charlie, after a bit. "We must find out what countries are left for us to discover."

Rosy scarcely knew what a map was; but she thought it very pretty, and pointed out to Charlie that there were red countries painted on it, and blue countries, and yellow countries.

"Which will be the nicest, and have most fruit in them, Charlie?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered; but we are not going to any of these, for they are all discovered. The prettiest will be sure to be those that are not marked at all. We must see where there is most room for them. Look here, Rosy; here's lots of room down in this great sea; and if we go that way we shall be sure to find them."

"What shall we bring home for uncle?" asked Rosy.

"Oh, a new kind of a dog, if we can! Papa likes dogs."

Rosy thought she didn't, and that she hoped she should not find any; but she did not say so, for fear Charlie should laugh at her.

Talking of dogs, however, put Cæsar into her head. He always barked at her when she went out of the front door; so when Charlie asked:

"Come, will you go, Rosy?" she hung down her head, and answered:

"I don't know if I could walk so far."

"Of course we should often sit down," said Charlie, in an encouraging tone. "Come, don't be silly, and spoil all my fun. I don't want to have to go alone."

"Come into the garden, and let's have a game," said Rosy, at last.

"Yes, come," exclaimed Charlie; "we can have a nice talk there, all by ourselves."

So the little cousins went down, hand in hand, as they always did; and Charlie gave Rosy her garden-shoes, and helped her to put them on.

"Now you can go on the grass, and not get your feet wet," he said, when they were on; and Rosy said:

"Thank you;" and gave him a kiss for helping her.

She began to feel that it would be unkind to let him go all alone, and that she could not do that when "he was always so kind to her!"

That was quite true. Charlie did always take such care of his little cousin, that she felt quite safe with him;

and his mamma was never afraid of trusting her with him. He soon began to talk again about his great plan, and to try and persuade Rosy to go with him; but she thought of Cæsar, and told her cousin of a long walk which her papa once took her, when she was so tired. "Wouldn't this be longer?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be the same thing at all!" said Charlie. "They would often sit down, and then, when they got to the forest, it would be shady. They would start from the gate, at the end of the back-garden, and——"

Here Rosy broke in with:

"Yes, I will go, Charlie. You shall not go alone."

"Shake hands, then, to show you agree to it," cried Charlie, stopping short, and facing her. "That is the right way to make a bargain; and then you must never want to turn back until I do."

## CHAPTER III.

### PREPARATIONS.

"WHEN shall we set off?" asked Rosy; for now she had quite made up her mind; and when she had once made it up to anything, she very seldom changed it again.

"Oh, to-morrow!" answered Charlie. "It's fine now, and my papa says it's going to be fine; so there is no use in waiting."

"Then we must get ready," said Rosy. "Shall I pack up? I can."

"We mustn't take much," answered Charlie. "People never do, when they make a walking journey; but we must have something to eat."

So it was settled that, as they had a very good breakfast, and expected to have even a better dinner, the lunch might well be saved.

They got each a large slice of bread-and-butter, and a pear from nurse, as soon as they went in; and Charlie whispered to Rosy:

"These will do beautifully to eat in the desert countries."

But he told her that these were not all; for that, for the last fortnight, he had been saving little pieces of bread, which had all turned to biscuits.

Rosy was very glad to hear that, and thought they looked so delicious in the little box in which he kept them that she wanted to taste one.

But Charlie told her that good travelers never think much of eating and drinking, and that she must try to get used to doing without things.

Rosy thought that this was very wise advice, and wished she was as wise as Charlie.

Then Rosy began to bustle about the nursery and consider what she would like to take with her.

She had lots of playthings which she had brought from her own home, but she loved her dolls better than anything else, and she said that she should like to take them with her. There were only seven of them, little and big; and some were small enough for Charlie to carry in his pocket. And then Charlie was not unkind to dolls, as some boys are. He never poked out their eyes, or made holes in their arms to see the color of their blood. Indeed, Charlie rather liked dolls himself if he had confessed the truth; and one which Rosy had dressed as a sailor he admired very much.

But Charlie was wiser than Rosy about journeys, though he had never been so far as she had; and he said that though it might be very nice to make up such a large party, yet that these ladies and gentlemen would be tiring companions, as they would all want carrying.



"CHARLIE TELLS ROSY HIS GREAT SECRET."

obliged to confess that her cousin was right in this; so she very good-temperedly gave up taking her dear dollies, though a tear would come into her eye when she said good-by to them all.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE FAREWELL.

NEXT morning, as usual, Charlie and Rosy were sent to play in the garden; and then they took the opportunity of beginning their journey.

It was to be a secret, as I told you, and they thought themselves very brave young people to be ready to face so many dangers. Yet when they got half-way down the garden, and were about to lose sight of the house, they both felt rather affected as they turned to say:

"Good-by, old house; I wonder when we shall see you again."

All day they were to march, Charlie said, with only a rest now and then; and they must not care for either heat or cold, or for what they got to eat. So long as they did not starve, they must be quite content; and "the fresh air was as good as food any day."

Charlie looked quite like a traveler with his bag slung over his shoulders; and this bag contained the slices of bread-and-butter, the pears and biscuits. The bottle of water hung to it, being attached by a piece of string tied round the neck; and it was corked very tightly; for he had hammered the cork in with the end of his hoop-stick.

Charlie told his little cousin that it held water enough for a long time, and that when it was empty they would have to fill it at any lake or river which they might be passing.

As for Rosy, she carried nothing but her dear lamb, Robin, which she could not make up her mind to leave behind.

Charlie knew better than to let a young lady carry a parcel; so everything else he took himself.

Perhaps you may wonder that he never asked his papa's opinion about this journey; and it is certainly strange that he did not think of this. I don't know how it was; but as for Rosy she believed that all that Charlie did must be right.

Having got to the end of the garden, the next thing was to get to the other side of the hedge which inclosed it; and at first Charlie thought he would climb up the bank and get over at one of the lower parts.

But whether Rosy could get over, too, even if he suc-

"And your arms would soon ache, Rosy; and you would not be able to march so well, or to climb hills and rough places, if you take too much to carry; besides, we must carry all we can to eat and drink, you know."

Rosy was

ceeded, seemed very doubtful. He was afraid she would never be able to climb by herself; and he knew that when he was over he could not help her.

So at last they made up their minds to scramble through a little hole in this hedge; Charlie going first to make it bigger, and then Rosy followed close with her lamb.

It was Cæsar, the dog, who had made this hole, though Rosy did not know that he ever came round that way. He had only made it large enough for himself; and he was not at all a large dog. Nor had he picked off the thorns, or dragged up the thistles; but Rosy was not much afraid of these things, for she had been used to scrambling about; and she did not mind a few scratches for herself. She was only afraid of Robin, and thought the brambles would hurt him a great deal, and perhaps tear off some of his nice, warm, white wool. So she carried him straight in front of her, right over Charlie's boots, and put his head under her chin, so as to save his poor eyes.

As for her own eyes, which really were better than Robin's, because they could see better, she expected her hat to protect them; and, besides, they had each a nice lid fixed over them which shut of itself, if anything tried to get inside, without her having the trouble of ever thinking of shutting them.

Robin's eyes had no such lids; so Rosy was obliged to take care of them for him.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE FIRST DIFFICULTY.

AND I can tell you that it was no easy matter to keep Robin from getting hurt; the brambles flew back so often in Rosy's face, and then she had to call out: "Oh, Charlie! my lamb's caught again!" and he had to turn round and set it free.

Once Charlie said that he was sure Robin got caught on purpose, just because he did not like going with them; but when he saw that it vexed Rosy to hear her lamb blamed, he did not say it again.

At last Charlie got quite through; and then he was able to turn round and take Robin out of Rosy's arms. He had only lost two or three little pieces of wool, though he was rather rough all over.

"Take care of my dear lamb," said Rosy, as she kissed him, and gave him up to Charlie; and as she did so, some birds overhead began chirping very loudly indeed.

I dare say they had never seen a lamb with such stiff legs before, nor any little children getting through a hedge.

What they were talking about to each other, I don't know; but certainly they looked at them with great curiosity; the little ones seemed to say to the big ones:



"ROSY SAID SHE SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE HER DOLLS WITH HER."



"ROSY DID NOT MIND A FEW SCRATCHES FOR HERSELF."

it. Rosy had only torn her frock a little, and Charlie got off with one bad scratch; for which, of course, he did not care the least in the world. What brave boy ever did?

Then both of them stood upon the other side, and Charlie said:

"Now the whole world is before us; which way shall we go?"

Rosy thought the world looked very large, though all she saw of it was a great stubble-field.

When the corn was standing, she had several times crossed it by a little path, when she was out walking with her aunt; but she did not know it again from the side where she and Charlie stood.

"This is the desert," said Charlie, enthusiastically. "Suppose we go straight to the other side of it?"

"Yes, let's go," answered Rosy, warmly. "How long do you think we shall be crossing?"

"We shall see," replied Charlie; "only we had better start at once. We shall not find any provisions here; so it will not do to dawdle until we have eaten all we brought."

"No," said Rosy, "or else we should be starved."

She had set her lamb down, and was leaning on his back while they took their first look at the great world; but now she caught him up in her arms, and gave him a great many kisses as they set off on their journey across the desert.

The sun was shining brightly, and Master Robin was rather heavy; for he was a very large lamb. So Rosy's arms began to ache a little, and she soon told Charlie that she thought the desert was a very hot place. Charlie laughed, and said:

"Well! I think it would have been a funny thing if we had found it cold, Rosy."

"It makes me thirsty," answered Rosy. "Are people always thirsty in the deserts?"

"Pretty often," replied Charlie; "you had better drink a little water, Rosy."

Rosy was not sorry to do that; but when she offered the bottle to him, he only wiped his face with his handkerchief, and said:

"Oh, no! not yet! I can wait a bit."

For Charlie thought to himself:

"I must take care of Rosy, because she is a girl; but as for myself, why, of course, I must learn to do without lots of things. I shouldn't make much of a traveler

"What are they going to do? Are they going to build a nest as you did for us? Or are they only going to send that lamb into the fields to play with the other sheep, and get his legs to move more easily?"

They all three got through the hedge at last, after a regular good scramble for

unless I could go without food and water sometimes; so the sooner I begin to use myself to hardships the better."

Charlie had read a good deal about hardships in his book; and he thought there would be no glory in his journey unless he had sometimes been almost starved to death or perched up with thirst.

As for Master Robin, he seemed to get on very comfortably. At any rate, he made no complaints. And Rosy's arms felt all the better for having been without him for a few minutes.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FOREST.

THE two little travelers found the desert rather long; and yet they reached the other side more quickly than they had expected.

"Is this a palm?" asked Rosy, as they sat down under a tree.

"No, I think not," answered Charlie. "The leaves are not large enough. Perhaps it is a teak-tree, or some other that we do not see in our country."

They had a little game with the lamb here, and eat two or three of Charlie's biscuits before they set off again. And when they were well rested, Charlie said:

"Now we are quite fresh for another start. It seems to me that we had better enter the forest. Perhaps we may get through it before nightfall. It is a virgin forest, you see."

Rosy looked rather puzzled at this remark; so her cousin added:

"A wild kind of forest in which the trees have stood for nobody knows how long, ever since the Flood, perhaps. Don't you recollect my reading about one of that kind, and how there was no path through it, and people had to cut their way through the trees as they went?"

"And shall we?" asked Rosy. "How funny it would be!"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered Charlie; "I brought my knife with me, in case we should."

So saying, he took his little cousin by the hand, that he might be better able to protect her, and with his stick in the other, and his eyes wide open, he set off again boldly.

As for Rosy, she had full confidence in Charlie's strength and wisdom, and had no doubt that he was leading her quite right. It was some time before the young travelers took another rest.

"Soon we shall get deeper into the forest," said Charlie

at last, "and then we shall not meet any one. I shall be glad to be where no one ever went before. Won't it be nice, Rosy?"

Rosy was not quite sure; but she took off her hat, and sat down on a little green mound under another large tree, with bunches of small, round fruit.



"ROSY THOUGHT THE DESERT A VERY HOT PLACE."



"I wonder what tree this can be," said Rosy.

"Very likely a fig," replied Charlie, with a learned air.

"Oh, no, not a fig, I know!" cried Rosy; "for I have seen one of those in a large garden in New York; and it had very, very large leaves, made just like fans—not a bit like this one."

"Oh, then, it is some new kind of tree that nobody knows. I never saw one like it before; did you, Rosy?"

"No, never," said the little girl.

"Then we are the first discoverers of the tree; so we must give it a name."

"Yes, let us give it a name," said Rosy, eagerly. "What shall it be?"

"We'll call it after you—'The Rosy tree,' answered Charlie. "It's a very pretty one; so you won't mind, will you?"

"No; I don't mind," said Rosy, blushing a little; "but is it a pretty name—for a tree, I mean?"

"Of course it is," answered Charlie; "at least I know if I were a tree I shouldn't mind having it."

After naming this wonderful tree, and trying to notice exactly what it was like, so that they might describe it to the first people who knew about trees when they got home, Charlie and Rosy went on with their walk, and soon came to a tiny stream, in which grew some very beautiful flowers.

"Why, what are these?" said Rosy. "I never saw any like them before."

"Nor I, either," added Charlie. "We must name them after your mamma, and take some home to show to the learned men."

"Oh, yes," cried Rosy, clapping her hands; "that will be nice."

"Let us bring them up on to the path," said Charlie, "and then we can put them into our hats. They will look very pretty there. Besides, our hands are hot, and the heat soon kills flowers."

"How funny that is!" said Rosy, "when they so often grow in the sun, and get baked by it all day long."

"I suppose flowers will bear baking when they are on their own stalks, but not in our hot hands," answered Charlie. "Don't you remember about that stuff inside the stalk which papa showed us one day, and called sap; and how he said that was what the plant ate and drank? I suppose the flower starves, and gets too thirsty to live when it is broken off the stem, and that it can't bear heat so well when it has nothing to drink."

Rosy thought that Charlie must have been very clever to find this out. She liked his idea, too, about the hats. In short, she liked all Charlie's ideas.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE THIRD DISCOVERY.

THEY had not gone much further before a bush appeared covered with small black fruit which looked like raspberries, and nearly as good, so Rosy declared.

"Oh! but, Rosy, you must not eat them!" cried Charlie, seizing her hand as she was going to pick one.

"Why not?" asked Rosy.

"Because they may be poison; you cannot tell," answered Charlie.

"Oh! I don't think so! They smell very good," returned Rosy.

"Do they?" said Charlie. "Let me smell."

He smelt several times at the fruit, and then thought that he would taste one, and wait a bit to see whether he felt any pain after it.

He did so; and, after a minute or two, as no pain came, he said:

"Yes, I think we may eat, Rosy. They are a juicy kind of fruit, and will make us not so thirsty. It is a good thing you found them."

Ah, Master Charlie, what a good thing it was that those fruits were really not poisonous! One can't tell always by pain coming; for sometimes things that are poisonous make people feel very comfortable, and send them so fast asleep that they never wake again!

Whilst the two travelers were eating, Master Robin fell down; and his little mistress said that he had gone fast asleep; but he had not eaten any fruit, and his eyes were wide open as they always were; for Rosy never could persuade him to shut his eyes.

A little further on they were startled by a queer noise, as if something were sliding or jumping through the grass among the rocks.

"What can it be?" said Rosy, turning pale.

Charlie did not answer; but he looked rather frightened.

However, he did not forget that he was a boy, and that he had his little cousin to protect. And he made up his mind that no harm should happen to her if he could prevent it.

So calling to Rosy and Robin to stand still, both of them, he took his stick in his hand, and went forward to meet the monster. Out it came on the grass before them, and Charlie cried:

"Oh, it's a crocodile!"

Rosy was almost afraid to breathe, as the creature lifted up its head, just as if it were preparing to spring on him.

But Charlie put on a brave face, and went forward, with his stick in his hand, saying:

"Never mind Rosy! I'll soon do for the monster, with this club of mine!" and at the sight of the stick, the animal thought it best to turn round and make its escape.

And when it was gone, Charlie said, in rather a quiet way:

"It was a very small crocodile, if it was one at all. Perhaps it was only a lizard, Rosy."

"How fast it ran away; didn't it?" said Rosy. "Oh, I'm so glad it has gone, I thought it was going to bite you!"

"It was a good thing for it that it did not try," answered Charlie. "It would have felt something of my club if it had come near enough. But now you have seen me conquer this enemy, you won't be so much afraid if any other should come."

Here Charlie, who had drunk nothing since they started, took such a long draught, that when it came to Rosy's turn, the bottle was found to be nearly empty.

"We shall have to go on short commons, I see," he said. "Rosy, can you do with a little until we come to water?"

"If the river is not very far off, Charlie," she said: "but I am getting very thirsty."

"Well, we must pass on through this forest; there is nothing else to be done. I think I see an opening in the trees out there; don't you?"

"Let's run, then," answered Rosy; "let's run a race; and we shall soon be there. I wonder if there will be any water close by when we get out."

"At any rate, Robin can't have a drop till we get a fresh supply," answered Charlie. "He can go longer than we can without drinking; can't he, Rosy?"

Charlie looked rather quizzical when he said this, and Rosy got a little red, and did not seem quite to like it; so he gave Robin a very kind pat, and said no more about it.

## CHAPTER VIII.—A BAD TRAVELER.

ROSY, however, very soon began to find that Master Robin was no small weight for her little arms.

"Oh, you are heavy, Robin!" she said. "I wish you could walk."

So she put him down to rest her arms, and declared that "he was not half so heavy at home, and that he was a bad lamb to make himself heavy just when he ought to be light. It was very bad of him; very bad indeed, and very unkind!"

Then Charlie said: "I would carry him for you, Rosy; but you see I must have my arms free in case of any danger. Perhaps we shall meet another monster before long; and if I am not ready with my club, it may attack you."

"If he only had a board to stand on, and wheels like my horse, I could draw him along with a string," returned Rosy.

"Couldn't we tie some of this long grass together, and make a string for him?" said Charlie. "You might be able to draw him without any wheels." So the little folks went to work to carry out this plan; and, as it took some time, Rosy's arms got rested a bit.

However, the grass string did not answer. It broke very often; and then every time they tried to pull Master Robin with it, down he went; so at last they were forced to give it up, and go on as before.

After a bit they arrived, as they hoped, at the end of the steepest part. They had, at any rate, got on to a little plain piece, where they could keep easily on their feet and rest themselves. This was delightful indeed; for truly poor little Rosy's strength would not have held out much longer.

Charlie soon began to recover his spirits and to look about him with all his usual interest.

He was evidently made for a traveler. But Rosy felt by no means so comfortable, for in looking round her she saw a hole in the rock, and something moving about inside it.

"Take care, Charlie," she said; "there is something shining in there. Perhaps it is a savage."

"Oh!" cried Charlie, turning pale, "and I am unarmed! I left my stick upon the rock. I must go back and fetch it."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Rosy, clinging to him; "don't go away; stay with me!"

"Well, then, we had better both go away," answered Charlie, seizing Rosy's hand, and turning from the spot.

Nevertheless, they kept their eyes on the hole as they passed it; for they were obliged to go along quite in front of it; there was no other way. And still something kept moving about inside.

The children both trembled violently; but Charlie tried with all his might not to seem frightened.

He whispered to Rosy:

"I don't think it can be a savage. It doesn't look like a man at all; but I can't think what it is. I wonder if there is only one; or whether there are lots like it inside."

Rosy made no answer; she was too frightened to speak.

All at once the dreadful creature flew out of the hole and over their heads; and Rosy cried out:

"Oh! I don't like this country. Really, I want to go home!"

She put her hands over her head, and seemed as if she were going to fall. And as for Charlie, his courage was quite gone now. He put both his arms up, and doubled himself up as if he thought the creature would alight on

his head and crush him by its weight. And he said not one word to comfort Rosy.

After all, what do you think this dreadful creature was?

It was black, and had wings, sharp-pointed wings; and it flew very fast, faster than any bird, and whizzed closely past the children's faces; but it did not touch them.

If they had only had it in their hands, and been able to have a good look at it, perhaps they might not have thought it quite so dreadful, for it was really—only a bat! Somehow or other, however, the hole was passed, and the fright about the bat got over.

When they saw the creature fly right away, and found that he had not hurt them at all, perhaps they thought that they need not have been quite so much terrified. Charlie was a little bit vexed with himself, and grew suddenly very active in scrambling about, and in helping Rosy, to make her forget that he had ever been frightened. But the little girl did not so easily get over it. She trembled and sobbed for a long time, and said, a great many times:

"Oh! Charlie, wasn't it dreadful? I thought it was something coming to kill us."

"But you see it wasn't," Charlie answered, "so don't cry. We've got to think what we are about here; it's a steep bit again."

So saying, he seized hold of a bough, thinking with its help to swing himself down a good way.

But now came a new trouble. For the branch broke, and down came Charlie.

His hat tumbled off, of course, and blew away; and poor Rosy, who had lost hers some time ago, being just in front of Charlie, was not in a very pleasant position.

So here was a pretty piece of business.

## CHAPTER IX.

## A RAPID DESCENT.

CHARLIE had no time to say:

"Get out of the way, Rosy."

And she had no time to do it if he had. He fell against Rosy, and they both arrived at the bottom quicker than they expected.

Now there are some things which we could never wish to happen, which, when they are over, we are very glad of.

It was a dreadful rolling over and over, all amongst the thistles and brambles, and stumps and stones, as they came down; bumping against each other, too, Charlie's boots sometimes in Rosy's face, and her boots in his!

And it was a very long roll, too, and seemed as if it never would be over.

No bush or tree stood in their way to stop them; so down, down they came until they found themselves quite at the bottom of the hill.

Then Charlie thought to himself all in a minute, before he had time to get up:

"Well, that's over, at any rate. I'm not hurt a bit; and if Rosy isn't, why, perhaps, it's as well I fell. It wouldn't have been easy to get her down that last piece of the hill."

But poor Rosy thought differently.

She was not much hurt, it is true, only a little bruised and scratched; but she fell with her head lower than her feet, and felt too giddy to rise.

However, before she had time even to think about it, she heard some creature come snuffing up to her, and felt its tongue against her face.

She had shut her eyes while she was falling, that she might not see the deep place into which she supposed she

was going ; and now she scarcely dared to open them to see what this creature that was licking her could be.

Her cousin heard a faint scream :

"Oh, Charlie ! it's a lion ! He's going to eat me !"



"ROSY WAS ALMOST AFRAID TO BREATHE AS THE CREATURE LIFTED UP ITS HEAD."

But Charlie saw what it was.

"No, no, not a lion, Rosy !" he cried ; "it is our good Caesar. He has come to help us ; and here is papa behind him."

Charlie did not know that Caesar was almost as terrible to little Rosy as the most formidable lion would have been.

She thought at first : "Oh ! then it is Caesar who is going to eat me."

But when Charlie spoke, the good dog knew his young master's voice and began licking him instead ; and Charlie did not mind that at all.

As soon as Caesar had left her to go to Charlie, Rosy jumped up very quickly ; and the color began to come back into her pale cheeks.

Charlie's papa set him on his legs again, and was glad to see that no bones were broken.

And both Charlie and Rosy were glad to find themselves so quickly home again from the strange country.

It seemed, too, as if Caesar were anxious to give them a hearty welcome, and to get into Rosy's good graces ; for he no sooner saw that both the young travelers were sound and well, than he disappeared for a minute and came back with something in his mouth.

"Robin ! Robin !" cried Rosy, in surprise. "Oh, my dear lamb, how glad I am to have you again !"

Her feelings of affection overcame her terrors this time, and she even went to take it from Caesar's mouth.

Then the good dog caspered about with joy, and licked her feet ; and she even ventured to give him a pat, and to say :

"Oh, you good Caesar, I am so much obliged to you."

Which Caesar evidently understood quite well ; for he lay down perfectly satisfied, and looked up in her face as if to say :

"Now you won't be afraid of me any more, I hope ; or mistake my kisses for bites again."

But Rosy had no time to play with her dear lamb then, for it was getting quite dusk, and her uncle said they must make haste home.

So Caesar, who was always anxious to make himself useful, came forward and took charge of Robin once more, and also of uncle's walkingstick.

Rosy made no objections ; for she knew now how heavy the dear lamb could make himself, and did not feel inclined to carry him far again.

Her uncle smoothed down her rough hair, patted her cheek, and asked her how she came to get lost, and then he lifted her in his arms ; and poor little Rosy, quite tired

out with all that had happened, laid her head on his shoulder, and went fast asleep.

As for Charlie he had not spoken since his papa came up. He only hung down his head, and looked very sheepish ; for Charlie's papa had said nothing to him ; and he could see very well that he was not pleased.

And now a little voice inside of Charlie, which had been very quiet all day, began to speak to him, and to make him very uncomfortable. It said :

"What did you go at all for ? You ought to have asked your papa and mamma's leave. You know all the while that you ought not to have gone without ; and how came you never to think of that ? You are a bad boy ; and it would have served you right if you had broken your neck when you tumbled down that hill."

Charlie's mamma had been in great fright all day about her little boy and her little niece. She thought that they must either be lost or stolen, and that perhaps she would never see them again.

So when she saw them all come home safely she was very glad indeed, and took little Rosy in her arms, and kissed her while she was asleep.

She would have kissed Charlie, too—and Charlie wanted very badly to kiss his mamma—but his papa held him back, and gave him a good scolding before he would let him do so. He told him that he was old enough to know better, and that he did know better, and that it was very bad and cruel of him to take his poor little cousin, who always trusted him, so far away ; and that if she had been starved, or lost, or frozen to death, it would have been all his fault.

Charlie was very unhappy when his papa said that, because he really loved little Rosy, and had not thought of such dreadful things happening to her.

Then Rosy waked up, and kissed her dear aunt, and said she was so glad to get back from the strange country ; and her aunt smiled, and said she was glad, too, to have her home.

And Charlie promised never to do so again ; and then he was allowed to kiss his mamma and Rosy ; and they were all happy once more.

Before they were put to bed, the children had each of them a good basin of broth with plenty of bread in it ; and they thought it nicer than any broth that they had ever tasted, because they had never been so hungry before.

They went to sleep directly they laid down ;

for never in their lives had they felt so tired ; but in their sleep they tossed and started ; and Rosy's aunt heard her say something about a lion.

Then she thought : "Charlie will be cured of wishing to go and seek for unknown lands. That is one good



"HE FALLS AGAINST ROSY, AND THEY BOTH ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM."



thing. But, oh, if good Cæsar had not found my darlings, they would have had to sleep out on the cold grass; and perhaps they would both have died!"

### PARASITIC LIFE ON SUBMARINE CABLES.

THE amount of submarine life that comes up on a cable which is taken up for repairs, after being immersed for a



"ALL AT ONCE A DREADFUL CREATURE FLEW OUT OF THE HOLE OVER THEIR HEADS."

year or two, says Mr. J. Monro, in *Chambers's Journal*, is surprising. Three years ago the writer was with a repairing expedition on the *Para* to Cayenne section of the Western and Brazilian Company's cables. We were chiefly at work off the Island of Marajo in the estuary of the Amazon. The cable had only been submerged about a month; yet it came on board the ship at places literally covered with barnacles; at others overgrown with submarine vegetation, crabs, and curious shells, of singular delicacy and beauty. The seaweeds were in great variety, clinging to the cable, sometimes in thick groves of red and yellow algæ; slender, transparent, feathery grasses; red alimy freccoids, and tufts of amethyst moss. We found branching coralline plants upward of a foot in height growing to the cable, the soft skeleton being covered with a fleshy skin, generally of deep orange color. Sometimes a sponge was found attached to the roots of the corals, and delicate structures of varied tints incrusting the stems of all these plants and served to ornament as well as to strengthen them.

Parasitic life seems to be as rife under these soft tepid waters as it is on the neighboring tropical shores. Many star-fishes, zoophytes and curious crabs and crustaceans were likewise fished up on the cable. The crabs were often themselves completely overgrown with the indigenous vegetation of the bottom, and so were scarcely distinguishable from it. Others not so covered were found to have the same tints as the vegetation they inhabited, and even in structure somewhat resembled the latter. Others were perfectly or partially transparent; and one most beautiful hyaline crab, new to science, united in its person several of the prevailing colors of the bottom. Its slender limbs, like jointed filaments of glass, were stained here and there of a deep topaz-brown. Its snout, pointed like a needle, was of a deep scarlet; its triangular body was orange-yellow; its eyes were green; and its tiny hands of an amethyst blue.

SOCIETY is built upon trust, and trust upon confidence in one another's integrity.—*South*.

### WALTER'S NEW HORSE.

EARLY one afternoon Gyp, Walter and Baby were playing on the landing. It was Walter's birthday, and his father had given him a horse large enough to ride upon. It was painted gray and white, and had a long flowing tail and a thick mane, and its bridle and saddle were of light-brown leather. It was placed on a green stand that had four wheels, and there was a ring in front for a string to go through. Gyp said she would give Walter a ride up and down the landing, and afterward he was to give one to her.

So she drew him up and down many times until she was quite hot and tired, and then she said:

"Now, Walter, it is my turn to have a ride."

But Walter said, "I am not tired of riding yet; I shall ride all the afternoon."

"Then I will not draw you," said Gyp. "It is my turn now—get off, Walter."

But Walter would not get off, and he only laughed at Gyp.

Then Gyp was very angry, and at last she got close to Walter and tried to pull him off the horse, and as she did so the horse fell over and almost hit Baby, who was sitting on the ground pulling at one of the strings.

Though it did not hurt her, she was very much frightened, and began to cry so loudly that Nurse came to see what was the matter.

Then Walter said, "It was Gyp's fault; she pulled me off the horse."

Then Gyp said, "It was Walter's fault; he would not let me ride; and it was my turn, for I have been drawing him about till I am quite tired; and he said I should have a ride."

Nurse lifted up Baby and kissed her, and then she looked at the horse.

"No one can ride until the wheel is mended," she said, "and you were both in fault. It was very wrong of Walter not to let his sister ride when he had promised to do so; and it was very wrong of Gyp to pull her brother off the horse."

When Walter's papa heard what had happened he was sorry. He had thought that his little ones could play together without quarreling.

He had the horse mended, but he did not let Walter have it to play with for more than a week. At the end of that time the horse was brought out upon the landing, and Walter let Gyp have the first ride upon it, and then Nurse held Baby on its back, and Baby had a ride, and last of all Walter's turn came.

Walter and Gyp had many pleasant rides after that, and they were much happier when they gave up to one another and did not quarrel.



"CHARLIE'S PAPA SAYS NOTHING TO HIM."

## RELIGIOUS NOTES AND NEWS.

In point of wealth, we see by some recent statistics, Trinity Church comes first among the religious corporations of this city. Grace Church comes next, and the Collegiate Dutch Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral and the German Church of the Redeemer follow in order. The wealthiest congregation is said to be Dr. Hall's Presbyterian Church, the wealth of whose members is put at from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000. The Episcopal churches lead in number and value, there being 74 churches, valued at \$10,082,677. The Roman Catholics follow, with 58 churches and \$8,148,540, and then come the Presbyterians, with 53 churches and \$6,285,000. The Episcopal Church is reported to have 70,000 communicants—the Methodists, 45,000. It is difficult to estimate the number of Roman Catholic communicants, but they claim about half the population of the city, or 600,000.

By the *Year Book* of the Collegiate Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, now one of the wealthiest religious corporations in this city, it appears that their first religious services were held in a loft over a horse-mill, and their first church was built in 1663. The corporation now sustains seven churches and chapels. In 1699 Dominie Du Bois became a colleague of the church, and later sole minister, and he may, in some sort, be considered as having some affiliation to the Church, for he baptized Samuel Provocost, who was afterward rector of Trinity Church and first Bishop of New York. A portrait of Dominie Du Bois adorns the *Year Book*, and there is also a reprint of an appointment of January 7th, 1683, as a Day of Thanksgiving. It reads like any ordinary proclamation, except that the day falls upon a Sunday. The *Year Book* gives no account of the baptisms of the parish, nor of its vested wealth. The number of scholars in its Sunday-schools is 2,451, with an average attendance of 1,680.

PROBABLY few people are aware that Vermont has what may be called an "Established Church," for whose support the people are (indirectly) taxed. Yet such is the case. In the original charter of the "New Hampshire Grants" from George III., through Benning Wentworth, the last royal Governor of New Hampshire, it was stipulated that one lot in each town should be set apart for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, one for the support of the first settled minister, and one for public schools. Many years ago all these lands were leased in perpetuo at what were fair rates then, but very low to-day, the rental to be in lieu of all taxes. For many years past the rental has been much less than the taxes would amount to, and hence "these lands," as they are called, are very desirable and are much sought after. Near the beginning of the century, the venerable society above referred to transferred its interest in the lands to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the income from them—about \$3,000—is paid to the treasurer of the diocese. These lands, together with those sequestered to other religious objects and the public schools, aggregate nearly 270,000 acres, the annual income from which is about \$32,000.

CHURCH-BUILDING IN GERMANY.—The "Gustav Adolph Verein" is an association founded several years ago in Germany for the purpose of generally promoting the interests of Protestantism, especially by means of building churches and residences for the Protestant clergy. The annual meeting was held recently at Dortmund, in Westphalia. The report states that the receipts for 1880 were

744,955 marks (about \$186,235); and the total amount of the receipts of the Association since its foundation was 16,328,000 marks (\$932,000). The sum of 50,000 marks had been given last year as a benefaction by one individual, to whose generosity the Association was already indebted. The sum of \$100 pounds had been contributed from England. Wurtemberg seems to be a considerable subscriber, and during the year forty legacies of various amounts were received from that kingdom. During 1880, 22 churches, 11 schoolhouses, and 6 residences were completed; 16 churches, 11 schools, and 13 residences are in course of building.

A BIBLE OF HISTORIC INTEREST.—There is in the possession of a member of the John Street Methodist Church in New York City a Bible which is of much historic interest and value. It was formerly the property of Philip Embury, and was used by him at the opening of the first Methodist church in this country, on October 30th, 1768. In regard to the book, C. C. Lasby writes as follows to the *Christian Advocate*: "As the book is a very old one, belonging either to the first edition of the King James translation, issued in 1611 A.D., which date it bears, or to one of the still earlier translations, it possesses great value aside from its historic association with Methodism. From examination thus far it appears to me to be a copy of the celebrated Geneva Bible, brought to completion in 1560 A.D. One thing we notice: The Greek term 'agape' is everywhere translated 'love,' instead of 'charity.' That this term was so translated in the earlier editions of our King James translation in I. Cor., xii, xiii., together with explanations of the change to 'charity,' see 'Wesley's Sermons,' vol. ii., p. 280. This fact we have not seen noticed in any criticisms on the work of our present revisers, nor is it mentioned in Roberts's 'Companion to the Revised Version.' On this point our honored revisers agree with those whose labors gave us the translation we cling to so tenaciously, and are certainly in agreement with the precious volume now in possession of Mrs. Currier, an honored member of John Street Church."

EASTER will not fall again on the 9th of April until the year 1944. It will fall on the latest possible date, which is April 25th, four years hence, 1886.

THE new census shows 92,653 Protestant churches in the United States, with 71,662 ministers and 9,008,030 members.

THE first church bell used in the parish of Quassaick, now in Newburg, has been turned over to the trustees of Washington's Headquarters. It was at Amsterdam in 1716, and was given by the Government in 1719 to the Palatine Parish of Quassaick. In 1727 it was loaned to a Lutheran church there. When the Church of England was established by law the ousted Lutherans stole the bell and hid it in a swamp, but afterward returned it. During the Revolution, when the Established Church went down in this country, it was again hidden, but came back and did duty as a church bell till 1798. From that date it was the bell of the Newburg Academy till 1834. It found its way then to a garret and from there to the Orange Hotel, where it served as the signal bell for the stables till 1873 or 1874. Mrs. G. Freeman, who was its possessor, has formally turned it over to the Headquarters Trustees.

THE Church of England has 907 churches in England, 476 of which have surpliced choirs.

# RHYMES AND RHYTHMS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

## XVII.—ROSY MAIDEN WINIFRED.

Rosy maiden Winifred,  
With a milk-pail on her head,  
Tripping through the corn,  
While the dew lies on the wheat,  
In the sunny morn.  
Scarlet shepherds' weather-glass  
Spread wide open at her feet  
As they pass;  
Cornflowers give their almond smell  
While she brushes by,  
And a lark sings from the sky,  
"All is well."

## XVIII.—WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

WHEN the cows come home the milk is coming;  
Honey's made while the bees are humming;  
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,  
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;  
And timid, funny, pert little bunny  
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

## XIX.—THE FLOWERS.

Roses blushing red and white,  
For delight;  
Honeysuckle wreaths above,  
For love;  
Dim sweet-scented heliotrope,  
For hope;  
Shining lilies tall and straight,  
For royal state;  
Dusky pansies—let them be  
For memory;  
With violets of fragrant breath,  
For death.

## XX.—THE BELLS.

"DING-A-DING."  
The sweet bells sing,  
And say,  
"Come all be gay,"  
For a wedding-day.

"Dong-a-dong."  
The bells sigh long,  
And call,  
"Weep one, weep all,"  
For a funeral.

## XXI.—HEAVEN.

WHEN a mountain skylark sings  
In the sunlit Summer morn,  
I know that heaven is up on high,  
And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings  
In the moonlit Summer even,  
I know not if earth is merely earth,  
Only that heaven is heaven.

## XXII.—THE MOURNING SPARROWS.

HEAR what the mournful sparrows say:  
We built our nest compact and warm,  
But cruel boys came round our way,  
And took our summer-house by storm.

They crushed the eggs so neatly laid;  
So now we sit with drooping wing,  
And watch the ruin they have made,  
Too late to build, too sad to sing.

## XXIII.—PRETTY RABBIT.

PRETTY rabbit in the fern,  
You can scamper rarely;  
Tufted ears so softly furred,  
Nibbling late and early.

You keep your house in burrow deep;  
I could wish to join you,  
When you sit with wife and child,  
But I would not pain you.

Mrs. Rabbit I can see  
At the head of table;  
Master Rabbit, full of glee,  
Eating all he's able.

Very serious you are  
If others come to see you.  
From all your troubles out and in  
Would that I could free you.

A very pretty life is yours  
In your sandy burrow,  
Winding round and round about,  
Nor thinking of to-morrow.

## XXIV.—A SUMMER MORNING.

GET up, and see the sun rise!  
The happy lambs at play  
Would gladden all the children's eyes,  
And cheer the longest day.

The sun shines on the meadow;  
And, sparkling in the sun,  
Then leaping into shadow,  
The chattering brook doth run.

The birds are singing snatches,  
The bees go droning by,  
The swallows making matches,  
And the flower-like butterfly

Is fluttering o'er the roses,  
And the honeysuckle too;  
The gard'ner's boy makes posies,  
And all the sky is blue.

## XXV.—MAY.

THE lilac is out, and the thrush on the spray  
Is telling the story of beautiful May;  
The hawthorn sheds its sweet scent on the breeze,  
And the wind is embracing the tall poplar-trees.

The birds in sweet chorus are singing a glee;  
Wild-rose like a garden the hedge makes to be;  
The convolvulus trails its sweet wreaths over all,  
While the sparrows are busy at each other's call

The wren on the roadside is active and glad;  
The stock-dove is telling the joy that it had  
To its mate, when at morning it hurried to find  
The food that was most to her ladyship's mind.

The lizard is waking on hillside, in glade,  
To lie in the sun where a path had been made  
By the footsteps of rovers; it loveth the sand  
When the sunshine glows warm all over the land.

The Maytime has come with its gladness and flowers;  
The hollies and ferns are making them bowers;  
The lilac is out and the thrush on the spray  
Is telling the story of beautiful May.





AN EAST INDIAN EXPERIMENT WITH RATS, SNAKES AND SCORPIONS.

#### An East Indian Experiment with Rats, Snakes and Scorpions.

A CORRESPONDENT in India sends us some interesting matter connected with these reptiles, well worth giving to the world. The following is a record of a great battle between the three above-named :

"I saw a very curious experiment with a cobra, which was, however, rather cruel. All houses in India having a current of air continually passing through them, it is necessary to protect the candles by glass bell-shaped shades. Under one of these, inverted, was placed the snake, in company with three large black rats, a couple of scorpions and a centipede. The centipede is about six inches long, and if it crawls over a man leaves the unpleasant feeling of very painful rheumatism for more than a year. I am unable to state the feelings of this happy family at being thus suddenly thrown together; I should judge, from their proceedings, that their ideas were, to say the least, antagonistic. The snake lay quiet; the scorpions ran races round the edges of the shade; the centipede rolled himself up. The rats were the only creatures which seemed alive to the unhappy state of their confinement, and showed it by a game of leap-frog over the venomous part of the family. By an unlucky trip on

the head of the snake one of the rats at last roused him from his insensibility, and expiated his offense on the spot, as he fell dead from the bite. The other rats instantly darted on the snake, who succumbed to their united attack; they bit him from head to tail, and he died, having, however, with the little poison left after killing the first rat, severely wounded the second. The scorpions now began their part of the entertainment, and, knowing that the drowsiness attendant on snake-bites must be kept off at all hazards, humanely forced the rats into activity by running under them and stinging them as they hopped about. Their mode of treatment, however, proved a failure, as the second rat who had been wounded died. The two rats, however, had first put the scorpions *hors de combat*, so the last of this combative family were now the rat and the centipede; the last-named had no chance with the former, and speedily fell a victim, the rat coming off victor. As a tribute to his pluck and prowess, he was allowed to return to his native haunts, where he may probably be still enjoying perfect health."

#### WESLEY'S TACT.

THE following anecdote of the founder of Methodism has,

we believe, never been published. It reaches us from a trustworthy source, and it illustrates in a remarkable manner the mingled tact and piety of that eminent man.

Although Wesley, like the Apostles, found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty or the noble, still he numbered some families of good position among his followers. It was at the house of one of these that the incident here recorded took place. Wesley had been preaching, and a daughter of a neighboring gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been profoundly impressed by his exhortations. After the sermon Wesley was invited to this gentleman's house to luncheon, and with himself one of his preachers was entertained. This preacher, like many of the class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraints of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, "for a Methodist's hand?"

The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a

tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and simply said, "The hand is very beautiful."

The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to keep silent; but when, a few hours later, she again appeared in Wesley's presence, the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which nature had given.—*London Society.*

### TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

THERE was a great row among the frogs; but it did not make as much noise as it might have done, because it was a row in a whisper. You have all of you heard frogs croak out loud, but perhaps you have *not* all of you heard them croak in a whisper, and you who have not must believe me when I assure you that you have no idea of hoarseness till you have! And when that whispered croak is a croak of agitation and excitement, it is a sound that, once heard, is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry.

Well, the frogs were all in a desperate state, croaking hoarse, whispered croaks, because, you see, they did not wish to be heard, or to disturb—**THAT**—which was the cause of all the flurry. And what in the world was **THAT**? you will ask. Why, it was nothing in the world but a beetle, and a very small beetle, too. What! a beetle, and a very small beetle, too, cause all this emotion among frogs? Yes, verily. Listen, and you shall understand. This beetle was a tid-bit, a delicate morsel, luscious and lovely to the taste, dear to the heart—or, at least, to the palate—of a frog, as sweet things are to those of little folk. That is, always supposing that frogs *have* palates. For my part, I never looked inside a frog's mouth, and so I don't know; if you have, and do, you have the advantage over me, that's all; and you may keep the advantage, too, for I never mean to look into mouth of a frog as long as I live, if I can help it.

This beetle—so small, that you would not have expected any one to make a fuss about it, least of all a rational, cold-blooded creature like a frog—had crept out of doors one fine Summer morning, and disported itself on a large leaf, just out of the reach of the jump of the most active frog yet known. (It is well to be cautious, so that is all I will say—*yet known*; remember, those are my words, and I will keep to them.)

Poor little thing! it was gay and unsuspecting. It thought the whole world, with all the beautiful flowers and leaves in it, was only made for beetles, and as for frogs—oh, well, there *are* some things really below consideration, and the idea of a frog never once crossed this beetle's mind. And all the time all the frogs were making a row about, and croaking desperately in a whisper. There



### TO THE BABY.

LAUGH, little baby, in thy cradle years;  
With the dim future come the bitter tears.  
Thy mother is thine earthly angel now,  
Her smile thy sunshine, peace is on her brow.  
In after-time, when the dark grave has closed  
O'er that dear breast on which thy head reposed.  
How oft the past will o'er thy spirit start,  
And the sad tears fall scalding on thy heart!  
Then will she seem an angel all divine,  
And memory make the thought of her a shrine  
At which thy daily prayers will be address,  
Till God shall summon thee to join her rest.

was some danger, in fact, of their all tearing each other to pieces, in their intense eagerness to know *which* of them was to have a try for the beetle.

At last, seeing this danger, a very old frog, quite the grandfather of all the frogs, croaked out, very hoarse indeed, but determined to be heard above the others, that "they had better draw lots." Hurrah! this was a splendid idea; it was almost worth while to be as old as Grandfather Frog in order to have as much sense. They drew lots instantly, and the lot fell on an elderly frog blessed with a good appetite and plenty of brains; the frog who had drawn the next lot to his, it was determined, should accompany him, for if the first failed in securing the beetle, it was but fair that the next should have a chance. He was an oldish fellow, too—an eager, rather fussy frog, who generally contrived to push himself forward into everything.

And all the time they none of them knew that there was a sly young frog, quite distracted with anxiety to get the beetle, who was stamping and champing and stamping in the background, and then winking at himself from slyness as the only way of keeping himself quiet. He listened and watched, and did everything that can be thought of that a young frog ought not to do where his elders are concerned.

"The stems are too slender for me to crawl up them," said frog No. 1 to frog No. 2, "and the leaf is too high for me to jump; let us sit calmly below and watch for him."

Here No. 1 whispered to No. 2 in the lowest possible whisper, who nodded his head very significantly, and whispered back again to No. 1, who immediately nodded his head even more significantly than No. 2 had done. The sly lad (as, if you do not object, we will call the young frog) almost went out of his mind on the spot with vexation and horror at not being able to hear what the old frogs were whispering about. He champed and stamped worse than ever, and then his features almost disappeared with the violent winking at himself which followed to keep himself quiet.

The two old frogs jumped forward and placed themselves under the branch where the little beetle contentedly lay, and fixed their old eyes on it very anxiously. It was an anxious business. There was the beetle, and there were they, and everything depended on the next move. And the next move was not in the least what anybody expected, and took everybody by surprise. For it was a move made by the sly lad to whom nobody had given a thought, having no idea that he was going to make a move.

He had at first been in the desperate state of anxiety already described, but when he found what the two old fellows were going to do, he laughed in his sleeve, rubbed his fore-paws together with delight, and chuckled inwardly with such vehemence that he as nearly as possible burst with this suppressed laughter. "Slow coaches," winked he to himself—"slow coaches," and he was thoroughly pleased. He was not only pleased that they were so quiet and so stupid that he should be able to secure the tid-bit without difficulty, but it was excessively pleasant to him to call these two old frogs slow coaches, and to regard them from the background in this light, and he lost a little time because it was so delightful to him to look at their backs as they sat together on the ground gazing up at the beetle, and to whisper to himself the two words, "slow coaches," directing them toward those venerable and unconscious backs.

After this the sly lad slunk along under the grass and leaves, concealing himself as much as possible from either frogs or beetles. When he had sneaked up to the plant on a leaf of which the beetle was amusing itself, he looked up also and laughed. But he was not, like the old frogs, looking at the beetle; he was looking at the stems, too fragile to support their respectable carcasses, which he thought was their reason for not attempting to climb, but not too fragile for his slight little body to ascend with ease and safety.

"Ah, ha! my masters, I have you there; I have you there!" he repeated, over and over again, to himself so often that the breezes seemed to echo the words, and so did the soft rustling of the leaves, and so did the bees as they hummed pleasantly by.

Then the sly lad climbed cautiously up the stems, croaking to himself in an excited whisper, "Hush! hush" as he did so, and approached nearer and yet more near to the unconscious beetle, as it lingered on the leaf beyond.

"If I don't catch you myself," croaked he, "which I shall, I shall! at any rate, you'll fly off, my fine fellow, and the slow coaches below won't catch you, either—poor old gentlemen! I wonder how they do expect to succeed in anything, sitting there gaping and doing nothing."

And with the word actions, uttered in an ecstatic if suppressed croak, he leapt forward with open jaws, ready to seize on the beetle.

"Ah, the poor frog little knew  
What that beetle kind can do."

But the old frogs knew very well; and it was just for an incident of this kind, or an accident of any kind, that they

were waiting. They knew that this was the sort of beetle that neither flies away when startled, nor remains quietly to be eaten up, but at the least alarm drops down to the ground like a shot, and lies there shamming death till the danger is past. Down fell the beetle the instant that the shaking of the leaf announced danger. Down fell the beetle, and as the beetle fell down the clever, patient old frog, who was only waiting for this, caught him between his jaws and gobbled him up, and licked his lips and cast up his eyes in his joy, croaking the one word, "Splendid!" while frog No. 2 patted him on the back, almost as if he feared the delicacy or the joy might choke him, and croaked in friendly accents, "Well done, my boy; my turn next."

Then the two old frogs looked into each other's eyes and murmured together, "It's almost *too much*, is it not?"

By which they meant the pleasure, not the beetle, for the beetle, poor little thing, was very small, and so the two old frogs jumped cheerfully home.

Meantime the sly lad had slipped from the branch in the terror of his disappointment, and lay sprawling on his back, seeing and hearing all that happened, and kicking his legs about in the air with astonishing violence.

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### THE SABBATH BELLS.

BY J. L. D. HILLYER.

(An addition to Poe's "Bells," to follow the third stanza.)

HEAR the solemn Sabbath bells,  
Gospel bells.  
What a soul-inspiring truth their proclamation tells,  
What glorious news they bring,  
With their gladsome, happy ring,  
On the quiet Sabbath morn.  
All their joyous notes are born  
From above.

Now they bear our thoughts away  
To the great and holy day,  
When the Lord  
For salvation made the way by the power of His word;  
And overcame the tomb,  
And robbed it of its gloom.  
Ah! the Christian bosom swells  
At the ringing of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,  
And the Christian bosom swells,  
And remembers Jesus bled  
For the final resurrection of the dead;  
And he hears the hope ring out,  
And dismisses every doubt,  
As he listens to the bells,  
On the holy Sabbath day,  
As they call us from the way  
Of despair.  
Let every mortal heed—  
And feeling all his need,  
Turn, and seek relief in prayer,  
And, turn to, give his heed  
To the bells.

Let every heart that bleeds,  
Be one that fully heeds,  
The solemn proclamation of the bells—  
The glad expostulation of the bells:  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells,  
Of the calling, and the warning of the bells.

—From the Christian Index.

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We must love the Lord, if we would learn to serve him  
and win others to him.—*Ormiston.*



## SCOTT'S PIANO.

At a marriage which took place in Edinburgh a short time ago, the presents received by the bride embraced an old piano, prized as having been a gift to her mother's family, so far back as the year 1817, from Sir Walter Scott. It was understood to have been the instrument on which Sir Walter's daughters, Anne and Sophia, had received their first instruction in music; but having only thirty-six notes, it had been replaced by a more modern piano suitable to their advancement. It is of the spinet form, and looked, at the date referred to, as if it had belonged to the middle of the last century, the name it bore being "John & Hugh Watson, Edinburgh, makers, from London." For twelve years the piano again did good service in the schoolroom, but was again deposed to meet the requirements of advanced pupils. Yet it retained an honored place in the heart, especially of one who had enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Scott before he was recognized as the author of "Waverley." It was always spoken of as "Old Sir Walter," and accompanied its owners in many changes long after it had ceased to "discourse sweet music"; though, sooth to say, for many years it occupied the place of a lobby table. In 1854 the instrument descended to the second generation, which necessitated a long and weary journey. Age had brought infirmities and very shaky legs, but no better refuge was forthcoming than the corner of a bath-room. Here it remained undisturbed until 1872, when another change brought it back to Edinburgh, when, alas! the new owner could not afford even standing room. An asylum was sought in the relic-room of the Scott monument, but the piano was deemed too large for admission. Only one alternative remained—that of amputation. The legs were taken off, and for nine years dangled from the roof of a butler's pantry, while the honored trunk was deposited under a bed. Now the instrument, as an heirloom, descends to the third generation, and brighter days are apparently in store. Incased in a warm coat of olive-green, curiously embroidered in many colors of needle-work, it is to be promoted to a place of distinction, and will stand within hearing of such music as may well make its old bones dirl.

## THE KANGAROO.

Among the largest of the Macropidæ, or long-footed animals, is the celebrated kangaroo, an animal which is found spread tolerably widely over its native land—Australia and the islands of the Indian Ocean.

This species has also been called by the name of *Giganteus*, on account of its very great size, which, however, is sometimes exceeded by the woolly kangaroo. The average dimensions of an adult male are generally as follows: the total length of the animal is about seven feet six inches, counting from the nose to the tip of the tail; the head and body exceed four feet, and the tail is rather more than three feet in length; the circumference of the tail at its base is about a foot. When it sits erect after its curious tripod fashion, supported by its hind-quarters and tail, its height is rather more than fifty inches; but when it wishes to survey the country, and stands erect upon its toes, it surpasses in height many a well-grown man. The female is very much smaller than her mate, being under six feet in total length, and the difference in size is so great that the two sexes might well be taken for different species.

The weight of a full-grown male, or "boomer," as it is more familiarly called, is very considerable, one hundred

and sixty pounds having often been obtained, and even greater weight being on record. The color of the animal is brown, mingled with gray, the gray predominating on the under portions of the body and the under-faces of the limbs. The fore-feet are black, as is also the tip of the tail.

Without being truly gregarious, the kangaroo is seldom seen entirely alone, but in scattered groups of seven or eight in number, and even the members of these little-bands are not closely united, but are seen singly disposed at some distance from each other. There are certainly instances on record where very large numbers of kangaroos have been seen in true flocks, herding closely together, and being under the superintendence of one leader. These animals, however, belong to another species.

As the kangaroo is a valuable animal, not only for the sake of its skin, but on account of its flesh, which is in some estimation among the human inhabitants of the same land, it is eagerly sought after by hunters, both white and black, and affords good sport to both on account of its speed, its vigor and its wariness. The native hunter, who trusts chiefly to his own cunning and address for stealing unobserved upon the animal and lodging a spear in its body before it is able to elude its subtle enemy, finds the kangaroo an animal which will test all his powers before he can attain his object, and lay the kangaroo dead upon the ground.

When running, the creature has a curious habit of looking back every now and then, and has sometimes unconsciously committed suicide by leaping against one of the tree-stumps which are so plentifully found in the districts inhabited by the kangaroo.

The doe kangaroo displays very little of these running or fighting capabilities, and has been known, when chased for a very short distance, to lie down and die of fear. Sometimes when pursued it contrives to elude the dogs by rushing into some bushwood, and then making a very powerful leap to one side, so as throw the dogs off the scent. She lies perfectly still as the dogs rush past her place of concealment, and when they have fairly passed her, she quietly makes good her escape in another direction. When young, and before she has borne young, the female kangaroo is called, from her extraordinary speed, the "Flying Doe."

The kangaroo is a very hardy animal, and thrives well in this country, where it might probably be domesticated to a large extent if necessary, and where it would enjoy a more genial climate than it finds in many districts of its native land.

At different times of the year the coat of the kangaroo varies somewhat in its coloring and density. During the Summer the fur is light and comparatively scanty, but when the colder months of the year render a warmer covering needful, the animal is clothed with very thick and woolly fur, that is admirably calculated to resist the effects of the damp, cold climate. It is a very singular fact that those specimens which inhabit the forests are much darker in their color than those which live in the plains. The young kangaroos are lighter in their coloring than their parents, but up to the age of two years their fur deepens so rapidly that they are darker than the old animals. After that age, however, the fur fades gradually, until it finally settles into the grayish-brown of the adult animal.

The eye of the kangaroo is very beautiful; it is very large, round and soft, and gives to the animal a gentle, gazelle-like expression that compensates for the savage aspect of the teeth as they gleam whitely between the cleft lips.



KANGAROOS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, LONDON.—SEE PAGE 481.



## THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND.

THE REV. ERNEST ROLAND WILBERFORCE, Canon of Winchester and Sub-Almoner to the Queen, who has been consecrated as the first Bishop of the newly-founded See of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a younger son of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester. The new bishop was born about the year 1839, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's Degree in 1864. In the same year he was ordained Deacon by his father as Curate of Cuddesdon, Oxfordshire, and was admitted into Priest's Orders by him in the following year. In 1866 he became Curate of Lea, in Lincolnshire, but shortly afterward was appointed Rector of Middleton Stoney. Having held this Rectory for seven years, he was appointed in 1873 Vicar of Seaforth, near Liverpool. He was for many years Chaplain to his father; was nominated to a Canonry in Winchester Cathedral in 1878, and has held the post of Sub-Almoner to Her Majesty since 1871. The new Bishop married, in 1874, Emily, daughter of Canon Connor, Vicar of Newport, Isle of Wight. The *Hampshire Chronicle* speaks of him as being "fervent, sound and simple in the pulpit, ready of

speech, and powerful on the platform, without a dash of intemperance or a tinge of bitterness," and remarks that "he leaves the comparative comfort of the stall at Winchester, with all its pleasant surroundings, for a real life mission of higher and harder work among the coal-pits, where, perhaps, as little as on any part of the earth the face of a bishop has been ever seen or his name held in reverence."

The following account of the consecration is condensed from the *Church Times* of London: "The consecration of the Rev. Ernest Roland Wilberforce as first Bishop of Newcastle took place on Tuesday, July 25th, the Feast of St. James—the anniversary of his father's funeral and within a few days of that of his grandfather's death—in the Cathedral of Durham. Prior to the service the Bishop-designate was presented with an episcopal ring, an exact

fac-simile of that given to the Bishop of Lichfield, by a number of his friends in the diocese of Liverpool, both the archdeacons and several of the cathedral clergy being among the contributors. The Bishop-designate was much affected with the gift. The service began at half-past eleven, and long before it commenced the sacred edifice was filled to overflowing. Over 1,000 reserved seats were appropriated, exclusively of those for the diocesan clergy. The laity included the Mayors and Corporations of Durham and Newcastle in their robes of office, and many distinguished laymen and earnest supporters of the Church. As the procession of some 400 surpliced clergy passed up the crowded nave singing Psalm lxxviii, the effect was very grand. The Dean, Archdeacons Prest and Watkins,

and Canon Tristram were the members of the Chapter present, and immediately before the Bishops came the Deans of York and Carlisle. The Bishop of Ely and his chaplains came first of the episcopate, then the Bishops of St. Albans, Liverpool, Manchester, Carlisle and Winchester, followed by two chaplains, the Bishop of Durham with five, and the Archbishop of York with six, one of the latter being appropriately Canon Butler, late of Liverpool College, the Bishop's successor at Winchester. The Archbishop



BISHOP ERNEST ROLAND WILBERFORCE.

was the celebrant, the Bishop of Winchester the epistoler, and the Bishop of Durham the gospeler."

Canon Basil Wilberforce, having prefaced his sermon with the invocation, chose his text from the Gospel for St. James's Day, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto Him we are able." In the course of an eloquent discourse, the preacher said that nine years that day many of those who were present stood around the open grave of the late Bishop of Winchester. The Wilberforces had done much for the cause of humanity and of the Church, and the new Bishop should seek to preserve the heritage left to him. The foundation of the Bishopric of Newcastle was a practical proof of the vitality of the Church of England. The preacher appealed to Churchmen to display no sectarian bigotry,



and to recognize that Dissenters belonged to the spirit, if not to the body, of the Church.

At the conclusion of the sermon the Bishop-designate retired to put on his rochet during the singing of Dr. Armes's anthem, "O send out Thy light and Thy truth." On his return he was presented by the Bishops of Durham and Ely. At the Archbishop's command the Chancellor read the Queen's mandate, and the oaths were administered, the Bishop-designate kneeling outside the rails in front of the altar. The Litany was chanted by the Revs. Dr. Rogers and Greatorex from a faldstool in the middle of the choir. The Archbishop then put the usual question, to which the Bishop-designate replied in an audible voice. Whilst he retired a second time to assume the rest of the episcopal habit, the choir sang Mendelssohn's "How Lovely are the Messengers," from the Oratorio "St. Paul." The Bishops grouped themselves round the Primate as the "Veni Creator" was sung, his Grace singing the alternate lines, after which the imposition of hands followed. The Archbishop, having given the Bible to the new Bishop, took his seat within the rails, and the offertory was collected. No pause was made after the Prayer for the Church Militant, the Celebration being immediately proceeded with. There was a large number of communicants.

We understand that funds are being raised to present the Bishop with a pastoral staff. The Mayor and Corporation of Durham were present. Mr. Angus, the Mayor of Newcastle, is a Baptist, and has taken a great interest in the new see. Many Nonconformists were in the cathedral.

#### UNIVERSALISM OF RELIGION

THE following report of the lectures of Dr. Kuenen, at Oxford, last Spring, is reprinted from the *New York Herald*:

The Hibbert lectureship promises to become one of the most popular and powerful institutions of the kind in a country which is peculiarly rich in such foundations. The theological and religio-philosophical literature of England owes much to the Bampton, Hulsean, Boyle and other foundations of old date. These older lectureships, which are still powerful for good, were all established for the purpose of meeting some special want, or for combating some special evil, and the terms of their constitution are such that they are not easily diverted even temporarily from their purpose. Advancing time has developed new exigencies, and the result has been new foundations to meet the fresh requirements of the times. Among these last the Hibbert lectureship has taken a prominent place. Last year the chair was filled by T. W. Rhys Davids, one of the most accomplished scholars of these times. Mr. Davids confined his attention to Buddhism—a subject with which he has made himself thoroughly familiar. The year before, M. Renan was lecturer. His subject was the growth and development of Christianity, viewed particularly in connection with the Roman Empire and with the forces which came into operation when that Empire fell to pieces. The lecturer this year was the famous Dr. Abraham Kuenen, Professor of Theology at the University of Leyden, Holland. The lectures are delivered at Oxford, in the theatre of the University Museum, in the last week of April or the beginning of May. Much interest was attached to the appearance of Dr. Kuenen at that ancient and orthodox seat of learning. He is one of the greatest scholars and one of the most pronounced men of his day. Of late years Holland has become the principal centre of that school of Biblical criticism known as the "destruc-

tive"—a school which aims at the demolition and reconstruction of Old Testament history. Formerly this school was most powerfully represented at Tubingen, but latterly and for some years past Leyden has taken the lead. Of this Dutch school of thinkers Dr. Kuenen is a prominent leader. With the teachings and methods of this school English and American readers have been made familiar by the writings of the famous Scottish professor, Mr. Robertson Smith. In the lectures which have just been concluded Dr. Kuenen's main object was to show from what sources Christianity had sprung, how it had developed, gradually assuming universalist characteristics, and how it has finally become by way of distinction the one universal religion. This is the main theme, but the learned doctor took occasion in the course of illustrating his subject to point out the distinctive features of Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Judaism, comparing one with another and contrasting all of them with Christianity. It is proposed in this article to reproduce some of the points made by the lecturer.

#### THE UNIVERSALISM OF ISLAM.

There are three religions which, according to Dr. Kuenen, are entitled to be regarded as universal—Buddhism, Christianity and Islamism. Some are disposed to dispute the claims of the last. It was true, he said, that Islam could only boast of 175,000,000 adherents as against Christendom's 400,000,000 and Buddhism's 450,000,000. But the followers of Mohammed included many separate races. In the sense of spreading over many and diverse nations and races—Semites, Aryans, Tartars, Malays, negroes—with its grip on two continents and a foothold in the third, Islam was indisputably a universal, or, at least, an international religion. But it was no less undeniable that the character of a religion could not be determined by its outward successes alone, and the causes of Islam's conquests unquestionably demanded investigation, since it by no means followed that they lay in its universalistic nature. The problem before them was to estimate cautiously, but also with freedom, in the light of history, the connection between the universal and the national religions as furnishing the explanation and the measure of their universalism. As contrasted with the cloud overshadowing the rise of Buddhism and Christianity, Rénan's reference to "that strange spectacle of a religion coming into being in the clear light of day," was in every mouth. The authenticity of the Koran, with a few trifling exceptions, was above suspicion. And by the side of Mohammed's preaching therein preserved we had the traditions about his person authenticated by testimony going back to his own immediate surroundings. The biography of the Prophet was later, but still was relatively ancient, resting upon materials yet older than itself, and, above all, it could be tested by the authentic documents. Knowing much, however, the thirst for certainty made them long to know more. And the fact was that their information was most defective just at the very points where it would be most valuable. The tradition was colored throughout by the dogmatic convictions of the first believers, and was often open to the gravest suspicions. And the Koran? Sprenger had called it "a book with seven seals."

Dr. Kuenen's contention is that Mohammedanism will not stand the test of time. It has excellences, but it has many defects. There is a want of certainty in regard to certain fundamental essentials. It has one essential excellence of being monotheistic, but it is non-progressive.

#### BUDDHISM AS A UNIVERSAL RELIGION

In one of his lectures Dr. Kuenen reminded his hearers that when Christianity was born in Palestine there was a

world religion in existence already—a religion which, unhindered by difference of nationality, had overstepped the boundaries of the fatherland two centuries before. This was Buddhism, the first-born among the universal religions. The lecturer held to the theory that Buddhism and Brahminism had a common origin, although the former was to a certain extent indebted to the latter. The great extent to which Buddhism was indebted to Brahminism for its doctrine and organization, as proved by continued research, was exemplified in many particulars. The Buddhist metaphysics and ethics were alike borrowed from the older systems. Even the Buddhist monachism was copied, down to minute details, from Brahminic ascetics, though it should be added that asceticism holds quite a different place in Brahminism from that which it takes in Buddhism. Even gregarious asceticism was pre-Buddhistic, and Sakya-Muni did nothing unheard of in gathering round his hermitage a circle of disciples. The founder of the new faith lived and died a Hindoo, and the fact being certain that the universal religion sprang out of the national they had been brought so much the nearer to the real question before them—namely, how this came about. This problem was only to be solved by a critical examination of the legendary history of the Buddha, an inquiry of enormous difficulty, involving the discussion of all the various theories of any importance down to Senart's explanation of the founder as a mythical sun hero. The same thesis was now defended on a far broader scale, and still more thoroughly by Kern in his great work on the history of Buddhism in India, the publication of which began at Haarlem last year. The real question seemed to the lecturer to be whether Buddhism was or was not "*une œuvre impersonnelle*." As he did not aspire to an epitaph such as Phaeton's, he would not himself attempt a solution. He limited himself to the expression of opinions justified by the present state of the researches. He evolved much meaning from the short formula of adhesion to Buddhism: "I take refuge with the Buddha, the doctrine (*dharma*), and the community (*sangha*)." The result of the investigation was this—a monastic Order, with affiliated believers—such was Buddhism. But now, added the lecturer, they had reached a point, if he were not mistaken, at which analogy failed them. For Buddhism was not content with this freer and wider extension of its borders. Without ceasing to be a monastic Order, it became a Church. It took up into itself countless lay brothers and sisters. Presently it overstepped the boundaries, not only of its narrower fatherland, but even of India itself. It established itself in Ceylon, in every region to which its missionaries could penetrate. Whence was this? How did a religion for the world spring out of a monastic Order? In answer to these questions the lecturer had many things to say, finding at last much resemblance between St. Francis and Buddha, who had both a tender compassion toward every living thing, not forgetting "our brothers, the birds," and "our sisters, the swallows," but turning above all to suffering man. Concluding this part of his subject the lecturer said they had seen how Hindooism had become international in Buddhism, how Buddhism had sprung from a single monastic sect and how it had acquired Universalist characteristics. Buddhist ethics were deserving of all praise, but their inevitable result was quietism; and if quietism at last married compassion, who could wonder?

#### CHRISTIANITY.

In order to get at the true origin of Christianity, Dr. Kuonen entered at great length into the discussion of questions connected with the religions of earlier and later

Israel. Christianity, he said, was the next great universal religion which they were to examine in connection with the national religions from which they have sprung. They might naturally look for his transporting them to Palestine at the beginning of our era. But before doing so he must ask them to make a long detour with him. What Judaism was at the time of Jesus could be understood only by studying it in its true light as the lawful heir of its own past. Hence they must begin with a retrospect, and the spectacle would be found of an interest to chain the attention, while—and that was his present point—in Israel's past would be seen the prophecy of the wonderful development of eighteen centuries ago. In a sense Christians had always held so. The Church dated her origin from the creation itself, and regarded the fates of Israel as an express portion of her own history. Though not for a moment meaning to uphold this idea in its primary sense—for his point of view was not that of the Church—yet, in recognizing the close connection between the Judaism out of which Christianity sprang and the whole of the preceding spiritual conflict in Israel, he was in hearty agreement with the Christendom of all ages. They had, therefore, no choice but to study the character and motives of this conflict. The antithesis of "national" and "universal" would serve best as their clew, while investing facts familiar to all with the charm of novelty. When speaking of Judaism's antecedents he could only mean the recognition and worship of that Divinity whose proper name our translations rendered the Lord—a name which they had good grounds for pronouncing "Yahweh." He would be understood if he began by propounding the question, "Was the worship of Yahweh among the pre-exilic Israelites national? And if so, in what sense? According to the traditional view, which they would soon find to be rooted in the Old Testament itself, the answer would seem to be ready enough, but very perplexing. Before the Babylonian captivity Yahwism was the religion of a minority, and the worship of other gods had a better claim to be called national, since it was undeniable that the prophets of Yahweh opposed themselves to the masses.

#### THE COPTS OF EGYPT AND THEIR CHURCH.

It may not be generally known that, during all the centuries of the Christian era, there has ever been, in the very heart of Egypt, a more or less populous Christian body called Copts. Yet such is the interesting fact.

The origin of this name is unknown. While some derive it from *Coptos*, once a great city in Upper Egypt, there is good authority for regarding it as an abbreviation of the word *Aiguptus*, or Egypt. When, in consequence of the prevalence among them in the fifth century of the so-called "Monophysite" doctrine, they had permanently fallen out with the court at Constantinople, the native Christians of Egypt thenceforth assumed the title of Egyptian, or Coptic, Christians.

The Copts are said to be the native Egyptians, the great body of the Mussulman population being descended from a mixed race of Arabs, Abyssinians and others. Ethnologists, from the general shape of the head and cast of features, maintain that in both particulars the Copts bear a striking resemblance to the pictures and sculptures of the ancient Egyptians on the walls of the temples and tombs. Philologists, too, remark that the Coptic language, still retained in their religious services, is no other than the ancient Egyptian.

The Coptic Church is regarded as a remnant of the Christian Church once planted in Egypt by St. Mark, the

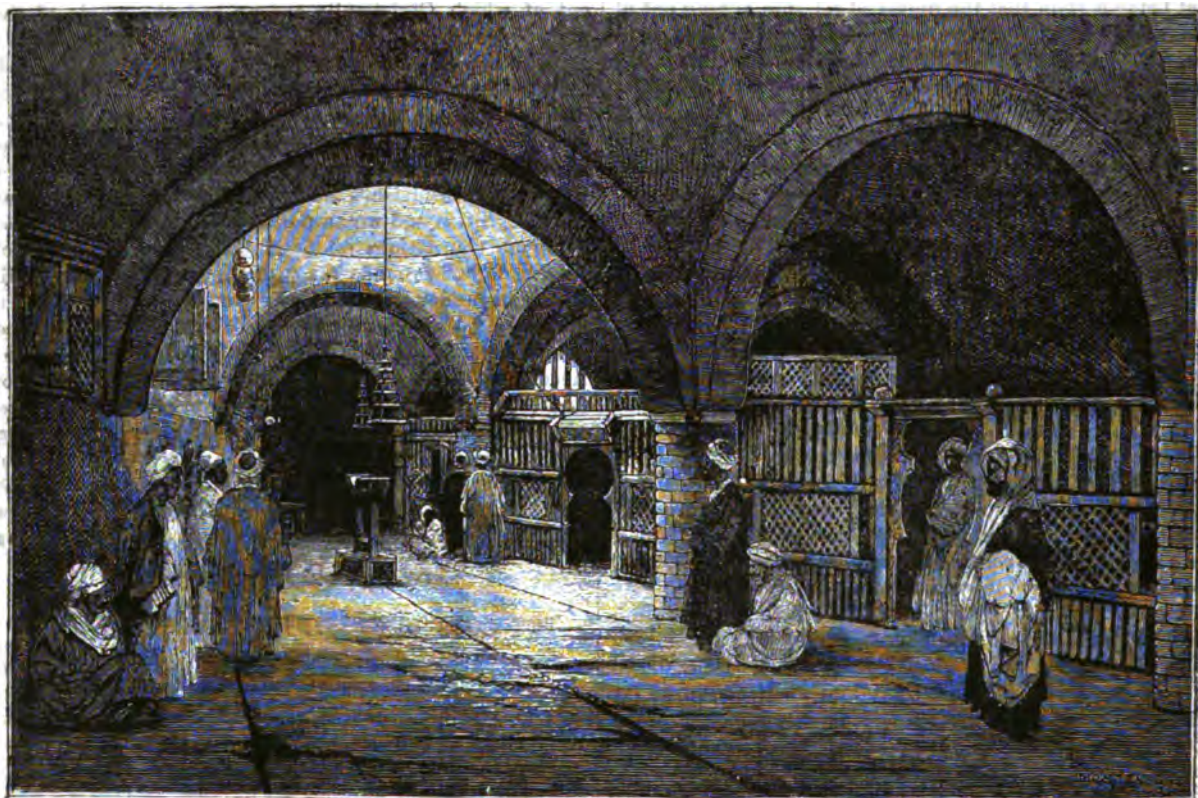
Evangelist; a communion originally embracing converts not only from children of the soil—Nubians and Abyssinians—but from the Greeks and Jewish settlers, who, it is supposed, abandoned idolatry for Christianity on the primitive preaching of the Gospel.

The history of this people as a separate communion, as just intimated, dates from the days (Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451) when the Monophysite controversy agitated the Oriental world. Meantime, in consequence of this heresy (Eutychian) and schism, on their part, these Monophysites, or Coptic Christians, came to be severely persecuted by the parent church. So bitterly, indeed, were they persecuted, and so grievously were they oppressed by the Greeks, that, from sheer hatred of the latter, they finally welcomed the Mohammedans, and are said to have very greatly aided them in their conquest of Egypt. Meanwhile, the welcome and signal services extended thus by

forbade the use of any but the Arabic tongue in public schools, or in any business transaction; the unfortunate Christians were trampled on, and, as it were, stamped down in various ways, till their language became what it now is, only a relic of the past, known to the learned."

Thus crushed to the earth, the Coptic Church became nearly extinct; and it is only during the present century—not until the reign of Mehemet Ali—that it has begun to rise again into notice, and that the Copts themselves have ceased to be a despised race.

One tangible proof of their improved state is seen in their Church. It has been the fashion of late amongst authors and travelers to inveigh loudly against the Copts, and to denounce them with unmeasured vehemence. Though in many cases illiterate, they are, at all events, the most advanced in learning and the most civilized of their fellow-countrymen. The Copts deem it incumbent



COPTIC CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE, BELLIANEH.

the Copts to the Moslems, so far from having been requited in kind, were repaid rather with persecution even more ruthless and relentless than they had ever before known. Falling violently upon the defenseless Christians, the remorseless invaders in course of time greatly reduced their numbers, laid waste their churches and convents, and finally effectually broke their spirit. Says a modern writer: "Long afterward, when, as was the case with the Oriental Churches, many corruptions and innovations had found their way into the teaching and practice of the bishops and priests, the Moslem power came down on Egypt like a sandstorm in the desert, destroying and covering up in the clouds of ignorance and despotism both Christian truth and human error, as the pillar of sand moving rapidly along the wilderness before the blinding blast overwhelms all in its path. The ancient language of Egypt, now known as 'Coptic,' became from that period a dead language. The relentless conquerors from Arabia

on them to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and afterward bathe in the River Jordan.

The fasts of the Copts are even more severe, more strictly observed and of far longer duration than those of the followers of the faith of Islam. They observe the seven hours of prayer with punctuality; on entering a church they remove their shoes, but retain their turban. They retain the rite of circumcision, avoid swine's flesh, and in their weddings and funerals resemble their Moslem fellow-countrymen. They have seven sacraments, practice baptism by trine immersion, have four Lenten seasons, invoke the saints, pray for the dead, venerate images and relics, and practice confession to some extent. The head of the Coptic Church is the Patriarch of Alexandria, who, however, resides at Cairo. He is always chosen from among the monks (widowers) of the Convent of St. Macarius, in the Desert of Seek. There are four metropolitans and eleven bishops. Marriage is permitted to the priests,



though the majority of them are celibates; and they are also mostly engaged in some commercial employment. Service is recited still in the old Coptic language, which few, however, even of the priests, understand. Their liturgical books are translated into Arabic, which is the language at present spoken among them. They are said to be the most bigoted of the Christian sects.

The number of the Copts at present is estimated at 150,000, of whom 10,000 reside in Cairo, where they are employed as secretaries, accountants, traders and in the more skilled mechanical crafts. They hold most of the minor posts in the government offices. In the country agriculture is their main employment, and here they rank higher considerably than the rest of the Egyptian peasantry. Coptic females, though not ostensibly shut up in harems, are yet in reality scarcely less closely confined, or less sadly oppressed and degraded, than Oriental women generally.

The sad condition of the Coptic Church induced the Church Missionary Society of England, in 1825, to establish a mission to the Copts in Cairo, for the purpose of a waking among them, if possible, a new spiritual life. They established several schools and a small theological seminary. This mission (having 126 communicants in 1867) was subsequently transferred to the Presbyterian Church of the United States. For a time the Coptic Patriarch looked favorably upon these missionary labors among his people, more especially upon the schools and the efforts to circulate the Bible; but afterward his attitude changed—setting on foot a fierce persecution against all Copts that associated themselves with the missionaries, causing the children who attended the mission schools to be flogged, and burning all the Bibles and other religious books on which he could lay his hand. For a while these proceedings were countenanced by the Mussulman authorities, but finally, at the instance of the American Consul,

a stop was put to them. Strangely, these Coptic Christians, in the present Egyptian unpleasantness, are in full sympathy with, and constitute a no unimportant part of the strength of, the Mussulman chieftain, Arabi Bey.

Coptic churches are divided into: 1. The Heykel, or Sanctuary, within which stand the principal altar and the celebrant priest, divided from the choir by a close, high screenwork, effectually shutting off the holiest place from the view of the people. The altar stands forward from the east wall, almost close to the partition, while in the apse, with which the east end invariably terminates,

is fixed the throne of the Patriarch, facing west, and the seats of the priests on the other hand. 2. The Chancel, in which the priests, of whom there are many, have their stalls, and in the midst of which stands the lectern, holding the office-book in Coptic. 3. The Nave, which the congregation occupies, the men in front, the women behind. 4. At the extreme west of the nave, beneath a large trap-door, is a broad and deep tank, called the "well for Epiphany immersion," and in which, at that festival, men and boys dip in commemoration of our Blessed Lord's baptism.

These are the

chief portions of the Coptic church. But north and south, and running parallel with the above to the extreme end of the sanctuary, and, like that portion, similarly terminated in an apse, are two, or more often three, broad aisles, one on the north and a double one on the south side.

These aisles are divided off with partition screens, without much apparent order, and some of the partitions and other portions of decorative woodwork are extremely old, highly though often grotesquely carved, and inlaid with ebony and ivory.

The baptistery is usually a small side apartment, generally very dark, with a sunk font. In this the baptized are immersed, sprinkling only with water being unknown.



A COPTIC WOMAN.

## THE BOW UNBENT

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."—Prov. xvii. 22.

WHAT SHE SAW IN CHURCH.—He staid at home and she went to church; after dinner he asked her: "What was the text, wife?" "Oh, something, somewhere in Generations; I've forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. High sat right before me with a Mother Hubbard bonnet on. How could I hear anything when I could not even see the minister? I wouldn't have worn such a thing to church if I'd had to have gone bareheaded." "How did you like the minister?" "Oh, he's splendid! and Kate Darling was there in a Spanish lace cape that never cost a cent less than fifty dollars; and they can't pay their butcher bills, and I'd wear cotton lace or go without any first." "Did he say anything about the new mission fund?" "No; and the Jones girls were all rigged out, in their yellow silks made over; you would have died laughing to have seen them. Such taste as those girls have; and the minister gave out that the Dorcas Society will meet at Sister Jones's residence—that old poky place." "It seems that you didn't hear much of the sermon." "Well, I'm sure it's better to go to church if you don't hear the sermon than to stay at home and read the papers; and oh, Harry! the new minister has a lovely voice; it nearly put me to sleep. And did I tell you that the Riches are home from Europe, and Mrs. Rich had a real camel's-hair shawl on, and it didn't look like anything on her?"

An amusing anecdote is circulating, quietly, of course, in English clerical circles. A bishop ordained a rather brilliant young gentlemen as deacon, and the very next day sent for the excellent clergyman who had recommended him. "What may your lordship want with me?" "I wish, sir, to speak about that young man." "What young man, your lordship?" "The young man, sir, whom I ordained. I want you to keep him in check. I had great difficulty in keeping him from examining me."

A MONTREAL paper mixed up an account of Catholic mission progress in Africa and a receipt to make tomato catsup, viz.: "They (the missionaries) are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel, then place them in dripping pans and bake them till they are tender."

A MAN went into a drug-store and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of harts-horn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist, and threatened to punch his head. "But didn't it help your headache?" asked the apothecary. "Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife that's got the headache."

A NEWARK clergyman informed his people that he intended, in a few days, to go on a mission to the heathen. A number of the members waited for the pastor, and expressed their astonishment at the new turn in his affairs, asking him where he was going, and how long they would be deprived of his ministrations. He said to them: "My good friends, don't be alarmed; I'm not going out of town."

JOAB'S MYSTERIOUS RELATIVE.—"A writer in the St. Paul Pioneer Press thus discourses: "I cannot refrain from telling a conundrum that was propounded to four ministers when a bluefish party went ashore at the 'Pint' and took their picnic dinner under the shade of a fisher-

woman's hut. It was: 'If Solomon was the son of David, and Joab the son of Zeruiah, what relation was Zeruiah to Joab?' Every man among the clergy said 'Father' at once, and when assured that the answer was wrong there was much curiosity excited. 'Will you state that again?' asked Mr. Collyer, laying down his fork. It was restated. 'Well,' said he, 'David and Solomon had nothing to do with it, but Zeruiah was Joab's father.' 'No; guess again,' was the reply. The clergymen all insisted that the answer was right, and Mr. Collyer said: 'He certainly must have been his father, and I won't eat another mouthful until you tell me where the catch is.' When told that 'Zeruiah was Joab's mother,' he was much amused and expressed his surprise that his brethren of the cloth did not know their Bible better. Their forgetfulness was as amusing as the ignorance of the critic who alluded to Paul's friends, 'Priscilla and Aquila,' as old maids.

DR. J. M. REID, Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, tells a good story relative to himself. Once, when editorially connected with the church publications, he was invited to preach in Chicago. He was taken to the church by a good brother, who landed him there early; and no one being present but himself, he took a seat in the church, alone, to meditate and rest for the evening sermon. It was just at dusk, and he had not been seated long before he heard a number of persons engaged in a prayer service in an adjoining room. He listened to their service. Presently, a loud, zealous brother engaged in prayer. He touched upon various matters, and invoked the divine blessing upon them, including "the speaker of the evening." Dr. Reid. For him, he prayed very much as follows: "O Lord, bless him who is to speak to us this evening; he is a poor, weak man, but make him a power. Bless the message that he shall bring. We know that he is only an editor, and that he is rusty; but, O Lord, rub the rust off." Dr. Reid said that the man prayed earnestly, oblivious to the fact that "the editor was listening; and, as an emphasis to his prayer, he, the doctor, uttered a hearty "Amen."

A DERRY clergyman, Rev. A. Fulton, vouches for the truth of the following: Questioning some children in a Sunday-school, a few weeks since, he asked one of them, an intelligent little boy, Who was the wickedest man mentioned in the Old Testament? To his surprise, a ready answer came, "Moses, sir." "And why Moses?" inquired the clergyman, in amazement. "'Cos, sir, he broke all the ten commandments at wunst."

VICAR (who, until lately, has always preached himself): "Well, and how did you like my young curate's sermon?" Mrs. Robinson: "Oh, quite the best we have heard for years! We all said so."—Punch.

THE Boston Transcript has discovered that the eating of beans on Mid-Lent Sunday has a special significance. "Several centuries back," says the Transcript, "this Sunday was known as 'Carl Sunday,' for beans, called 'earlings,' were eaten on that day, and in an old translation of the 'Quadragesimale Spirituale' of 1585 is this passage: 'We eat fried beans, by which we understand confession.' 'When we would have beanea will sooden, we lay them in stepps, for otherwise they will never seeth kindly. Therefore, if we purpose to mend our faults, it is not sufficient barely to confess them at all adventure,

but we must let our confession lie in steeples in the water of meditation.' Now, the good people of Boston have immortalized beans as a national dish, and, while they cling to the toothsome mass as a precious relic of Plymouth Rock, it proves, after all, to be a relic of centuries gone, very much mixed up with penance and Popish customs."

**THE GOOD LITTLE BOY AND THE DRUM.**—A little boy wanted a drum. His mother, wishing to give him an impressive lesson, suggested that if he should pray for it he might receive one. So at night, when ready for bed, he knelt down and prayed :

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
(I want a drum.)  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
(I want a drum.)  
If I should die before I wake,  
(I want a drum.)  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.  
(I want a drum.)"

His father, who had been let into the secret, had meanwhile quietly placed a drum on the bed. As the youngster rose, and his eyes fell on the drum, he exclaimed, in an emphatic manner, that banished all serious thoughts from the minds of his listeners : "Where did that drum come from?" The anticipated benefits from that lesson may probably be considered lost.—*Troy Times.*

A MINISTER once asked a condemned criminal in a Paris jail, "What kind of a conscience have you?" "It's as good as new," replied the prisoner, "for I have never used it."

In the old colonial times, and during the Revolutionary War, Boston had a Congregationalist minister who was equally distinguished as a Tory and a punster. He was imprisoned at first on a guard-ship and then in his own house. The sentinel was, after a while, removed, then replaced, and then removed again, and Dr. Byles said he had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded, and he called the sentinel an observ-a-tory.

DURING the service at Thurnby Parish church, on March 12th, the organist, in loyal recognition of the Queen's preservation from MacLean's bullet, began to play the national anthem. But the vicar thought that even the escape, from mortal peril, of the head of the Church did not justify a performance of profane music within the sacred edifice, and shouted, "Stop it!" The organist did not hear, and the vicar, walking toward him, called out again, "Stop it, I tell you!" at the same moment cutting off the supply of wind and bringing the anthem to a sudden close. He then announced to the organist his peremptory discharge, and proceeded with the service, the congregation meantime evincing great excitement, though no one ventured to offer a remonstrance.

THIS is the pleasant way in which one of the newly appointed Methodist ministers disarmed the criticism of the people in the congregation to which he had been sent. Instead of getting angry about it, or complaining that they hurt his feelings, he remarked : "I hear that you say I am not much of a preacher; well, I know it; and I know that if I could preach first rate I wouldn't have been sent here to preach to such a lot of ignoramuses as you." The church-folks were struck with a new sense of the fitness of things as regulated by the admirable machinery of Methodism for adapting means to ends.

**WHAT MADE A MINISTER LAUGH.**—"Well, brethren," said a Maine minister to some of his fellow-evangelists, "I never was guilty of laughing in the pulpit but once.

Some years ago I had in my congregation an old man who universally went to sleep in church and snored very loudly throughout the entire service. One Sunday morning, glancing in his direction, I saw him as usual, with his head back, enjoying a nap, and right above him, in the gallery, a young man was rolling a large quid of tobacco around in his mouth. As I looked he took it out, and pressing it into a ball poised it carefully over the open mouth below. I became so interested in the proceedings that I forgot to continue the sermon, but stood watching the young man. With a wicked smile he took careful aim and dropped it squarely into the old man's mouth. With a gulp-lp-lp the sleeper started up and with face red as a beet rushed from the house. The people, no doubt, were horrified, but I could not have kept from laughing if a sword had hung over my head ready to fall. The old man did not come back for several Sundays, and when he did he changed his seat and remained wide awake."

"HAVE YOU mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said a Sunday's Chesterfield to a stranger who had entered it. "I beg pardon," answered the intruder, rising to go out. "I fear I have: I took it for a Christian's."

#### THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF OUR PRESIDENTS.

WASHINGTON, as is well known, was an Episcopalian, that being the prevailing Church among the Virginia planters of the last century, and, in fact, from the first settlement of the State. When scarcely twenty-one, he was almost unanimously elected one of the vestrymen of the Episcopal Church near Alexandria, and he ever afterwards was devoted to his Church.

John Adams, as is equally well known, was a decided Unitarian. Speaking of his religious character, his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, says: "Rejecting, with the independent spirit which in early life had driven him from the ministry, the prominent doctrines of Calvinism, the trinity, the atonement and election, he was content to settle down upon the Sermon on the Mount as a perfect code presented to man by a mortal teacher. Further he declined to analyze the mysterious nature of his mission. In this faith he lived with uninterrupted severity, and in it he died with perfect resignation."

Mr. Jefferson may be classed as a Unitarian. It was, and still is, common among his political and religious opponents to call him "an infidel." Sixty to eighty years ago Unitarians of the most exemplary lives frequently had the same opprobrious epithet applied to them. In a letter to a Quaker friend, dated September 18th, 1823, Mr. Jefferson said: "Of all the systems of morality, ancient or modern, which have come under my observation, none appears to me so pure as that of Jesus. He who follows that steadily need not, I think, be uneasy, although he cannot comprehend the subtleties and mysteries erected on his doctrines by those who, calling themselves His special followers and favorites, would make Him come into the world to lay snares for all understandings but theirs. Their metaphysical heads usurping the judgment-seat of God denounce as His enemies all who cannot perceive the geometrical logic of Euclid in the demonstrations of St. Athanasius, that *three are one, and one three.*"

Mr. Jefferson's immediate successors—Presidents Madison and Monroe—were probably Episcopals, possibly tinged with the theology of Jefferson, their friend and their idol.

John Quincy Adams was a decided Unitarian, and one of the earliest supporters of the Unitarian Church at



Washington. (Mr. John C. Calhoun's name appears next to that of Mr. Adams on the list of its original subscribers. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Calhoun's political views, his personal character was never impeached. Mr. Adams appears to have regarded him highly.) The *Unitarian Review* contains the following extracts from the journal that Mr. Adams kept till within a few months of his death: "Tuesday, April 12th, 1812: The trinity, the divinity of Christ, the whole doctrine of atonement, the immaculate conception of Jesus, and a devil maintaining war against Omnipotence, appear to me all as contrary to human reason as the *real presence* of the Eucharist." April 18th, 1829: "Walked to the Presbyterian Church; heard a stranger, from John i. 29. It is painful to me to hear a Calvinist preach from this text, and to witness the solemn and fervent sincerity with which they pour out absurdity and nonsense."

President Jackson was a staunch Presbyterian, certainly believing in the "Church militant." He was one of the most positive characters, in politics and theology, in American history. He did not join the Church and become a communicant till after he had retired from public life.

President Van Buren belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church, that denomination being the prevailing one at Kinderhook, as well as in the neighboring Dutch villages on the Hudson River, near Albany, where he passed his early life.

Mr. Fillmore was a leading member of the Unitarian Church at Buffalo, and at Washington during his official life.

President Harrison in early life belonged to an Episcopal church in Cincinnati, of which he was a vestryman more than fifty years ago. After removing to North Bend he worshiped at the Rev. Mr. Scofield's Presbyterian church at Cleves, near by. In his inaugural speech, March 4th, 1841, he said "he deemed the occasion a fitting one for the announcement of his belief in the divine origin and obligations of the Christian religion." He was an educated gentleman, of excellent personal character, and a thoroughly honest patriot of the old school.

John Tyler and General Taylor were probably Episcopalians.

President Polk was a Presbyterian.

President Pierce belonged to the Orthodox wing of the Congregationalists. When in Washington he worshiped in the little Presbyterian church in the rear of Willard's Hotel, of which it was afterward an adjunct, and used as a hall for concerts, lectures, etc.

President Buchanan worshiped at the same church as Mr. Pierce.

President Lincoln's family worshiped at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, but he entertained the most liberal religious views himself. Like his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, he was a great admirer of Theodore Parker, who corresponded much with Mr. Seward, and some with Mr. Lincoln, in 1850-1860. Many of the thoughts of Mr. Parker can be found in the writings of Lincoln and Seward. The identity between the clear, transparent style of Mr. Parker and that of Mr. Lincoln was noticed before the latter was President. In Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, which has been read with admiration wherever the English language is spoken, the expression, "A government for the people, by the people," etc., was a thought of Mr. Parker's, which occurs in his "Experience as a Minister," page 99: "Freedom, which leads at once to Industrial Democracy, respect for labor, government over all, by all, for the sake of all," etc. Mr. Lincoln was very friendly to the Rev. William H. Channing, and expressed much satisfaction at his being settled

ever the Unitarian Society in Washington; and when the church was closed and used as a hospital during the war in 1864, he appointed Mr. Channing a chaplain in the army.

Of Andrew Johnson accounts are various. He has been classed as a Lutheran, a Methodist and as a Campbellite, the latter sect being numerous in the Southwestern States. Perhaps he changed his religious views as easily as he did his political. The Rev. Mr. Power, pastor of the Disciples' Church in Washington, however, speaks of Mr. Johnson as having been certainly of the Campbellite persuasion, and that he was at one time his (Mr. Power's) parishioner.

General Grant was a regular attendant at the Rev. Mr. Newman's Metropolitan Methodist Church at Washington, to the building of which he subscribed liberally, besides giving five hundred dollars (in the name of Mrs. Grant) toward the purchase of a chime of bells.

Mr. Hayes was a Methodist, and worshiped at the Foundry Church, near the White House, in preference, for some reason, to accepting an invitation to occupy the "President's pew" at the Metropolitan Church; where, as well as St. John's Episcopal Church, a pew has always been set apart for the Presidents. Mr. Garfield, as is well known, was a member of the Disciples or Christian Church.

Mr. Arthur is an Episcopalian, and worships at St. John's, a little Episcopal Church near the Executive Mansion, where many high public functionaries have always attended.

Of all the Presidents, Washington, John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Garfield are said to have been the only communicants. Probably General Harrison, if he had lived, would have been one.

Mr. Seward, near the close of his life, remarked, "After all the abuse heaped upon our various Presidents, there never was one who would not have been received as a member into any one of our Churches."

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MEN want more religion, not less; and until we can give them more, we have no real hold on them. Every great reform comes not to destroy, but to fulfill. All that we have done in the past will sink into insignificance, if we can open the gates of the coming revelation of the new heavens and the new earth. We are now standing on the threshold of that dispensation. The world is waiting for a higher Christianity, which shall bring orthodox and heterodox into one essential spiritual unity. Skepticism is sometimes another cry in the wilderness, which will at last help to prepare the way for that religion. In that day, art, science, and literature will be in harmony with religion; and we shall have far more religion, and not less. There will be more of love, more of faith; and the dear Master and Brother will be nearer, too—more human and more divine.—James Freeman Clarke.

INVISIBLE INK.—Father John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus, who was confined at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was in the habit of writing letters in orange or lemon juice to his friends. Lemon-juice has this property, that what is written in it can be read in water quite as well as by fire, and when the paper is dried the writing disappears again until it is steeped afresh, or again held to fire. But anything written with orange-juice is at once washed out by water and cannot be read at all in that way, and if held to the fire, though the characters are thus made to appear, they will not disappear; so that a letter of this sort, once read, can never be delivered to any one as if it had not been read. By means of this orange-juice correspondence, with the aid of zealous friends outside, Gerard effected his escape from the Tower in 1597.

## THE DRIFT OF RELIGIOUS COMMENT.

WHEN a person is heard speaking evil of another, we may be quite certain that the person spoken of has offended him in some way, and that he seeks opportunity to speak evil of him to others. It may be that he is at fault as much as the absent party, but it is easier to blame others than to blame ourselves. It is well when these persons pour into our ears such complaints, not to let them prejudice our minds against the injured party, until we know they are right in their opinions.—*The Methodist*.

LONG prayers in public service are not commendable. From the nature of the case, they must be of a general character, embracing petitions in which the whole congregation can unite, excluding much that is proper in private and personal supplication. Our "Lord's Prayer," as it is called, presents a model of concise and comprehensive petitions, adapted to public worship, which in spirit and character deserves to be imitated. Public prayers should not ordinarily exceed five minutes in length. When they go beyond this, the tendency is to weariness and formalism, at the expense of devotion. God looks at the intensity of desire in our petitions, rather than the number of words employed in presenting them.—*Methodist Recorder*.

Few experiences are more harsh than those growing out of misunderstanding. To be misjudged when one means well, to be caught in an eddy of public condemnation and whirled onward by an excited public, while attempting in all honesty to do the world a service, is enough to ruffle the saintliest spirit. It is comforting, therefore, to see a noble Christian man whose name has been the watchword for a crusade or heresy, moving on modestly, serenely, as though no amount of abuse had chafed him.—*Golden Rule*.

If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such a thing as well-doing apart from well-being. As an Oriental proverb has it, "You cannot drive a straight furrow without a straight eye." If you would do good to others, you must be good before others. No one can be a safe guide in a path he has not traveled. It is sheer mockery to attempt to teach a living truth which is not a part of the teacher's life. "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."—*Sunday-school Times*.

Do you know what your children are reading? They ought to read *something*, they do read something, and it is of almost vital importance that this something should be carefully selected. Almost as well might they eat a slow poison as to read certain kinds of literature which is very apt to find its way into the hands of young people. Boys many times come to believe that recklessness and daring are signs of smartness and greatness, instead of being the first steps in a course that is almost sure to lead to wickedness and ruin; and it is bad reading very frequently which gives them this false and dangerous view. See that your children read that which is true. Even if it must be fiction, it need not necessarily be false. Every parent who knows what good reading is can do something, and ought to do something, to cultivate a love for such reading in the mind of his child.—*Congregationalist*.

In a comprehensive and critical article in the *American Church Review* for April, Bishop G. T. Bedell, of Ohio, sums up his opinion of the Revised New Testament as follows: I. "Authority, in the usual sense of the word,

this version has none." II. "The competency of the new version, as compared with the old translation of 1611, to represent the original, cannot be vindicated." III. "The new version, in its present state, as a substitute for the translation of 1611, is unacceptable." IV. "Beyond a true and valuable aid as a commentary in studying God's Word, its usefulness is not apparent."

DENOMINATIONAL NARROWNESS.—There are still some, it seems, who cannot recognize beauty, truth, Christlikeness unless served up in the denominational dress, which is their uniform. Here, for instance, is a contemporary who says of Longfellow: "His books will be forgotten before the close of the century." Why? Because "We believe he was a Unitarian"! If he had been of the same "persuasion" as our contemporary, no doubt his poems would have been immortal. But how about Michael Angelo's art? Is it not time to stop admiring that? And Mendelssohn's music. He did not belong to our contemporary's persuasion, either. And Newton's law of gravitation. That cannot possibly be true! And how in the world can Shakespeare still be admired? Or is there truth and beauty and goodness outside our denominations, after all? Surely that would be too disappointing and too aggravating for anything. Why, if that were so, then there would have to be not a little of untruth and ugliness and badness inside. Well, may be there is—in yours!—*The Moravian*.

REASON and Faith are not enemies, but twins and mutual helpers. The former reigns in the brain, the latter in the heart. Faith gives her hand to Revelation to be led up the Mount of Vision where she sees objects Reason can neither discover nor comprehend. Yet Reason rejoices at the discoveries of Faith and bids her rest in them, because, although they are out of the range of his eyes, yet they are in perfect harmony with what he does see, and with the highest needs of the soul to which they both belong. Thus Reason and Faith, when both are sanctified by the Spirit of God, dwell together in loving harmony.—*Zion's Herald*.

In the course of an article on the causes of failures in the ministry, the *Baptist Weekly* says: "That frequently a man starts with good promise in the work of the ministry, and afterward proves a failure, must be conceded. Too often this comes from absolute laziness, a disinclination to devote the time needed for the acquisition of the knowledge and pulpit preparation indispensable to acceptability in this age. Many a young man also is in far too much haste to enter into matrimonial relations. Lately we had a sad case of a young minister of twenty-six years, accidentally killed while in a secular employment. He had intended to prosecute his studies, but had married, and was the father of two children when he was taken away. We would not reflect on the dead, but it is hard to understand how young men with proper conceptions of the demands of the ministerial office can marry before their preparatory studies are completed. Many a young man, if he had been willing, for the sake of a successful ministry, to defer marriage, and to provide himself a first-class library, and establish habits of study for his parochial work, would have been saved an ignoble failure, and much of privation and suffering, both for himself and the woman he made his wife. Early, improvident and inconsiderate marriages are chargeable with not a few ministerial failures. Well would it be if in these things young ministers had less faith and hope."

Not truth but character is the end of life. Life is full of the revelation of truth; nature, history and the Bible are so many lamps which the hand of infinite love has set in the darkness; but they are lamps to light up man's path heavenward, not suns to make the whole universe through which he moves luminous to his understanding. God does not stop in His vast enterprises that men may study His plans and learn the secrets of His methods. Christ never disclosed a single fact to satisfy human curiosity; those who came to Him seeking for a sign went

away unanswered. His work was with wants of heart and life so many and so pressing that what had taken place in the past or was to occur in the future was for the moment of no importance. An army on the field of battle would gain no victories if it broke ranks to study the history of the conflict; the duty, and the only duty, of the hour is to move swiftly and strike heavily. The full revelation waits for the hour when we shall be prepared to receive it, and that preparation is moral rather than intellectual.—*Christian Union.*

## PERSONAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

DAVID CHERBULIEZ, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, has entered the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is a candidate for Orders.

"ALFRED AYRES," author of the "Verbalist" and "Orthoepist," is the pseudonym of Thomas Embley Osmund, M.D., New York City.

Mrs. C. M. RAYMOND (Annie Louise Cary) has given two hundred and fifty dollars to establish a free bed in the Maine General Hospital.

KENYON COLLEGE has conferred the degree of D.D. on the Rev. Edmund Rowland, of Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY was one day asked if he rose early. He replied that once he did, but he was so proud all the morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon, that he determined never to do it again.

THE REV. C. B. GALLOWAY has been chosen by the General Conference to succeed Dr. Parker in the editorship of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*. The choice is regarded by the Connection as a happy one.

MISS ALICE E. FREEMAN, the new president of the Wellesley College, has received the degree of Ph. D. from Michigan University. This is the first time a degree has been conferred upon a woman in this country.

THE REV. G. S. GASSNER, but recently transferred to the Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Conference and appointed to the church at Asbury, Md., has resigned his charge and entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE REV. W. H. VIBBERT, of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, Germantown, Pa., has been elected bishop of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania. The election, however, requires the ratification of the lay representatives, which, it is expected, will be given in October.

THE REV. JOSEPH COOK was announced to leave Sydney, Australia, on August 10th, for this country. He intends to visit the Sandwich Islands on his homeward voyage, and will probably not arrive at San Francisco before October 1st. It is announced that he may resume his Boston lectureship.

At a dinner recently, at which Victor Hugo and François Coppée were present, some one drank to the health of the master of the house, who, turning to Coppée, who was seated at his right hand, said, "Why should not the two poets here present drink their own health?" "Oh, dear master," replied the modest Coppée, "there is only one set here." "And I," asked Hugo, "do not I count?"

In Louisville, July 2d, the rite of confirmation was administered by Bishop Dudley to Luke P. Blackburn, Governor of Kentucky. There was about the ceremony nothing of an unusual character, and the interest attaching to it is merely that which pertains to a public avowal of his faith on the part of one who has been so long and so well known as a non-professor of religion. The governor is sixty-six years old.

THE following story is told of the Rev. William Arthur, father of the President: While presiding over the Baptist Church in West Troy, his choir drawled out the hymn with variations, which did not please him, so he took his text and preached two hours and forty minutes. His head-deacon grew impatient and consulted his watch. "Keep your watch in your pocket, Deacon Jones," said he, "You had a long sing, and now I am going to preach till I get through."

MISS FANNY PARNELL, whose last poem will be found in this number of our MAGAZINE, on page 400, died on July 20th, at the early age of twenty-eight. She was the second sister of Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish Land League agitator, and was born at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland. Her mother is the daughter of Commodore Stewart, of the United States Navy, so that Miss Parnell was partly an American. She wrote for the *Irish People* of Dublin patriotic verses under the signature "Aleria," and since her residence in this country she has written and published many beautiful poems. The *Independent* pays her this graceful tribute, which we also adopt as our own: "We had come to look upon Miss Parnell as one of the most promising writers in the country. There was an easy strength about her work which showed that it grew out of a mind very rich, both by natural endowment and acquired culture. She is said to have been one of the most learned women in the country, reading with ease the modern languages of Europe as well as Latin, Greek and Hebrew. That she had a deep heart is evident to any one who has read the verses which have made her the successor of Lady Wilde as the patriot-poet of Ireland. Her blood connected her with the distinguished deeds of our American Navy, as well as with the land from which her paternal ancestors came, and she proved herself worthy to belong to a family which her brother has also made distinguished. Peculiarly sad seems the premature death of so many whose genius had given promise of adding honor to our country's literature. We have but just buried Sidney Lanier, and we have not forgotten the younger Mary T. Reilly and Fred Loring, from whom we had hoped so much. We grudge such victims." Like the rest of her family, Miss Parnell was a member of the Episcopal Church, and her funeral services were held in the little Episcopal church at Bordentown, N. J., near which she resided with her mother.



In a neat white cottage among the vineyards on Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, there is now living John Brown, Jr., the eldest son of John Brown, the famous Abolitionist. The son is a man of sixty years of age; strong and vigorous-looking, with long silvery hair. Residing with him is Owen Brown, a younger son, who was with his father when the latter made his attack on Harper's Ferry. A daughter of John Brown, named Ruth Thompson, lives near by, and another son, Jason Brown, at Akron, Ohio. Mrs. Brown is still living, residing in California.

MR. CARLYLE happened to be present when a number of so-called philosophers and scientific men were airing their opinions. The theory of evolution had been asserted with much confidence, and under the supposition that he was a sympathizer and not at all fettered by religious scruples, he was challenged to deliver his opinion as to Darwinism. Gathering himself up, and speaking in a tone that silenced laughter, Mr. Carlyle replied: "Gentleman, you make man a little higher than the *tadpoles*. I hold with the prophet David—Thou madest him a *little lower than the angels*."

Mrs. H. B. Stowe has just related the origin in her mind of the Uncle Tom of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She states that the character of Uncle Tom was not the biography of any man. The first suggestion of it came from writing letters for a colored cook, whose husband was a slave in Kentucky. The cook told her how her husband, having given his word as a Christian that he would not take advantage of the laws of Ohio making free every slave sent into that State, repeatedly marketed his master's produce in the State and returned home. Other incidents of Uncle Tom's life were taken from the autobiography of Josiah Hensen.

PRUS IX. had some amusing experiences. It is related that not long before his death a very stout lady went to see him, week after week. Being at times irritable from the state of his nerves, he said, on one occasion: "What, madame, are you here again?" "Yes," she replied; "faith brings me here, your Holiness." "Ah!" said the Pope, "you English know your Bibles well. I suppose you remembered that it is written there that faith removes mountains." Upon one occasion an Englishman went to pay his respects to him, who could speak no language but his own. Prior to going he had endeavored carefully to commit to memory the terms he was told he should address him in. However, on presentation, he got into a terrible state of nervousness, and forgot everything. Sacred, in English, was the only word that would come to his memory. This he attempted to translate into French, and what he eventually succeeded in calling the Holy Father, who burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, was "Sacré Père."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Gazette* relates the following interesting story about the venerable Peter Cooper: "Nearly every day he drives down to his office, and stays there for a few hours. As he comes out to his coupé he is surrounded by a bevy of seedy-looking men. Each in turn steps up to him with a 'Good-day, Mr. Cooper,' and an expectant look in his eye, and just as regularly the benevolent old gentleman puts his hand in his pocket and gives him a piece of money and a 'Good-day to you.' 'Why do you let these people annoy you, Mr. Cooper?' asked an impatient young man the other day. 'They don't annoy me at all,' said the philanthropist. 'They are old friends of mine, poor fellows. Many of them have seen better days. They don't want much—just enough for a dinner or a luncheon. When I am ready to leave the office I put a few dollars in change in my

pocket, and give it to them when they speak to me. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't like to disappoint them.'"

PROFESSOR BOYSEN states that Professor Longfellow insisted to him that there is no reason why the hexameter should not be domesticated in English, as the Latin element in our language supplies the stately, polysyllabic flow which the hexameter demands.

THE REV. GEORGE F. SEIGMUND, D.D., of the German Mission of Grace Church, in New York, has been removed to the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. He is sane upon every point except that of founding a great German University in New York. He was formerly professor of Latin in Hobart College, in Geneva, N. Y.

THE REV. J. A. CUNNANE is a clergyman of Newport, Charles County, Md., of whom the following story is told by the *Baltimore Sun*: "A colored man, Louis Matthews, a victim of smallpox, lay dead in his cabin. In the room with the dead man were his wife and two small children suffering with the same disease. Of course every one avoided the cabin, fearing the contagion. A gentleman of the neighborhood, Mr. Julian Norris, had a grave dug about two hundred yards from the house, and a coffin was placed near it. The Rev. J. A. Cunnane, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church at Newport, who had been visiting the stricken family, ministering to their temporal and spiritual wants, seeing the utter loneliness of the family, at once took it upon himself to bury the dead. Unaided, he took the coffin to the cabin, placed therein the loathsome corpse, and, mustering extraordinary strength, transferred the coffined corpse to a wheelbarrow, conveyed it to the grave and buried it, performing all the labor alone. Thus he, who had been priest and physician to the sick man, became also undertaker and sexton. There are heroes who never drew a sword.

ANECDOTES OF BISHOP SCOTT.—The late Bishop Scott was strongly attached to outdoor sports. In early youth he was forced by poverty to fish for a living, and to the latest years of his long life he retained a fondness, which he frequently indulged, for the hook and line and net. He was expert at the tiller and at the oars, and was also a crack shot with a fowling-piece or rifle. After he had risen to the highest honors of the Church he often took delight in roaming through the fields and woods, and sailing on the streams or the bay, accompanied by his grandsons and other boys of the neighborhood, who found him a genial comrade and an apt instructor in the sportsman's arts. Early in life he learned the carpenter's and wheelwright's trades, and was obliged to keep steadily at work, to the neglect of his education. At the age of twenty he was converted at a prayer-meeting. He was then scarcely able to read and write, but immediately began to study diligently, fixing his text-book upon a bracket over his work-bench. Three years later he was ordained to preach, and when, at the age of thirty-eight, he was made principle of the Dickinson College Preparatory School, he was considered to be the best Greek scholar in his denomination. If only all preachers and public speakers would follow his example! Once, a few years ago, he was invited to preach a Thanksgiving Day sermon at Odessa, Del. A large congregation attended, and an elaborate discourse was expected. But, to everyone's surprise, he closed his sermon after talking only fifteen minutes, and to the inquirers who flocked about him afterward he explained that he had said all he knew on the subject in hand, and had therefore stopped talking.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### HOME.

THANK God for your home—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in, and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, you will be surprised. Once in a while you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born, and where his father was born, and his grandfather was born, and his great-grandfather was born; but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was annoyed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence. In a private vehicle, and not in a rail-car, from which one can see but little, I rode from New York to Yonkers and Tarrytown, on the banks of the Hudson—the finest ride on the planet for a man who wants to see palatial residences in fascinating scenery. It was in the early Spring, and before the gentlemen of New York had gone out to their country residences. I rode into the grounds to admire the gardens, and the overseer of the place told me—and they all told me—that all the houses had been sold, or that they wanted to sell them, and there was literally no exception, although I called at many places, just admiring the gardens and the grounds and the palatial residences. Some wanted to sell or had sold, because of financial misfortune, or because their wives did not want to reside in the Summer time in those places while their husbands tarried in town in the night, always having some business on hand keeping them away. From some houses the people had been shaken out by chills and fever, from some houses they had gone because death or misfortune had occurred, and all these palaces and mansions had either changed occupants or wanted to change. Take up the City Directory of New York and tell me how few families live on Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue who lived there fifteen or twenty years ago. Take up the City Directory of Brooklyn and tell me how few people live on the Heights or on the Hill who lived there fifteen or twenty years ago. There is no such thing as permanent residence. Some time ago I saw Monticello, of Virginia, President Jefferson's residence, and I saw on the same day Montpelier, which was either Madison's or Monroe's residence, and I saw also the White House, which was President Taylor's residence, and President Harrison's residence, and President Lincoln's residence, and President Garfield's residence, and President Arthur's residence. Was it a permanent residence in any case? The race is nomadic, and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place, or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Ay, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horse and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, the only permanent residence. But even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

### THE MIGHTINESS OF PRAYER.

THERE is a mightiness in prayer. George Müller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face toward Edinburgh and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin, and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it rained. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion-tamer.

We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American Church and the English Church, and all the churches, will pray with their faces toward the West, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with their face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say, "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming-table, and go down to the docks to find out which ship starts first for America or Britain.

Not one of us knows yet how to pray. All we have done as yet

has only been pottering, and guessing, and experimenting. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something; but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the same saw and hammer, and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith we make but poor work with these weapons of prayer; but when we come to the stature of men in Christ, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise, and the world's redemption will be launched.

God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers; but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving-bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved, we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire of the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the infallible resources of the Lord omnipotent.

### THE CHRISTIAN'S ETERNITY.

IN Independence Hall is an old cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but this great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at creation. Look up, when you are out at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our king are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries.

The star which the mariner sees at night is the same as that by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean, and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright now as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were symbols of eternity.

The stars shall not shine for ever. The Bible says they shall fall like Autumnal leaves. It is almost impossible for a man to take in a course going a mile in three minutes; but God shall take in the worlds, flying a hundred thousand miles an hour, by one pull of His little finger. As, when the factory-band slips at nightfall from the main wheel, all the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come till a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall, by the touch of God's hand, slip the band of present law, and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mountains, Alps, and Pyrenees, and Himalayas. The chariots in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches of burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign for ever and ever. If by some invasion from hell the attempt were made to carry them off into captivity from heaven, the souls they have saved would rally for their defense, and all the angels of God would strike with their sceptres, and the redeemed, on white horses of victory, would ride down the foe, and all the steep of the sky would resound with the crash of the overwhelmed cohorts tumbled headlong out of heaven. Safe for ever—all Christian workers. No toil shall fatigue them; no hostility overcome them; no pain pierce them; no night shadow them. For ever the river of joy flows on; for ever the jubilee progresses. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. But none of these things for the idlers, the drones, the stumbling-blocks. They who have, by prayer, and example, and Christian work, turned many to righteousness, and only they, "shall shine as the stars for ever."

### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE *American Church Review* for July has the following table of contents: "The Scottish Communion Office," by the Bishop of Connecticut; "Another Aspect of the Financial Question in the Church," by Samuel Wagner; "Hallucinations, Delusions and Inspirations," by the Rev. Dr. Elmendorf; "Nestorian Missions

in China," by the Rev. D. M. Bates; "A Church College," by the Rev. Professor J. T. Huntington; "The Establishment and Struggles of the Reformation in Sweden," by the Rev. Dr. C. M. Butler; "Three Religions," by the Rev. B. F. Jackson, Jr.; "Canon Laws," by the Rev. H. R. Percival; "The Prison of the Spirits and the Spirit, their Preacher," an exposition of I. Peter iii. 18, 19, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Fuller; "Federate Council of the Province of Illinois," by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins; "The Reformation and Mediævalism," by the Rev. Dr. B. Franklin; "H. W. Longfellow," by the Rev. J. H. Ward; "Apostolic Succession in the Church of Sweden," by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Tustin; "Temporal Salvation," by the Rev. Dr. C. C. Adams; "St. Paul's Vision of Christ and its Physical Effects," by the Rev. Wm. Burnitt, and Literary Notices.

THE *Quarterly Review* of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, for July, has: "Apologetics," by the late editor, the Rev. Thomas O. Summers; "The Religion of the Druids," by the Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, Ph. D.; "Christian Culture," by the Rev. G. W. Horn; "The Genuineness of the Book of Daniel," by the Rev. W.

F. Tillett; "The Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D., LL.D.," by the Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelley; "New English," by President A. B. Stark; "Lesson from the Life of St. Peter," by Bishop A. W. Wilson; Literary Notices, and Notes and Queries.

"THE REVISERS' ENGLISH," by G. W. Moon, published by Funk & Wagnalls, is a series of trenchant criticisms on the English of the Revised Version. Mr. Moon, who won his spurs some fifteen years ago in a battle with the late Dean Alford on the Queen's English, in this volume fully maintains his reputation as a keen critic and accomplished writer. He convicts the revisers of blunders in English grammar of which a schoolboy should be ashamed.

"MITSLEY; OR, THE CONVERSION OF POMERANIA," by the late Bishop Milman, published by the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (New York, E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is a history told in the form of a story. It is intensely interesting and well written, and well worthy of attaining the popularity in this country which it has met with in England.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

"For this God is our God, for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM xiviii. 14.

J. L. WALKER.

THE REV. JESSE L. WALKER, presiding elder of the Springfield district, St. Louis Conference, died at his home in Marionville, Mo., on the last Sunday in July. He was born in Monroe County, Indiana, in 1831, and joined the Church in 1849. He was a nephew of the Rev. Jesse Walker, the pioneer Methodist itinerant who carried the Gospel beyond the Mississippi River, and organized the first class in the City of St. Louis. Two years of his youth were spent at the Indiana Asbury University. He entered the Indiana Conference in 1856, and labored in its bounds until the breaking out of the war, when he became chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. In 1866 he was appointed pastor at Springfield, Mo., and a few months after presiding elder of the Springfield district. His next field of labor was the St. Louis district, leaving which he spent three years as pastor of Trinity Church, St. Louis. In 1875 he was appointed to Pleasant Hill; in 1876 presiding elder of the Kansas City district; 1877-8, Carthage; 1879 presiding elder of the Springfield district. He was a delegate to the General Conference in 1876. He was an interesting and instructive preacher, an efficient presiding elder, and the work always prospered in his hands.

JONATHAN B. ATCHINSON.

THE REV. JONATHAN B. ATCHINSON, a member of the Detroit Conference, died at Midland City, Ohio, July 15th, aged forty-two years. He was licensed to preach in 1869. In the department of Sunday-school work he had a national reputation. He was for some years Sunday-school editor of the *Michigan Advocate*, a contributor of the *Sunday-school Times*, editor of the *Sunday Guest*, and also editor of Rice's series Sunday-school lesson books. He was also a very successful composer, having nearly one hundred pieces of poetry scattered through sixty different books published in this country and England. In sacred poetry he excelled, having furnished one hundred and fifty pieces that were set to music by upward of sixty different composers, and had at the time of his death a large number in the hands of distinguished composers, and a still larger number of perhaps equal merit that had never seen the light. The *Michigan Advocate* says: "In character and spirit he was a noble and amiable and gifted man. He possessed an active mind, clear perceptions, ardent devotion to truth and indomitable industry. He was reserved and modest, but firm in his convictions. He had decision of character which gave him a fixed, stable and consistent tenor of life. He formed strong attachments, and with his personal friends he was affable, frank and reciprocal. His religious life was devout and equable, and far removed from any assaults of doubt or despondency."

ALVAN BOND, D.D.

IN Norwich, Conn., Wednesday, July 19th, the Rev. Alvan Bond, D.D., in his ninetyeth year, peacefully passed away from his earth life. He was of the oldest of the alumni of Andover Seminary. He was graduated at Brown University in 1815, and ordained November 19th, 1819. His first pastorate of ten years was in Sturbridge, Mass. Thence he went to Bangor Theological Seminary, where for five or six years he was Professor of Sacred Literature.

The severity of the climate compelled him to leave that position, and, in 1835, he became pastor of the Second Church of Norwich. There he wrought his chief life-work.

He found this church, then, the only Congregational church of the city, rejoicing in the rich fruitage of two preceding pastorates. More than fifty per cent. of the population of the parish were professing Christians. There seemed to be little opportunity for enlargement. The chief work of the new pastor, as he often said, was to "keep the measure full"—a work which he found far from satisfactory. Additions to membership were almost entirely by letter. But after seven years of such service, ninety-eight of his most active members, including such men as the late Governor Buckingham, withdrew from the Broadway Church, and room for indefinite expansion was thus made. The pastor, then in the midst of his years, girded himself anew for the work to be done. His people caught his enthusiasm, and speedily every pew in the church again found a purchaser.

Twenty-eight years Dr. Bond supplied his pulpit an average of fifty Sundays per annum. Only in a single instance in all that time was he absent from a communion service. By his advice one of the office-bearers of his church founded the Otis Library, still the only public library of the city. Mr. John F. Slater, the recent giver of a million dollars for the education of the colored race in our land, was then one of Dr. Bond's parishioners.

In all his ministry he never said or did anything to undo the work he had been doing. In all the most trying crises of our national history, through all the most exciting discussions upon temperance, anti-slavery and the steps leading to the Civil War, he passed without provoking the animosity of any party. Yet he was earnestly outspoken. When the hour was come for effective speaking he often went beyond his contemporaries in the intensity of his utterances.

Dr. Bond happily realized the ideal of "growing old gracefully." At seventy-years of age he resigned his pastorate, but continued to preach often till he was eighty, and from time to time till the Summer of 1875. In a published sermon of twenty-five years ago he foreshadowed his own serene departure from earth. "There was no rapture, no entrancing visions of angels come to accompany him home to his rest; but his peace was as a river—calm, clear, deep." He was a man of high scholarly and Biblical attainments, and was the author of a "History of the Bible."

JOSEPH BARTLETT.

THE REV. JOSEPH BARTLETT, of Gorham, Me., a brother of President Bartlett of Dartmouth College, committed suicide by drowning in Little River on Saturday morning, August 12th. He had shown signs of insanity, and a physician had warned the family of the danger of suicide. He was sixty-six years old, and leaves one daughter. He was for some years a tutor in Dartmouth College, where he graduated, and also principal of Phillips Academy for a short time. He preached twenty years at Buxton, from 1847 to 1867, afterward at Bradley, Me., and at Newmarket, N. H. President Bartlett received a telegram announcing his brother's death as he entered the pulpit of the Central Church, Worcester, on Sunday morning, August 13th.



## LOUIS B. CHARPIOT.

THE earnest temperance worker died of apoplexy at Haverhill, Mass., Wednesday evening, July 19th, while attending a reform club convention of which he was secretary. He was very successful in his work, for which he was specially prepared by certain experiences through which he had passed. He leaves a wife who is the matron of the Home of the Massachusetts Society for Intemperate Women.

## AUGUSTINE M. FREITAG.

THE REV. FATHER AUGUSTINE M. FREITAG, of the Redemptorist Fathers, connected with St. Alphonso's Roman Catholic Church, in South Fifth Avenue, near Canal Street, New York, and Assistant-rector of that church, died on Wednesday evening, July 26th, at the age of forty-six years. Father Freitag was born in Hanover. His parents were Lutherans, but when he was sixteen years old he was converted to Catholicism, and studied for the Church—at Göttingen. After coming to this country he completed his studies in Cumberland, Md., and joined the Redemptorists. He was ordained priest in 1868, and assigned to duty in New York City. After serving here for some years he was transferred to Boston. Two years ago he returned to New York City and became Assistant-rector of St. Alphonso's. His health began failing about three years ago, and his death was due to spinal trouble.

## J. E. ROCKWELL, D.D.

THE REV. JOEL EDSON ROCKWELL, D.D., died on Saturday evening, July 29th, at the residence of his son, Dr. Frank W. Rockwell, No. 6 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. He was a native of Salisbury, Vt., where he was born May 4th, 1816. When quite young his parents removed to Hudson, N. Y. In 1837 he was graduated from Amherst College, and in 1841 from the New York Theological Seminary. In the same year he was ordained and installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Valatia, N. Y., in connection with the New School Presbytery of Columbia. In 1847 he was installed Pastor of the Hanover Street Church in Wilmington, Del., remaining there until February 13th, 1851, when he was installed Pastor of the Central (Old School) Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, situated on Willoughby Street. Through his efforts, in great part, the new edifice of the Society in Schermerhorn Street was erected at a cost of \$34,000, and was dedicated December 10th, 1854. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon the deceased by Jefferson College in 1859, and in that year, owing to ill-health, after eighteen years of constant labor, he went to Europe, and there enjoyed a five months' vacation. During the War he served at the front as a member of the Christian Commission. In September, 1878, he became Pastor of the Edgewater Presbyterian Church, at Staten Island, and occupied that position at the time of his death, though his last sermon was preached before his congregation on the first Sunday of March last. Under his ministrations the church debt was paid off, and its membership largely increased. During his busy life Dr. Rockwell was a frequent contributor to both the secular and religious press, and he was for eight years editor of the *Sunday-school Visitor*. Among the books which he published were "Sketches of the Presbyterian Church," "Young Christian Warned," "The Sheet Anchor," "The Visitor's Questions," "Scenes and Impressions Abroad," "Seed Thoughts," and the "Diamond in the Cage." He also published a number of occasional sermons and addresses. Dr. Rockwell was a man of splendid physique, and a thoughtful and profound rather than brilliant speaker. He was not only popular among his people, but among his clerical brethren, counting some of the most distinguished clergy of New York and Brooklyn among his intimate personal friends. Until within the past two years he was very fond of hunting, fishing and boating, and during his visits to the mountains his proficiency in these sports was the admiration of the guides who accompanied the doctor and his sons.

## HENRY BAGO SMITH.

THE REV. H. B. SMITH, a native of West Springfield, died the first week in August, at South Amherst, Mass., at the age of sixty-three, the Rev. Messrs. Walker, Scott and Dr. Love conducting the funeral service. He graduated at Amherst in 1843, and at Andover, and has labored as pastor at West Granville, Mass.; at Abington, Burlington, Newton, Greenfield Hill and Staffordville, all in Connecticut; and recently he had frequently supplied the pulpit at Shutesbury, though living in South Amherst. He was a good pastor and a warm friend of the poor, and leaves a widow and ten children. Among them are William, a recent graduate of Amherst; Charles, who is still in college; and Mrs. D. C. Jenks, whose husband is business agent of the American Board in Japan.

## FREEMAN PARKER HOWLAND.

WE notice the recent death in August, in Abington, Mass., where he has for some time resided, of this venerable clergyman. He was born in Sandwich in 1797; graduated at Amherst in its third class (1824) with the late Professor B. B. Edwards, Rev. Austin Richards, D.D., and the two Professors Shepard (Charles Upham and George); was settled over the Congregational Church in Hanson, Mass., October 25th, 1826, where he preached with much acceptance for ten or twelve years, until compelled to resign by ill-health. He entered upon commercial pursuits, and was for years connected with life insurance.

## JAMES E. HOMANS.

THE REV. JAMES E. HOMANS for thirteen years rector of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church at Manhasset, Long Island, died at his home on Wednesday night, August 2d, of gangrene. He was born in 1833, and was graduated from Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, and from the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va. He was made Assistant-rector to the Rev. Dr. Tyng upon finishing his studies, and was subsequently rector of St. Paul's Church, at Rahway, N. J. Leaving that place, he went to Cincinnati and was rector for six years of St. John's Church. Returning to New York, he became rector of the Church of the Mediator. About thirteen years ago Mr. Homans went to Manhasset, where he remained in charge of Christ Church until his death. In all he spent twenty-two years in the ministry. He married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, by whom he had two sons and a daughter, all of whom are still living.

## A. M. OSBON, D.D.

THE REV. DR. A. M. OSBON, a venerable retired Methodist minister, died in Peekskill, August 7th. He was one of the oldest members of the New York Conference, and retired from the ministry after fifty-three years of service. The occasion of his voluntary retirement was one of the most affecting incidents of the proceedings of the New York Conference at Sing Sing in April last. He informed the Conference that he was received into that body on trial in 1829, and that, after many years of conscientious service he found himself forced to ask the Conference to grant him a superannuated relation. After several warm eulogies by his old associates in the Conference the venerable clergyman's request was granted, and he was presented with a substantial pecuniary testimonial.

Dr. Osbon was born in Pittsfield, Mass., May 22d, 1806. He was originally a member of the Troy Conference, but most of his time has been spent in the New York Conference. His last appointment was at Scrub Oak, Westchester County, where for three years he preached three times every Sunday, retaining his vigor up to the closing hours of his stay at that place. In 1878 his wife died at Marlborough, on the sixty-sixth anniversary of her birth. Among those who for the past month were constantly at his bedside were his sons, Captain B. S. Osbon, editor of the *Nautical Gazette*, and the Rev. Dr. E. S. Osbon, of Bondout, N. Y.; the Rev. Dr. Crawford, and the Rev. Mr. Burch, of Peekskill, and his niece, Miss Esther H. Sillick.

## OTHER DEATHS.

THE REV. ELIJAH H. BOWNEY, of the Presbytery of Rochester, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Clarkson, N. Y., died June 26th. . . . THE REV. THOMAS A. WHEED, of the Presbytery of Rochester, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Scottsville, Monroe County, N. Y., and who had been in failing health for some months, died at Saratoga Springs, June 28th, and was buried at Mexico, N. Y., June 30th. . . . THE REV. WILLIAM YOUNG, of the Presbytery of Lyons, died in Newark, Wayne County, N. Y., July 10th. . . . THE REV. W. C. BLUNDELL, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died in Marshall, Ill., July 10th. . . . On Saturday morning, July 22d, 1882, in Santa Cruz, Cal., Chaplain William Vaux, U. S. A., died in the seventy-sixth year of his age. A faithful priest of the Church for forty years. . . . THE REV. J. B. BURNS, of the Rock River Conference, died in Plano, Ill., July 26th, of cerebro-spinal meningitis. . . . THE REV. HENRY LOUWENBURG, a superannuated member of the New York Conference, died at his residence in Sing Sing on Saturday night, July 29th. He was sixty-four years of age, and entered the traveling ministry in 1841. . . . THE REV. JOSEPH C. WIGGEMAN, pastor of the Winthrop Baptist Church at Taunton, N. J., for ten years, died at Tiverton, R. I., August 6th, aged fifty-four years. . . . THE REV. JOSEPH BARTLETT, a retired Congregational minister living at Gorham, Me., died suddenly August 12th, aged seventy years.

# RECREATIONS FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"And searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so."—ACTS xvii. 11.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

321. What reason is given by God for driving out the Canaanites from their possessions?
322. What penalty attached to those who tried to lead the children of Israel into idolatry?
323. Quote a passage which sets forth the humility of John the Baptist.
324. When was the name Cephas (or Stone) given to St. Peter?
325. By whom were the words "as thy days so shall thy strength be" first spoken?
326. Under what circumstances could a Jew retain the services of a slave during his whole lifetime?
327. By what means were the kings of Israel to become fully acquainted with the Law of Moses?
328. What people were exempt from serving in the Jewish army?
329. What favor was accorded to the Egyptians beyond any other foreign nation?
330. What trees were not allowed to be cut down by the Jews during the siege of any town?
331. Quote a passage which shows that the custom of placing food in or upon the tombs of the dead was practiced by the people amongst whom the Israelites dwelt.
332. What was the largest number of stripes which could be given to a Jew as a punishment?
333. What is likened by the wise man "as cold water to a thirsty soul"?
334. Under what circumstances were the Jews allowed to sell the firstlings of their flocks and of their herds?
335. How often did God command the Law to be publicly read to all Israel?
336. Where was the pool of Bethesda situated?
337. In what way was John the Baptist to recognize Jesus as the Messiah when He should appear?
338. What proof of His divinity did our Blessed Lord give to Nathanael?

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 27.

### Single Acrostic.

1. The village of Martha and Mary.
2. The village of two disciples, one of whom was Cleopas.
3. The town of Lydia, whose heart God opened.
4. The city where David first reigned as King of Judah.
5. The city whose church was neither hot nor cold.
6. The city of the witch whom Saul consulted.
7. The city of Jabin, taken and burnt by Joshua.
8. One of the five cities of the Philistines.
9. The city where Trophimus was left sick by Paul.
- The initials give the "City of David."

No. 28.

### Double Acrostic.

1. Into whose hands was Paul delivered?
2. The brother of Moses.
3. Who was the seer that saw visions "against Jeroboam"?
4. What kind of wine should not be put into old bottles?
- The initials and finals name two forms of the same element in nature.

## BURIED PROVERB.

No. 3.

1. "Whom the Lord loveth He correcteth" (Prov. iii. 12).
2. "A man's heart deviseth his way" (Prov. xvi. 9).
3. "The turning away of the simple shall slay them" (Prov. & 32).
4. "A soft answer turneth away wrath" (Prov. xv. 1).
5. "A fool hath no delight in understanding" (Prov. xviii. 2).
6. "A fool's mouth is his destruction" (Prov. xviii. 7).
7. "The thoughts of the righteous are right" (Prov. xii. 5).
8. "In the way of righteousness is life" (Prov. xii. 28).
9. "A fool layeth open his folly" (Prov. xiii. 16).
10. "Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness" (Prov. xi. 6).
11. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place" (Prov. xv. 3).

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

No. 3.

- Gen. xxii. 17; Psa. xxxii. 7; lxxiii. 21; Matt. vii. 26, 27; 2 Pet. iii. 8, 9.
1. My first is a pronoun, by which I may call Jehovah my Refuge, my Life, and my All; And thus in my psalms of thanksgiving I sing— "Thou shalt guide with thy counsel, to glory shalt bring."
  2. When Abraham was challenged his offspring to count, My second was shown him to tell the amount; And yet should a man build his hope on the same, 'Twill cost him his soul, and his folly proclaim.
  3. My whole 'tis the years that God reckons one day, Though men will regard it a needless delay; But this shows His patience, withholding His rod, To give men repentance, and bring them to God.

## ANSWERS TO RECREATIONS IN SEPTEMBER.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

305. ODED the prophet, and the heads of the children of Ephraim, who caused two hundred thousand women and children to be restored to their brethren at Jericho (II. Chron. xxviii. 9-15).
307. When a lion slew the disobedient prophet near to Bethel (I. Kings xiii. 24).
308. St. Peter was released from prison by an angel, when Herod intended to kill him (Acts xii. 7-10).
309. The Prophet Zechariah, who says, "They shall look on me whom they have pierced" (Zech. xii. 10).
310. "All Scripture is written by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness" (II. Tim. iii. 16).
311. St. Paul, who says, "Ye are the Temple of the living God" (II. Cor. vi. 16).
312. St. Paul calls it the sword of the spirit" (Eph. vi. 17).
313. "The Book of Esther.
314. The Emims, the Anakims, the Horims, the Avims, the Zamzummims, and the Caphtorims (Deut. ii. 10, 11, 12, 20-23).
315. The tribes of Reuben and of Gad (Numb. xxxii. 1).
316. "I besought the Lord at that time, saying, I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan" (Deut. iii. 23-25).
317. As cities of refuge, that the slayer who killed his neighbor unawares might flee thither for safety (Deut. xs. 41-43).
318. The battle between the Syrians and the Kings of Israel and Judah, in which Ahab, King of Israel, was slain by an arrow (I. Kings xxii. 29-35).
319. As our Judge, Lawgiver and King (Is. xxxiii. 22).
320. He sent twelve men into the country to spy out the land (Deut. i. 22).

### SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 25.—ALPHA.—Rev. xxi. 6.

- |              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| 1. A-dam     | Gen. ii. 19.     |
| 2. L-uz      | Gen. xxviii. 19. |
| 3. P-otiphar | Gen. xxxix. 1.   |
| 4. H-ebrews  | Gen. xi. 15.     |
| 5. A-aroon   | Exod. xxviii. 1. |

No. 26.—GREAT AND SMALL.—Job iii. 19.

- |               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. G-alu-s    | Acts xix. 29.   |
| 2. R-ephidi-m | Exod. xvii. 1.  |
| 3. E-liah-a   | II. Kings v. 9. |
| 4. A-be-l     | Gen. iv. 2.     |
| 5. T-abea-l   | Isa. vii. 6.    |

### SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

No. 18.—GIBBON.

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. Judges vi. 12.          | 6. Judges vii. 19.                                 |
| 2. Judges vi. 14.          | 7. Judges vii. 28, 32                              |
| 3. Judges vi. 15.          | 8. Heb. xi. 32.                                    |
| 4. Judges vi. 16, 26, etc. | 9. Bruiser, or Breaker; one who breaks or bruises, |
| 5. Judges vi. 27.          | (Compare Micah ii. 13.)                            |

### ANSWER TO BIBLE SOENE.

No. 7.

The daughter of Herodias asking for the head of John the Baptist (Mark. vi. 21-26).

## GOD OF THE MORNING, AT WHOSE VOICE.

Words by DR. ISAAC WATTS.

Music by GEO. B. ARNOLD, *Mus. Doc. Oxon, Organist of Worcester Cathedral.*

1. God of the morn - ing, at whose voice The cheer - ful sun makes haste to rise ;

And like a gi - ant doth re - jice, To run his jour - ney through the skies ;

From the fair cham - bers of the East, The cir - cuit of his race be - gins ;

And with - out wea - ri - ness or rest, Around the whole earth he flies and shines.

2. Oh ! like the sun, may I fulfill  
Th' appointed duties of the day ;  
With ready mind, and active will,  
March on and keep my Heav'nly way.  
But I shall run and lose the race  
If God my Sun should disappear  
And leave me in this world's wide maze  
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

3. Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes !  
Thy threat'nings just, Thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.  
Give me Thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to Thy bliss ;  
All my tesires and hopes beside  
Are faint, and cold, compared with this.



Frank Leslie's  
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**THE LATE SENATOR HILL OF GEORGIA.**

BY THE REV. E. W. SPEER, D.D.

[The editor of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE requested the Rev. Dr. Deems either to prepare a notice, or select one from among those memorials which might come under his eye, of the late Christian Senator from Georgia. The doctor sends the following, which he says is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Speer, Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Georgia, and who is also the father of the gifted Congressman, Hon. Emory Speer. Dr. Deems says, "One of the noblest tributes to Mr. Hill is that by Mr. Henry W. Grady, in the *Atlanta Constitution*. I could not, at this moment, point to any finer thing in all memorial journalism. For the SUNDAY MAGAZINE, however, perhaps the best thing I can now send you is this article, which is taken from the *Athens (Ga.) Chronicle*. Senator Hill had a great affection for Professor Speer, and the intimacy between those gentlemen was greater than that which existed between the Senator and myself; and I prefer, therefore, that the SUNDAY MAGAZINE use Dr. Speer's article rather than anything that I can write. Soon after the war I saw Mr. Hill sitting near Horace Greeley in the Church of the Strangers, and after service I remarked to the latter that the political millennium seemed to have dawned. How little did either of us suspect that in a few

years Ben Hill would be advocating in Georgia the claim of Horace Greeley to the Presidency, not from partisanship, but, as I sincerely believe, from patriotism! I think it would be easy to show that those acts in Mr. Hill's life for which he was most blamed at the time were the acts which cost him most pain, because he knew he should offend his party and his personal friends by pleasing his God. And so I think it might be shown in

the lives of other public men, because we have cultivated the habit of thinking that a statesman can have no other than a partisan reason for all he does. Toward the close of his life Mr. Hill seemed to approach perfection through suffering. Not very long ago he wrote me a letter in which, among other things, he said, that if it pleased God to spare his life he believed there were some things he could do for the whole country, but that he wished me to know that whatever might be the event, he left all with unquestioning faith in the hands of his heavenly Father, who, he knew, would do all things well. This was the last I heard directly from the great Senator."—EDITOR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.]



THE LATE BENJAMIN H. HILL, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA.

It has been my good fortune to know Senator Hill long and intimately. I have

rambled with him through the fields and woods when they were clothed in the emerald robes of Spring, or dressed in the prismatic tints of Autumn. I have visited with him the hovels of the poor and needy. I have seen him in the flush of public triumph and in the unreserved freedom of the domestic circle. I have seen him on occasions that show the manly strength of character, and what is better, on occasions that show the manly weakness of the human heart; and I can declare that in all the gentle humanities of life he had the tenderness of a woman enshrined in the heart of a man. The great sympathies and virtues of a noble and generous nature were as strongly developed in him as the muscular power of his athletic frame or the capacity of his mighty intellect. He honored his parents with a reverence most profound and enduring. I have seen his lips quiver with emotion and his eyes fill with tears when he spoke of the sacrifices of his father and mother, made to procure for him the advantage of collegiate culture. He loved his brothers and sisters with an energy of soul that shrank from no services or sacrifices that would promote their welfare, or the welfare of their children. He regarded his wife and children with an affection almost idolatrous. Writing from Richmond, Va., when he was a Senator of the Confederate States, to his wife in La Grange, he said: "A caged eagle does not look up into the clear blue sky and long for freedom to soar heavenward more than I long for home, and wife, and children." He delighted to ascribe his successful career to the stimulating influence of conjugal affection, and I am persuaded that it was from the pure fountain of domestic felicity that Senator Hill drew, not only much of the beauty, but much of the force, of his character—every faculty of his mind and every impulse of his will deriving intensified strength and fervor from the warmth and glow of his domestic affections. But I forbear to dwell on a topic whose sacredness shrinks from the most distant approach to public discussion.

Had the Senator's disposition to hoard equaled his capacity to acquire wealth, he might have been one of the richest men in Georgia. But fortunately for him, and for others, the love of money never acquired the mastery over his higher and nobler attributes. He ever cultivated a spirit, and a habit, of the largest liberality and beneficence. Liberal as he was to the public institutions of religion, of education and of philanthropy, yet, if I mistake not, his munificent contributions to churches, colleges and the Orphans' Home at Decatur, would make up but a small part of the history of his life-long beneficence. The private charities which he dispensed year by year and day by day, could they be recalled, would fill a larger and brighter page. Living as I did near his residence in La Grange, I could from personal observation say of him what Goldsmith so inimitably says of the village preacher:

"His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He hid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began."

Inspiration itself declares, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth"—not giveth—"lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." If this be true, how great will be the payments hereafter received by those generous philanthropists who, like Senator Hill, have given munificent sums publicly when it was proper so to do by way of example, but whose bounty has often followed indigent want to its most obscure hiding-places, and relieved misery known only to God and the stewards of his bounty. Such deeds of kind-

ness may never be known on earth, but they will be remembered in that great day when the King shall sit upon the throne in His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall say to them on His right hand, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was a hungered and ye gave Me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink, I was a stranger and ye took Me in, naked and ye clothed Me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

It is but echoing the opinions of those most competent to judge to say that Mr. Hill had few equals, and no superiors, at the Bar. There may have been lawyers more thoroughly conversant with special departments of professional lore, but I doubt whether there was another who united in a higher degree so comprehensive a knowledge of the general principles of jurisprudence, with reasoning powers of such superlative excellence, and trained by such assiduous culture.

I cannot trace in detail the course of his professional life, from the opening of his office in La Grange in 1844, or convey any just conception of the labor he performed, or the intellectual ability he displayed, in reaching the summit of his profession.

At the very beginning of his forensic career he laid the foundation of his legal acquirements deep and broad in a thorough knowledge of the common law—grappling with and mastering its most perplexing subtleties and obsolete technicalities.

It is not surprising that with such natural endowments and indomitable industry he achieved instant and brilliant success among competitors of ripe experience and rare ability.

When he first came forward, unknown as yet to the State, and scarcely known to himself, he grappled with such champions of the forum as Walter T. Colquitt, Seaborn Jones, Julius C. Alford and Edward Y. Hill. These veterans of the law were not slow in discovering that in their youthful competitor they had a "foeman worthy of their steel." They paid him the high compliment of compelling him to put forth all his power by employing against him all their own.

Time would fail, even had I the requisite data, to enumerate the important cases in which he was employed. Many of them are still referred to by his professional brethren as examples of the highest juridical ability.

I venture the opinion, that for the last twenty years, not only the people but the lawyers of Georgia would have relied upon his knowledge and ability for the exposition and maintenance of any legal principle before any legal tribune, in preference to the knowledge and ability of any other jurist in the Southern States. Nor was he less powerful before a jury than before the Bench.

It was marvelous to observe the ease and dexterity with which he could discard the abstruse reasoning suited only to men of professional culture, and substitute therefor the robust common sense and perspicuous statement of facts—suited to the comprehension of a jury.

He was not surpassed by Stephens in his luminous analysis of a case. And he was more than the equal of Toombs in the skill with which he touched the chords of human sensibility until his hearers responded to every sentiment that he felt of pity or of indignation.

But his record as a statesman is not a whit less brilliant than his record as a jurist. The mere length and variety of the services which he rendered the State—first in its General Assembly, then as a member of the Confederate Congress, then as a Representative from this district, lastly

as a Senator of the United States—would be sufficient of itself to secure him a permanent and conspicuous place in our political history. But he has better titles to remembrance than any that mere official longevity can impart.

Public life was not necessary to his fame, and he never held his title to consideration by the precarious tenure of public favor or popular suffrage. The truth is, Senator Hill had no talent for political wire-working, for electioneering legerdemain, for wearisome correspondence with local great men, for franking cart-loads of documents to the four winds. Even in the daily routine of legislation he did not take an active part. But when great interests were at stake and strong passions excited—when some political Marathon or Waterloo had to be fought, he girded on the whole panoply of his power and displayed such moral heroism and such transcendent gift of speech that a Chatham or a Mirabeau might have envied him. It has been said of some renowned orators, such as Sheridan, Canning, Fisher Ames and William Pinckney, that they were more of rhetoricians than logicians; that they dealt more in metaphors and similes than in facts and arguments. Such a criticism could not be justly predicated of Mr. Hill. His positions were taken clearly, boldly, strongly, without wordy amplification or partisan vehemence. In listening to him you felt that your understanding was addressed in behalf of a reasonable proposition, which rested on something more substantial than sentimental refinement or rhetorical exaggeration. You could not fail to be impressed with the soundness of his principles, the elevation of his sentiments and the fervor of his patriotism.

Among what may be termed the third generation of American statesmen since the adoption of the Federal Constitution—the generation succeeding Clay, Calhoun and Webster—there has been no man of a more marked character, of more pronounced qualities, or of more vigorous powers in debate. Growing up to manhood an enthusiastic admirer of Henry Clay, he cherished a profound reverence for the Constitution as a covenant of union between the States. As a natural consequence, he was opposed to secession. Not that he was indifferent to the rights of the States. He valued as much as any man could possibly value the principle of State sovereignty. He looked upon the organization of these separate and independent republics of different ages, sizes, geographical position and social interests, as furnishing an organism of incalculable value for a wise and beneficent administration of local affairs, and the protection of local and individual rights. But at the same time he regarded the constitutional union which bound these separate and independent sovereignties into a well compacted nation, as approximation to the perfection of political wisdom—a Constitution unmatched by the Amphictyonic League of the ancient Greeks, and incomparably superior to the confederated governments of Switzerland and the Netherlands.

Nevertheless, when his honest and strenuous efforts to avert the horrors of a civil war proved abortive, he espoused the cause of the South with a generous zeal that did not pause to calculate how tragic might be his fate if the conflict should terminate disastrously to his people.

From the organization of the Confederate Government at Montgomery to its overthrow at Richmond, we find Senator Hill entrusted with the most important duties, and discharging those duties with unwearied diligence and consummate ability. In the Confederate Congress, composed of the ablest men of the South, he stood forth the acknowledged peer of the most distinguished of his associates.

There were very few of the Southern statesmen who would not have confessed, when they agreed with Senator

Hill, that he expressed their opinions better than they could have expressed them: And the bitterest of his opponents were obliged to concede that he maintained his own views with transcendent ability and power.

I do not mean to say that he always escaped censure then, or that he has not, since then, been misunderstood, and even willfully and grossly misrepresented.

He has not escaped the fate which in all countries—especially all free countries—awaits commanding talent and eminent position, and which no great man in our history has escaped—not even Washington himself.

Astronomers tell us that the most difficult problem in that sublime science is to construct a lense that will not distort the object that it reflects. They assure us that a hairs-breadth deviation from the true curve in the specular mirror will dim the splendor of Sirius or disfigure the belts of Orion. Even so the most brilliant stars of the political firmament are shorn of all their glory when contemplated through the distorting lenses of personal rivalry and partisan prejudice.

But if full and impartial justice is not meted out to men of towering greatness while they live, it is very certain to be accorded to them when they are dead. There is not an intelligent man in Georgia who will not concede that our dead Senator won his lofty position by superb talents, laborious service and patriotic devotion to the public good.

As a Representative and Senator of the United States, while ever ready to defend the South against unjust attacks and illiberal imputations, he proved himself capable of embracing the whole country in the comprehensive affection of his large and patriotic heart.

But alas! alas! he has fallen almost at the threshold of his senatorial career, and at a time when we were looking to him for public services which no other Southern statesman could perform, or at least perform so well.

“A solemn and religious regard to spiritual and eternal things,” said Daniel Webster, “is an essential element in all true greatness.” We rejoice that our deceased Senator did not lack this “essential element” of greatness.

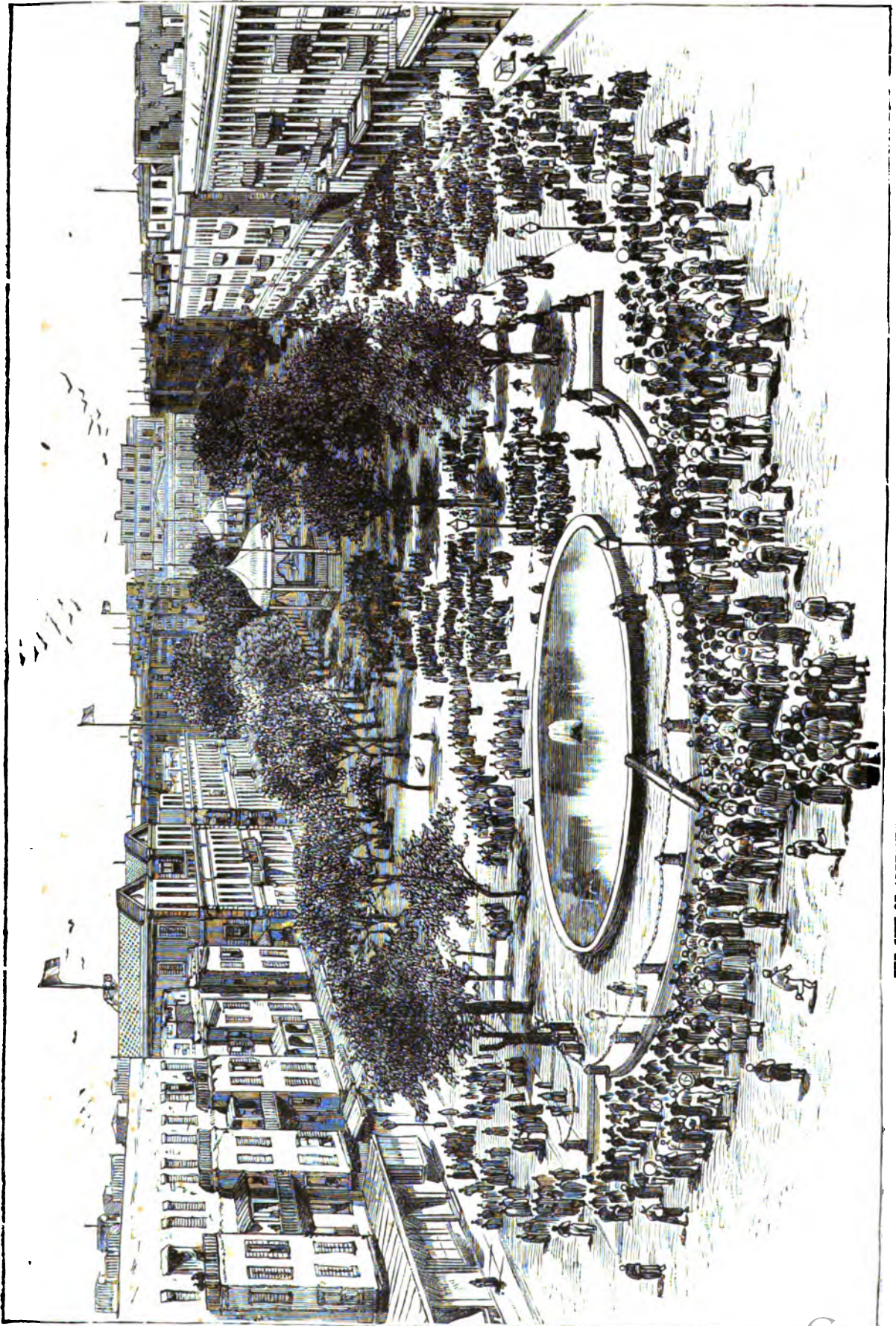
He embraced the religion of the Gospel at an early period of his life, upon studious examination and sincere conviction. He was a firm believer, not bigoted or boastful, but unswerving in loyalty to the doctrines of the Christian faith. The reality of his religion was evinced by the calm serenity with which, for days and weeks and months, he confronted the King of Terrors. At the most critical moments, when the chances in favor of and against his recovery seemed equally balanced, he rejoiced that a higher wisdom than his own would determine the event. There is a moral grandeur in the closing scenes of his life that eclipses the brightest triumphs of all his previous career.

His work is done—nobly done! Never more in the temples of justice, or the halls of legislation, or on the hustings, will be heard the magical tones of his voice. But the lessons of his successful life and triumphant death will not be forgotten. Of such as him, we may say with the poet:

“The dead are like the stars by day,  
Withdrawn from mortal eye;  
But not extinct, they hold their way  
In glory through the sky.”

[In addition to the above tribute, the *SUNDAY MAGAZINE* desires to quote from the funeral oration by the Rev. Clément A. Evans, D.D., the pastor of the church to which the late Senator belonged. Had we received, earlier, a copy of this oration, we should have given it entire. It is a masterpiece of pathos, beauty and eloquence. The *Sunny South*, of Atlanta, one of the most entertaining and enterprising publications of the South, gives in full this magnificent discourse.—EDITOR.]





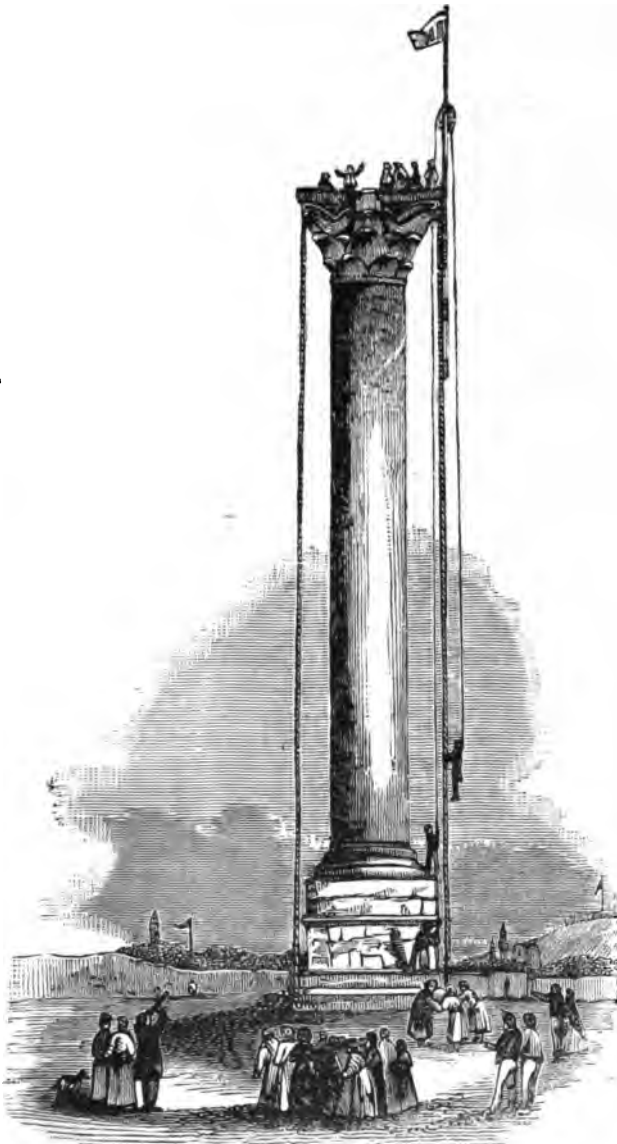
THE CITY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—THE GREAT SQUARE IN ALEXANDRIA.—SEE PAGE 454.



## FAITH IN CHRIST ONLY.

Senator Hill often evidenced, both in speech and writing, his unquestioning acceptance of all the vital truths of religion. "Faith in Christ only," as ground of human claim on the mercy of God, was clearly seen by him. He wrote down this credo: "I believe that God is a living God, and that Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that He will save me." Thus he added assurance to his faith, and was persuaded that his soul was safe in the keeping of its Lord. Another slip of that pad, whose scattered leaves will enrich the minds and cheer the hearts of thousands, contains this cumulative testimony of his sure hope, "I am confident of a home in heaven. I never had more faith." He was on a summit of trust, and saw an inheritance assured to him by the Word of God which endureth for ever!

Once the conversation was on the need of thoroughness in faith and life in order to usefulness and peace. We were digging at the roots of the great question of godlikeness in man's nature and actions. Why should an unwilling or partial service be given to God? As the colloquy went on, the listening Senator signed for the writing-pad,



THE CITY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—POMPEY'S PILLAR, NEAR ALEXANDRIA.—SEE PAGE 454.



THE CITY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

and this luminous sentence blazed from his pen: "Nothing but consecration will do."

A life half-purposed, a love limited, a service grudgingly given were unworthy that religion whose author and finisher is a consecrated Christ.

At another time I asked the dying Senator to indicate some Scripture he would like to have read. Speaking very promptly, he said, "Read me Paul's letter to the Corinthians on the resurrection." Accordingly I read all the great chapter relating to that majestic question. It was a crucial question in the days of the apostle. Materialists even then denied all resurrection and asked, "How are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?" It is a modern issue as well, and will be in debate until the trump sounds and the living are startled by the rising of the dead. I paused after reading, to hear the great Georgian say what he thought in this awful hour, when eternity was lending its ethereal force to his mighty intellect.

And this is what he wrote: "If a grain of corn will die and then rise again in so much beauty, why may not I die and then rise again in infinite beauty and life? How is the last a greater mystery than the first? And by so much as I exceed the grain of corn in this life why may I not exceed it in the new life? How can we limit the power of Him who made the grain of corn and then made the same grain again in such wonderful newness of life?" I leave these pointed questions, with their vast and rich suggestions to be the comfort of every one who is looking in hope for the general resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come through the Lord Jesus Christ."

I am now discoursing of the greatest moments of his great life and come to the crowning hour that became more and more sublime to the close. When first I called to see him, immediately on his return from Eureka, I found him, worn by travel, resting on his bed. I walked in and took him by the hand a moment. Looking at me with his noble eyes filled with tears, he spoke the first words of salutation with a dramatic action of hand and a glow of features which I shall never forget. Putting his hand on his heart he said with a difficult but distinct utterance, "All right here," and then lifting his hand up

he pointed his ever eloquent finger heavenward and added, "All right there." He had answered my anxious eyes that looked the question which was on my heart. It was an answer of peace on earth between God and man, and was the fitting prelude to all the great sayings which followed.

He was now also in perfect peace "all right" in his own heart with all men. The transient animosities sprung in the course of ardent political conflicts were all silenced, subdued and sunk into oblivion. The stricken statesman died without a trace of bitterness in his soul. His eminent antagonists far and near, in State and nation, disarmed themselves and gave him friendly fellowship of heart and hand. With a most felicitous gesture of both extended outspread palms, and with his old, happy, innocent smile he responded some time ago to my remark concerning his peace with men. With wonderful generosity he attributed the occasional differences which arose between him and others to misunderstanding of his views and mistake of the matters in question.

But in all his life, Ben Hill never did a more graceful thing than when he made his last visit to the portrait of his mother, which hung in one of his rooms. When President Garfield placed his manly arm around his venerable mother in the presence of the vast multitude that witnessed his inauguration, and kissed her with lips fresh from pronouncing the obligation of the presidential office, he drew into himself the warm heart of American motherhood for ever.

It seemed to us all, indeed (God bless his memory!), as a bow of promise clasping in one all the mother-loving, manly men of our whole nation, and as the token given by the chief magistrate that we the brother-sons of our Mother-Country should never, never more have bitterness or cause of strife.

So when the great Senator went as a child to gaze upon his mother's pictured face, and murmured, "I will soon see her," he left the sons of this State and the Union a lesson of filial love they should never forget. The portrait shows a dear, old, good face, well traced by marks of intelligence. The wrinkles are there, the stoop of age, and other signs of failing life. Long since she went away, but the wasted statesman became a boy again in feeling, gazed with a true, adoring love upon the portrait, and saw home, Heaven and mother—all in one vision of transcendent glory!

#### LAST WORDS.

Heaven brightened on him as his days of dreadful suffering dragged along. Once he wrote for me: "But for the good I had hoped to do my family and country, I should regard the announcement 'I must die' as joyful tidings. I cannot suppress a certain elation at the thought of going."

The world already has possession of his last words. The Christian world, in song and speech, will repeat them in many tongues for many ages. They comprehend all that man can nobly live for in this life or enjoy in the world to come. It was a few hours preceding his death when he was rapidly sinking, and had not written nor spoken a word for many hours. I sat by his side holding his hand. Opening his eyes and arousing himself for a moment he recognized me. The light of life came full into his face once more, and with a slight effort he spoke out in full and even triumphant accent the deathless legend of a soul conquering in Christ and in full view of heaven, "Almost home!"

I can add nothing that would display to greater advantage the unadorned beauty of those final words. He said

them ascending to the skies, and very soon his great and good spirit entered eternity, and he was not almost but altogether and for ever home at last.

He has heard plaudits sweeter than ever saluted his ear on earth. The King, in His beauty, has met him; the Father's house has opened to him, and in such a home as God can construct for His faithful human child, he lives, immortal, painless, sinless, and in perpetual peace!

What power, what station, what realms grasped by the greatest men are comparable with this eternal home! The loftiest eminence attained on earth is only a diminished pattern of the heavenly hills. All the lustre of human greatness should make the distinguished princes among men aspire the more after glory that excelleth. When earthly crowns are cast at the Redeemer's feet they are lent a light from His transfiguring presence that outblaze all suns. Men are greatest when they give the greater glory of all their achievements to God, and so live that when they fall on earth they find a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

May the Great God and Father of us all comfort this family who mourn an irreparable loss. May He guide our government by the counsels of His will, and grant us all through Christ to meet our brother Hill again in his happy, heavenly Home.

## THE CITY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDRIA, the city of Alexander, is his best monument. His two leading ideas, the extension of commerce and the fusion of the Greeks and the Orientals, led him to choose the site of the city and to frame her constitution. It is equally characteristic of him that Homer guided him to the place. Few men can travel without favorite books, the companions by whom they may be known. Alexander carried with him Homer. The famous copy "of the casket" took its name from the case for unguents captured in the treasure of Darius, in which his victor put the most precious work of man's mind in the costliest work of his hand. Thenceforward it lay, with a dagger, beneath his pillow, wherever he went. Can we doubt that he knew the passage in the "Odyssey" where the poet describes the one safe anchorage of the northern coast of Egypt, the harbor behind the island of Pharos, a day's voyage for a ship sped with a fair wind from the nearest mouth of the Nile? Here the old Greek merchantmen must have taken shelter till they could run in fine weather for the river and cross the bar to ascend to their emporium Naucratia. If Alexander had come to Egypt on a voyage of discovery, he would have surveyed the whole coast. Instead of this, he marches from Pelusium to Memphis, and from Memphis makes almost direct for the site of Alexandria on his way to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon.

When Alexander reached the Egyptian military station at the little town or village of Rhacotis, he saw with the quick eye of a great commander how to turn this petty settlement into a great city, and to make its road, out of which ships could be blown by a change of wind, into a double harbor roomy enough to shelter the navies of the world. All that was needed was to join the island by a mole to the continent. The site was admirably secure and convenient, a narrow neck of land between the Mediterranean and the great inland Lake Mareotis. The whole northern side faced the two harbors, which were bounded east and west by the mole, and beyond by the long narrow rocky island stretching parallel with the coast. On the south was the inland port of Lake Mareotis. The length of the city was more than three miles, the breadth more



than three-quarters of a mile; the mole was above three-quarters of a mile long and six hundred feet broad; its breadth is now doubled, owing to the silting up of the sand. Modern Alexandria until lately only occupied the mole, and was a great town in a corner of the space which Alexander, with large provision for the future, measured out. The form of the new city was ruled by that of the site, but the fancy of Alexander designed it in the shape of a Macedonian cloak or *chlamys*, such as a national hero wears on the coins of the kings of Macedon, his ancestors.

The situation is excellent. Alexandria with the best Egyptian harbor on the Mediterranean, and the inland port connected with the Nile-streams and canals, was the natural emporium of the Indian trade. Port Said is superior now because of its grand artificial port, and the advantage for steamships of an unbroken sea route. But in earlier days it was better to diminish the length of the Indian voyage through the dangerous route of the Red Sea. No position in Egypt is so good for defense. The narrow strip of land, washed by the water on the north and south, was only open to the east and west. The east alone was the side by which a formidable enemy would approach; on the other side, there were only the roving tribes of Libyans. There were two drawbacks: the difficulty of entering the double harbor on account of the reefs which barred it, and the want of water. Yet the harbor was the best on the coast, and a splendid lighthouse, called the Pharos, on the eastern point of the island, lessened the dangers of the ships.

This lighthouse was 1,000 cubits high, built in divers stories like some huge telescope, with an outward winding stair by which beasts of burden could ascend to the top, bearing fuel for the beacon fires which blazed in a vast lantern, with reflecting mirrors so arranged that the light was visible for a hundred miles. These mirrors acted a double part, as they reflected the ships approaching Egypt while at so great a distance as to be still invisible to the eye. This lighthouse was built of the finest stone, with pillars and galleries and ornaments, beautifully wrought in marble, in which, the old story says, the architect, Sostratus, engraved his own name in durable characters, and then overlaying them with cement, thereon left a frail memorial of his master.

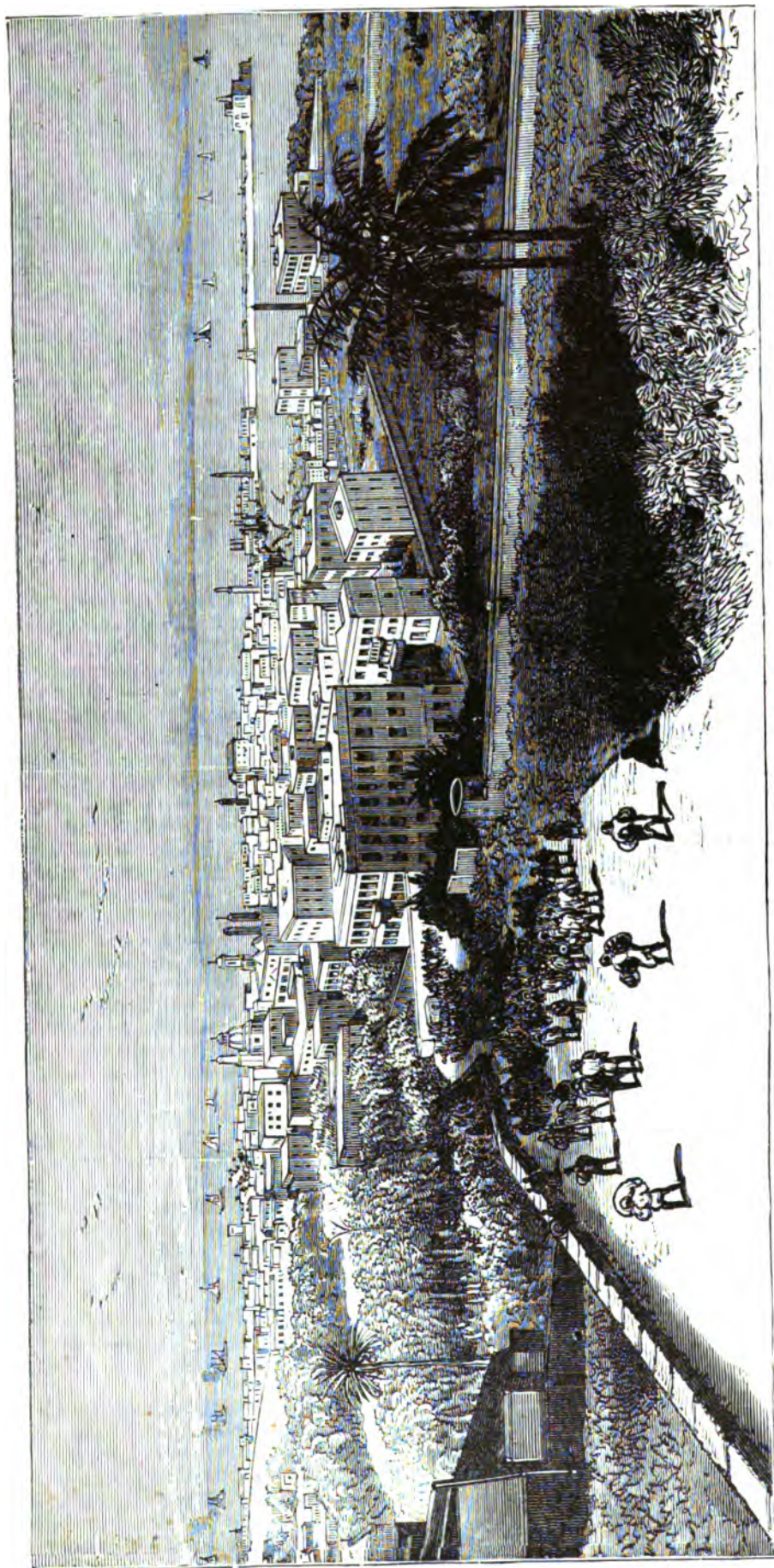
The city itself was fifteen miles in circumference, and it is said to have contained, when in its glory, 400 temples, 4,000 palaces, 4,070 public baths and 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetables only, besides theatres, obelisks and gymnasiums innumerable. There was one broad street extending in a direct line from Lake Mareotis to the Mediterranean Sea, and another intersected this at right angles, and both were adorned with stately colonnades, running the whole length of the city. A canal conducted fresh water to the city by the western or less assailable side, and cisterns were cut in the rocks to store the rain. The practical wisdom of the choice for trade and security was amply justified by history. Alexandria was for ages the pivot of the Indian trade, and so long as invasion was attempted by land, before the days of great naval expeditions, Egypt could not be subdued as easily as before. It was useless to march on Memphis while the capital remained untouched in the rear of the enemy and could draw supplies of men and munitions from the sea.

The interest of Alexandria is not so much political as literary, yet a few words must be said of her place in history during the ten centuries of her greatness. To tell the story in detail would be to relate that of Egypt. The capital of the Ptolemies, and till near the time of the Arab conquest the seat of the Roman Governor, the one great centre of Greek life, was the very heart of whatever lands

she ruled. Here Ptolemy fixed his seat of government, and he or his successor with great solemnity brought the body of Alexander in a golden coffin to rest in the city he had named. Here he began to carry out the great schemes which Alexander only lived long enough to plan. The Pharos was then built to light the way into the harbor. The palace, the arsenal, the docks, the temple of Serapis, then rose from the ground; it may be that the old king witnessed the foundation of the Library and the Museum. But the magnificence of the capital was due to his son, the wealthiest of ancient kings, Ptolemy, surnamed Philadelphus. During a long and peaceful reign he and his consort Arsinoë labored to fill the city with noble edifices and with the science and learning of Greece. The Museum was crowded with teachers and students, the Library with eager readers, the streets were thronged with the crowds of traffickers, and the idlers who flocked to the great pageants of the king and the scenes of the theatre. The picture of a royal pomp, as given by Callixenus with heraldic precision; that of the life of the rich ladies, as drawn by Theocritus with poetic liveliness, are not so striking as the little story how the rich and luxurious king looked from his palace window, and as he saw the naked children sporting on the sand, cried "Would that I were one of them!" It is the old summing up of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

The successor of Philadelphus, Ptolemy surnamed Euergetes the Benefactor, is the first King who while still a Greek began to be an Egyptian also. A quarrel with the Syrian ruler, for the sake of his sister, murdered by a rival queen, led Euergetes to make war on his Eastern neighbor. In a splendid campaign he revived the fame of the ancient Pharaohs, and the people of Egypt rejoiced when he brought back to the shrines the statues which the Persians had carried away. Berenice, beautiful and virtuous, shared his throne, and the court and city of Alexandria then reached their highest prosperity. The first century of the city's life now closed, and the decline began. Weak kings could not govern well at home, nor abroad make head against their turbulent neighbors of Syria. Pretenders in their own family took advantage of the difficulties of the heads of the house. Very soon Rome began to protect, to interfere, and to weaken, and it was only under the splendid reign of Cleopatra, ambitious, unscrupulous, but yet the last brilliant heir of Alexander's genius, that Egypt for a while recovered her greatness. Then came the catastrophe, and the Roman Empire gained a rich and turbulent province; for under the later kings a new force now appeared in Egyptian politics, the restless Greek populace of Alexandria. Strong enough to expel a tyrant, they had lost the Greek sense of liberty, and only called in a fresh tyrant in his stead. Their part was not a noble one. They were more and more isolated from the rest of Egypt. The efforts of patriots to establish a native dynasty found no sympathy with them. The momentary independence of Thebes, and the noble struggle in which she perished, were witnessed with indifference, if not with aversion. The Alexandrian mob were fallen below the people of Egypt, into a chaos of unrest where they blindly wandered, with no purpose but the desire of the moment for pleasure or for revenge.

Yet this mob ruled Egypt under the weaker Greek kings and Roman governors. The whole administration was centralized at Alexandria, and the pressure of popular clamor could move the machine of the State when it was uncontrolled by a master's hand. Thus in time the centre ceased to have any influence but that of brute force on the rest of Egypt.

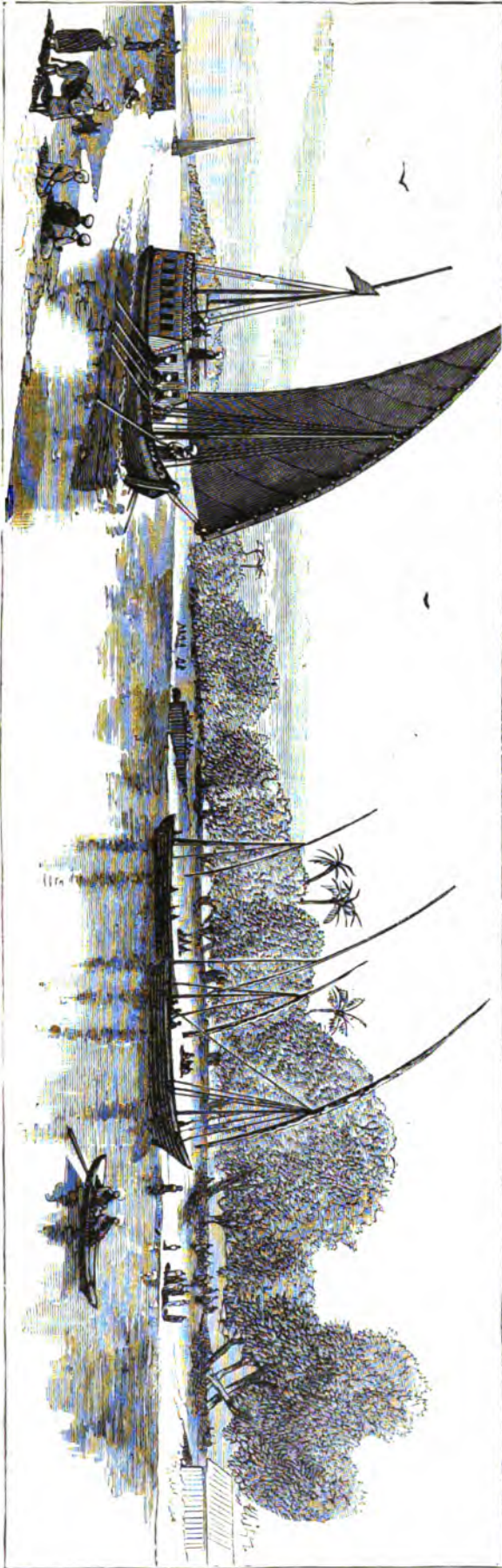


ALEXANDRIA, LOOKING SEAWARD.

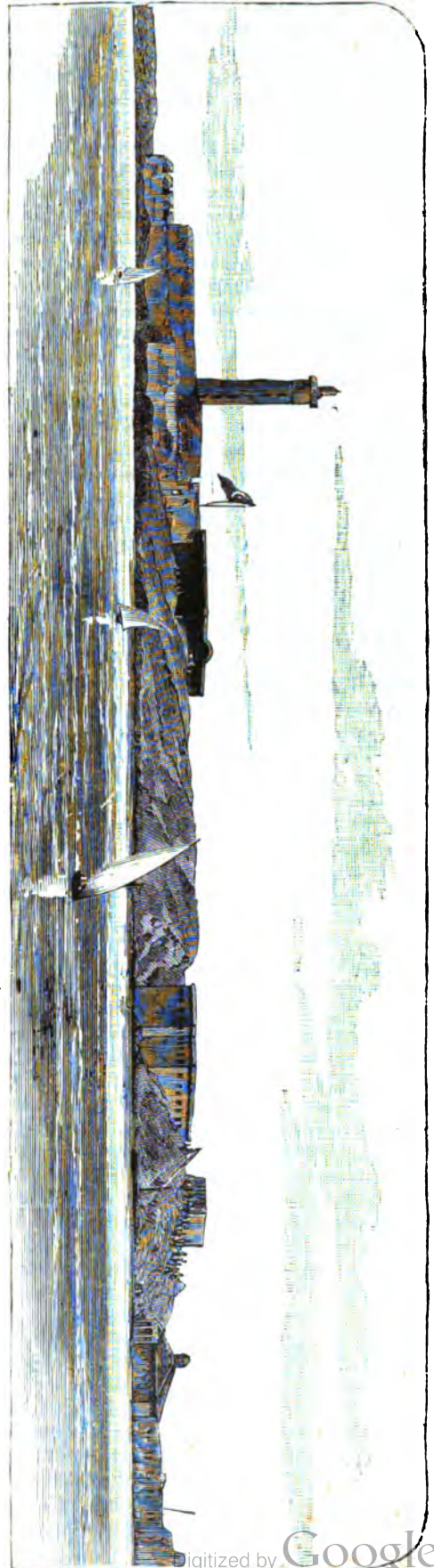
One would curiously inquire whether Alexander planned all that his city became under the Ptolemies, his successors in the Egyptian part of his great Empire. He had thought of a commercial centre, and had designed for it a constitution which should unite, after his favorite policy, the Greek and the Egyptian in a common citizenship. The Ptolemies maintained the interests of trade. They varied the constitution by introducing Hebrew citizens on a level with the Greeks, while they gave the Egyptians an inferior place, thus injuring the scheme in the very direction in which they enlarged it. To their action, though the idea may have been Alexander's, it was due that their capital became a second Athens, the centre of the Greek world, the meeting-place of the intelligence of the East and the West in a nobler commerce than that which filled the docks and the markets with the merchandise of every sea which Greek and Phœnician galleys traversed, of every land into which caravans could penetrate. The Museum and the Library of Alexandria have outshone the fame of her luxury and trade. When her name is mentioned we think not of a stately city, but of the long roll of patient students who there led the schools of thought which we call Alexandrian, of the hardy pioneers of science, and of our large debt to those early laborers who toiled for our profit; and we remember the greatest ancient treasure of books, the loss of which we ceaselessly deplore, for most of them are known to us only by name or from a tantalizing fragment.

The intellectual activity of Alexandria was centred in the Museum and the Library, but we cannot understand these institutions unless we look at





THE MAHMUDIEN CANAL, WHICH SUPPLIES ALEXANDRIA WITH FRESH WATER.



THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ALEXANDRIA HARBOR.



the whole atmosphere of thought in which they lived. We have not only to trace the origin of a great school of philosophy, the parent of other schools, and to observe a series of momentous movements in the early Church; we must not neglect the history of a new belief which was destined to take a leading part in the final conflict of Paganism and Christianity.

The mixed Greek and Egyptian population of Alexandria needed a religion such as a centre of learning could not give them. The introduction of the worn-out creed of Egypt would have been distasteful to the Greeks, a foreign worship would have met little favor with the Egyptians. Accordingly the astute old king who founded the Ptolemaic dynasty solved the difficulty of the ingenious compromise which introduced an Egyptian belief in a Hellenic form. On the pretext of a dream he dispatched messengers to Sinope on the Euxine for a sacred statue; on its arrival he consulted the Egyptian priests, and they pronounced it to represent Serapis, a form of Osiris, the ruler of the world of shades, supposed to be embodied in the living sacred bull of Memphis, Apis. Thus the worship of Osiris, the most human aspect of the native religion, became the popular faith of the capital. The animal worship was suppressed at Alexandria, but its relations to the Alexandrian divinity readily introduced the new ideas at Memphis, where the Egyptian Serapis was already revered. This new belief, touching as it did the hopes and fears of mankind, speedily gained a wide popularity. It spread throughout Egypt, and thence to the dominions of the Ptolemies on the southern shore of Asia Minor. It crossed the Ægean to Greece, and the Adriatic to Rome. Yet it was but a popular creed. The learned men of Alexandria treated it with indifference, if not with contempt, until at length they sought its aid in the final conflict with Christianity.

The Alexandrian schools of philosophy grew in and around the Museum and the Library; of these we must learn something if we would understand what they produced.

The first two Ptolemies, who for nearly eighty years ruled the richest and most tranquil part of the Empire of Alexander, had nothing more at heart than the welfare of their capital. Their policy was so completely one that we do not know to which we should assign the two foundations which are the true glory of the city, because they made it for at least seven centuries the pivot of the intellectual movement of the civilized world. Like the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and the Pharos of Alexandria, the Museum had given its name to a whole class of successors. But it was not a treasury of statues and pictures; temples and palaces then held the masterpieces of art. True to its name, the Temple of the Muses was a university, yet it contained in its precincts some of the elements of a true museum, and thus the large scope of its plan hints that a museum should be a university, and that a university cannot be complete without collections, an unconscious satire on the modern divorce of two institutions most necessary to each other's life.

Nothing in Greece was the pattern of the Museum of Alexandria. Although the Athenian youth had a regular training, the idea of a centre not alone for instruction, but also for the prosecution of research, was new to the Greeks. They owed it to the Egyptians, and the very system of Heliopolis was carried on at Alexandria. At each city the university was attached to a temple, at each there was a regular staff of professors who at once taught and studied, at each the scope of the subjects had a general similarity.

We know much of the learned men of the Museum; of

the establishment itself we know but little. Thus much is certain: there were four faculties, as we should call them—poetry, mathematics, astronomy and medicine. A botanical garden, which became a garden of acclimatization, was attached to the Museum, as well as a menagerie; showing that natural history had a place in the teaching. Surprising as it seems, philosophy was left out. It was the policy of the Ptolemies to avoid studies which could cast doubt on the moral basis of their system of government, and overthrow the religion of Egypt, with its new development, the worship of Serapis. Even the priest of the Museum might have lost his influence. He was an important functionary, who stood at the head of the establishment like the rector of a modern college. Next him were the professors. They were the most learned men of the time, attracted by the dignity, the influence, and the emoluments of their offices. For they were salaried by the State. The buildings comprised a great dining-hall, the common room of the professors, their theatre for public disputations, their columned corridor for peripatetic lectures, and their private apartments.

It is so usual to speak of the Library of Alexandria, that we need to be reminded that it was twofold. The Library proper was attached to the Museum, but a second great collection was housed, probably for want of room, far away in the Temple of Serapis. Of the extent of the collection as a whole various accounts are given, perhaps owing to the usual confusion between books and volumes, perhaps with reference to different times. One estimate is 500,000 volumes; and the Library of the Temple of Serapis was by a single addition augmented to the extent of 200,000 volumes, when the collection of the Kings of Pergamus was given by Mark Antony to Cleopatra. If we take a low estimate, a library wholly of manuscripts must have been not insignificant beside its greatest modern successors of the earlier half of this century, though in these manuscripts are but a small item beside the vast array of printed books. But number is no test of value. That which sharpens our regret is the quality of the books, of which the loss has cost the life's labor of generations of scholars, striving day and night to work back corrupt texts into the purity in which the Alexandrian Library possessed them, or hopelessly studying a broken fragment of a book which was there complete.

There was a time of repose before the vast material of the Library was brought to bear on speculative thought. The limits of teaching at the Museum, and the predominance of the practical side of knowledge, made the Alexandrian learning at first skeptical and critical. As skeptical it did not attach itself to any one of the great schools of thought. As critical it devoted itself to the heavy work of examining, comparing, and revising the vast body of Greek literature now for the first time brought together. The poets especially were eagerly studied, and we owe our text of Homer to the careful labor of the learned men of Alexandria. Thus the earliest school of Alexandria was eminently practical. In the sphere of imagination it produced nothing. The Alexandrian poetry is sometimes exotic, like the Idyls of Theocritus, but is generally a tasteful copy of old masters. Original art was of necessity absent. There is no style of Alexandria at the very time when Pergamus and Rhodes were showing, the one great originality, the other mastery of form. When the Greeks at Alexandria returned to the poetry and imagination of philosophy, art, which cannot live without perpetual tradition, could no longer be revived.

The first traces of a definite school of philosophy at Alexandria are seen where we should least expect them. In an Egyptian temple of the Ptolemaic age, when we are

given the key which the genius of Mariette discovered, we find ourselves in the presence of national ideas transformed by Greek influence. The very art has received a new impulse, and the graces of Greek architecture, dead at Alexandria, live again in the Thebaid under an Egyptian shape. The system of the different parts of the edifice is changed from the mere chance of older times to a strict method. Each hall and chamber has its proper purpose, its suitable sculptures and inscriptions, leading up from the lower stages of knowledge to initiation into the higher truths. At the end of the temple, in the sanctuary, the king worships the Ideas of Plato's philosophy, the Beautiful, the True, and the Good.

Yet this transfusion of new life into the long dead belief of Egypt was fatal in its effect. A religion which had fallen into hopeless decay could only disappear at the touch of philosophy. Thus at the moment when all its greatest thoughts were clothed in worthy form, a deep and hopeless doubt seized on the minds of the people, except those few who could accept the new view without losing whatever was worth retaining in the old doctrines. It was through them that the Alexandrian thinkers received a current of Egyptian influence.

Yet more remarkable was the meeting of Greek and Hebrew thought, and the share which Plato took in their fusion. The Jews of Alexandria, dwelling in a Greek city and speaking its language, soon needed a translation of the Law into their vulgar tongue. Tradition says that this important work was executed by the desire of the second Ptolemy, but it is more reasonable to think that it was due to the care of the Alexandrian sanhedrim. From that moment the logic and philosophy of Greece gave a more fixed form to Hebrew thought, and suggested its definition: from that moment the Platonists were offered that which they had long desired, the reality of their great leader's noble Ideas. A whole literature of the Alexandrian Hebrews attested their largeness of mind and their knowledge of Greek philosophy. In our much-neglected Apocrypha, the Wisdom of Solomon is a splendid instance of this new direction of thought. But the most remarkable productions of this school are the writings of Philo, the earliest Platonist of Alexandria. Philo is indeed the great thinker of the age, in whom we first see the mighty effect of the translation of the Hebrew Scripture into Greek. He has found the philosophic grammar by which to arrange the thoughts of the ancient teachers, and at the same time he has given that grammar a living speech. He has perceived in the Hebrew belief truths faintly mirrored in Platonism. Yet the exclusiveness of Judaism bars the path of his progress. He has reached the wall of the universe in which he lives, and cannot overleap it. Beyond are the brethren to whom he would fain stretch out brotherly arms, but cannot. No further could he go, nor could his successors, inferior to him, for he had journeyed straight to the limits within which they could only wander. But the path was made and the rampart attained which was to fall at the trumpet-sound of a victorious faith.

Alexandria, with her Greek and Hebrew philosophers, early became a centre of Christian thought. Nowhere so much as here did the new religion grow and prosper. Nowhere did she receive so much from older modes of thought. The Platonist saw in Christianity a fuller and clearer embodiment of the noble Ideas of his philosophy than could be seen in Judaism; the Hebrew saw in it the extension of the faith of Abraham and the promises to the whole race of man; the Egyptian saw in it the great doctrines of the Divine unity and man's future condition, which had only just disappeared from his religion in the

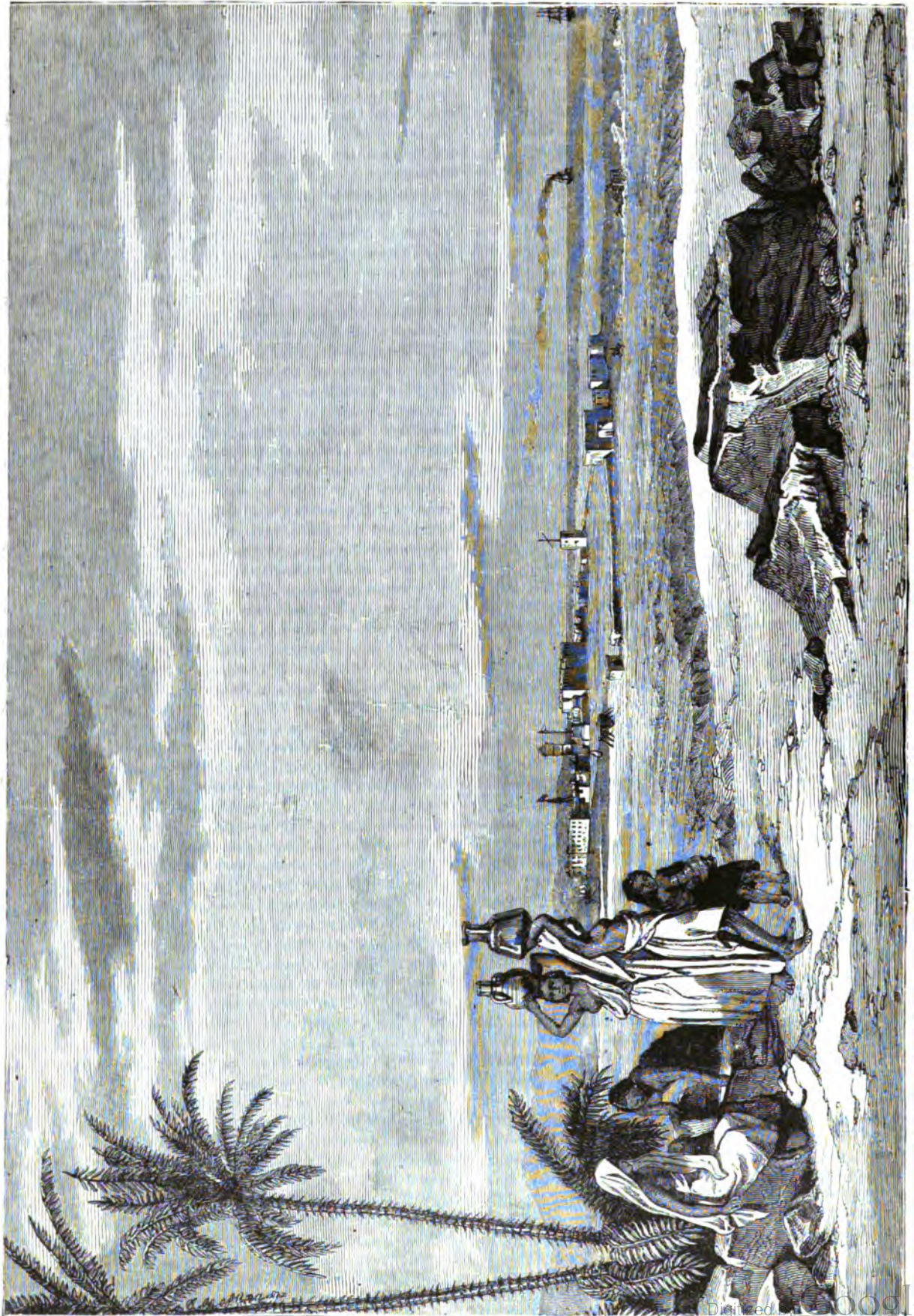
shock of its contact with philosophy. The Greek vehicle which gave the expressions of Hebrew thought a definiteness which they had hitherto wanted, yet which limited that luminous vagueness which has in it the living principle of development, was of necessity accepted by the Christianity as by the Judaism of Alexandria. But Hebrew thought reacted upon Greek form; the first translations were the work of Hebrews, and the medium was deeply colored by their use. Thus the Greek of the early Church was not purely Hellenic; rather it was an intermediate mode of expression, retaining somewhat of the old expansiveness, marked by somewhat of the new limitation. Alexandrian speculation was not without a native influence. The Egyptian contributed his love of mystery, and that strong desire for individual holiness without reference to others which is the root of asceticism.

Two men are typical of the stirring age of the young Church in the great Greek city. Clement of Alexandria, the learned Greek, eagerly read all philosophy, not to explain or to define dogma, but because he felt that the truth was to be discovered everywhere, in Greek and in Egyptian as well as in Hebrew writings. To him there was nothing derogatory to the Scriptures in the belief that there were other revelations, that indeed all wisdom was necessarily a gift of God. Had he reasoned out his view he would have been a modern of the moderns. As it is, he remains only a pious searcher, rejoicing in each fresh treasure that rewards his unwearied labor. In his simple nature and his true love of various knowledge combined, he stands quite alone, to the loss of later generations, for had there been more like him, far less of ancient knowledge would have been allowed to perish.

Origen, like Clement, was a great and loving student; but he was more: he was one of the few original thinkers the world has known. He is of the school of Alexandria, yet one of ourselves, as the greatest men have no time or country, but are the common property of all mankind. He is of the Alexandrians, for by race an Egyptian, by training a Greek, by choice a Christian, he, the most learned man of the early Church, always remained Egyptian and Greek as well as Christian. He is of us, and so the most interesting figure of his time, because he alone looked at the problems of theology with modern as well as with ancient eyes. He accepts the doctrines of Christianity, and uses philosophy for their definition; so far, he is ancient. Suddenly we see him calling on his reason and his moral sense to explain that which in its current form neither is willing to receive. Thus he betakes himself to Hebrew criticism, and translates afresh every passage of Scripture bearing on his difficulty; now he is modern. Thus it is with his famous argument in favor of the restitution of all things, which, be it remembered, he never advanced but as a theory, with modesty and reverence. But the argument, if it deal with that which is beyond man's reason, is well worth reading for its imaginative force and that finer sympathy which exalts him above his modern successors.

Origen was too learned and too deep a thinker for promotion. He held no place of honor or control; in his life he suffered from the suspicion of narrow minds; after his death, he was not added to the splendid roll of the saints; nor is it usual to consider the most profound philosopher, the most learned writer, the most laborious editor of the early Church, him whose wearied body held a soul of "brazen" strength and "adamantine" acuteness, as one of the Fathers, still less as one of the Doctors. Yet his fame shines out of ancient Alexandria like her far-seen Pharos, illuminating our way and warning us against its dangers.





WOMEN DRAWING WATER FROM A WELL OUTSIDE OF ALEXANDRIA.



These men lived in days when the state and the vulgar persecuted, but the philosophers sympathized. With the triumph of Christianity came the separation of the four schools of thought. The Hebrews, startled by the catastrophe of Jerusalem, shrank back into their old exclusiveness and disappeared for centuries from the field of controversy. For the time their work was done. The philosophic and Egyptian parties united. Casting about for a religion for the vulgar, the philosophers were entrapped by the specious claims of the worship of Serapis, and thus their later works are tinged with superstitions and magic to an extent which makes us wonder at the admiration with which many modern critics regard them. The Church having drawn from alien sources, no longer sought them as before. The influence of these sources was, however, felt long after they seemed to be dried up. Religion was strongly colored by the definitions of philosophy constantly increasing in precision, and by the introduction of asceticism. Hence arose the great controversies which raged in the early Church, and the new and false ideal of Christian life which we call monastic.

The first effect of the translation of the Old Testament was, as we

have seen, to give so much of definite form to Hebrew thought as the Greek-speaking Hebrews were able to accept. The publication of the New Testament produced the same effect. But as the Christians studied philosophy and neglected He-

brew, this Greek tendency became more and more determinate. The very terms of theology were often philosophic, and had been the subjects of subtle analysis and keen discussion. Hence arose those debates which occupied the time and marred the usefulness of the Church for nearly five centuries, and which now we fail to understand. The questions which agitate believers of our day, such as the authority of the Church, the future condition of the dead, and a multitude of others, then never raised a doubt, except with some rare minds who lived before their time. Theologians busied themselves with deep mysteries now never discussed, then handled as though they had been matters capable of mathematical definition. As we think of these forgotten controversies, when their documents come before our eyes, we feel like a traveler who suddenly beholds a range of extinct volcanoes. The fires are quenched, and around their ashes rise the hollow walls which once glowed with ceaseless movement. There is no sign that they will ever be active again. Their life is gone, and they belong to the realm of the dead things of a forgotten age. In other regions other mountains are aglow, and enlighten while they threaten other fields and vineyards.

Yet more remarkable and more lasting was the return which the Egyptian religion made to Christianity when she offered the doubtful gift of asceticism. The system of

a separate religious life in the seclusion of a convent is foreign to the instincts of the Shemites. Men bent on retirement always went from the peopled land to the silence of the desert. So did Elijah and the Baptist. Yet they returned in renewed strength to work among their fellow-men. There were then no hermits, still less were there convents. The sons of the prophets formed religious communities, and the Essenes had their separate villages; but both these were not monastic establishments, rather were they associations of men, or men and women, who had a common purpose in life, or would live away from the distractions of the world.

In Egypt the third century suddenly shows us the hermit life and the conventual system in full vigor. It is significant that the first hermit, St. Antony, was an Egyptian, who did not speak Greek till he was past his twentieth year. It is much more significant that St. Pachomius, the founder of the first convent, was an Egyptian monk in an Egyptian convent before he embraced the new faith, and carried into its practices the whole conventual system. That strange life, if life it may be called, shows in every aspect its double parentage, in its spiritual

pride and its unworldliness, in its egotism and its generosity, in its indolence and its industry, its deadness and yet its vitality. It has never ceased to be Egyptian, but it has never failed to be Christian. While we admit what we owe to its many virtues, the learned



VIEW OF THE PORT OF ALEXANDRIA.

zeal which preserved the classics, and the missionary zeal which transformed the wild tribes of the Swiss valleys and the German forests, we must yet acknowledge the wretched indolence and selfish quietism which marked whole communities in the most active times. Nor is it less remarkable to see how the two principles alternately triumphed, how a body of fierce inquisitors crossed the ocean, and became like Las Casas, the firm yet gentle protectors of the Indians against their Spanish oppressors.

Religion had been colored by philosophy, dogma had been fixed, the monastic system had been instituted, the Hebrews had drawn away, and the philosophers were looking on in hostile apprehensiveness. Such was the state of Alexandrian opinion at the moment of the triumph of Christianity, when the scene of conflict was no longer without but within the Church. It was a time of great movements, in which we discern figures so large that distance cannot dwarf them—one, indeed, the primate Athanasius, towering above the rest, the man of most personal influence throughout the Roman Empire between Julius Cæsar and Charlemagne. The heresy of Arius, a Libyan if not an Egyptian, was a compromise between Christianity and philosophy, which must have attracted the Hebrew and Geek elements in the Church, led by a man of intellectual acuteness and persuasive power. His opponent Athanasius, with inferior mental gifts, had a supreme skill

in rousing the loyalty of his followers, an untiring energy, a tender tolerance, not rarely the gentle counterpoise of a fiery nature, and an entire forgetfulness of self. Throughout his most dramatic career he retained the simplicity of his youth. Persecuted and hunted down, five times an exile, and often in danger of his life, he triumphed at last, and died in peace, ruler of the patriarchal throne of Alexandria. He was neither Greek, nor Hebrew, nor Egyptian, but cast in the Roman mold; not a thinker or enthusiast or dreamer, but a man and a ruler of men.

The breach between the Church and the philosophers was now complete. It was made impassable by the ill fortune which gave the heathen party a temporary triumph under the auspices of the Emperor Julian, variously called the Apostate or the Philosopher. Julian was a man of politic compromises. He did not actively persecute the Church, but he set up the old religion of Serapis under the protection of philosophy. All was overturned by his early death, except the mischief he had done. The Church had learnt nothing but to despise the philosophers, and at last began to persecute the gentle quietists, who still lingered about the precincts of the Museum. The defeated party win our full sympathy when we see the cruel death of Hypatia, beautiful, gentle and learned, who may almost be called the last light of the Greek school of Alexandria. The mob had become the agent of the fanatical churchmen. The toleration of paganism had lately ceased with the sack of the temple of Serapis; and now the teaching of philosophy was about to be proscribed.

The Church could not, however, destroy the philosophic tendency, which grew stronger and stronger within it. The theologians wrangled over insoluble points of doctrine, while learning was neglected and the state was in danger. When they had achieved the final separation of the Greek from the native Church, the Arabs came, and the hostility of the Egyptians to their rulers made the conquest of Egypt easy. Alexandria alone offered a stout defense. When the city was taken and the Library burnt, her history ceases. Never afterward the capital of Egypt, Alexandria only appears from time to time as a seat of commercial wealth. We read, indeed, how an Arab prince in the ninth century restored the Library and the University, which grew in the twelfth century to be a centre of Aristotelian teaching, as though the old institutions had risen from their ashes; but in the vicissitudes of history there was no stability in this revival, and we hear of it no more.

Unlike Rome and Athens, Alexandria has scarcely a trace of her ancient magnificence. Had her edifices been Egyptian, they would not have disappeared, but at their capital the Greek kings and Roman emperors built as Greeks, and not as Egyptians. Thus, while their temples stand in Upper Egypt in massive splendor, the capital is almost without record of their rule. Fragments or sites alone recall her great edifices. At the entrance of the Great Harbor a lighthouse still marks the place of the famous Pharos of Alexandria. Of the Museum, the Library, the Palaces, the Mausoleum and the Temple of Serapis, there are no remains which can be recognized, unless indeed the late discovery of a great sepulchral vault has brought to light part of the royal burial-place. Of the obelisks removed from older cities to adorn the new capital, a pair remained till our own time, one standing, the other fallen. Modern taste has despoiled Alexandria of these striking monuments, to set them up apart in London and in New York, amid un congenial surroundings. The great column yet stands which is commonly known as Pompey's Pillar, raised by the Prefect of Egypt in honor of Diocletian, probably when he recovered the

country after the revolt of the usurper or patriot Achilleus. It is nearly a hundred feet high, the shaft being a single block of red granite. An interesting monument of the environs may yet be traced, the temple of Queen Arsinoë as Aphrodite on the promontory of Zephyrium, near Ramleh, "the Sandy," a favorite resort of the Alexandrian merchants of our day. The position is very striking, on a high cliff looking over the sea toward Cyprus, the island of the goddess here worshiped. In the quiet of the ruin, where the silence of the desert coast is only broken by the murmuring waves as they break on the sandy shore below, memory recalls the tale which gives this temple a place in history. When Energetes went away on his great expedition into the far east, Queen Berenice here vowed if her husband returned in safety to dedicate her beautiful hair to the sea-born goddess to whom the sailors prayed. The vow was kept, and the long golden tresses hung up within the temple. Some daring thief who feared neither goddess nor king carried off the costly offering. Ptolemy, enraged by the loss, sought in vain, until Conon, the state astronomer, discovered Berenice's hair, not at Alexandria, but in the sky, as a string of stars. The stars had been there of old, and were only separated as a new constellation by depriving the Lion of his tail; yet the conceit satisfied the king. Conon's device has been called an act of flattery; it was rather a chivalrous fancy worthy of Sidney, lastingly commemorating the devotion of a wife and the gratitude of a husband in the days when royal marriages were rarely ideal.

At a Christian altar in the city St. Mark was ministering, when an infuriated body of heathen burst into the church, and, dragging him forth, hurried him along to the Great Temple of Serapis, offering him pardon and safety if he would burn but one little handful of incense to the gods. Steadfast in his faith, he faced that raging sea of idolaters, and calmly met the terrible fate before him. Finding they could nowise shake the loyalty of that solitary, brave Christian, they dragged him to the Bucelus, a precipice by the sea, where stood the State prison. There they left him for the night, and his peaceful slumbers were gladdened by a glorious vision of the appearance of One who told him that his name was written in the Book of Life. When morning broke his tormentors returned and dragged him to and fro about the city until he died. Then loving hands rescued that honored clay, and, burning the body, sent the ashes to be treasured up at Venice.

There are other saintly names intimately associated with this city. St. Anthony came forth from his cell in Upper Egypt, and traveled to Alexandria to cheer and encourage his brethren in the mines and caves; accompanying the martyrs to their dungeons, and standing fearlessly by them, even in their last dread hour, clad in his white monastic robe, as one nowise shrinking from the crown of martyrdom. This, however, was not in store for him; so when the persecution abated, he returned to his cell, which he had made on a mountain difficult of access, hoping thereby to get beyond reach of the multitudinous visitors, who broke in upon his peaceful solitude. Nevertheless, he tilled a garden in the desert, that he might have refreshment to offer to such as persisted in following him.

In later years he returned to Alexandria, to confound the teaching of the Ariana. Even the pagans flocked to hear a man so holy, so learned, and withal so meek and humble. They found him sociable and courteous; and he altogether won their hearts by his gentleness and simple charity to all men. They marveled how one so wise could choose to live alone in the desert, apart from men and books, but he taught them that he never was alone, and

that, as for books, Nature was the great volume which to him supplied the place of all others. So he abode a while in the city, comforting the sad, and teaching all, and then returned to the desert to dwell, sometimes in his cell, sometimes in his monastery, whence he wrote letters of loving counsel to the Emperor Constantine and his sons, and where he finally died unmolested.

Another of the names in the great host of Alexandria's saints and martyrs, is that of St. Catherine. Here it was that the cruel wheel for once refused its office, and flew in pieces so soon as the intended victim was bound to it, striking several of her persecutors with such force that they died. Finally she was beheaded, but ere she died she prayed that her body might not be left in the hands of pagans, and in answer to her prayer the angels came, and, snatching it away from these furious heathen, they carried it to Mount Sinai and there buried it, on the spot where the convent dedicated to St. Catherine now stands.

So great was the multitude of pilgrims who flocked to this holy shrine, that a special order of knighthood was instituted for their protection from the marauding Arabs. These were the Knights of St. Catherine of Mount Sinai. They wore a white habit, whereon was embroidered a half-wheel armed with spikes, and traversed by a sword stained with blood, the instruments of her martyrdom.

Here, too, it was that St. Jerome came to study under the learned Didymus, who, although blind from his infancy (by reason of ophthalmia, such as is but too common among the Alexandrian infants of the present day), nevertheless, with the assistance of hired readers and copyers, made himself master of every conceivable branch of science—geometry, astronomy and philosophy—so that he was esteemed a prodigy, and, being also a man of exceeding holiness, was appointed by St. Athanasius to the charge of the great School of Alexandria.

To facilitate his study of the Holy Scriptures, he got the letters of the alphabet cut in wood, and learned to distinguish them by the touch. So it seems that raised books for the blind are no modern invention, any more than boxes of alphabets, inasmuch as we find one of these saintly fathers counseling a young matron on the education of her family, and recommending that they should in early years be accustomed to play with such boxes of letters carved in wood or ivory.

Yet another familiar name is that of St. Athanasius, who for forty-six years held high and honorable office as Primate of Alexandria during the troublous times of the Arian heresy. Again and again he was driven from his bishopric, and forced to find refuge in the caves and dens in the desert, though happily the last years of the good old man were years of peace, and he was suffered to end his days calmly, surrounded by his beloved flock.

Foremost among his foes was that George of Cappadocia who headed the Arians, and who, from time to time, superseded Athanasius in the Archbishopric. This is that St. George whom Gibbon has thought fit to identify with England's patron saint, though, by his showing, one little worthy of such honor.

He became a zealous convert to Arianism, and was raised by Constantine to the Archiepiscopate, when he distinguished himself by the appalling cruelty with which he persecuted the Athanasians—confiscating their goods, branding and torturing some, putting multitudes to death, pillaging houses, burning churches, or profaning them, even polluting and ransacking the cemeteries. Women were forcibly baptized, and such as refused to communicate with him were seized and scourged, while the consecrated elements were forced into their mouths. Such as still retained their constancy of purpose were stripped of

their garments and beaten on the face, so that none could recognize them, while the men were scourged to death.

Not content, however, with persecuting the Athanasians, he recruited his coffers by plundering the heathen temples, and taxing Christians and pagans alike, till his oppression became unendurable and the people expelled him from the city. Once more reinstated by Constantine, he held his ground till the accession of Julian, when his day of retribution came. Dragged to prison by his foes, in company with two of his adherents, he there lay twenty-four days, after which the people would wait no longer for their revenge, but, bursting open the prison doors, they murdered the archbishop and his companions, carried their bodies triumphantly through the city, and threw them into the sea.

Of course such a death, at the hands of the heathen, was speedily described as martyrdom, and canonization soon followed. Some there were who still doubted his sanctity, but the Arians stuck by their saint, and in after ages others besides Gibbon have confused his name with that of the real St. George, also born in Cappadocia, who, sixty years previously, had given his life for the faith, being the first martyr in the persecution under Diocletian.

The distance from Alexandria to Cairo is about 130 miles by railway, but it is a journey of five hours. The Khédive's palace of Ras-el-Tin is situated on the island, next the modern lighthouse and fort. The Arsenal is at the inner harbor; the Catacombs, on the southern shore, marking the site of the ancient city. The interior of the town itself presents no features of interest. There are the quays, with old-fashioned, rather squalid houses on the shore of the Old Port; the Arab quarter, to the south, consisting of mud hovels; the cotton market, the canal wharves, the railway station and barracks, on the same side; to the east, facing the New Port, beyond Fort Napoleon, is the Grand Square, the Place des Consuls, or Frank Square, formerly called the Place Mahomet Ali, which has, with several adjacent streets, come to be chiefly inhabited by European residents. It was in the Rue des Sœurs "Sikket el Binaat," in this quarter of the city, that the frightful riots of Sunday, June 11th, began, and simultaneously in two other places, and along the Marina.

The population of Alexandria is of a very mixed character, consisting, besides the native Turks and Arabs, of Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Italians, French, English, Germans, etc. At one time the ancient city is believed to have contained 600,000 inhabitants, but at the beginning of this century the number probably did not exceed 6,000. In 1825 this had increased to 16,000, in 1840 to 60,000, and in 1871 to 219,602, of whom 53,829 were foreigners.

#### EGYPTIAN PROPHECIES FULFILLED.

WHEN the Congress of Orientalists met in London in 1874, Brugsch Bey read a paper to the Hamitic section on the route of the Israelites at the exodus. In this he advocated a theory which had been previously advanced by Richter and Schleidan. Brugsch Bey's intimate knowledge of Egyptian archæology enabled him to add much that was new to the theory, and he has been thus able to make out so good a case that many biblical scholars have followed him. Still, from the number who have accepted the theory, it cannot be said as yet to have superseded the other, which has been just described. He makes Zoan—now called by the Arabs San or San-el-Hager, "San of the stones," from the quantity of stones remaining of temples and obelisks—to have been the City of Rameses. This site is on a plain near the marshy ground on the

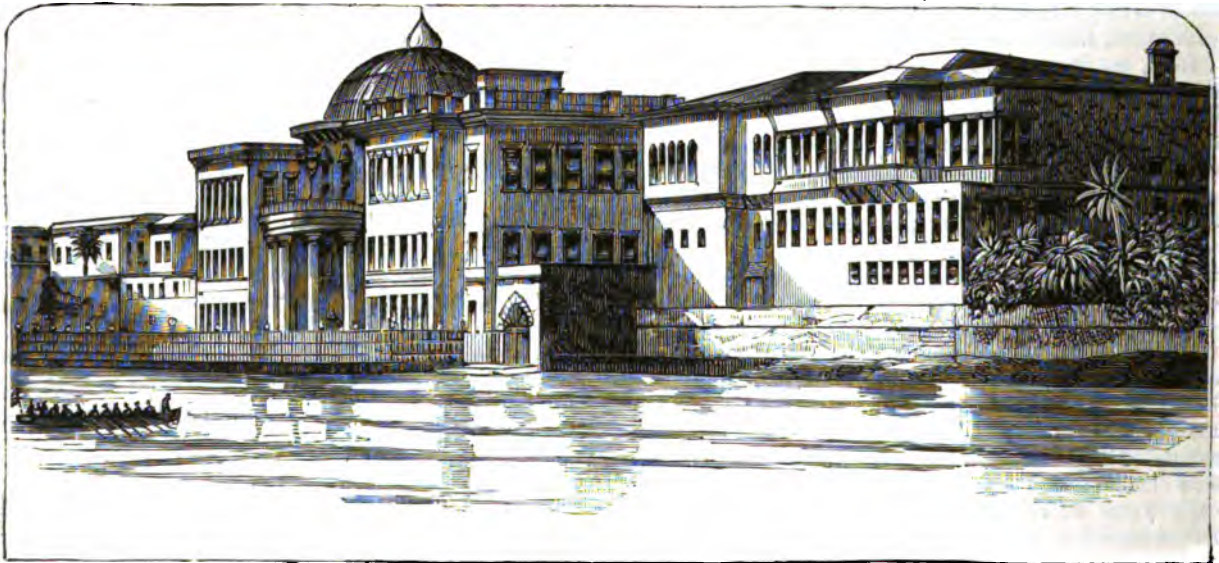


south of Lake Menzaleh. It is certainly an ancient place, for it is said, "Now Hebron was built seven years before Zoan, in Egypt" (Num. xiii. 22). To the north of Zoan he finds a place called Gosem; in some maps it is Gosein. This, he thinks, is the old name of Goshen, and that the field or plain Zoan was the land of Goshen. The other names connected with the exodus are also found by Brugsch Bey in the northeastern portion of the Delta, Migdol being one well known on maps, which is the same as Magdala, Theodore's fortress in Abyssinia, the word meaning a tower or fort. This place is twelve miles northeast of Kantara, on the Suez Canal. Pihahiroth he places on the shore of the Mediterranean, and it is in the Serbonian Lake, a long strip of water to the east of the ancient Pelusium, that Brugsch Bey supposes the disaster occurred to the hosts of Pharaoh.

It will no doubt rather startle most readers to find that the Red Sea is thus entirely left out, but the advocates of this theory contend that the distinctive term which characterizes the Red Sea does not occur in the narrative. In the Hebrew it was called the Jam Suph, or "Sea of

Cairo and Suez meet, and from this it may be looked upon as the key of the railway system of the delta. More important still, the supply of fresh water to the Suez Canal can be restored at this point, so that its possession will be of the highest importance. "Aven" is Heliopolis, and the name was given in contempt by the Prophet Ezekiel, as it means "nothingness." It has no strategical importance like Zagazig, but as it is close to Cairo it may come within the field of operations.

All that remains of this celebrated city and its magnificent temple are mounds of earth and one solitary obelisk erected by Osirtesen. Between Heliopolis and Zagazig there is an interesting spot connected with the later Jewish history. It is called Tel-el-Yehoodee, or "The Mound of the Jew." In Josephus, b. xiii, c. 3, will be found an account of it. Onias, son of the high priest of the Temple of Jerusalem, got permission from Ptolemy and Cleopatra to build a temple in Egypt which should be like the one in Jerusalem. Josephus says it was much inferior. Still, such a temple was constructed, with priests and a service the same as the Jews were accustomed to. The



THE CITY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—THE RAS-EL-TIN PALACE AT ALEXANDRIA.—SEE PAGE 454.

Weeds." Now, in the story of Pharaoh's destruction the word "suph" (reeds) is left out, and the word for sea alone is used. It is only in the song of Moses that it is called the "Jam Suph" (Exodus xv. 4), and its application here Brugsch Bey and his followers have to assume is an accident.

Returning again to the more generally accepted Land of Goshen, we find at its western end a recognized site which is mentioned in Scripture. In Ezekiel xxx. 17, it is stated that "the young men of Aven and of Pi-beseth shall fall by the sword; and these cities shall go into captivity." If this should chance to be an unfulfilled prophecy, it is not likely to remain so very long. Pi-beseth will, in all probability, be one of the first objective points of the troops acting on the eastern side of Egypt. Pi-beseth was Pa-Bast, which the Greeks rendered Bubastus, the name being derived from a goddess who was worshiped at the place called Pasht, and whose statues with the head of a lioness or cat are plentiful in the British Museum.

On the mounds left by the city there is now an important railway station called Zagazig. Most travelers through Egypt will remember this station from its large refreshment room. It is here that the lines from Alexandria,

place was known previously as Leontopolis, and a temple had stood there, and a palace of Rameses III. existed at it, all of which was in ruins when Onias constructed his temple, which also is now gone, and nothing but mounds are left to mark the spot. Onias in his letter to Ptolemy quoted in favor of his proposals the prophecy in Isaiah xix. 19—"In that day shall there be an altar in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord." These words are acknowledged by Ptolemy and Cleopatra as being the inducement which caused them to make the grant. This temple attracted Jews, and there were other cities in the district where they predominated, but little is known regarding them.

WHEN thou standest before His gate, knock loudly and boldly, not as a beggar knocks, but as one who belongs to the house; not as a vagabond, who is afraid of the police, but as a friend and an intimate acquaintance; not as one who is apprehensive of being troublesome, or of coming at an improper time, but of a guest who may rest assured of a hearty welcome.—*Dr. F. W. Krummacher.*



ALIXÉ.—"TO HEAR HER WAS TO BRING BEFORE ONE A GLINT OF SUMMER SUNSHINE."—SEE PAGE 466.

## ALIXÉ

THEY had been traveling for many months together—a pleasant party of Americans, scarcely known to each other at home, but bound by that mystic tie of comradeship which travel engenders, and now friends for all time in the fullest acceptance of the word. They had wandered about like merry children, finding a second Summer blooming among the heights of the Bernese Oberland. For days and days the same blue, cloudless canopy hung over them; every night they rested in some mountain hamlet; every morning they took up the pleasant burden of their life again, making out of it all a perpetual holiday.

They turned aside when it pleased them to rest, pausing to sketch a waterfall, or a wild-eyed peasant-boy, who sat like Giotto of old watching his goats on lonely ledges; or they essayed impossible copies of the snow-covered peaks, flashing up as with sudden fires when the sun went down in solemn grandeur, striving to catch the pomp and pageantry of cloud that to their delighted egoism seemed like a panorama on an infinite scale, ever shifting for their pleasure. They loitered through the long, bright, halcyon days, keeping before them the peak of the Wetterhorn, like a weird, ghastly finger, pointing in frozen silence upward, until, like a dream of beauty, Summer was left behind and they stood in caverns of solid ice, blue, cold and glassy as the skies above them.

There were three of them—Steenie Ray, Horace Leslie and Valentine Rainsford, and of the three figures, that of Rainsford was the most striking. He was a tall, well-built man, of forty years, perhaps, with a stern, dark, rather repressed sort of a face—one could not tell what it was; very likely repressed ambition—but it had left traces of something the very reverse of benediction; clearly not what the world calls a sunny-tempered man, but one that singularly enough counted friends by the dozen, and always demanded and received a certain share of respect.

He had begun life as a poor artist, with the inevitable struggle and aspirations without which an artist seldom gets beyond mediocrity, and the cultivation of his æsthetic tastes had now become the leading motive of his life. With travel a new element had been infused into his life; a deepening, ever-widening sense of happiness had smoothed his hitherto somewhat rough path.

The other men were younger. One had just completed a university education abroad, and was hoping soon to meet his family, who were *en route* for a year's tour of the Continent; the other, with plenty of time and money at his disposal, was looking at life with somewhat vague, desultory ideas, and not at all overawed or impressed with a sense of its responsibility and vastness as yet.

Young America, with its hands in its pockets, whistling a gay tune, and liberally taking the last new waltz-step around the world, yields rather to the demands of society in a charming expatriation, and asks nothing graver than the passing pleasure which foreign travel bestows.

Yet Steenie Ray, boyish to a fault, and serenely self-complacent, had become the almost inseparable companion of Valentine Rainsford—a friendship only to be explained by that subtle law of antagonism which seems to govern the world.

Three young men in the very heyday of life are not apt to be tinctured with sentiment even when facing the solemn Alpine stillness, and the two looked up rather surprised at Rainsford, who began in a slow, ringing recitative:

"The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,  
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore."

"That's a very fair idea of it," said Horace, gayly. "It was only yesterday that we listened to the waterfalls at Haali, giving ourselves over utterly to the drowsy Summer sweetness of its tune, and to-day we are groping our way in the lowest circle of Dante's Inferno. I can't say I like it. We consent to hell for its poetical uses, not as a frightfully near destiny, and it all seems so true when one is here. You, Rainsford, are the very realization of Lucifer—not Dante's Lucifer—Goethe had a better idea of him. His Satanic Majesty must be all that is elegant and alluring, a perfect gentleman, in short—that is my idea of the devil."

"Thanks," said Val, leaning on his alpenstock, composedly, looking down into the blue, cold, dripping abysses, with a fearless eye, while the younger man of the party, Steenie Ray, trilled out a stave or two of a German school-song. The echo tossed the sound from cliff to cliff, and then a sweet, clear voice took up the burden of the air, until, right above their heads, in clouds, as it were, came such a silvery tangle of rare song as mortals seldom hear even in such enchanted ground. Lucifer dropped his alpenstock, and Steenie sprang impulsively to his feet, crying, "Hark! What was that? Angel or woman—for it was one or both. Who calls? Who calls?" he shouted: and then as a low trill of laughter floated on the air, they all, with one impulse, looked upward to catch a glimpse of a flushed fair face, like an Alpine flower, all the sweeter for blooming amid the frost and snow. It gave one glance, then disappeared.

"It is a vision!" cried Steenie, with his hand upon his heart in burlesque ecstacy. "The time is past for calling up spirits from the Alpine caves, else I should plead with Val to weave an incantation. Did you ever see anything more beautiful, Horace, my boy?"

"A pretty little American girl, I dare say," granted Horace. "No one but an American would have the audacity to finish your song for you. If I were a chamois I would run up yonder rocks and find her; as it is, I must be content to meet her at the Reichenbach. Shall we press on, Lucifer?"

"By all means," assented Rainsford, absently. "But it was not an American face."

"It was not, eh? Pray, then, was it a spirit, as I hinted before? Shall I call her Astarte? 'Look on the friends around—they feel for me'—no, on the whole, I don't think they feel for me," laughed Steenie.

"It was the face of a pictured saint," said the artist, softly. "I have seen it in my dreams for years and years;" and although the two young men rallied him upon his sentiment, they were all rather silent as they followed their mountaineers down into the valley, where they supped on chamois entlets, and, over a flask of Johannesberger, quaffed a libation to the spirit of the glaciers, for whom Steenie Ray now declared he would search the wide world over.

But it seemed quite unlikely that his plans would meet with fruition, as Rainsford, who led the party, was not content until he had wandered far into the Lauterbrunnen, and transferred to his canvas some of its scenic marvels.

One morning, as he came from viewing the rainbow on the Staubbach, he stumbled upon a picture such as one does not often see even in that picturesque valley. A traveling-carriage was waiting in the roadside. Through its open door Rainsford thought he detected the recumbent figure of a man. On a ledge of rock, under a tree, sat a young girl, with her sketch-book before her. She was so absorbed in the view that she did not heed his footfall, and he drew back, watching her a while. It seemed to



him that he could not help watching her—that he could not have turned his eyes away even if he had wished it. It was like coming suddenly upon a picture, the ideal of which had been in his heart for a lifetime, and yet which some artist, with his whole soul in the effort, had caught and imprisoned for ever. It was a slight, graceful figure, with loosely linked hands, and eyes dreamy and absorbed as they swept the verdure-covered pasture lands and clustering chalets below; a face pensive, tender, wistful; a low, broad forehead, with loose curls hanging over it, one ray of sunlight like a lance of gold resting upon the coils of dusky, red-brown hair; guiltless of attitudinizing, she was yet in perfect pose for a picture—a fit study for an artist. Suddenly she started to her feet with a shriek of terror. There was a crash, a hurried outcry, and the traveling-carriage, its door still open, whirled toward Rainsford. He saw the situation at a glance. The driver had strayed away; the horses, becoming suddenly frightened, had turned, nearly upset the carriage, and were now dashing down the stony road. It took only a second of time to seize them by their heads, to hold them in his powerful grasp until the driver, pouring out execrations and apologies, had hurried up, and then to turn and receive the thanks of the frightened old man, who clung to the cushioned seat, feebly calling for "Alixé."

Never could Rainsford forget the look of gratitude on the girl's pale face.

"Oh, if you had not been here!" she murmured, in soft, hesitating German, as if she scarcely dared to trust herself with many words. "I cannot think of it!" with a shudder. "I cannot thank you for it—I don't know what to say. *Mein Herr*, you will understand, please?" turning to him with a childish, involuntary movement.

Something in her blue eyes moved the artist strangely. He felt touched, electrified, filled with a subtle sense of joy for which he could not account. But the little incident, brief as it was, made them friends on the spot. The father was German, that was quite clear. He was very old and feeble; yet he had such a grand, courteous air, and was so deferential and tender to his little Alixé, and there was something positively touching, too, in the way that he clung to her arm. He leaned upon her shoulder when she insisted upon his leaving the carriage, to rest by the roadside until the horses had been calmed into sufficient sobriety for them to continue their drive, and placidly waited while she arranged a cushioned seat for him upon the rocks, Rainsford assisting her as awkwardly as possible. She also produced a flask of Orvieto and bade them both drink to a safe return home, promising, with a childish gravity, that he should never wait in the roadside again with Antoine while she sketched. And then the artist went back and gathered up the pencils and book which she had dropped in her fright. He could not resist reading her name stamped in gilt letters upon the morocco cover, "Alixé von Kucken." Then she was German, after all! He fancied she might be a distant relative of the old man's—but not a daughter. There was some vague sense of Americanism about her—he thought, too, that he had seen her before, and suddenly the little flower-like face bending over the ice chasm flashed into his memory. He had seen her at Rosenlani only a few brief days ago, as it were!

He had stammered out the recollection, expressing himself in somewhat indifferent German, to which she listened with a downcast face and rising color; but the father only smiled with an indulgent gesture of feigned displeasure.

"Alixé was a child," he confessed, gravely—"a mere child—and so thoughtless. The strange gentleman must admit she had a rarely sweet voice, however," with ill-

disguised pride; "yes, and he had cultivated it—he had taken such pride in it—some day he should come and listen to her. Was he staying at Interlaken? Ah, then would he accept a seat in the carriage? It would give him great pleasure to set him down at his hotel; and afterward would he dine with them?—and in the evening Alixé should sing—not a student song this time," with a feeble shrug of his shoulder and a look of infinite amusement at the child's discomfited face.

As for Alixé, she had very little to say during the homeward drive, feeling a curious sense of embarrassment, in seeing this stranger, to whom, perhaps, she might have seemed forward and rude at their first chance meeting; but, at parting, she touched his hand shyly with the tips of her little fingers, and joined faintly in the old German's protestations of thankfulness for the services the young American had rendered.

There was an exchange of cards, a few courteous words of adieu, and then Rainsford dropped in at the Kurtaal, and met his friends with his usual impenetrable mask on, but a tumult of strange excitement filling his heart.

That evening when he called, Alixé was alone in the tiny drawing-room, overlooking the now almost silent street. She had been reading in the soft Summer twilight, and sat with her clear white face turned toward the window, her hands dropped in her lap, her whole attitude betokening thought.

Suddenly the head was turned, a new expression dawned upon the face, and a small white hand was held out with a frankness that only deepened the flush on Rainsford's bronzed cheeks.

"You were reading," he said, with something of an effort to establish conversation upon an easy, impersonal footing. "I fear I have disturbed you."

"Not in the least," giving him a place in the wide window. "I was not reading, I think—rather puzzling over it," she answered, in her pretty, hesitating German. "I do not think I understand either the book or the language, and yet I have spoken it all my life. I cannot always follow him—can you?"

Rainsford looked at the title, and saw it was a volume of Werter.

"I do not wonder," he said, smiling down at the childish, uplifted face. "It is no slight task to understand the workings of such a mind in these hard, unbelieving, utilitarian days—a mind so subtle and philosophic, so in unity with itself that we find ourselves unconsciously studying the man himself more than the offspring of his brain. But more trouble beset my path in pursuing this study than could possibly beset yours, I fancy. I had first to learn the language before I could appreciate the man. The German mind—even a woman's, if you will pardon the seeming disparagement—ought to grasp it sooner than ours."

"But I am not a German," she said, timidly, speaking in his own tongue for the first time. "I, too, am an American."

"Why did you not tell me before?" he asked, with a glad sense of surprise.

"Did you not know? I thought you would detect the imperfections in my speech. Ah! now you will not quarrel with me for not comprehending Goethe."

She looked up mischievously. "An American mind—even a woman's—might reject the silly sentimentality, the grandiloquent ravings, the love and suicide, which seems to me only the mandolin melancholy of a dyspeptic tailor."

"Then you have no sympathy for the soul that dares dream dreams and aspire to great things?—no echo in your own heart to the cry of a soul in bondage?"

She looked at him steadily a moment, then dropping her eyes said, softly, "But he prescribes no remedy."

"True; but his great heart speaks to ours—we find sympathy—and that at least is something in this world."

"But Goethe's world is such a different world from ours—the actual and the ideal meet and mingle until we cease to draw the boundary line dividing them; and I don't like his idea of idealizing things, and I don't like his skepticism, though perhaps the keenest injustice that has ever been offered him has been to call him the German Voltaire—at least so he teaches me," with a quick glance toward the inner room. "He might have the best of all that Voltaire had, and much more of good than Voltaire could dream of, and yet I could not follow him," half-sadly, as if a deep source of regret were involved in the failure.

What a sweet face it was looking into his; and then he drew a long breath at the new thought which had gone through him like an arrow, so sharp and sudden he did not know whether it were excess of pleasure or excess of pain.

"But why do you read Goethe, then?" interrogated Rainsford, with a sense of delight in prolonging the conversation. "Surely Herr von Kucken could select something more suited to your years and taste."

"But I like to please him," with a little attempt at dignity. "I want to think like him in everything, to grow more like him every day. We are all alone in the world, *mein Herr*, he and I," lifting her soft eyes to his face. Beautiful eyes they were, and her mouth was perfect—small, tender, tremulous with feeling.

"Forgive me," he said, softly, "I did not know."

"And he is ill to-night," she went on, scarcely heeding his words. "I ought to have told you before, only you interested me in talking of Goethe. He was so sorry to give up seeing you, but the fright, the jolting of the carriage, was too much for him. He is so very feeble."

Rainsford had been correct, then, in his surmises. The mother was dead; probably she had been an American, for Miss von Kucken had neither inherited her father's perfect speech nor love for the great representative poet of his native land.

"Why do you not induce him to return to America?" he ventured to ask. "Our skies are blue and warm, as you must remember."

"He has never been there," she replied. "I wish he would take me, for I am only an American in name, *meine Herr*. I was born there, but I remember nothing, and yet I love the language. I always speak it when I can, and some day—some day I am hoping I shall not be a stranger to my mother's land or people—nay, I am expecting some friends to meet us here soon; and—and—I want to tell you now. I knew you were Americans when I saw you in the Rosenlani glacier—besides, our guide told us, and I could not resist singing. I hope it was not rude. He never thinks I am rude, so I can never tell," with a little smile.

"The voice of an angel from heaven could have been no sweeter," he said, with a sudden access of earnestness that would have startled her had she been used to the ways of the world; but the compliment seemed unmeaning and silly to him a moment after, when he saw how little she understood or cared for it.

"Alixé," called a feeble voice from the inner room, "are you alone, *liebchen*?"

The tone was very tender and soft, yet it jarred painfully on the artist's ear.

"No, dear; the strange gentleman, your preserver, is here," she answered, going to him quickly, without as much as an apology to her guest.

"Ah! ring for candles, then, please, and say to him I hope he will come again, when I am able to receive him. Thank him for his courtesy and—I want you to sing for him, *liebchen*. You know I promised he should hear you. Sing him something of Gluck's, and I will listen in the dark—it will be all the sweeter to me here."

Alixé glided back into the room.

"He would like me to sing for you," she said, simply, as if it were of very little consequence what any one else might desire; then she touched the piano softly in a little trembling prelude, and began to sing.

Her voice was not powerful, but clear as a bird's, and there was a certain refinement of vocalization in it that was evidently the result of careful training. To hear her was to bring before one a glint of Summer sunshine, great breadths of sheeny meadowland, and a lark's song floating up to heaven in the dewy air.

Rainsford, leaning back in his chair, listened in a perfect trance of delight. The room was quite dark, except for the wax tapers that gleamed upon the table, and cast two pale, moon-like circles upon the floor, making the darkness which enshrouded the young girl seem all the more profound and bewildering.

And then she came from out the shadows and offered her hand with a shy smile. Would the Herr Rainsford come again? Would he forgive her if she said Good-night now? She must go to her invalid. She always read to him at this hour, even in health. But when he was better, then they should claim him for dinner—would he give them that pleasure?

The young man bowed over her hand, murmuring some indistinct words of rapture and thanks, feeling the glamour of her presence and beauty like a man who has been poring over a poem, losing himself in it, until it has become, as it were, a part of himself.

He could scarcely define the feeling, but he was not satisfied until he had gone to his room, and, taking down his little pocket-edition of Coleridge, read the sweet story of Genevieve over and over, with a luxury and subtle sense of joy that was like intoxication to him.

He knew all the time that it was a foolish thing to do; but, then, foolishness is so much better than wisdom, particularly to a man in certain stages of life.

Was it any wonder that all night long the sweet, flower-like face of Alixé was before him in his dreams, now grave, now gay, now torturing him by vanishing as suddenly as she came, now listening to him with a fitting blush as they wandered amid "that ruin wild and hoary"?

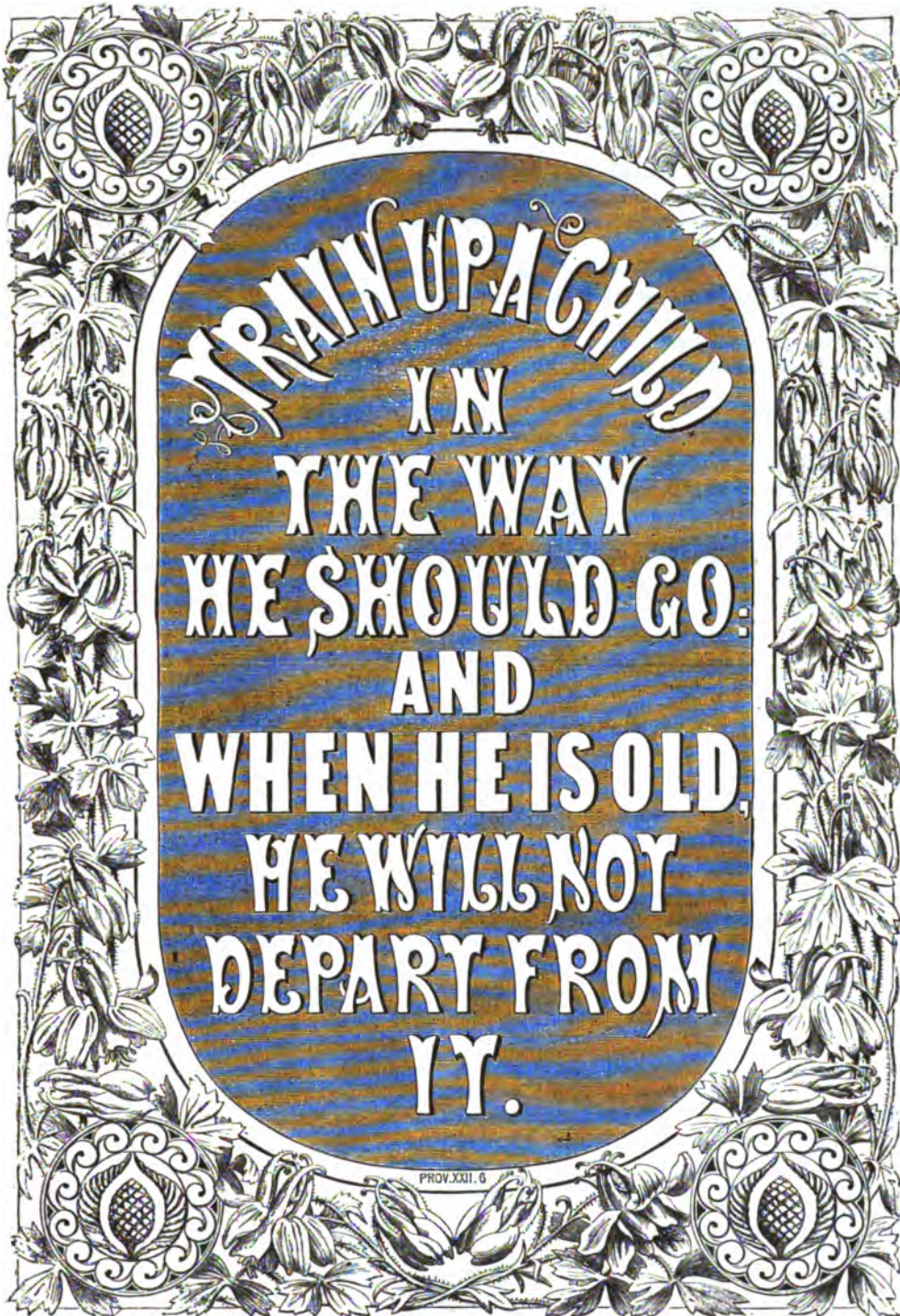
He did not see her the next day, nor the next. True, he walked to the hotel and left his card with his compliments for Herr von Kucken, and the next morning sent an exquisite bouquet, without a card and without compliments, feeling sure that Alixé would understand without that little ceremony from whom the fragrant messenger came.

But several days after he met her, quite unexpectedly, with a party of ladies and gentlemen upon the wooded slopes of the Harder, and finding they were only chance acquaintances who had beguiled her into a little excursion, to put roses on her pale cheeks, as one of the party laughingly declared, he took the liberty of establishing himself by her side, as if they were the oldest possible friends, allowing the others to stray entirely away from them. And all the time he was looking at her with his keen, artistic sense fully roused and appreciative. She wore a low-crowned sort of garden hat, with a veil—deeper and bluer in color than her eyes—twisted about her fair throat, the broad brim of her hat partly concealing her face, and in her belt she had tucked a little bunch of Alpine roses.



They had been planning an excursion to the old castle of Unspannen, the legendary home of Manfred, and she had been repeating the story of the youthful Rudolph of Wadenswyl and Ida, the only daughter of the grim Baron Burkhard, as they loitered home under the spreading

knew not why to pass sentence upon the last frail petal. "Do not destroy them; give them to me; flowers sometimes seem like sentient beings, and roses almost have a soul. But—tell me who gave them to you first." "I picked them myself," she said, lifting her eyes with



trees. By-and-by she took the roses from her belt, as if she were quite unconscious of the act, listlessly pulling the petals off as she talked with him. Rainsford knew the quaint, pretty custom among foreign maidens of naming the flower, and mentally repeated after her the formula: "He loves me—a little—passionately—not at all!"

"Stop!" he cried, putting out his hand, dreading he

slow gravity to his face. "They were the only flowers that I could find this morning; there was dew on them then, *mein Herr*—now they are not so beautiful, but you can have them if you like," holding them toward him.

With an irresistible impulse he took them and carried them to his lips.

She turned away suddenly, a curious light came into



her eyes, and her lips parted with a slow smile altogether indefinable.

"I—I think I did wrong to give them to you," she faltered, the color coming and going in her fair, young face.

He bent toward her with a rapid movement, indicative at once of absolute self-surrender.

"Why should it be wrong?" he asked, softly. "You must know that even a worthless flower coming from your hands would be more to me than the most perfect gift from any one else in the world. I could love you no better if I had known you for years instead of these few days."

"I think—I am afraid—ah! I have done wrong, I know—else you could never speak to me thus," she stammered, in a distressed, broken way. "Let us go home now—I think Herr von Kucken—"

"Why do you call him Herr von Kucken?" asked the artist, brusquely. "I have never heard you call him father yet."

Again the same burning flush swept over her face. She raised her eyes and let them rest with a full, slow, questioning look into his.

"I have been very wrong," she said, softly, "but I thought you knew—Herr von Kucken is my husband."

"Thank you for telling me," he answered, huskily. His voice seemed to break the spell that bound her. She started, drew a long breath like a sob, and then went on in her timid, fluttering way:

"You are surprised—but I thought you knew. Shall I tell you how it happened? You do not seem like a stranger. I would rather you knew."

He bowed coldly, and she went on, never looking at him, but speaking very fast:

"I was born in America, but my father was French; he died when I was a little child. My mother's friends did not like the marriage, so she was not happy in America—she went to Paris, and I was put into a school; there were many English and American children there, and so I learned to talk with them very well, and when I was older and began to sing, ah! then—Herr von Kucken was my teacher. He did not teach in the school. He was rich and he was good, and he loved music for itself, not for fame or the money it would bring him. He was my mother's dear friend, and he taught me because he liked her, and he said I would be a great singer one day; but that was not true—and when my mother was dying, how could she leave me alone? And when she put my hand in his and told me to marry him and love him all my life, how then could I refuse?"

"So we were married by her death-bed," the tears dimming her blue eyes—"and I have been with him ever since, and he loves me dearly and pets me as if I were his child. But sometimes I have been ungrateful and longed to be young, and go about like girls of my own age, and then he is sorry for me—so sorry—and we travel, and I see the beautiful world and the people, and the gay sights, while he is lonely and sick at home. You do not know how ungrateful I am. I do nothing that is right, and he is good—too good for me, *mein Herr*. Perhaps I ought not to tell you all this, yet, though I have him, I cannot but be glad because my mother's friends will soon be here. But you do not know we came to Interlaken to meet them. Herr von Kucken thinks he will never get well. He has been weak and ill for so long a time, and some of my mother's relatives were coming abroad, and he wrote for them to meet us here. He wants me not to feel alone in the world; but, though I tremble with joy at seeing them, I know I ought not to feel utterly alone when

I have him. For I *am* happy—I have been so happy lately, that to look beyond for anything more, even though it steals upon me unawares, seems half a sin."

They walk on silently under the great walnut-trees, whose shadows already fell long and dark as between the columned aisle of a cathedral. The sky had faded to a cool, pearl-gray, against which the fir-trees lifted themselves sharply.

Here and there a few flashes of pure crimson were floating in the air, now flushing, now paling, while high above all, floating, as it were, in the tremulous afterglow, towered the Peak of Silver, the obelisk of the Jungfrau, the snowy virgin of the Alps. Neither felt it possible to speak again for some time.

To abruptly terminate their walk would have been a show of consciousness which Alixé's mind shrank from, seeing that she had already begun to feel herself guilty. So she walked silently to the very door of her *pension*, then turned to say a few parting words.

Rainsford had been trying to argue down all the bitterness which her explanation had given him, but when she said "Good-by" he was conscious of a sudden giddy sensation that was almost pain. How could he give her up? How could he think of her as chained for life to that feeble, tottering old man—too old even to be her father? It was horrible!

She looked at him, he fancied, imploringly; her lips moved; he put his face down close to hers and looked into her eyes.

"I ask your pardon," he said, slowly, trying to hide the passionate emotion in his voice. "I have, indeed, misunderstood all along. I have been blind, selfish, cruel." His face flushed, and he went on a little vehemently. "But if I have a wish on earth, it is that we may never meet again—that our Good-by is for ever—eternal!" he added, in the bitterness of his despair.

There are some things in life that we remember so well when we grow older.

All her life afterward Alixé remembered this day, and now she had stood by Rainsford's side while he said those few, passionate words.

She forgot a thousand other things, but she never forgot that—that Summer evening when she stood with him under the avenue of great walnut-trees.

"Yes," she said, softly, "you *are* cruel; friendships are made to be severed, never utterly broken. We shall meet again, I am sure, and you will then be glad we parted friends. How strange it is that lives are touching thus all the time—perhaps helping one another—let us hope so, at least—touching—parting—but not forgotten—not utterly forgotten. I shall not say *leben sie wohl*—your English Good-byes are sweeter—our farewells seem to me like nevermore. Good-by. I must go in now. Thank you for all your kindness."

There was a certain new dignity in her manner, as if the child had suddenly matured to womanhood, but there was a weary, listless tone in her voice as the short sentences came with long pauses between.

He pressed her white fingers with his strong, eager hand, but there was something in her touch that made him feel small and contemptible. How could he have been so miserably blind! How could he have misunderstood her, and how could he ever think of her again without feeling that he had sinned against her—sinned in a cowardly, dastardly way that it shamed his very manhood to remember!

By the light of the dying day he could see her face. I was pale; her very lips had turned white; it was set and mute as the face of one dead.

Now, more than ever, she seemed further away from him. He lifted her cold hand and touched it with his lips. "Good-by, then; some one once told me that meant God bless you; I could not say more if I knew that my words would come true—that our parting would be eternal—Good-by."

She looked at him steadily a moment, then her glance fell; a slight tremor passed over her face, and the hand that he had kissed fell to her side.

When he looked back she was still standing in the doorway, a lithe, graceful figure, motionless, with listless hands and bent head, her pale face shaded by her drooping hat.

It was for the last time, he felt, and he gathered the picture up to his heart, a memory for all his life to come—a picture that would haunt his very dreams.

Before he reached the Casino, Steenie Ray put his hand within his arm. "I was looking for you, old fellow; the Leslies have all come, bag and baggage. Such a surprise for Horace, and such a commotion, and old Strube swearing there isn't a spot for the ladies. I think I'll go over to Madame Hoffstetters. I wanted to ask you about giving up our rooms to them so that they can all be together. And, by Jove! Leslie has a pretty sister!"

No answer, and Steenie took two or three puffs of his cigar before he went on.

"Is anything the matter, Val?"

Rainsford had stopped, and, with hands deeply thrust in his pockets, was staring straight ahead into the gathering twilight, and made no answer.

"I say, my dear old visionary, wake up! Is anything the matter?" putting his hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"Nothing, except that I have been meditating good-by. It is always unpleasant to say it, my boy, and we have been long enough together now to make it hard to part. I am going off to-night, Steenie, and the Leslies can have my room as well as not."

"Going to-night! And where to, pray?"

"I think straight to Rome—that is, as straight as an artist can go," with a dull smile. "I expect to be for ever on the route, but that is my ultimate end."

"Yes; but where are the pictures you were going to paint? You began such a pretty glimpse of Thun the other day, to say nothing of that 'tail of the white horse, as Byron described your sky-born waterfall."

"I shall burn it before I go," said the artist, doggedly.

"Steenie stared. "I don't see what has happened. You didn't feel so savage this morning."

"Don't bother—that's a good fellow," begged Rainsford, abruptly, "and just help me pack up my traps and get out of the way before Lealie comes down on me with a host of introductions. If there's one thing I detest more than another, it is a lot of chattering women. I'll go this very night; but don't imagine anything has happened. The world will move on just as well whether I am here or there, you will find. It is such a comfort to be an ineffable idiot at some period in one's life, and why not now?"

It was only a few months after this rather sudden parting that Rainsford received a letter, the original direction of which had been crossed over several times, showing almost as erratic a course as the artist had chosen. It was from Steenie Ray, and written in an apparent delirium of joy.

"Do you know, old boy," he wrote, "that I have found Astarte! But, pahaw! of course you are too cold-blooded to remember that day at Rosenlani, and the little girl whose singing made such a wonderful echo in the ice caves—the worst of it all was she was married to a powerful old Pluto—not that he was really like Pluto, you know, except in looks. Heaven rest his soul, for, poor old

fellow, he dropped off very suddenly, and the little wife nearly died of grief! I don't pretend to understand that in the least. The oddest part of all is, she is a sort of cousin of the Leslies, and she is comforting herself now with her new relatives and with me! Now you ought to be here. She *does* look a pictured saint, as you call her, if you will try and refresh your memory on that point. I never, in my wildest flights of fancy, dreamed that a widow's cap would be so becoming. It was the most extraordinary marriage! The old German, her husband, made the Leslies promise not only to take care of her fortune, but of her, poor little girl, and they are as happy over it as if they had discovered a diamond mine.

"We are traveling together, and are just where you ought to be now, with your canvas and brushes—in the valley of Sixt, the most picturesque spot in all Savoy. I talk of you to Madame von Kucken by the hour, and she has learned to regard you as an old friend already. You don't deserve her interest, or mine either, for leaving us so suddenly, but I cannot give you up; so write to me at Geneva, where we expect to stay some time, and don't forget to paint such a picture that we'll all be proud to own you as a friend."

All this and much more in Steenie Ray's boyish, diffusive way, spread over a matter of five or six pages, which Rainsford read as one in a dream. Herr von Kucken dead, Alixe with the Leslies and Steenie—there was but one thing to look forward to. She would marry him—that would be the end of it all! He had no heart in his work after this. Art was a coy mistress, and though he had once wooed her passionately, he was now content to substitute worship for work.

A great tidal wave of feeling had swept over him, and left him, as it were, a stranded wreck. He wandered about Rome with that kind of awe that one feels in the presence of a higher life, with a strange dull feeling of not comprehending—as if a veil were thrown over all, just filmy enough to prevent clear vision. He filled his sketch-book with mere outlines, spending whole days in copying the figures on a frieze or an antique *bassi relievi*, and then casting them aside to take up some sweet Madonna face whose expression haunted him with subtle memories of the past. If he had been a man given to religion, or even philanthropy, he might have consoled himself; as it was, he felt every resource of strength taken from him.

It was not until Steenie wrote him, nearly a year after their parting, that he came suddenly to himself and woke from his dream.

"See how I reward you for your hasty, unsatisfactory scrawls," he began; "but I am in such a tumult of happiness, if I did not relieve myself in this way I should make an unmitigated idiot of myself in some other. Of course I am engaged to her—and I dare say you will declare you have known how it would all end from the beginning. Well, I shall have nothing more to say until you see her. We are *en route* for Rome, and I shall hunt you up the very first thing I do. I never was so insanely, ridiculously happy in all my life. I expect I am as incoherent as a woman, but you will not blame me when you know Alie, and Horace is almost as happy at the unexpected turn affairs have taken as your hopelessly mad friend  
STeenie."

Without any hesitation Rainsford wrote back that he was about leaving Rome, and would be unable to meet his friends there, as he ardently desired. He begged to be remembered to Madame von Kucken, and wished her all happiness. As for Steenie, he always had "the good wishes of his very sincere friend, Rainsford."

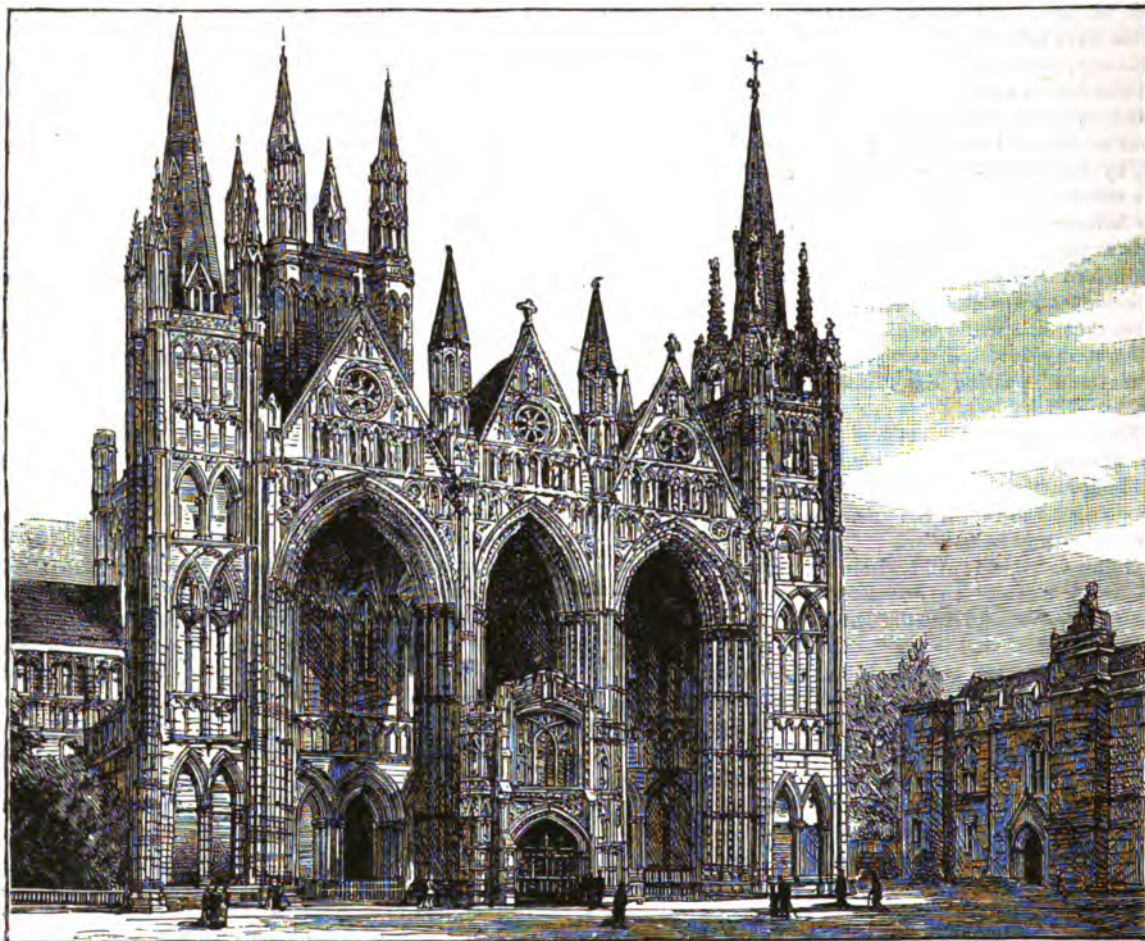
It was a cold letter, certainly, and all the colder when contrasted with Steenie's rapturously boyish confession; but when it was fairly dispatched he felt as if a great

weight had been lifted from his mind. He packed up his boxes and traveled away. It was six months before he returned and took up his old life again. He found no letters awaiting him; no one had called to see him; no one had apparently remembered his existence. He might as well have staid in Rome; for that matter, he could lose himself as well there as in any other part of the habitable globe. He devoted himself now with a will and energy to his art. He never wearied of the Halls of the Vatican, or the Campadoglio, and spent hours before the Archangel of Guido in the little Church of the Cappucini, or the sad sweet face of Beatrice in the Barberini. He went from gallery to gallery, from ruins and grand old basilicas to palaces and colossi, gathering renewed in-

bright and illusive was the night. A carriage had stopped before it, and a few people were descending the steps to the fountain's edge, but he was so absorbed that he did not heed them until he felt his arm suddenly grasped, and a hearty, well-known voice woke him from his reverie. "Rainsford, by all that is miraculous!"

And then he felt that Steenie Ray had him by the hand, and was pouring out more explanations and breathless queries than he could begin to answer.

He stammered a brief apology—he had been away from Rome six months, supposed Steenie had left long ago, had only been back a few weeks, and was working very hard; and then, with a little natural reserve, he asked for Horace and—and—the whole traveling party.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—FRONT VIEW.

piration from the warm, glowing, Titanic life that looked down upon him with solemn abiding eyes from vaulted ceiling and lofty dome, trembling with a sense of awe at the whispers of a vague, historic past. And then he would go back to his little studio in the Via Margutta, and throw his whole soul into his work. It was only when night came on that he consented to lay aside his pencils and wander out for many miles beyond the city walls, where he could feel alone with the earth and sky, having no sense of isolation amid those ruins which thread the brown Campagna like a stupendous funeral cortége, with strange ancestral devices and trophies rescued from the past.

One evening he paused before the Fontana di Trevi to watch the waters sparkling and dancing in the moonlight, and, as he looked, the Tritons and great seahorses seemed to be, in truth, plunging and frolicking in the waters, so

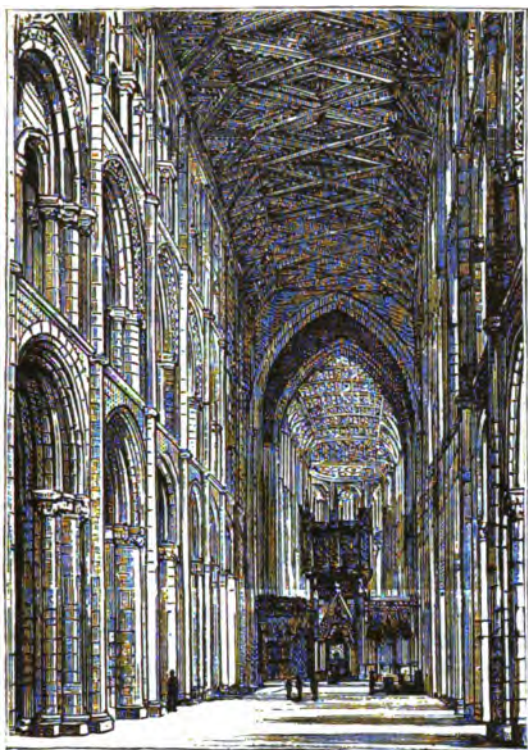
"You dear, ignorant, blind old bat!" cried Steenie, passing his hand affectionately over Rainsford's. "You thought you were deceiving me all along, while you were painting your own story in letters so large that he who runs could read! But I must not forget to introduce my wife—married last week at the Legation. Don't speak—not a word. Here she is, my boy!" leading him along. "Allie, dear, let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Rainsford."

A tall, slender girl turned round, bent gracefully before him, and then offered her hand with true American frankness.

"Ah! this is an unexpected pleasure! We did not look for you here. Of course we cannot meet as strangers, when Horace and Steenie have known you so well."

"And—and——" stammered Rainsford.





PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

"Where is Madame von Kucken—Alixé? Down at the fountain, drinking to a speedy return to Rome. It is truly incomprehensible how she has clung to this spot! We'll excuse you, old fellow. I am in that state myself that I can extend the hand of charity to an old comrade. Stop a moment, though. My wife is Horace's sister—Alice Lealie. Perhaps that may account for *your* insanity and *mine!*" and, with another boyish laugh, Steenie put his wife's arm within his own and drew her away, leaving Rainsford standing at the top of the stone steps.

He looked down at the alight figure, saw her throw back her veil and lean over the fountain's edge.

"One, two, three," she said, dipping her hand into the clear water and drinking.

He remembered the well-known and cherished superstition of drinking here the night before leaving Rome if one ever desires to return.

His heart began to beat quickly; a strange thrill shot through him; he stopped, by an impulse at once irresistible and compelling, waiting for her to come up. He took off his hat, holding out his hand toward her, with a steady look in his brown-gray eyes, that brought the swift color surging into her cheeks. In the clear moonlight she saw and knew him.

"Are you glad to see me at all?" he asked, with grave *brusquerie*, and in a voice that would have been pitiful and pleading but for the manliness underlying it.

She did not speak. She only smiled, and laid her hand within his arm.

He would have been more than human to keep back the love that trembled on his lips.

He stooped and looked into her eyes, and, with the memory of his last words still in her heart, their hands crept together.

"It is more than a year since we parted—do you remember?—have you loved me all that time?"

Again she smiled.

"I was thinking of you when I drank at the fountain—they are going away to-morrow. I had given up seeing you again—but now——"

"You will stay with me, my darling?"

"I will stay with you?"

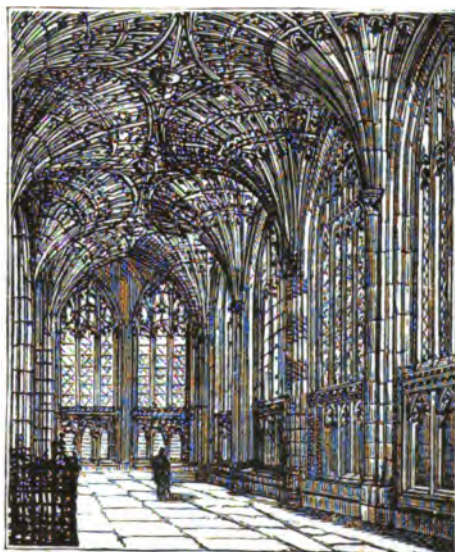
That was all she said; but for them both that night their true life began.

## PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

THE English see of Peterborough is of modern date, although the cathedral is an ancient edifice. On the dissolution of monastic establishments in the reign of Henry VIII, the conventual church of Peterborough, one of the most important abbeys of the Benedictines, was spared, because it contained the remains of Queen Katherine of Arragon. She died at Kimbolton Castle, in Huntingdonshire, January 8th, 1535, and was interred in the north choir-aisle of the abbey. There is a tradition that some one said to the King that "it would well become his Majesty to build a fair monument for her," and that he answered, "Yes, I will leave her one of the goodliest in the kingdom." Whether he intended any other memorial, or thus expressed his purpose to leave the abbey itself as her monument, this was the occasion of the conversion of the monastic church into the cathedral of a new diocese, which was to extend over the counties of Northampton and Rutland, hitherto included in the diocese of Lincoln. The last abbot, John Chambers, formally resigned the abbey to the crown in 1540, and was appointed the first Bishop of Peterborough.

The remains of another unhappy Queen, Mary of Scotland, fifty years later, were brought for burial to the same building, and a plain black marble slab in the south choir-aisle marks the place where they rested till removed to Westminster. This was done twenty-five years after, in 1612, by command of her son, James I., whose autograph letter to the dean and chapter is hung up in a frame above the cenotaph.

According to the Saxon Chronicle, the monastery was founded in 655 by Oswi, King of Northumbria, and Peada, King of South Mercia. Peada was son of Penda, King of Mercia, one of the last of the great pagan Saxon chiefs. Oswi defeated and slew him; but, on his son



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—THE LADY CHAPEL.

Peada embracing Christianity, Oswi gave him rule over the South Mercians, and his daughter Alfhede in marriage. The two princes united "to rear a minster to the glory of Christ and the honor of St. Peter." How much truth there is in this old chronicle we need not examine; but we thus get explanation of the name Peterborough, and of the Latin records and monuments which speak of the church as "Sancti Petri de Burgo," and the bishop as "Episcopus Petriburgensis."

Peterborough was not, however, the earliest name of the place. The foundations of the building were laid on a rising ground above the River Nen, or Nene, looking over meadows and marshes and wide extent of fen country. Medestead, or Medeshamstead, the home on the meadows, was the original name of the site. A few years after the work commenced Peada was supplanted by a younger brother, Wolfere, who became independent of Oswi of Northumbria, and was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and most of the southern bishops. Saxulf was the first abbot, and presided till, in 674, he was consecrated to the see of Mercia. The prosperity of the abbey was great during two centuries, and its abbot took precedence of all north of the Thames. Its wealth attracted the rapacity of the Danes, who, under Hubba, in 870, plundered and destroyed the church. It remained in ruins till 966, when Athelwold, Bishop of Winchester, constructor or architect under King Edgar—as his successor, William of Wykeham, was under Edward III.—rebuilt this and many other edifices which had been destroyed by the Norse invaders. From this time it was called Peter'sburgh, as being a fortified place, or surrounded with walls of defense. The name of Gildenburg was also frequently used; some say from parts of the minster roof being gilded, others because of the wealth of the place. Certain it is that for several centuries no abbey in England had the reputation of possessing greater treasures, whether in actual gold or in what brought golden revenue, relics of saints, especially the arm of St. Oswald of Northumbria. To this wonderful treasure a touching allusion is made in the preface to a local guide-book, in a strain so superior to the ordinary language of such manuals, that we have pleasure in quoting it.

"Peterborough was once famous for the possession of the arm of St. Oswald, a lifeless arm of withered flesh and moldering bone, which kings and nobles, knights and ladies, were wont to adore as the safeguard of the place. But a mightier arm than this, the living arm of the living God, has delivered the city from so dark a superstition's chain, and alone has preserved it amid changes such as this small volume narrates. To Him may every tapering spire of our cathedral point our thoughts in grateful love, and may each visitor who has paced its ancient aisles and listened to God's chanted praise, in heart and life give Him all glory, and serve Him in the pure faith of His Son Jesus."

Numerous relics, including the incorruptible arm of St. Oswald of Northumbria, some earth from the battle-field on which he fell, and the body of St. Florentin, brought from Normandy, were acquired for his convent by Abbot Elsi, who died in 1055. Leofric, a relative of the Confessor—by whose favor he held five monasteries at once—Burton, Coventry, Crowland, Thorney and Peterborough—joined the army of Harold at the time of the Norman invasion, but was not present in the great battle. He returned to Peterborough, where he died in 1066. His successor, Brand, was the abbot who knighted the Saxon hero, Hereward. Peterborough, like Ely and the other monasteries of the fen country, had been a stronghold of Saxon feeling, and had at first supported the claims of

Edgar Atheling. Accordingly, on the death of Brand in 1069, a Norman, named Thorold, was appointed abbot by the King. Hereward, however, who had joined the Danes under Sweyn in the Isle of Ely, attacked Peterborough and plundered its church, some of the relics in which were carried off to Denmark. On another occasion, the abbot was made prisoner by Hereward, and compelled to pay thirty marks for his ransom. On his death in 1100, the monks, who had paid three hundred marks to the King for the privilege, elected Godric, a brother of Brand, to the abbacy. He was soon deposed, however. The abbey remained in the King's hands for four years; and from this time churchmen of Norman birth alone were permitted to hold the high dignity of abbot of Peterborough.

Those of especial note were Ernulf (1107–1115), prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, who became Bishop of Rochester; John de Seez (1115–1125), who commenced the choir of the existing cathedral, after a fire in 1116, which consumed the greater part of the monastery; Martin de Beo (1133–1155), who completed the choir and transept-aisles, and who governed the monastery with great prudence during the troubled times of Stephen; William de Waterville (1155–1179); and Benedict (1179–1194), who completed the nave (the latter was Cour de Lion's Keeper of the Great Seal); Robert de Sutton (1262–1273), who first joined the side of the barons, and then that of Henry III., and was compelled to pay heavy fines in consequence; Richard Ashton (1438–1471), and Robert Kirton (1496–1528), who built the eastern transept or New Building; and John Chambers, the last abbot and first bishop.

The monastery had steadily increased in wealth and importance; and at the time of the dissolution it was one of the richest, though scarcely the best conducted, in England. Many of the English monarchs had visited it on their way to or from the North. Edward III., his Queen and Court, kept the Easter Festival at Peterborough in 1327, on which occasion the abbot, Adam de Botheby (1321–1338), expended nearly £500. Cardinal Wolsey kept the same feast at Peterborough in great state in 1523; but although the abbey expended enormous sums in entertaining its royal and noble visitors, the local rhyme characterizing the great monasteries of the fens indicates that it was scarcely so liberal to those of lower degree:

"Ramsay the bounteous of gold and of fee,  
Crowland as courteous as courteous may be,  
Spalding the rich and Peterborough the proud,  
Sawtre by the way  
That poor abbaye  
Gave more alms in one day  
Than all they."

John Chambers, the last abbot, who, in the words of Gunton, the historian of Peterborough, "loved to sleep in a whole skin, and desired to die in his nest," resigned the abbey to Henry VIII. on the 1st of March, 1540. He was then granted an annual pension of £260; but in the following year letters patent were issued for converting the monastic church into the cathedral of a new diocese, and he was appointed first bishop. He retained the abbot's residence as his palace (1541–1556); and the new diocese was endowed with a third part of the property of the abbey, amounting to the yearly value of £733 (equal to about £14,660 of the present English money); the other two parts being assigned to the King, and to the newly-established chapter, consisting of a dean and six canons. Bishop Chambers erected for himself in the cathedral a monument with an effigy, which was destroyed in 1643.

The second bishop, David Poole (1557–1559), was deprived for denying the supremacy of Queen Mary. He

died in retirement on a farm belonging to the see, but was buried in the cathedral. Antony Wood speaks of him as "a grave person and very quiet subject." The next bishop, Edmund Scambler (1560-1584), who had been chaplain to Archbishop Parker, has an evil memory as having alienated much of the land belonging to the see, chiefly to Cecil, whose mansion at Burleigh was enriched with the spoils. Scambler was translated to Norwich in 1584, and died in 1594.

From Chambers to the present time there have been altogether twenty-six occupants of the see. A more interesting list of bishops does not occur in the annals of any other cathedral. Of more than twenty of them there is absolutely nothing to record but the dates of their consecration or their translations to or from other sees. As it is said that "those nations are happy which have no history," so the best bishops may have passed their lives in useful though unrecorded work for the souls of men and the edification of the Church. They may have thus filled their post to better purpose than by gaining fame in literature or in politics. Thomas Dove (1601-1630) was a chaplain of Queen Elizabeth, who called him "the Dove with silver wings," for his fair preaching and reverend aspect. John Towers (1639-1649) presided over "the great commission for draining the fens," and bore the brunt of the troubles in the Civil War, when his cathedral suffered more than any other in England. William Lloyd (1679-1685) was the longest-lived of the non-juring bishops; and Thomas White, also a non-juror, was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower in the reign of James II. His successor, Richard Cumberland (1691-1718), grandfather of Richard Cumberland, the essayist and author of "The Observer," distinguished himself by his opposition to Hobbes. His "Disputatio de legibus Naturæ" was several times reprinted in Latin and English, both at home and on the Continent. White Kennett (1715-1728) is the name of most distinction in the annals of the see. He wrote several antiquarian and controversial works, the most noted of the latter being a reply to Bishop Atterbury on the history and rights of the Convocation. The names of Herbert Marsh (1819-1839), George Davys (1839-1864), tutor to Queen Victoria, and Francis Jenne (1864-1868) follows; and the present bishop is William Connor Magee, who was appointed in 1868.

The west front of the cathedral, at first sight, makes an impression not to be readily effaced. It is unlike any other in England. The west fronts of Wells, York and Lichfield surpass it in richness of architecture or in archaeological interest, but fall far short of Peterborough in the grandeur of general effect. The lofty triple arch of the front is unique. The central arch is narrower than the side arches, but the height of all three is uniform, being above eighty feet. The piers supporting the arches are detached from the wall of the edifice, leaving a spacious covered vestibule. The central porch, however beautiful in itself—and it is a fine specimen of pure Early English architecture—detracts from the general effect of the arched front. The details of architecture in this and other parts of the building it would be out of place to describe here; but few of the English cathedrals present more marked features of historical interest. The choir, transept and nave are grand specimens of Norman, and the transition to Early English is easily observed. The choir was finished about 1143, the transepts in 1150, the nave and western gateway before 1199. The west front was completed about 1250. Abbots John de Seez, Martin de Bec, and Benedict, are honorably recorded as the chief builders of the Norman abbey. To Abbot Benedict is also ascribed the beautiful and singular painted decora-

tion of the ceiling of the nave. The central tower was built by Benedict's predecessor, Abbot Waterville. The eastern portion of the edifice—the Retro-choir, or New Building, as it was long called—was commenced by Abbot Ashton in 1438, and not completed till the time of Abbot Kirton, nearly a century later. The style is perpendicular. The fan-shaped tracery of the roof, spreading out from the tops of the lofty pillars, is really beautiful.

There are many points of interest outside the cathedral. The entrance to the close is by an old Norman gateway, in passing which all pilgrims, whatever their rank, had to put off their shoon or sandals, the custody of which, no doubt, brought a pretty perquisite to some retainers of the abbey. Until Canterbury formed a counter-attraction, the pilgrimage to Peterborough was the most important in England, and was expressly declared to be in certain cases an equivalent to a visit to Rome. No wonder that "Peterborough the proud" flourished in those days. The monks were ingenious in keeping up the attractions of the place. When it began to wane before the new glory of Canterbury, Abbot Benedict, who had been a monk of Canterbury at the time of Becket's murder, brought some of the flag-stones surrounding the spot of "martyrdom," with which he formed two altars for a chapel of St. Thomas, built by him near the main gateway of the close. Here also he deposited two vases of Becket's blood, and parts of the clothing worn when he fell; and this "chamber of horrors" drew many pilgrims, with their pence and pounds.

Other parts of the close will attract the notice of the visitor, as the Abbot's Gateway, leading to the Episcopal Palace; the Foot Hill, an earthen eminence like the Dane John of Canterbury, the origin and use of which is unknown; the ruins of the Infirmary or Chapel of St. Lawrence, and of the cloisters. These were destroyed by Cromwell's troopers in 1643, after occupying them for stabling. In all parts of England we hear strange stories of defacement and devastation by Cromwell and his men. In many cases these are tales of ignorant showmen and guide-books; but there is no question about the injuries at Peterborough being due to the Parliamentary troops in the Civil War, although they were ordered "to spare the church." The soldiers did irreparable mischief, not only demolishing the cloisters, but destroying the old stained-glass windows, and defacing many of the monuments and ornaments in the cathedral. Whether the Ironsides did this with their own hands, or whether it was the work of the rabble rout of camp-followers, the want of military discipline fixes the blame where it is popularly laid.

On the north side of the cathedral the ground is occupied as a cemetery for the citizens. Few of the older tombs are preserved, but the soil is thickly strewn with more recent memorials. It is curious to observe the variety of material used for gravestones in different parts of the country, and also the variety of local custom in the style of ornament and epitaph. Almost every stone within Peterborough cemetery is surmounted by puffing cherubs. The similarity of the pattern would denote that this was the trade-mark or favorite emblem of more than one generation of lapidary undertakers by whom the tombstones of Peterborough and adjacent parishes were supplied.

Of the monuments within the cathedral the most celebrated is an ancient stone cyst or sarcophagus, which tradition holds to be the monument erected by Godric, Abbot of Crowland, over Abbot Hedda and the monks of Medeshampstead, slaughtered by the Danes in 870. The sculpture on the tomb is the work of the early part of the twelfth century. It is a mass of Purbeck or similar marble, full of minute shells. Large holes are drilled on



the top, which some have supposed to be for fixing candlesticks. In one of the holes a broken fragment of old wood remains. On the sides of the stone are six figures, much worn, but apparently representing the apostles and our Lord, each of the eleven figures having a plain circular nimbus round the head, and one figure having a cruciform and a larger nimbus. All bear emblems—books or palm-branches. The date 870, at one end, in Arabic numerals, seems to be a modern and apocryphal addition.

Besides the memorial stones of Queen Katherine and Queen Mary, already described, the following are some of the most interesting monuments: In the south choir-aisle are the effigies of old abbots, most of them with books in their hands—supposed to be the statues of the Benedictine Order. Of more recent monuments there are several to bishops of the last and the present century, down to that of Dr. Jenne, the twenty-fifth in line from Bishop Chambers. The most conspicuous lay monument is that of Thomas Deacon, native of Peterborough, and high sheriff of the county. The epitaph is a record representative of a class of worthy men, who, having well served their generation in church and state, have left benefactions for the good of their neighborhood. "He was eminent," we are told, "for morality and good life; a devoted son of the Established Church, and constant attendant on her services. His piety was not an empty profession, but in sincerity and truth. He had an ample estate, which he fairly acquired and increased by honest industry, and managed with excellent prudence, and disposed of to laudable purposes. His charity even during life was very large and extensive and exemplary, and he left a lasting monument of his liberality by endowing a charity school, and bequeathing money for almsgiving. Thus he laid up good store against the time to come. He quietly departed, aged seventy, 19th August, 1721." Such is the burden of his monumental record. His wife, who survived him, bequeathed money for charitable uses. The effigy is an imposing piece of sculpture, the work of "Robertus Taylor, Civis Londinensis."

Adjoining this monument is one which tells how William Strong, Canon of Peterborough and Archdeacon of Northampton, through a long life was a firm supporter of the institutions of his country, and a zealous and discreet servant of its church. He was eminent for his piety, charity and liberality. For nearly half a century he was a magistrate. The most affectionate of husbands and fathers, he was also the helper of the afflicted and distressed, and universally beloved. He died in 1842, in his eighty-seventh year.

One other curious relic remains to be noticed, which to the majority of visitors is the most attractive of all—the portrait of old Scarlett, sexton and gravedigger, who died July 2d, 1594, in his ninety-eighth year. He buried two queens, and the whole population of the city "twice over." His grave is near the western entrance of the nave, and on the wall above hangs his picture, in costume of the time, and representing him with the emblems of his vocation—a bunch of keys, a spade, a pickax and a skull.

**BELIEVERS** are not dependent upon circumstances. Their joy comes not from what they have, but from what they are; not from what they enjoy, but from that which has been suffered for them by their Lord. It is a singular joy then, because it often buds, blooms, and ripens in Winter time; and when the fig-tree does not blossom, and there is no herd in the stall, God's Habakkuks rejoice in the salvation.

## THE PARTING OF ABRAHAM AND LOT.

GENESIS xiii.

THE burden of riches is seldom more apparent than in the enforced separation, recorded in this chapter, between two men who seem to have had no common love for each other; who were each other's only suitable companions in the land in which both were strangers; who had journeyed side by side for many years, as worshippers of the same God, and were endeared to one another by every tie of kindred and of religion; and who yet had to part because "their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together." The simple wealth of those early days, in which Abram and Lot both rapidly increased after their arrival in Canaan, the flocks and the herds, required larger and larger space for pasturage. The herdmen belonging to each naturally strove for their respective master's rights, and the quarrel seemed to threaten to spread to those masters themselves. And so it probably would have done, had they been common men. But Abram, though yet in an early stage of his wonderful life of faith, not yet named by his greater name of Abraham, not yet ripened in spirituality by those wondrous visions and by those searching trials of his faith which awaited him, had already entered upon that life which we are called to imitate in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and begun "by faith to sojourn in the land of promise, as in a strange country;" content to dwell in tents instead of in the imposing cities that were rising near his native Euphrates, because "he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." He could not, therefore, value earthly consequence or profit, as did the people of either his old or his adopted country, or even as the less spiritually-minded Lot might. He could see that friendship is more precious than gold, and is not to be lightly risked at the dictates of either pride or covetousness. And therefore from him, although the elder relation and the person who might have justly claimed his nephew's deference, came the proposal to Lot: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." Lot must have been struck by his uncle's generosity; but while profiting by it, he showed how far he fell short of the unworldly temper of mind from which it flowed. He hastened to secure the best pasturage for himself; and he did so without considering the moral dangers into which his choice would lead himself and his family. He chose the plain of Jordan, because "it was well watered everywhere," and "pitched his tent toward Sodom;" regardless of the fact, some rumors of which at least must have reached him, that "the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly."

That great precept, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," which, long before its solemn announcement by Abraham's Promised Seed, was the ruling principle of all God's faithful ones, was thus disregarded by Lot. Who can wonder, then, that the promise which our Lord joined to His commandment, "All these things shall be added unto you," was not obtained by him? Some time after his separation from Abram, we find him carried captive with his family and goods by the marauding hosts which invaded Canaan from the east, and only rescued by the blessing of God on the skill and valor with which Abram assailed that division of the retreating forces in whose power he was. When, warned by this disaster

of the perils of the plain of Jordan, he sought safety, not in a retreat to the uplands of Canaan, but within the walls of Sodom, he seemed indeed for some years to have obtained the security for which he sought; but at what a terrible price, in the corruption of the minds of his children and his servants, the sad sequel of his story shows us but too plainly. For when Abraham, many years after their parting, interceding for Sodom, obtained a promise from the Lord that it should not be destroyed if only it contained ten righteous persons, and then ceased from his supplication, relying on the certainty that Lot's numerous household would furnish at least the required number, he was disappointed in his expectation; and Lot proved the solitary just man left in the wicked city, from the destruction of which he was himself with difficulty preserved. On the terrible day of doom fire and brimstone consumed the worldly goods on which Lot had unwisely set his heart; his wife and married daughters perished, and he himself was saved as by fire. "With slow, faint steps and much exceeding

pain," he climbed at last, with his two remaining children, to a place where he could mourn his multiplied losses, and bewail the unwise choice which had been to him the fountain-head of so much calamity.

Is it never so now? Have not men again and again been brought in our own time to acknowledge the folly and the danger of disregarding God when they were laying out their scheme of life? Are they not from time to time reminded by failure where success seemed certain, or by success made worse to them than failure by unexpected bitterness, that God is the ruler of this world as well as of the next; that plans framed without His assent can

never really turn out well; in a word, that "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it"?

To Lot came both poverty and sorrow; not to speak of worse things far than either. Those who now make riches their first object, proposing to themselves "the kingdom of God and His righteousness" for their second, are sure of the sorrow and uncertainty of the riches. It may be with them, as it was with Lot, that the very means that they depend on for securing them to themselves may

prove the cause of their losing them. But if otherwise, and if they are suffered to attain and retain wealth, then God in His mercy will teach them "that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth;" and the only way in which He can teach them this may be a very painful one.

How much happier are those who with Abraham prefer the "light of God's countenance" to all worldly good things whatsoever! Often we see that God gives them, as he did Abraham, the temporal blessings which they despise, because He sees



ABRAHAM ENTREATS LOT TO TAKE HIS CHOICE OF COUNTRY.

that they can be safely trusted with them. But whether He sees fit to do this or not, He always gives them what is far better than any earthly advantage. When Abraham first showed his disinterested mind in Canaan by giving Lot the privilege of a choice among its pastures, the Lord rewarded him by the command, "Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee." But when Abram had returned from rescuing Lot, and, after his mysterious meeting with Melchizedek, had afresh proved his generous disposition by refusing his share of the spoils, the Lord said a greater thing to him than

before, even this: "Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." It was God who had guarded him from the spears and darts of Elam, and who would protect him from all his foes to the end. It was God who would be more to him than all the treasures of the heathen, and who would "put gladness into his heart when their corn and wine and oil increased." Finally, when Lot's wrong choice bore its bitter fruit, and destruction hung over him and his family, God revealed His purpose to Abraham, listened with infinite condescension to his intercession, and, for his sake, sent His angels to deliver Lot and all that could be saved of his household.

Now, we can all admire the greatness of soul, the unworldly type of character, which in Abraham God so plainly marked with the seal of His approval. We are all ready, as we admire it, to exclaim:

"The better portion didst thou choose, Great Heart,  
Thy God's first choice, and pledge of Gentle grace!  
Faith's truest type, He with unruffled face  
Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves depart . . .  
O happy in their soul's high solitude,  
Who commune thus with God and not with earth!"

But it is not so easy to share their happiness; to rate earth's good things at their just value, and to act out in daily life an unswerving belief in the existence of things, not like them to be grasped with the hand, but of incomparably greater price. For to do this, we must have a share in that faith which enabled Abraham to dwell in the land of promise as in a strange country. It is a first degree of that faith for a man to be persuaded that friendship is better than selfish gratifications, that intellectual pleasures are to be preferred to those of the senses. Then as the mind ascends higher, it sees Who is the true satisfaction of man's intellect, discerns Him whose friendship is the true gladness of man's heart. It learns to contemplate God as the one true Good, and to rejoice in the marvelous tidings that He gives Himself to be the possession of those who are willing to receive Him. Those who really do this cannot "make gold their confidence," or give any worldly thing the first place in their esteem. Disinterested and generous conduct comes naturally to them; while theirs is the most enduring and trustworthy of friendship, because they love their friends in God. Such are the true children of Abraham; into whose number our Lord received Zacchæus the moment that he cast away from him his love of money. But how can he be reckoned among their company who, by his eager pursuit of gains, his readiness to forfeit friendship rather than relinquish profit, nay, the esteem of good men sooner than forego some paltry advantage, says by the tenor of his whole life, whatever may be his religious profession,

"Gold in heaven, if you will,  
But I keep earth's, too, I hope?"

And riches, even when not so "trusted in" as to exclude from the kingdom of heaven, have often proved a burden and a snare to the righteous, as they did to Lot—a snare from which God could only set their feet free, as He did his, by wholly destroying that in which they were entangled—a burden which must be violently torn from its bearer's arms, if it is not to be left to crush him beneath its weight.

"Four things," says Hopfner, "are necessary to constitute a Christian. (1) Faith *makes* a Christian. (2) Life *proves* a Christian. (3) Trials *confirm* a Christian. (4) Death *crowns* a Christian."

#### ALPHABET ON TEXTS.

- A. "Ask and it shall be given unto you."  
B. "Behold I stand at the door and knock."  
C. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord."  
D. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."  
E. "Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."  
F. "Fear not, little flock."  
G. "God is love."  
H. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."  
I. "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me."  
J. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever."  
K. "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips that they speak no guile."  
L. "Love us, brethren; be pitiful, be courteous."  
M. "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."  
N. "Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."  
O. "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."  
P. "Perfect love casteth out fear."  
Q. "Quicken Thou me, O Lord, according to Thy word."  
R. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."  
S. "Search the Scriptures."  
T. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."  
U. "Unto you which believe He is precious."  
V. "Verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me hath everlasting life."  
W. "While we have time let us do good unto all men."  
X. "Excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God."  
Y. "Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake."  
Z. "Zealous in good works."

#### BROTHER JONATHAN.

The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows:

When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparations for the defense of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless.

On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was held, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparations as were necessary. His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject."

The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterward arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but Brother Jonathan has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull has for England.



## A TURKISH TALE.

The following is from an old volume of the *Spectator* :

"We are told that the Sultan Mahmud, by his perpetual wars abroad and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian Empire. The Vizier to this great Sultan (whether a humorist or an enthusiast we are not informed) pretended to have of a certain dervish learned to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open its mouth but the Vizier knew what it was he said.

"As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish.

"'I would fain know,' says the Sultan, 'what these two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse and give me an account of it?'

"The Vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls.

"Upon his return to the Sultan, 'Sir,' says he, 'I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.'

"The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat, word for word, everything the owls had said.

"'You must know, then,' said the Vizier, 'that one of these owls had a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter in my hearing, 'Brother, I consent to this marriage provided you will settle on your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion.' To which the father of the daughter replied, 'Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; while he reigns over us we shall never want ruined villages.'"

"The story says the Sultan was so touched with the fable that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people."

## WHAT WE OWE TO THE HEBREWS.

The life and property of England are protected by the laws of Sinai. The hard-working people of England are secured in every seven days a day of rest by the laws of Sinai. And yet they persecute the Jews, and hold up to odium the race to whom they are indebted for the sublime legislation which alleviates the inevitable lot of the laboring multitude! And when that laboring multitude ceases for a while from a toil which equals almost Egyptian bondage, and demands that exponent of the mysteries of the heart, that soother of the troubled spirit, which poetry can alone afford, to whose harp do the people of England fly for sympathy and solace? Who is the most popular poet in this country? Is he to be found among the Mr. Wordsworths and the Lord Byrons—amid sauntering reveries, or monologues of sublime satiety? Shall we seek him among the wits of Queen Anne? Even to the myriad-minded Shakespeare can we award the palm? No; the most popular poet is the sweet singer of Israel. Since the days of heritage, when every man dwelt safely under his vine and under his fig-tree, there never was a race who sang so often the odes of David as the people of Great Britain. Vast as the obligations of the whole human family are to the Hebrew race, there is no portion of modern populations so much indebted to them as the British people. It was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" that won the boasted liberties of England. Chanting the

same canticles that cheered the heart of Judah amid their glens, the Scotch upon their hillsides achieved their religious freedom. Then why do those Saxon and Celtic societies persecute an Arabian race from whom they have adopted laws of a sublime benevolence, and in the pages of whose literature they have found perpetual delight, instruction, and consolation? That is the great question which an enlightened age may be fairly asked, but to which even the self-complacent nineteenth century would feel some difficulty in contributing a reply.—LORD BRACONSFIELD'S "Tamed."

## HYMN.

BY THE REV. J. H. MARTIN, D.D., PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ATLANTA, GA.

How SWEETLY sounds the Sabbath bell!  
Its peals like rolling billows swell;  
It calls me to the house of prayer,  
To pay my vows and homage there.

With joy the summons I'll obey,  
And to God's temple haste away;  
I'll to the mercy seat draw near,  
Before His throne of grace appear.

There I will worship and adore,  
Confess my guilt, my sins deplore,  
And seek by faith His pardoning love,  
Rich gifts and blessings from above.

Sweet Sabbath bell! Sweet Sabbath bell!  
Its ringing tones I love so well;  
It calls me to the house of prayer,  
To pray, and praise, and worship there.

## RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

On the 4th of August, the day set apart in the Roman Catholic Church to honor St. Dominic de Guzman, the founder of the white-clothed Friars and Sisters, an interesting ceremony took place in the chapel of St. Dominic's Academy, Jersey City. The Bishop of Newark, the Right Rev. W. M. Wigger, D.D., gave the white vail to four young ladies, Misses Rose Kunz, Margaret Dolan, Mary Storzinger and Mary Johnson, who thus became novices in the Order of Nuns of St. Dominic. He also bestowed the black vail on Sister Mary, Sister Josephine and Sister de Ohantal, who, having completed the term of novitiate, had persevered in their intention of renouncing the world and devoting themselves perpetually in the Order.

The aspirants to the white vail entered the highly-adorned chapel in bridal dress, and crowned with myrtle, attended by bridesmaids. The bishop, as each knelt before him, removed the myrtle crown and cut off some locks of the hair, the woman's glory, now to be no longer a pride. The white vail was then, with appropriate ceremonies, blessed and laid upon the head thus consecrated to the Lord, and each received the habit she was henceforth to wear in place of the mundane robes in which she came to the altar.

The two young ladies who had passed through their novitiate then approached. They renewed their resolution to die to the world, and each was crowned with a crown of thorns before she pronounced the vows which made her a cloistered nun.

The convent contains a community of twenty-five Sisters, the prioress being Mother Catherine. Attached to it is a well-conducted academy, attended by more than a hundred young ladies. The Order of Dominican Nuns was founded by St. Dominic at Rome in the year 1218.





CANDIDATES FOR THE ORDER OF SISTERS OF ST. DOMINGO TAKING THE VAIL AT THE DOMINICAN CONVENT, IN JERSEY CITY.—SEE PAGE 479.



## WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN LONDON.

It was much too early to do anything when they arrived. Nor could Hester go to her uncle's house: it was in one of the suburbs, and she would reach it before the household was stirring. They went, therefore, to Addison Square. When they had roused Sarah, the major took his leave of Hester, promising to be with her in a few hours, and betook himself to his hotel.

As she would not be seen at the bank, with the risk of being recognized as the sister of Cornelius, and rousing speculation, she begged the major, when he came, to be her messenger to her uncle, and tell him that she had come from her father, asking him where it would be convenient for him to see her. The major undertook the commission at once, and went without asking a question.

Early in the afternoon her uncle came, and behaved to her very kindly. He was chiefly a man of business, and showing neither by look nor tone that he had sympathy with the trouble she and her parents were in, by his very reticence revealed it. His manner was the colder that he was studiously avoiding the least approximation to remark on the conduct or character of the youth—an abstinence which, however, had a chilling and hopeless effect upon the ardent mind of the sister. At last, when she had given him her father's check, with the request that he would himself fill it up with the amount of which he had been robbed, and he with a slight deprecatory smile and shrug had taken it, she ventured to ask what he was going to do in regard to her brother.

"When I take this check," answered her uncle, "it indicates that I treat the matter as a debt discharged, and leave him entirely in your father's hands. He must do as he sees fit. I am sorry for you all, and for you especially, that you should have had to take an active part in the business. I wish your father could have come up himself. My poor sister!"

"I cannot be glad my father could not come," said Hester, "but I am glad he did not come, for he is so angry with Cornelius that I could almost believe he would have insisted on your prosecuting him. You never saw such indignation as my father's at any wrong done by one man to another—not to say by one like Cornelius to one like you, uncle, who have always been so kind to him! It is a terrible blow! He will never get over it—never! never!"

She broke down, and wept bitterly—the more bitterly that they were her first tears since learning the terrible fact, for she was not one who readily found such relief. To think of their family, of which she was too ready to feel proud, being thus disgraced, with one for its future representative who had not even the commonest honesty, and who, but that his crime had been committed against an indulgent relative, would assuredly, for the sake of the business morals of his associates, if for no other reason, have been prosecuted for felony, was hard to bear! But to one of Hester's deep nature and loyalty to the truth, there were considerations far more sad. How was ever such a child of the darkness to come to love the light? How was one who cared so little for righteousness, one who, in all probability, would only excuse or even justify his crime—if indeed he would trouble himself to do so much—how was one like him to be brought to contrition

and rectitude? There was a hope, though a poor one, in the shame he must feel at the disgrace he had brought upon himself. But alas! if the whole thing was to be kept quiet, and the semblance allowed that he had got tired of business and left it, how would even what regenerating power might lie in shame be brought to bear upon him? If not brought to *open* shame he would hold his head as high as ever—be arrogant under the protection of the fact that the disgrace of his family would follow upon the exposure of himself. When her uncle left her, she sat motionless a long time, thinking much but hoping little. The darkness gathered deeper around her. The ruin of her own promised history seemed imminent upon that of her family. What sun of earthly joy could ever break through such clouds! There was indeed a sun that nothing could cloud, but it seemed to shine far away. Some sorrows seem beyond the reach of consolation, inasmuch as their causes seem beyond setting right. They can at best, *as it seems*, only be covered over! Forgetfulness alone seems capable of removing their sting, and from that cure every noble mind turns away as unworthy both of itself, and of its Father in heaven.

It was a sore and dreary time for Hester, alone in the room where she had spent so many happy hours. She sat in a window, looking out upon the leafless trees and the cold, gloomy old statue in the midst of them. Frost was upon every twig. A thin, sad fog filled the comfortless air. There might be warm, happy homes many, but such no more belonged to her world! The fire was burning cheerfully behind her, but her eyes were fixed on the dreary square. She was scarcely thinking—only letting thoughts and feelings come and go.

How would her lover receive the news? that was the agitating question; what would he thereupon do?

She could not at once write to acquaint him with the grief and disgrace that had fallen upon them, for she did not know where precisely he was: his movements were not fixed; and she dreaded the falling of such a letter as she would have to write into any hands except his own.

But another, and far stronger reason against writing to him, made itself presently clear to her mind: if she wrote, she could not know how he received her sad story; and if his mind required making up, which was what she feared, he would have time for it! This would not do! She must communicate the dread defiling fact with her own lips! She must see how he took it! If he shewed the slightest change toward her, the least tendency to regard his relation to her as an entanglement, to regret that he had involved himself with the sister of a thief, marry her he should not! That was settled as the earth's course! If he was not to be her earthly refuge in this trouble as in any other, she would none of him! If it should break her heart, she would none of him. But break her heart it would not! There were worse evils than losing a lover! There was losing a true man—and that he would not be if she lost him! The behavior of Cornelius had perhaps made her more capable of doubt; possibly her righteous anger with him inclined her to imagine grounds of anger with another; but probably this feeling of uncertainty with regard to her lover had been prepared for by things that had passed between them since their engagement, but upon which, regarding herself as his wife, she had not



allowed herself to dwell, turning her thought to the time when, as she imagined, she would be able to do so much more for and with him. And now she was almost in a mood to quarrel with him! Brought to moral bay, she stood with her head high, her soul roused, and every nerve strung to defense. She had not yet cast herself for defense on the care of her Father in heaven, who is jealous for the righteousness of those who love righteousness. But He was not far from her.

Yet deeper into the brooding fit she sank. Weary with her journey and the sleepless night, her brain seemed to work of itself; when suddenly came the thought that, after so long a separation, she was at last in the midst of her poor. But how was she to face them now! how hold up her head amongst them! how utter a word of gentlest remonstrance! Who was she, to have dared speak to them of the evil of their ways, and the bad influence of an ill-behaved family! But how lightly they bore such ills as that which was now breaking her down with trouble and shame! Even such of them as were honest people would have this cousin or that uncle, or even a son or the husband as for so many months, and think only of when they would have him out again! Misfortune had overtaken them! and they loved them no less. The man or the woman was still man or woman, mother or husband to them. Nothing could degrade them beyond the reach of their sympathies! They had no thought of priding themselves against them because they themselves had not transgressed the law, neither of drawing back from them with disgust. And were there not a thousand wrong things done in business and society which had no depressing effect either on those who did them or those whose friends did them—only because these wrongs not having yet come under the cognizance of law had not yet come to be considered disgraceful? Therewith she felt nearer to her poor than ever before, and it comforted her. The bare soul of humanity comforted her. She was not merely of the same flesh and blood with them—not even of the same soul and spirit only, but of the same failing, sinning, blundering breed; and that not alone in the general way of sin, ever and again forsaking the fountain of living water, and betaking herself to some cistern, but in their individual sins was she not their near relative? Their shame was hers: the son of her mother, the son of her father was a thief! She was and would be more one with them than ever before! If they made less of crime in another, they also made less of innocence from it in themselves! Was it not even better to do wrong, she asked herself, than to think it a very grand thing not to do it? What merit was there in being what it would be contemptible not to be? The Lord Christ could get nearer to the publican than the Pharisee, to the woman that was a sinner than the self-righteous honest woman! The Pharisee was a good man, but he thought it such a fine thing to be good that God did not like him nearly as well as the other who thought it a sad thing to be bad! Let her but get among her nice, honest, wicked, poor ones, out of this atmosphere of pretence and appearance, and she would breathe again! She dropped upon her knees, and cried to her Father in heaven to make her heart clean altogether, to deliver her from everything mean and faithless, to make her turn from any shadow of ill as thoroughly as she would have her brother repent of the stealing that made them all so ashamed. Like a woman in the wrong she drew nigh the feet of her master; she, too, was a sinner; her heart needed His cleansing as much as any!

And with that came another God-given thought of self-accusing. For suddenly she perceived that self had been leading her astray; she was tender toward those further from

her, hard toward the one nearer to her! It was easy to be indulgent toward those whose evil did not touch herself; to the son of her own mother she was severe and indignant! If she condemned him, who would help his mother to give him the love of which he stood in the sorer need that he was unworthy of it? Corney, whom she had nursed as a baby—who used to crow when she appeared—could it be that she who had then loved him so dearly had ceased and was loving him no more? True, he had grown to be teasing and trying in every way, seeming to despise her and all women together; but was not that part of the evil disease that clung fast to him? If God were to do like her, how many would be giving honor to His Son? But God knew all the difficulties that beset men, and gave them fair play when sisters did not; He would redeem Corney yet! But was it possible he should ever wake to see how ugly his conduct had been? It seemed impossible; but surely there were powers in God's heart that had not yet been brought to bear upon him! Perhaps this was one of them—letting him disgrace himself! If he could but be made ashamed of himself there would be hope! And in the meantime she must get the beam out of her own eye, that she might see to take the mote or the beam, whichever it might be, out of Corney's! Again she fell upon her knees, and prayed God to enable her. Corney was her brother, and must for ever be her brother, were he the worst thief under the sun! God would see to their honor or disgrace; what she had to do was to be a sister! She rose determined that she would not go home till she had done all she could to find him; that the judgment of God should henceforth alone be hers, and the judgment of the world nothing to her for evermore.

Presently the fact, which had at various times cast a dim presence up her horizon without thoroughly attracting her attention, became plain to her—that she had in part been drawn toward her lover because of his social position. Certainly without loving him she would never have consented to marry him for that, but had she not come the more readily to love him because of that? Had it not passed him within certain defenses which would otherwise have held out? Had he not been an earl in prospect, were there not some things in him which would have repelled her, as not manifesting the highest order of humanity? Would she, for instance, but for that, have tried so much to like his verses? Clearly she must take her place with the sinners!

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### A TALK WITH THE MAJOR.

WHILE she meditated thus, Major Marvel made his appearance. He had been watching outside, saw her uncle go, and an hour after was shown to the room where she still sat, staring out on the frosty trees of the square.

"Why, my child," he said, with almost paternal tenderness, "your hand is as cold as ice! Why do you sit so far from the fire?"

She rose and went to the fire with him. He put her in an easy-chair, and sat down beside her. He could scarcely have understood one of her difficulties, would doubtless have judged not a few of her scruples nonsensical and over-driven; yet knowing this, it was a comfort to her to come from those regions back to a mere, honest, human heart—to feel a human soul in a human body nigh her.

As they talked, the major, seeing she was much depressed, and thinking to draw her from troubled thought, began to tell her some of the more personal parts of his history, and in these she soon became so interested that she began to ask him questions, and drew from him much that he would never have thought of volunteering. Be-

fore their talk was over, she had come to regard the man as she could not have imagined it possible she could. She had looked upon him as a man of so many and such redeeming qualities, that his faults must be overlooked and himself defended from any overweighing of them; but now she felt him a man to be looked up to—almost revered. It was true that every now and then some remark would reveal in him a less than attractive commonness of thinking, and that his notions in religion were of the crudest, for he regarded it as a set of doctrines—not a few of them very dishonoring to God; yet was the man in a high sense a true man.

With her new insight into the man's character came to Hester the question whether she would not be justified in taking him into her confidence with regard to Cornelius. She had received no injunctions to secrecy from her father; neither he nor her mother ever thought of such a thing with her; they knew she was to be trusted as they were themselves to be trusted. Her father had taken no step toward any effort for the rescue of his son, and she would sorely need help in what she must herself try to do. She could say nothing to the major about Lord Gartley, or the influence her brother's behavior might have on her future; that would not be fair either to Gartley or to the major; but might she not ask him to help her to find Corney? She was certain he would be prudent and keep quiet whatever ought to be kept quiet; while on the other hand her father had spoken as if he would have nothing of it all concealed. She told him the whole story, hiding nothing that she knew. Scarcely could she restrain her tears as she spoke, but she ended without having shed one. The major had said nothing, betrayed nothing, only listened intently.

"My dear Hester," he said, solemnly, after a few moments' pause, "the mysteries of creation are beyond me!"

Hester thought the remark irrelevant, but waited.

"It's such a mixture!" he went on. "There is your mother, the loveliest woman except yourself God ever made! Then comes Cornelius—a—well! Then comes yourself! and then little Mark! a child—I will not say too good to live—God forbid!—but too good for any of the common uses of this world! I declare to you I am terrified when left alone with him, and keep wishing for somebody to come into the room!"

"What about him terrifies you?" asked Hester, amused at the idea, in spite of the gnawing unrest at her heart.

"To answer you," replied the major, "I must think a bit! Let me see! Let me see! Yes, it must be that! I am ashamed to confess it, but to a saint one must speak the truth: I believe in my heart it is simply fear lest I should find I must give up everything and do as I know he is thinking I ought."

"And what is that?"

"Turn a saint like him."

"And why should you be afraid of that?"

"Well, you see, I'm not the stuff that saints—good saints, I mean—are made of; and rather than not be a good one, if I once set about it, I would, saving your presence, be the devil himself."

Hester laughed, yet with some self-accusation.

"I think," she said, softly, "one day you will be as good a saint as love can wish you to be."

"Give me time; give me time, I beg," cried the major, wiping his forehead, and evidently in some perturbation. "I would not willingly begin anything I should disgrace, for that would be to disgrace myself, and I never had any will to that, though the old ladies of our village used to say I was born without any shame. But the main cause

of my unpopularity was that I hated humbug—and I do hate humbug, Cousin Hester, and shall hate it till I die—and so want to steer clear of it."

"I hate it, I hope, as much as you do, Major Marvel," responded Hester. "But, whatever it may be mixed up with, what is true, you know, cannot be humbug, and what is not true cannot be anything else than humbug."

"Yes, yes! but how is one to know what is true, my dear? There are so many differing claims to the quality!"

"I have been told, and I believe it with all my heart," replied Hester, "that the only way to know what is true is to do what is true."

"But you must know what is true before you can begin to do what is true."

"Everybody knows something that is true to do—that is, something he ought to lose no time in setting about. The true thing to any man is the thing that must not be let alone but done. It is much easier to know what is true to do than what is true to think. But those who do the one will come to know the other—and none else, I believe."

The major was silent, and sat looking very thoughtful. At last he rose.

"Is there anything you want me to do in this sad affair, Cousin Hester?" he said.

"I want your help to find my brother."

"Why should you want to find him? You cannot do him any good!"

"Who can tell that? If Christ came to seek and save His lost, we ought to seek and save our lost."

"Young men don't go wrong for the mere sake of going wrong; you may find him in such a position as will make it impossible for you to have anything to do with him."

"You know that line of Spenser's:

"'Entire affection hateth nicher hands'?"

asked Hester.

"No, I don't know it; and I don't know that I understand it now you tell it me," replied the major, just a little crossly, for he did not like poetry: it was one of his bugbear humbugs. "But one thing is plain; you must not expose yourself to what in such a search would be unavoidable."

The care of men over some women would not seldom be indiorous but for the sad suggested contrast of their carelessness over others.

"Answer me one question, dear Major Marvel," said Hester. "Which is in most danger from disease—the healthy or the sickly?"

"That's a question for the doctor," he answered, cautiously; "and I don't believe he knows anything about it, either. What it has to do with the matter in hand I cannot think."

Hester saw it was not for her now to pursue the argument. And one would almost imagine it scarce needed pursuing! For who shall walk safe in the haunts of evil but those upon whom, being pure, evil has no hold? The world's notions of purity are simply childish—because it is not itself pure. You might well suppose its cherished ones on the brink of all corruption, so much afraid does it seem of having them tainted *before their time*.

"I scarcely see what is to be done," said the major, after a moment's silence. "What do you say to an advertisement in the *Times*, to the effect that, if C. R. will return to his family, all will be forgiven?"

"That I must not, dare not do. There is surely some other way of finding persons without going to the police!"

"What do you think your father would like done?"

"I do not know; but as I am Corney's sister, I will venture as a sister. I think my father will be pleased in

the end, but I will risk his displeasure for the sake of my brother. If my father were to cast him off, would you say I was bound to cast him off?"

"I dare say nothing where you are sure, Hester. My only anxiety would be whether you thoroughly knew what you were about."

"If one were able to look upon the question of life or death as a mere candle-flame in the sun of duty, would she not at least be more likely to do right than wrong?"

"If the question were put about a soldier I should feel surer how to answer you," replied the major. "But you are so much better than I—you go upon such different tactics, that we can scarcely, I fear, bring our troops right in front of each other. I will do what I can for you—though I greatly fear your brother will never prove worth the trouble."

"People have repented who have gone as far wrong as Corney," said Hester, with the tears in her voice, if not in her eyes.

"True!" responded the major; "but I don't believe he has character enough to repent anything. He will be fertile enough in excuse! But I will do what I can to find out where he is."

Hester heartily thanked him, and he took his leave.

Her very estrangement from him, the thought of her mother's misery and the self-condemnation that must overtake her father if he did nothing, urged her to find Cornelius. But if she found him, what would come of it? Was he likely to go home with her? How would he be received if he did go home? and if not, what was she to do with or for him? Was he to keep the money so vilely appropriated? And what was he to do when it was spent? If want would drive him home, the sooner he came to it the better! We pity the prodigal with his swine, but then first a ray of hope begins to break through the darkness of his fate.

To do nothing was nearly unendurable, and she saw nothing to do. She could only wait, and it took all the patience and submission she could find. She wrote to her father, told him what there was to tell, and ended her letter with a message to her mother: "Tell darling mother," she said, "that what a sister can do, up to the strength God gives her, shall be done for my brother. Major Marvel is doing his best to find him." Next day she heard from her father that her mother was slowly recovering; and on the following day that her letter was a great comfort to her; but beyond this he made no remark. Even his silence, however, was something of a relief to Hester. In the meantime she was not idle. Hers was not the nature even in grief to sit still. The moment she had dispatched her letter, she set out to visit her poor friends. On her way she went into Mrs. Baldwin's shop and had a little talk with her, in the course of which she asked if she had ever heard anything more of the Frankses. Mrs. Baldwin replied that she had once or twice heard of their being seen in the way of their profession; but feared they were not getting on. Hester was sorry, but had many more she knew better to think of.

There was much rejoicing at her return. But there were changes—new faces where she had left friends, and not the best news of some who remained. One or two were in prison of whom when she left she was in good hope. One or two were getting on better in the sense of this world, but she could see nothing in themselves to make her glad of their "good luck." One who had signed the pledge some time before she went, had broken out fearfully, and all but killed his wife. One of whom she had been hopeful had disappeared—it was supposed with another man's wife. In spite of their suffering the evil

one seemed as busy among them as among the world's elect.

The little ones came about her again, but with less confidence, both because she had been away and because they had grown more than they had improved. But soon things were nearly on the old footing with them.

Every day she went among them. Certain of the women—chiefly those who had suffered most with least fault—were as warmly her friends as before. Amongst them was just one who had some experience of the Christian life, and she had begun to learn long before Hester came to know her; she did not seem, however, to have gained any influence even with those who lived in the same house; only who can trace the slow working of heaven?

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### RENCONTRES.

THERE was no news of Cornelius. In vain the detective to whom the major had made liberal promises continued his inquiries. There was a rumor of a young woman in whose company he had lately been seen, but she, too, had disappeared from public sight.

Sarah did her best to make Hester comfortable, and behaved the better that she was humbled by the consciousness of having made a bad job of her caretaking with Cornelius.

One afternoon she turned into a passage to visit the wife of a bookbinder who had been long laid up with rheumatism so severe as to render him quite unable to work. They had therefore been on the borders of want, and for Hester it was one of those happy cases in which she felt at full liberty to help with money. The part of the house occupied by them was pretty decent, but the rest of it was in bad repair and occupied by yet poorer people, of none of whom she knew much. It was in fact a little way beyond what she had come to count her limit.

She knocked at the door. It was opened by the parish doctor.

"You cannot come in, Miss Rayment," he said. "We have a very bad case of smallpox here. You good ladies must make up your minds to keep away from these parts for a while. Their bodies are in more danger than their souls now."

"That may very well be," replied Hester. "My foot may be in more danger than my head, but I can better afford to lose the one than the other."

The doctor did not see the point, and thought there was none.

"You will only carry the infection," he said.

"I will take every precaution," answered Hester. "I always take more, I am certain, than it can be possible for you to take. Why should not I also do my part to help them through?"

"While the parish is in my care," answered the doctor, "I must object to whatever increases the risk of infection. It is hard, while we are doing all we can to stamp out the disease, to have you, with the best of motives I admit, carrying it from one house to another. How are we to keep it out of the West End, if you ladies carry the seeds of it?"

The hard-worked man spoke with some heat.

"So the poor brothers are to be left for fear of hurting the rich ones?"

"That's not fair—you know it is not!" said the doctor. "We are sent here to fight the disease, and fight it we must."

"And I am sent here to fight something worse," returned Hester with a smile.



The doctor came out and shut the door.

"I must beg of you to go away," he said. "I shall be compelled to mention in my report how you and other ladies add to our difficulties."

He slipped in again and closed the door. Hester turned and went down the stair, now on her part a little angry. She knew it was no use thinking when she was angry, for when the anger was gone she almost always thought other-

who the singer was, that he should lose his temper. Through the few women and children above where Hester sat, he made his way toward the crowd of faces below. When he reached her he seized her arm from behind, and began at once to raise her and push her down the stair. He, too, was an enthusiast in his way. Some of the faces below grew red with anger, and their eyes flamed at the doctor. A loud murmur arose, and several began to force



wise. The first thing was to get rid of the anger. Instinctively she sat down and began to sing; it was not the first time she had sat and sung in a dirty staircase. It was not a wise thing to do, but her anger prevented her from seeing its impropriety.

By this time the doctor had finished his visit at the bookbinder's, and appeared on the stair above. He had heard the singing, and thought it was in the street; now he learnt it was actually in the house, and had filled it with people! It was no wonder, especially when he saw

their way up to rescue her, as they would one of their own from the police. But Hester, the moment she saw who it was that had laid hold of her, rose and began to descend the stair, closely followed by the doctor. It was not easy; and the annoyance of a good many in the crowd, some because Hester was their friend, others because the doctor had stopped the singing, gave a disorderly and indeed rather threatening look to the assemblage.

As she reached the door she saw, on the opposite side of the crowded passage, the pale face and glittering eyes

of Mr. Blaney looking at her over the heads between. The little man was mounted on a box at the door of a shop whose trade seemed to be in withered vegetables and salt fish, and had already had the pint which, according to his brother-in-law, was more than he could stand.

"Saves you right, miss," he cried, when he saw who was the centre of the commotion; "saves you right! You turned me out o' your house for singin', an' I don't see why you should come a-singin' an' a misbehavin' of yourself in ourn! Jest you bring her out here, pleecer-man, an' let me give her a bit o' my mind. Oh, don't be afeard, I won't hurt her! Not in all my life did I ever hurt a woman—bless 'em! But it's time the gentry swells knowed as how we're yuman bein's as well as theirselves. We don't like, no more'n they would theirselves, havin' our feelin's hurt for the sake o' what they calls bein' done good to. Come you along down over here, miss!"

The crowd had been gathering from both ends of the passage, for high words draw yet faster than sweet singing, and the place was so full that it was scarcely possible to get out of it. The doctor was almost wishing he had let ill alone, for he was now anxious about Hester. Some of the rougher ones began pushing. The vindictive little man kept bawling, his mouth screwed into the middle of his cheek. From one of the cross-entrances of the passage came the pulse of a fresh tide of would-be spectators, causing the crowd to sway hither and thither. All at once Hester spied a face she knew, considerably changed as it was since last she had seen it.

"Now we shall have help!" she said to her companion, making common cause with him notwithstanding his antagonism. "Mr. Franks!"

The athlete was not so far off that she needed to call very loud. He heard and started with eager interest. He knew the voice, sent his eyes looking, and presently found her who called him. With his great lean muscular arms he sent the crowd right and left like water, and reached her in a moment.

"Come! come! don't you hurt her!" shouted Mr. Blaney from the top of his box. "She ain't nothing to you. She's a old friend o' mine, an' I ain't a-goin' to see her hurt!"

"You shut up!" bawled Franks, "or I'll finish the pancake you was meant for."

Then turning to Hester, who had begun to be a little afraid he, too, had been drinking, he pulled off his fur cap, and making the lowest and politest of stage bows, said, briefly:

"Miss Raymount—at your service, miss!"

"I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Franks," said Hester. "Do you think you could get us out of the crowd?"

"Easy, miss. I'll carry you out of it like a baby, miss, if you'll let me."

"No, no; that will scarcely be necessary," returned Hester, with a smile.

"Go on before, and make a way for us," said the doctor, with an authority he had no right to assume.

"There is not the least occasion for you to trouble yourself about me further," said Hester. "I am perfectly safe with this man. I know him very well. I am sorry to have vexed you."

Franks looked up sharply at the doctor, as if to see whether he dared acknowledge a claim to the apology; then turning to Hester:

"Nobody 'ain't ha' been finding fault with you, miss?" he said—a little ominously.

"Not more than I deserved," replied Hester. "But some, Franks, lead the way, or all Bloomsbury will be

here, and then the police! I shouldn't like to be shut up for offending Mr. Blaney!"

Those near them heard and laughed. She took Frank's arm. Room was speedily made before them, and in a minute they were out of the crowd, and in one of the main thoroughfares.

But as if everybody she knew was going to appear, who should meet them face to face as they turned into Stevens's Road, with a fringe of the crowd still at their heels, but Lord Gartley! He had written from town, and Mrs. Raymount had let him know that Hester was in London, for she saw that the sooner she had an opportunity of telling him what had happened the better. His lordship went at once to Addison Square, and had just left the house disappointed when he met Hester leaning on Franks's arm.

"Miss Raymount!" he exclaimed, almost haughtily.

"My lord!" she returned, with unmistakable haughtiness, drawing herself up and looking him in the face, here glowing.

"Who would have expected to see you here?" he said.

"Apparently yourself, my lord!"

He tried to laugh.

"Come, then; I will see you home," he said.

"Thank you, my lord. Come, Franks."

As she spoke she looked round, but Franks was gone. Finding she had met one of her own family, as he supposed, he had quietly withdrawn: the moment he was no longer wanted, he grew ashamed, and felt shabby. But he lingered round a corner near, to be certain she was going to be taken care of, till seeing them walk away together he was satisfied, and went with a sigh.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### IN THE HOUSE.

THE two were silent on their way, but from different causes. Lord Gartley was uneasy at finding Hester in such a position—led into it by her unreflecting sympathies, no doubt, so unbefitting the present century of the world's history! He had gathered from the looks and words of the following remnants of the crowd that she had been involved in some street-quarrel—trying to atone it, no doubt, or to separate the combatants. For a woman of her refinement, she had the strangest proclivity for low company!

Hester was silent, thinking how to begin her communication about Cornelia. Uncomfortable from the *contretemps*, as well as from what she had now to do, and irritated at the tone in which his lordship had expressed the surprise he could not help feeling at sight of her so accompanied and attended, she had felt for a moment as if the best thing would be to break with him at once. But she was too just, had she not had too much regard for him, to do so. She felt, however, for that one moment, very plainly, that the relation between them was far from the ideal. Another thing was yet clearer: if he could feel such surprise and annoyance at the circumstances in which he had just met her, it would be well to come to a clearer understanding at once concerning her life-ideal and projects. But she would make up her mind to nothing till she saw how he was going to carry himself, now his surprise had had time to pass off; perhaps it would not be necessary to tell him anything about Cornelia! they might part upon other grounds! In the one case it would be she, in the other it would be he, that broke off the engagement: she would rather it were his doing than hers! No doubt she would stand better in the eyes of the world if she dismissed him; but that was an aspect of the affair she would never have deigned to heed had it presented itself.

Not before they reached the house did Lord Gartley speak, and Hester began to wonder if he might not already have heard of Cornelius. It was plain he was troubled; plain, too, he was only waiting for the coverture of the house to speak. It should be easy, oh, very easy for him to get rid of her! He need not be anxious about that!

It was doubtless shock upon shock to the sensitive nature of his lordship to find, when they reached the house, that, instead of ringing the bell, she took a latch-key from her pocket, opened the door herself, and herself closed it behind them. It was just as a bachelor might enter his chambers! It did not occur to him that it was just such as his bachelor that ought not to have the key, and such as Hester that ought to have it, to let them come and go as the angels. She led the way up the stair. Not a movement of life was audible in the house! The stillness was painful.

"Did no one come up with you?" he asked.

"No one but Major Marvel," she answered, and opened the door of the drawing-room.

As she opened it, she woke to the consciousness that she was very cross, and in a mood to make her unfair to Gartley: the moment she had closed it, she turned to him, and said:

"Forgive me, Gartley; I am in trouble; we are all in trouble. When I have told you about it, I shall be more at ease."

Without preamble, or any attempt to influence the impression of the dreadful news, she began her story, softening the communication only by making it as the knowledge had come to her—telling first her mother's distress at Sarah's letter, then the contents of that letter, and then those of her uncle's. She could not have done it with greater fairness to her friend: his practiced self-control had opportunity for perfect operation. But the result was more to her satisfaction than she could have dared to hope. He held out his hand with a smile, and said:

"I am very sorry. What is there I can do?"

She looked up in his eyes. They were looking down kindly and lovingly.

"Then—then"—she said, "you don't—I mean there's no—I mean, you don't feel differently toward me?"

"Toward you, my angel!" exclaimed Gartley, and held out his arms.

She threw herself into them, and clung to him. It was the first time either of them had shown anything approaching to *abandon*. Gartley's heart swelled with delight, translating her confidence into his power. He was no longer the second person in the compact, but had taken the place belonging to the male contracting party! For he had been painfully conscious now and then that he played but second fiddle.

They sat down and talked the whole thing over.

Now that Hester was at peace she began too look at it from Gartley's point of view.

"I am so sorry for you," she said. "It is very sad you should have to marry into a family so disgraced. What will your aunt say?"

"My aunt will treat the affair like the sensible woman she is," replied the earl. "But there is no fear of disgrace; the thing will never be known. Besides, where is the family that hasn't one or more such loose fishes about in its pond? The fault was committed inside the family, too, and that makes a great difference. It is not as if he'd been betting, and couldn't pay up!"

From the heaven of her delight Hester fell prone. Was this the way her almost husband looked at these things? But, poor fellow! how could he help looking at them so? Was it not thus he had been from earliest childhood

taught to look at them? The greater was his need of all she could do for him! He was so easy to teach anything! What she saw clear as day it could not be hard to communicate to one who loved as he loved! She would say nothing now—would let him see no sign of disappointment in her!

"If he don't improve," continued his lordship, "we must get him out of the country. In the meantime, he will go home, and not a suspicion will be roused. What else should he do, with such property to look after?"

"My father will not see it so," answered Hester. "I doubt if he will ever speak to him again. Certainly he will not except he show some repentance."

"Has your father refused to have him home?"

"He has not had the chance. Nobody knows what has become of him."

"He'd nave to condone, or compromise, or compound, or what do they call it, for the sake of his family—for your sake, and my sake, my darling! He can't be so vindictive as expose his own son! We won't think more about him! Let us talk of ourselves!"

"If only we could find him!" returned Hester.

Depend upon it he is not where you would like to find him. Men don't come to grief without help! We must wait till he turns up."

Far as this was from her purpose, Hester was not inclined to argue the point: she could not expect him or any one out of their own family to be much interested in the fate of Cornelius. They began to talk about other things; and if they were not the things Hester would most readily have talked about, neither were they the things Lord Gartley had entered the house intending to talk about. He, too, had been almost angry, only by nature he was cool, and even good-tempered. To find Hester, the moment she came back to London, and now in the near prospect of marriage with himself, yielding afresh to a diseased fancy of doing good; to come upon her in the street of a low neighborhood, followed by a low crowd, supported and championed by a low fellow—well, it was not agreeable! His high breeding made him mind it less than a middle-class man of like character would have done; but with his cold dislike to all that was poor and miserable, he could not fail to find it annoying, and had entered the house intending to exact a promise for the future—not the future after marriage, for a change then went without saying.

But when he had heard her trouble, and saw how deeply it affected her, he knew this was not the time to say what he had meant; and there was the less occasion now that he was near to take care of her!

He had risen to go, and was about to take a loving farewell, when Hester, suddenly remembering, drew back, with almost a guilty look.

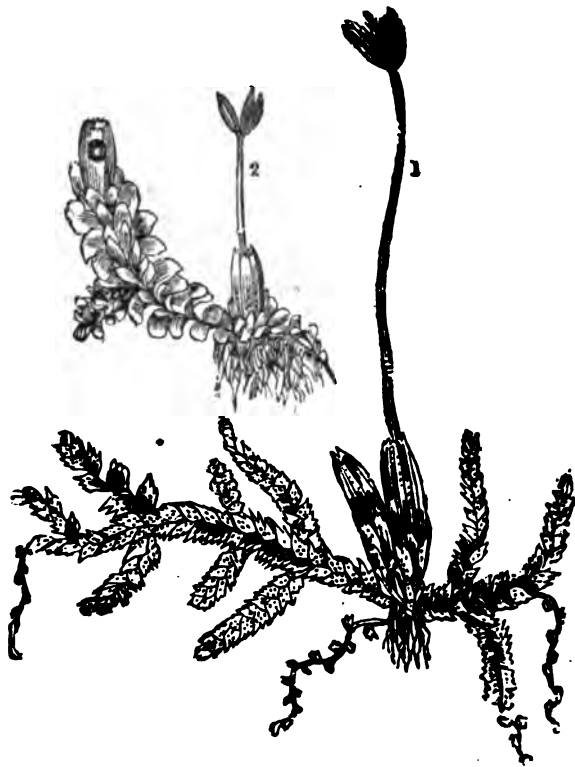
"Oh, Gartley!" she said, "I ought not to have let you come near me! Not that I am afraid of anything! But you came upon me so unexpectedly! It is all very well for one's self, but one ought to heed what other people may think!"

"What *can* you mean, Hester?" exclaimed Gartley, and would have laid his hand on her arm, but again she drew back.

"There was smallpox in the house I had just left when you met me," she said.

He started back and stood speechless—manifesting therein no more cowardice than every one in his circle would have justified: was it not reasonable and right he should be afraid? was it not a humiliation to be created subject to such a loathsome disease? The disgrace of fearing anything except doing wrong, few human beings





OUR NOVEMBER WALK.—1. JUNGERMANNIA OBTUSIFOLIA.  
2. JUNGERMANNIA REPTANS.—SEE PAGE 491.

are capable of conceiving, and fewer still of actually believing.

"Has it never occurred to you what you are doing in going to such places, Hester?" he faltered. "It is a treachery against every social claim. I am sorry to use such hard words, but—really—I—I cannot help being a little surprised at you! I thought you had more—more—sense!"

"I am sorry to have frightened you."

"Frightened!" repeated Gartley, with an attempt at a smile, which closed in a yet more anxious look; "you do indeed frighten me! The whole world would agree you give me good cause to be frightened. I should never have thought *you* capable of showing such a lack of principle. Don't imagine I am thinking of myself; *you* are in most danger! Still, you may carry the infection without taking it yourself."

"I didn't know it was there when I went to the house—only I should have gone all the same," said Hester. "But if seeing you so suddenly had not made me forget, I should have had a bath as soon as I got home. I am sorry I let you come near me!"

"One has no right either to take or carry infection," insisted Lord Gartley, perhaps a little glad of the height upon which an opportunity of finding fault set him for the first time above her. "But there is no time to talk about it now. I hope you will use what preventives you can. It is very wrong to trifle with such things!"

"Indeed it is!" answered Hester; "and I say again I am sorry I forgot. You see how it was, don't you? It was you made me forget!"

But his lordship was by no means now in a smiling mood. He bade her a somewhat severe good-night, then hesitated, and thinking it scarcely signified now, and he must not look too much afraid, held out his hand. But Hester drew back a third time, saying, "No, no; you must not," and with solemn bow he turned and went, his

mind full of conflicting feelings and perplexed thoughts. What a glorious creature she was!—and what a dangerous! He recalled the story of the young woman brought up on poisons, whom no man could come near but at the risk of his life. What a spirit she had! but what a pity it was so ill-directed! It was horrible to think of her going into such abominable places—and all alone, too! How ill she had been trained!—in such utter disregard of social obligation and the laws of nature! It was preposterous! He little thought what risks he ran when he fell in love with *her*! If he got off now without an attack he would be lucky! But—good heavens! if she were to take it herself! "I wonder when she was last vaccinated!" he said. "I was last year; I dare say I'm a" right! But if she were to die, or lose her complexion, I should kill myself! I know I should!" Would honor compel him to marry her if she were horribly pock-marked? Those dens ought to be rooted out! Philanthropy was gone mad! It was strict repression that was wanted! To sympathize with people like that was only to encourage them! Vice was like hysteresis—the more kindness you showed the worse grew the patient! They took it all as their right! And the more you gave, the more they demanded—never showing any gratitude, so far as he knew!

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### THE MAJOR AND THE SMALLPOX.

HIS lordship was scarcely gone when the major came. So closely did the appearance of the one follow on the disappearance of the other, that there was ground for suspecting the major had seen his lordship enter the house, and had been waiting and watching till he was gone. But she was not yet to be seen; she had no fear of the worst smallpox could do to her, yet was taking what measures appeared advisable for her protection. Her fearlessness came from no fancied absence of danger, but from an utter disbelief in chance. The same and only faith that would have enabled her to face the smallpox; if she did die by going into such places, it was all right.

For aught I know there may be a region whose dwellers are so little capable of being individually cared for that they are left to the action of mere general laws as sufficient for what for the time can be done for them. Such may well to themselves seem to be blown about by all the winds of chaos and the limbo—which winds they call chance! Even then and there it is God who has ordered all the generals of their conditions,



OUR NOVEMBER WALK.—LICHENS.



OUR NOVEMBER WALK.—QUERCUS PEDUNCULATA.  
SEE PAGE 491.

and when they are sick of it, will help them out of it. One thing is sure—that God is doing His best for every man.

The major sat down and waited.

"I am at my wits' end!" he said, when she entered the room. "I can't find the fellow! That detective's a muff! He ain't got a trace of him yet! I must put on another! Don't you think you had better go home? I will do what can be done, you may be sure!"

"I am sure," answered Hester. "But mamma is better; so long as I am away papa will not leave her; and she would rather have papa than a dozen of me."

"But it must be so dreary for you—here alone all day!" he said, with a touch of malice.

"I go about among my people," she answered.

"Ah! ah!" he returned. "Then I hope you will be careful what houses you go into, for I hear the smallpox is in the neighborhood."

"I have just come from a house where it is now," she answered. The major rose in haste. "But," she went on, "I have changed all my clothes and had a bath since." The major sat down again.

"My dear young lady!" he said, the roses a little ashy on his cheek-bones, "do you know what you are about?"

"I hope I do—I think I do," she answered.

"Hope! Think!" repeated the major, indignantly.

"Well, believe," said Hester.

"Come, come!" he rejoined, with rudeness, "you may hope or think or believe what you like, but you have no business to act but on what you know."

"I suppose you never act where you do not know!" returned Hester. "You always know you will win the battle, kill the tiger, take the smallpox, and be the worse for it?"

"It's all very well for you to laugh!" returned the major; "but what is to become of us if you take the smallpox! Why, my dear cousin, you might lose every scrap of your good looks!"

"And then who on earth would care for me any more!" said Hester, with mock mournfulness, which brought a glimmer of the merry light back to the major's face.

"But, really, Hester," he persisted, "this is most imprudent. It is your life, not your beauty only, you are periling!"

"Perhaps," she answered.

"And the lives of us all!" added the major.

"Is the smallpox worse than a man-eating tiger?" she asked.

"Ten times worse," he answered. "You can fight the

tiger, but you can't fight the smallpox! You really ought not to run such fearful risks."

"How are they to be avoided? Every time you send for the doctor you run a risk! You can't order a clean doctor every time!"

"A joke's all very well! but it is our duty to take care of ourselves."

"In reason, yes," replied Hester.

"You may think," said the major, "that God takes special care of you because you are about His business—and far be it from me to say you are not about His business or that He does not take care of you; but what is to become of me and the like of me if we take the smallpox from you?"

Hester had it on her lips to say that if he was meant to die of the smallpox, he might as well take it of her as of another; but she said instead that she was sure God took care of her, but not sure she should not die of the smallpox.

"Then you have made up your mind to die of the smallpox? In that case——"

"Only if it be God's will," interrupted Hester. "To that, and that alone, have I made up my mind. If I die of the smallpox, it will not be because it could not be helped, or because I caught it by chance; it will be because God allowed it as best for me and best for us all. It will not be a punishment for breaking His laws: he loves none better, I believe, than those who break the laws of nature to fulfill the laws of the spirit—which is the deeper nature, 'the nature naturing nature,' as I read the other day; of course it sounds nonsense to any one who does not understand it."

"That's your humble servant," said the major. "I haven't a notion what you or the author you quote mean—though I don't doubt you both mean well, and that you are a most courageous and, indeed, heroic young woman. For all that, it is time your friends interfered; and I am going to write by the next post to let your father know how you are misbehaving yourself."

"They will not believe me quite so bad as I fear you will represent me."

"I don't know. I must write, anyhow."

"That they may order me home to give them the smallpox? Wouldn't it be better to wait and be sure I had not taken it already? Your letter, too, might carry the infection. I think you had better not write."

"You persist in making fun of it! I say again it is not a thing to be joked about," remarked the major, looking red.

"I think," returned Hester, "whoever lives in terror of



OUR NOVEMBER WALK.—THE BRITISH OAK.

infection had better take it and have done with it. I know I would rather die than live in the fear of death. It is the meanest of alareries. At least, to live a slave to one's fears is next worst to living a slave to one's likings. Do as you please, Major Marvel, but I give you warning that if you interpose—I will not say *interfere*, because you do it all for kindness—but if you interpose, I will never ask you to help me again; I will never let you know what I am doing, or come to you for advice, lest, instead of assisting me, you should set about preventing me from doing what I may have to do."

She held out her hand to him, adding, with a smile:

"Is it for good-by, or a compact?"

"But just look at it from my point of view," said the major, disturbed by the appeal. "What will your father say if he finds me aiding and abetting?"

"You did not come up at my father's request, or from the least desire on his part to have me looked after. You were not put in charge of me, and have no right to suppose me doing anything my parents would not like. They never objected to my going among my friends as I thought fit. Possibly they had more faith in my good sense, knowing me better than Major Marvel."

"But when one sees you doing the thing that is plainly wrong—"

"If it be so plainly wrong, how is it that I, who am really anxious to do right, should not see it wrong? Why should you think me less likely to know what is right than you, Major Marvel?"

"I give in," said the major, "and will abide by the consequences."

"But you shall not needlessly put yourself in danger. You must not come to me except I send for you. If you hear anything of Corney, write, please."

"You don't imagine," cried the major, firing up, "that I am going to turn tail where you advance? I'm not going to run from the smallpox any more than you. So long as he don't get on my back to hunt other people, I don't care. By George! you women have more courage ten times than we men!"

"What we've got to do we just go and do, without thinking about danger. I believe it is often the best wisdom to be blind and let God be our eyes as well as our shield. But would it be right of you, not called to the work, to put yourself in danger because you would not be out where I am in? I could admire, of course, but never could quite justify Sir Philip Sidney in putting off his ossises because his general had not got his on."

"You're fit for a fieldmarshal, my dear!" said the major, enthusiastically—adding, as he kissed her hand, "I will think over what you have said, and at least not betray you without warning."

"That is enough for the present," returned Hester, shaking hands with him warmly.

The major went away, scarcely knowing whither, so filled was he with admiration of "Cousin Helen's girl."

That same evening he sent her word that one answering the description of Cornelius had been descried in the neighborhood of Addison Square.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### DOWN AND DOWN.

Down the hill, and down!—to the shores of the salt sea, where the flowing life is dammed into a stagnant lake, a dead sea, growing more and more bitter with separation and lack of outlet. Mrs. Franks had come to feel the comforting of her husband a hopeless thing, and had all but ceased to attempt it. He grew more hopeless for the

lack of what she thought moved him no more, and when she ceased to comfort him, the fountain of her own hope began to fail; in comforting him she had comforted herself. The boys, whose merriment even was always of a sombre kind, got more gloomy, but had not begun to quarrel; for that evil, as interfering with their profession, the father had so sternly crushed that they had less than the usual tendency to it.

They had at last reached the point of being unable to pay for their lodging. They were indeed a fortnight's rent behind. Their landlady was not willing to be hard upon them, but what could a poor woman do, she said. The day was come when they must go forth like Abraham without a home, but not like Abraham with a tent and the world before them to set it up in; not like Abraham with camels and asses to help them along. The weakly wife had to carry the sickly baby, who, with many ups and downs, had been slowly pining away. The father went laden with the larger portion of the goods yet remaining to them, and led the Serpent of the Prairies, with the drum hanging from his neck, by the hand. The other boys followed, bearing the small stock of implements belonging to their art.

They had delayed their departure till it was more than dusk, for Franks could not help a vague feeling of blame for the condition of his family, and shrank from being seen of men's eyes; every one they met must know they had not a place to lay their heads! The world was like a sea before them—a prospect of ceaseless motion through the night, with the hope of an occasional rest on a doorstep or the edge of the curbstone when the policeman's back was turned. They set out to go nowhither—to tramp on and on. Is it any wonder—does it imply wickedness beyond that lack of trust in God which is at the root of all wickedness, if the thought of ending their troubles by death crossed his mind, and from very tenderness kept returning? At the last gasp, as it seemed, in the close and ever closer siege of misfortune, he was most ready, like the Jews of Masada, to conquer by self-destruction. But ever and again the said eyes of his wife turned him from the thought, and he would plod on, thinking, as near as possible, about nothing.

At length as they wandered they came to a part where seemed to be only small houses and mews. Presently they found themselves in a little lane with no thoroughfare, at the back of some stables, and had to return along the rough-paved, neglected way. Such was the quiet and apparent seclusion of the spot, that it struck Franks they had better find its most sheltered corner, in which to sit down and rest a while, possibly sleep. Scarcely would policeman, he thought, enter such a forsaken place! The same moment they heard the measured tread of the enemy on the other side of the stables. Instinctively, hurriedly, they looked around for some place of concealment, and spied, at the end of a blank wall, belonging apparently to some kind of warehouse, a narrow path between that and the wall of the next property. Careless to what it led, anxious only to escape the annoyance of the policeman, they turned quickly into it. Scarcely had they done so when the Serpent, whose hand his father had let go, disappeared with a little cry, and a whimper ascended through the darkness.

"Hold your n'ise, you rascal!" said his father, sharply, but under his breath; "the bobby will hear you, and have us all to the lock-up!"

Not a sound more was heard. Nor did the boy reappear.

"Good heavens, John!" cried the mother, in an agonized whisper, "the child has fallen down a sewer! Oh, my God! he is gone for ever!"



"Hold your n'ise," said Franks again, "an' let's all go down a'ter 'im! It's better down anywheres than up where there ain't nothing to eat an' nowheres to lie down in."

"Tain't a bad place," cried a little voice in a whisper broken with repressed sobs. "'Tain't a bad place, I don't think, only I broken one o' my two legs; it won't move to fetch of me up again."

"Thank God in heaven, the child's alive!" cried the mother. "You ain't much hurt, are you, Moxy?"

"Rather, mother!"

By this time the steps of the policeman, to which the father had been listening with more anxiety than to the words of wife or child, were almost beyond hearing. Franks turned, and going down a few steps found his child, where he half lay, half sat upon them. But when he lifted him, he gave a low cry of pain. It was impossible to see where or how much he was hurt. The father sat down and took him on his knees.

"You'd better come and sit here, wife," he said, in a low, dull voice. "There ain't no one a-sittin' up for us. The b'y's a bit hurt, an' here you'll be out o' the wind, at least."

They all got as far down the stair as its room would permit—the elder boys with their heads scarcely below the level of the wind. But by and by one of them crept down past his mother, feebly soothing the whimpering baby, and began to feel what sort of place they were in.

"Here's a door, father!" he said.

"Well, what o' that?" returned his father. "'Tain't no door open for the likes of us but the door o' the grave."

"Perhaps this is it, father," said Moxy.

"If it be," answered his father, with bitterness, "we'll find it open, I'll be bound."

The boy's hand had come upon a latch; he lifted it and pushed.

"Father," he cried, with a gasp, "*it is open!*"

"Get in, then," said his father, roughly, giving him a push with his foot.

"I daren't. It's so dark!" he answered.

"Here, you come an' take the Sarpint," returned the father, with faintly reviving hope, "an' I'll see what sort of a place it is. If it's any place at all, it's better than bein' i' the air all night at this freezin' time!"

So saying, he gave Moxy to his bigger bother, and went to learn what kind of a place they had got to. Ready as he had been a moment before for the grave, he was careful in stepping into the unknown dark. Feeling with foot and hand, he went in. He trod upon an earthen floor, and the place had a musty smell; it might be a church-vault, he thought. In and in he went, with sliding foot on the soundless floor, and sliding hand along the cold wall—on and on, round two corners, past a closed door, and back to that by which he had entered, where, as at the grave's mouth, sat his family in sad silence, waiting his return.

"Wife," he said, "we can't do better than take the only thing that's offered. The floor's firm, an' it's out o' the air. It's some sort of a cellar—p'r'aps at the bottom of a church. It do look as it wur left open jest for us! You used to talk about *Him* above, wife!"

He took her by the hand and led the way into the darkness, the boys following, one of them with a hold of his mother, and his arm round the other, who was carrying Moxy. Franks closed the door behind them, and they had gained a refuge. Feeling about, one of the boys came upon a large packing-case; having laid it down against the inner wall, Franks sat, and made his wife lie upon it, with her head on his knees, and took Moxy again in his arms,

wrapt in one of their three thin blankets. The boys stretched themselves on the ground, and were soon fast asleep. The baby moaned by fits all the night long.

In about an hour Franks, who for long did not sleep, heard the door open softly and stealthily, and seemed aware of a presence besides themselves in the place. He concluded some other poor creature had discovered the same shelter; or, if they had got into a church-vault, it might be some wandering ghost; he was too weary for for further speculation, or any uneasiness. When the slow light crept through the chinks of the door, he found they were quite alone.

It was a large dry cellar, empty save for the old packing-case. They must use great caution, and do their best to keep their hold of this last retreat! Misfortune had driven them into the earth; it would be fortune to stay there.

When his wife woke, he told her what he had been thinking. He and the boys would creep out before it was light, and return after dark. She must not put even a finger out of the cellar-door all day. He laid Moxy down beside her, woke the two elder boys, and went out with them.

They were so careful that for many days they continued undiscovered. Franks and the boys went and returned, and gained bread enough to keep them alive, but it may well seem a wonder they did not perish with cold. It is amazing what even the delicate sometimes go through without more than a little hastening on the road the healthiest are going as well.

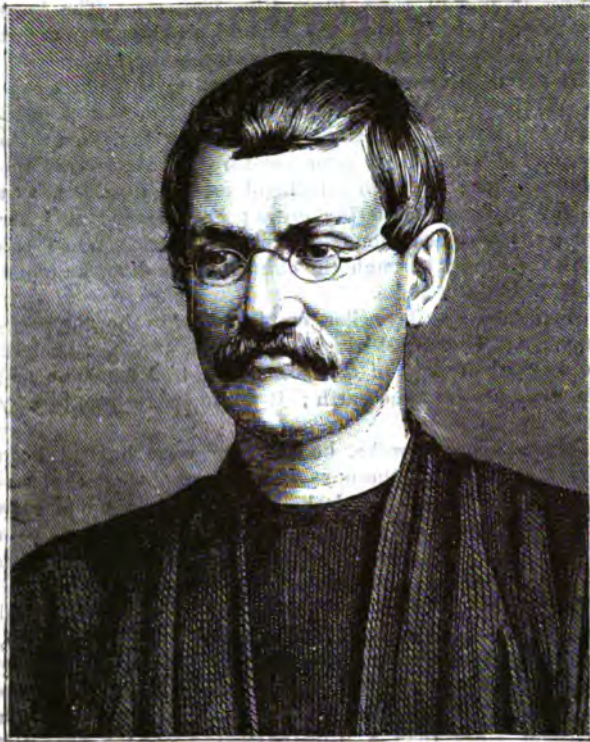
(To be continued.)

## OUR NOVEMBER WALK.

OUR rural strolls have become sadly dreary and chill of late. The glow and luxuriance of the garden parterre have long departed; the wayside has lost its uncultured beauty, and the brook has been despoiled of the brilliant fringe of gentians and cardinals that in earlier Autumn attracted our steps to its plashing course. Already the forest is doffing the mantle of purple, and amber, and scarlet, and gold, in which it has blazed since the frosts of mid-September; already the breath of coming Winter bedims the prospect and chills the life-blood of Nature into torpor; and already

"Fruits and flowers are gathered in,  
And withered foliage flies the rustling grove."

We shall not easily find material for the humblest bouquet in our saunter through the woods and fields; yet there are objects of interest in abundance to claim our attention as we venture out beneath the sombre sky, and enter the woods that we sought so gladly in the Summer. Now, however, the breeze whistles mournfully past us as we trample over the crackling carpet of fallen leaves, and whirls the foliage in perpetual gyrations through the forest, or appears bent on stripping maple, elm and ash of their many-colored foliage, or threads the branches of some stately oak, climbing and clattering from the lowest to the topmost twig, sending showers of acorns pattering to the ground, and covering us in a crepitating shower of brown and shriveled leaves. Some varieties of the oak, however, are still dusky green, and stand out amid the general decay as emblems of vigorous old age among decrepit youth. Here we find the *quercus latifolia*, or broad-leaved oak, the stalwart giant that has braved the storms of Winter for half a score of centuries; the scrubby *quercus pedunculata*, with its elongated acorns, and many other



BABU KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

varieties of the royal tree. Who can look upon the oak without a thought for the noble ships whose timbers and bulwarks it contributes to form—of those hoary trees in the forest of Windsor, under which every monarch of England, since the day of the first Conqueror, eight hundred years ago, may have lingered—of the oaks in merry Sherwood, beneath whose shade we have so often fancied ourselves reclining in the joyous company of Robin Hood and Little John—of the oak in which the fugitive prince and future voluptuous monarch, Charles II., remained safely concealed from his pursuers—and of that far more glorious tree in which the royal charter of Connecticut was resolutely hidden, and which clasped the precious document safely in its embrace until the danger was over, and New England breathed again! Truly, there are glorious memories clustering about the oak!

Perhaps we may be so fortunate as to discover a mistletoe plant upon one of the larger branches, but it is not frequently that mistletoe is found in the United States, although its name is familiar to every reader, and a species is occasionally plucked, in the Middle States, from branches of elms, apple-trees and oaks. Yet the true mistletoe is frequently seen in our markets, about Christmas time, quantities being imported from England, where alone it grows in profusion. The mistletoe was a sacred plant among the Druids of Gaul and Britain, who were accustomed, at a certain season of the year, to resort to the oak forests—which also they considered hallowed and dedicated to a mysterious divinity—where, with solemn ceremonies, they severed the plant from the bough upon which it flourished, and carried it reverently to their places of mysterious worship. The Druids of Gaul were accustomed annually to dispatch messengers to bring from Britain a supply of the sacred plant. Oak forests, now, and Druids, have faded into the unfathomable past; the very name of the heathen priests is a ground of dispute with antiquarians; but the mistletoe still retains a vestige of its former attributes. Still, at certain seasons, it is

plucked in the English groves—and still on the merry Christmas night is suspended from rafter of farmhouse, and ceiling of luxurious drawing-room, conferring delicious privileges upon the bold-hearted youth who can entice his chosen maiden to the spot above which it droops.

Then, again, we may find instruction and entertainment in contemplating the numberless varieties of mosses and lichens with which the forest abounds. On the same oak with our mistletoe plant we may discover a dozen minute yet beautiful specimens of cryptogamic vegetation. Not many of our readers, perhaps, have a very definite idea of the nature of the lichen. They notice powdery crusts encircling the limbs of trees, staining old walls with rich purple and brown and yellow tints, or covering outcropping boulders of granite in the open pasture, but they will too often pass by the unpretending lichen in favor of some more ostentatious plant. Yet, on closer examination, we shall find a prodigal amount of delicate beauty lavished on the cells and cups of the innumerable species of this order of flowerless plants. Although closely connected with the *Fungi*, they differ from those noxious parasites in the fact that they do not destroy or injure the plants upon which they grow. The *Fungus* derives its nourishment from the decay of the substance upon which it fastens, and therefore is found only upon animal or vegetable organic matter; but the lichens are nourished from the medium which surrounds them, feeding on moisture, and air and light, and therefore grow with equal readiness upon a granite block or the vigorous bough of a forest tree. The importance of the lichen in the vegetable world is immense. It flourishes on the most arid rock—the most forbidding volcanic cone; forming by degrees upon the surface a little coating of vegetable matter. The little incrustation gradually extends over the surface of



THE REV. NARAYAN SHESHADRI.

the rock, and forms, with its slow decay, a scanty covering of fine vegetable mold. By-and-by other lichens form upon this surface—a casual seed is dropped and fructified



in the filmy deposit, and the process of time adds continually fresh and progressively larger vegetation, until the annual deposit of decaying matter produces a rich vegetable mold, in which crumbling particles of the rock itself are incorporated, and a soil is at length formed in which successively grasses and shrubs and forest trees take root and luxuriate! Such are some of the patient workings of our mother Nature!

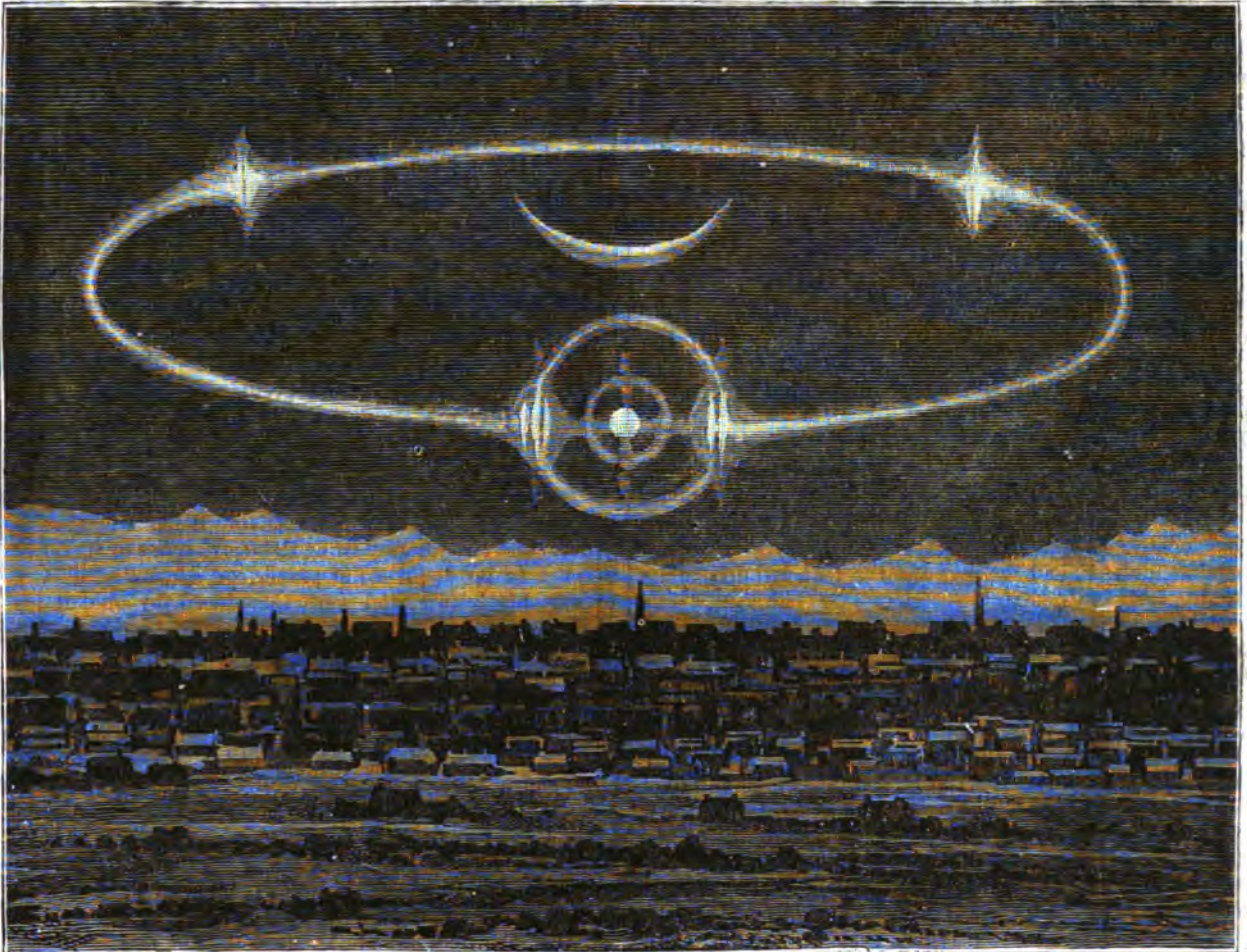
Our engraving represents some of the most common varieties of the lichens, whose green, yellow and vermilion cups are so frequently noticed upon our forest trees.

In moist places, at the foot of trees, we may also find

When every other blossom has faded, this cheerful flower still lends liveliness to the parterre, and its yellow faces are seen looking up from almost every garden to the sullen skies and watery suns of the closing year. In the words of one of the English floral poets:

"This beautiful flower still illumines the scene  
When the tempest of Winter is near;  
Mid the frowns of adversity cheerful of mien  
And gay when the landscape is drear!"

This plant is sometimes called the China Chrysanthemum, but its botanical name is *C. Indicum*.



THE PARASELENÆ OR MOCK MOONS IN DENVER.—SEE PAGE 497.

the little *Jungermannia* or scale mosses, of which so many varieties exist. Some, indeed, like the *J. reptans*, spread over the most barren rocks and clothe their rugged surface with a delicate tapestry of tender green; while the *J. polyanthus* is found chiefly in shady and moist localities, where its curiously formed leaves shoot up amid the rank herbage. These plants are named in honor of a German botanist, Louis Jungermann, distinguished by his researches in the seventeenth century.

With our oak leaves and lichens and mosses—mingled with a few twigs from the maple still blazing in the fiery blushes which the contact of Winter's hand has produced, and with a few golden poplar leaves, or the brownish-gray leaf of the elm, we may succeed, after all, in constructing a November bouquet which will not be out of place upon our table or the mantel-shelf.

To these we may also add a few sprigs of chrysanthemum—almost the only flower still lingering in our gardens.

## Two Famous Hindoos and their Work in India.

RECENTLY there have been several interesting articles published in English periodicals concerning two famous Hindoos—the one a Christian, the other almost one, and both worthy of extended remark. Babu Keshub Chunder Sen is the leader of the Brahmo Somaj movement in India. This movement is described in a work entitled the "Days of Grace in India," by Mr. Henry Stanley Newman, of Leominster, England, as follows:

"He—the Babu—has insisted on the destruction of caste, as utterly opposed to the brotherhood of man. Many of the Brahmos were unwilling to go so far. He therefore formed a new Society called the Progressive Somaj, while the others remained as the Adi, or original Somaj. All alike view idolatry with contempt. There are now three branches of the Brahmo Somaj in existence in Calcutta, the last separation being on the ground of



early marriages. Babu Keshub Chunder Sen had declaimed eloquently for years against the child-marriages of India, but subsequently his own daughter was married at the age of sixteen to the wealthy Maharajah of Kuch Behar in 1878.

"For this and other reasons some of his disciples formed an independent Somaj of their own. Many of the Brahmos have drifted off at tangents, some have become reabsorbed in Hindooism. A few have come out boldly as Christians. It is not enough to have holy aspirations, and until the Brahma Somaj definitely accepts Christ as the Saviour, it can never obtain a firm foothold, or meet the needs of souls.

"The covenant of the Brahmos is as follows :

"1. I will live consecrated to the worship of the One Supreme (Brahma), who is the creator, preserver and destroyer, the giver of present and eternal good, all-wise, all-pervading, full of joy, the good and without form. I will worship him with love, and by doing those things that will give him pleasure.

"2. "I will worship no created thing as the supreme God.

"3. Unless disabled by sickness or calamity, I will every day, in faith and love, fix my thoughts in contemplation on the Supreme.

"4. I will live earnestly in the practice of good deeds.

"5. I will endeavor to live free from evil deeds.

"6. If, overcome by temptation, I perchance do anything evil, I will surely desire to be freed from it, and be more careful for the future.

"7. Every year, and in all my worldly prosperity, I will offer gifts to the Brahma Somaj. O God, grant unto me strength that I may entirely observe this excellent religion.

"To believe in the fatherhood of God,' says Babu Chunder Sen, 'is to believe in the brotherhood of man, and whoever therefore in his own heart and in his own house worships the true God daily, must learn to recognize all his fellow-countrymen as brethren. Declare a crusade against idolatry, and the very sight of that will drive caste to desperation.'

"If we pray in a humble spirit, if we kneel down and open up the depths of our hearts, our longings, our sorrows, our afflictions, unto the one living God, He who is plenteous in mercy will hear us and grant our prayers.'

"One marked peculiarity in the Brahma Somaj has been that they have held themselves open to continually receive new truth and fresh light, and they maintain that in the search for truth it is our duty to discard everything that any man can prove to us to be false. Thus, when the Somaj was accused of change, the Babu Chunder Sen replies in these words, 'Doubtless it is very hard to repudiate long-standing usages. Associations of old institutions, however ridiculous or obnoxious, are oftentimes irresistible. Old laws, old customs and privileges, stick to us with unflinching tenacity; yet by the grace of God the Brahma Somaj, as soon as it has arrived at the conviction that a particular opinion was not right has immediately abjured it; that very moment the opinion was drowned with the cry, "Away with it! away with it!"'

"In another passage Babu Chunder Sen says, 'Brahmism not only reveals God to me in the inmost depths of my heart, but assures me that He whom I worship is my Father and my Saviour; that He who gives us food and raiment will also open the gates of salvation to all who sincerely repent of their sins, and humbly pray to Him, and conscientiously discharge their duties to Him. He saveth those who hunger and thirst after salvation.'

"In a recent lecture Babu Chunder Sen says, 'It is Christ that rules India. None but Jesus, none but Jesus, has deserved this bright, this precious diadem of India, and Christ shall have it.'

"While there is much in Chunder Sen's teaching which

we cannot indorse, the courageous protest against caste and the advocacy of many social reforms have proved a great practical blessing to the native community. Chunder Sen would himself in all integrity adopt the words of St. Paul, 'Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect: but I press on, if so be that I may apprehend,' and he would probably sincerely enter into the spirit of the charge of Pastor Robinson to the Pilgrim Fathers, 'I charge you that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. *The Lord has more truth to yet break forth out of His holy word.* I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, which are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw, and the Calvinists stick fast where they were left by that great man of God. I beseech you remember it, as an article of your church government, that you shall be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God.'

"Chunder Sen resides at Lily Cottage, Calcutta. As we drove up under the portico we were informed by the servant that his master was at *puja*, that is, at prayer, and had given orders never to be disturbed at prayer. The fact is, there are meetings of the Brahma missionaries at his house every morning and evening, and it is at these meetings that the missionaries receive strength and instruction ere they go forth to distant parts of India on their errand. The native drums, tambourines and stringed instruments resounded in the air as their morning song or praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Being ascended to heaven, and heartily respecting the instructions of Chunder Sen not to be disturbed at prayer, we concluded quietly to wait his leisure, and were introduced by one of his disciples into an up-stairs sitting-room. On the table lay two volumes of the 'Early Years of the Prince Consort,' handsomely bound, presented by Her Majesty the Queen, and signed with her own fine autograph at the beginning. Alongside these books was a large folio edition of 'The Sermon on the Mount,' beautifully illuminated, and another volume with an elaborate inscription, from the Shoreditch Total Abstinence Society, presented when Chunder Sen was in England. On the walls were a portrait of the Queen, presented by herself in September, 1870, and a fine picture of Jesus Christ breaking bread. The morning prayers usually occupy about an hour.

"Over the doorway of the room in which the meeting was being held was the word 'Sanctuary.' It was full of devout natives sitting cross-legged on the floor. One gentleman, unable to get in, sat outside with his eyes closed in profound meditation. Chunder Sen gives no sermon at these daily gatherings, but his prayers are supposed to be inspired, and in them his disciples believe they receive divine intuitions. Consequently, the prayers form really the basis of daily instruction for the missionaries who are being trained for their work. Every day in these prayers the disciples find new 'new thoughts,' and thereby grow wiser. Equally remarkable is that which follows the prayer. When the minister's voice ceased, a harp began to play gently and quietly, accompanied with the native drums as the rhapsody of the harmony kindled into enthusiasm. This harpist is named Troiluko Nath Sandle, in honor of the 'Supporter of the Universe.' This man extemporizes a hymn of praise, or rather a chant, embodying the main lines of thought that have been evolved in Chunder Sen's long prayer. A reporter sits by

him and takes down the inspired words of Nath Sandle as they fall from his lips. As I watched this native poet, apparently utterly absorbed in contemplation, playing with his fingers on the strings of the harp and chanting, it carried the mind back to the schools of the prophets in the days of King Saul. The hymns are carefully revised by the poet, and the Brahma Somaj has now more than one thousand of these original productions.

"The Somaj has twenty-two missionaries in various parts of India. For the first year these missionaries stay in Calcutta under the training and instruction of their minister. During the year they support themselves by some worldly occupation. If they then 'leave the world and forsake all,' they are supported by the 'Brahmo Mission Fund.'

"But the morning prayer-meeting is now over, and Ohunder Sen enters with a scarlet dress thrown gracefully over his shoulders. He looks much older than when I sat by him in meeting at Devonshire House, Bishopgate, in 1870. I reminded him of the need we all have to come under the teaching of the Spirit of God. 'Yes, we need to be led by the Spirit of God,' he replied, 'but missionaries made a mistake formerly in persuading their converts to wear trousers and adopt European customs. We are Orientals. If you want the people of India to adopt Christianity, you must not paint Christ in European clothes. Be content to let Christianity come to us in her own Oriental dress. In the course of history the aspect of Christianity has been altered, though Christ is not altered. We in India are seeking Him as He was in Palestine, going about doing good, and giving the water of everlasting life freely.'

"So we parted, shaking hands warmly, and feeling how near such a man is to the kingdom of God, and wondering why he should stand outside."

The other is the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, who is wholly a Christian. He visited this country and the Pan-Presbyterian Council in 1880. He is the head of the Christian settlement called Bethel, three miles to the southwest of Jalna, in the territory of the Nizam, in the Deccan, Central India. The circumstances which led to the formation and establishment of this remarkable settlement may be thus briefly narrated:

The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, in 1864, while laboring at Indapur, in connection with the Free Church Mission in Western India, paid a visit to Jalna with a view to ascertain the spiritual condition of two native Christians who had been baptized. He found them quite firm in their attachment to the faith they had recently adopted, and not only so, but they were zealously engaged in imparting the little knowledge they had to their relations, friends and acquaintances. There was also a spirit of inquiry amongst a certain tribe of the aboriginal race called the Manga. He accordingly staid at Jalna for a number of weeks, instructed them more fully out of the Word of God, and subsequently, in the year 1880, these two Christians were multiplied into six hundred.

It occurred to Mr. Sheshadri that he might lay out a settlement on social, sanitary and Christian principles, to which in times of difficulty Christians who reside in thirteen or fourteen villages round about Jalna might resort for mutual support and encouragement.

With this object in view he petitioned the Government of the Nizam to grant him land in the neighborhood of Jalna, and the Prime Minister, the Nawab Mookhtyar-ool-Moolk, Sir Salar Jung, G.C.S.I., granted a thousand-bighas, about eight hundred acres of land.

A recent returned English traveler gives an interesting description of this settlement. He says: "The church,

which is the most prominent object in the Bethel settlement, is a substantial building of stone and lime. It is the work of the young men of Bethel under the guidance of one or two skilled foremen. It will seat about four hundred. About half-past nine the people gathered in the church. Exclusive of children too young to profit by the service, the number present was about one hundred and fifty. The inclination of the people is to sit men and women apart; this Mr. Sheshadri opposes, but as yet his success is not very apparent. All were seated upon cotton carpets on the floor; but Mr. Sheshadri proposes to have benches, as he thinks the position on the floor is so conducive to drowsiness. The service began with an adaptation of the hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer," in Marathi, the rest of the singing being to Marathi tunes; the service otherwise consisted of reading, prayer and preaching, as in our churches at home. Six men were admitted to the church by baptism. One, an old man, had been a devoted worshiper of Khandoba, and resisted stoutly when his son and daughter-in-law and grandsons became Christians, but has at last, through their influence, been won over. He listened intently to the address, and kept his place in the front of the preacher when the others had retired, as if anxious not to lose a word. The congregation did not show the decorous stillness which some people might desire, because mothers had to bring with them small children, and when these became clamorous they were taken out, or handed to the big girls; but, except these necessary interruptions, which attracted no attention, the orderliness of the service was admirable, and amongst these people an achievement of training. The people are low caste, mostly Manga, and many of their faces show the effects of the poverty, hardship and ignorance which they and their fathers have endured; but here, as elsewhere, is most apparent the physical improvement which Christianity brings, and this will be still more apparent in the next generation.

"A collection was made as usual, but the attendance, or the liberality, being greater than usual, the little glass plate which served as a "ladle" could with difficulty contain the many copper pieces which were put in. Besides the money, two fowls were given and some handfuls of grain. These would be turned into money and added to the offertory.

"In the afternoon I saw a number of the boys attending the Cantonment School. These are not of low caste, like the people of Bethel, but are Parsees, Hindoos, Mohammedans and Christians. They are taught English, and are fitted to act as Government or railway clerks. Some of the boys objected to Bible lessons; but they were told that as to this there was no alternative. The number on the roll is sixty.

"The Manga caste, to whom chiefly the Bethel operations are directed, occupy a low position amongst the other castes—they have led unsettled lives, and have borne an indifferent character. The purpose of the mission is to elevate these people by education, industrial training and Christianizing. Mr. Sheshadri's desire is that the lads should seek employment in their callings over the country, and that, wherever they go, they should, by life and speech, be witnesses for the truth. Many have gone forth, and out of about thirty professed Christians, all, with three or four exceptions, have given satisfaction to Mr. Sheshadri. Without comparing this method with others of evangelization, it seems to me that, for the preaching of the Gospel to the poor, the system here pursued is admirable. Natives who have no favor for Christianity are impressed by our missionary's evidently sincere and simple desire to do good to the people. Two Hindoos





"DR. JOHNSON'S PENANCE."

From the pictures by *Adrian Stokes*, exhibited at the *Royal Academy*.

"Once," said he, "I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault: I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bareheaded in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.



of high caste, residing in Jalna, had also called upon him to express their interest in his work, and to offer their support.

"It is surprising how one man can do so much, but Mr. Sheshadri has a rare gift for vigorous, cheerful, persistent work, and for developing the same faculties in others. The Church should be glad to strengthen the hands of such an efficient and successful servant, giving freely the support required to maintain his operations."

#### A DISPLAY OF MOCK MOONS AT DENVER.

AN unusual spectacle was witnessed by the citizens of Denver, Col., for a period of two hours on the night of February 14th. When the moon arose there were streaks of light reflected from its different sides. In a short time these streaks disappeared, when four lunar dogs, followed by four beautiful lunar bows, on a line with the dogs, took their place. Later on the bows became simply halos, with the moon and dogs situated nearly equal distances apart in the immense circle. Then the halos contracted slowly, becoming closer to the moon, and leaving the dogs outside the circle. Shortly after ten o'clock the entire halo disappeared, the dogs soon following. The weather was intensely cold, and after the phenomenon the sky was cloudless and the air very clear.

#### EVERY MAN HIS HOUR.

—It was the remark of a learned Rabbi that "every man hath his hour, and he who overslips that season may never meet with the like again." It is common for men to look

back over their lives, and see this or that point where, had they improved the time and opportunity, they might have attained to fame and fortune. Others still refer with pride and pleasure to the golden moment which they seized, and which proved the turning-point of prosperity in their history. The one class spend their lives in useless sighing over "what might have been"; the others go on their way rejoicing in the good secured. So there is a turning-point in the soul's life, so important that all other considerations pale before it.

We pass every day through all the changes of human experience. We are children in the morning, with their fresh young bodies and feelings; we are middle-aged at noon, having seen an end of all perfection; we are old and weary and worn out at night.

## THE CHURCHES OF NEW YORK.

### II.

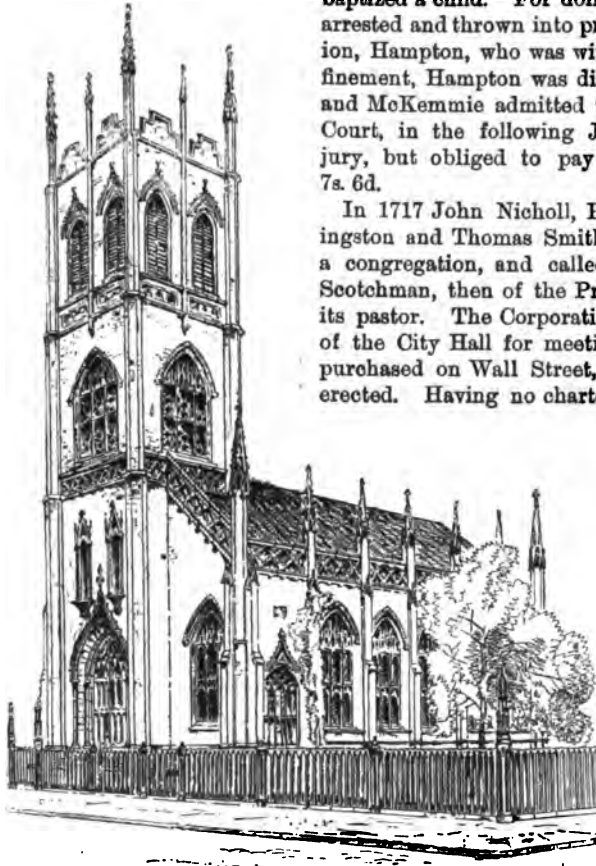
THE First Presbyterian Church, which stands on Fifth Avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, is the oldest Presbyterian body in the city. It was organized in 1717. Previous to that a few Presbyterians had assembled for worship in a private house, being without a pastor. Two ministers, named Francis McKemie and John Hampton, from the eastern shore of Maryland, visited New York in January, 1707, and application was made to the Consistory of the Dutch Church for permission to use their place of worship, that these two Presbyterian ministers might preach. The Consistory gave permission, but that of Lord Cornbury, the governor of the province, which was also necessary, was refused. McKemie, however, preached in a private house in Pearl Street, and baptized a child. For doing this without a license he was arrested and thrown into prison, together with his companion, Hampton, who was with him. After two months' confinement, Hampton was discharged, not having preached, and McKemie admitted to bail; at his trial in the Civil Court, in the following June, he was acquitted by the jury, but obliged to pay costs, to the amount of £83 7s. 6d.

In 1717 John Nicholl, Patrick McKnight, Gilbert Livingston and Thomas Smith, with a few others, organized a congregation, and called the Rev. James Anderson, a Scotchman, then of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, to be its pastor. The Corporation of the City granted the use of the City Hall for meetings. The next year a lot was purchased on Wall Street, and in 1719 a church edifice erected. Having no charter, and being unable to obtain one, the organizers vested the fee of their property in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. After the Revolution the property was reconveyed to the trustees of the church.

This edifice was enlarged in 1748 and the following inscription placed in the wall over the magistrate's pew: "Under the auspices of George II., King of Great Britain, Patron of the Church, and Defender of the Faith." In 1756 the Rev. David Bostwick was called, and early in his

ministry a portion of the members left and formed "The First Associate Reformed Church" in Cedar Street. In 1765 the Rev. John Rodgers was installed, under whom the church greatly prospered. A new building was erected on the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, on a lot obtained from the Corporation, and dedicated in January, 1768. This afterward became known as the Brick Church.

During the Revolution most of the members of the First Church and their ministers went into exile; on their return they found their churches had been desecrated and left in an injured and ruinous state. The parsonage house belonging to the church had been burned. The Vestry of Trinity Church, unsolicited, offered the Presbyterians the use of St. Paul's and St. George's Chapels until their own might be repaired, and at a later period donated a lot of ground on Robinson Street for the use of



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE, ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH STREETS.

the Presbyterian senior minister. The Brick Church was reopened in June, 1784, and the Wall Street Church the year following.

In 1798 a third church was opened in Rutgers Street; in 1807 a colony from the Wall Street Church and the Brick Church, who were unable to obtain pews in either, purchased ground and built the Cedar Street Church. The churches were separated and became independent of each other in 1809, each having its own pastor, except that Dr. Rodgers continued his pastoral relations to the First and Brick Churches. During 1809-10 the Wall Street Church was rebuilt, the old materials being in part used in the erection of another church in Spring Street. A separation of the Wall Street and Brick Churches was effected by mutual consent.

Dr. Rodgers died in 1811, leaving Dr. Miller, who had been his colleague since 1792, the sole pastor. He retained this till 1813, when he became one of the professors at Princeton Theological Seminary. In 1815 the Rev. Philip M. Whelpley was called to the church. He died in July, 1824, and was succeeded in January, 1826, by the Rev. Dr. Phillips. In 1834 the church was partially destroyed by fire, but was immediately rebuilt and reopened in 1835. In May, 1844, the building was vacated and removed to Jersey City, where it was re-erected and used for a church. The corner-stone of a new edifice was laid on the present site in Fifth Avenue in September, 1844, and the church opened for service January 11th, 1846.

The Rev. Dr. Phillips died in the Spring of 1865, and the Dr. William M. Paxton, the present pastor, was called. He was installed in January, 1866. Dr. Paxton was born in Pennsylvania, June 7th, 1824, and graduated at Pennsylvania College in 1843. He entered Princeton Seminary and graduated in 1848, and was licensed as a minister of the Presbyterian Church by the Presbytery of Carlisle. In 1848 he was ordained and installed as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Greencastle, Pa. In 1850 he was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, where he remained till he was called to New York.

The First Church had 280 communicants in 1845, just before the new church in Fifth Avenue was opened. In 1872 these had grown to 301; but in the last ten years the increase has been much greater, there being now 409 communicants on the books of the church.

The Brick Presbyterian Church, as above noted, grew out of the First Church. Its history up to the year 1810 is bound up with that of its parent society, but in that year the separation mutually agreed upon left the Brick Church an independent standard-bearer of Presbyterianism. The church building occupied the triangular plot of ground bounded by Park Row, Nassau and Beekman Streets, now the site of the *Times* and other buildings. During the Revolution the church was used by the British as a prison and hospital for prisoners of war.

About the very first act of the congregation of the Brick Church as an independent body was to call the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring to the pastorate. He was ordained August 10th, 1810, and he remained the pastor until his death, on August 18th, 1873, a period of sixty-three years and eight days. Few can exceed that record. He never held any other pastoral charge, but came to the Brick Church fresh from Andover Seminary. He had, before studying for the ministry, been a teacher and lawyer, having practiced at the bar for over a year. His father was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Spring, who was a chaplain in the American Army during the Revolution.

In 1856 the church edifice and land on which it stood was sold, and a new plot of ground purchased on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. In

erecting the new church building on this location, the original building, in material and external form, was reproduced as far as possible, but in immensely increased proportions, and the new edifice is one of the most spacious and costly church structures in New York city. There is a great arched recess for the pulpit, with a grand organ above, faced with columns of variegated marble. In the centre of the building hangs a magnificent chandelier, which has over three hundred branches, and all the other appointments are of the same elegant and costly character.

Dr. Spring, by reason of advancing years and increasing infirmities, had become unable to bear the entire weight of the pastorate of this large society, and in 1862 the Rev. Dr. William G. T. Shedd was installed as associate pastor. Here he remained until February, 1865, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. James O. Murray, Dr. Shedd having accepted a position as Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary.

On August 18th, 1873, the venerable Dr. Spring died. For some time previous he had become so feeble that he had to be led into his pew in the church, which he occupied rather than the pulpit. His sight was so impaired that he was unable to read, but he not infrequently made extemporaneous addresses from his seat. On his death Dr. Murray became sole pastor, remaining such till Mr. L. D. Bevan was called from London to the pastorate. Mr. Bevan did not assimilate readily with American life and customs, and after a pastorate of five years he returned (1882) to London, where he is now pastor of the Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church. In the meantime the Brick Church is now without a pastor.

According to a recent article in the *New York Times*, the Brick Church in 1845, then at Beekman Street, possessed 719 communicants. These had grown in 1882 to 1,100, while the Brick Church Chapel has 398 more.

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THERE are two ways of defending a castle; one by shutting yourself up in it, and guarding every loophole; the other by making it an open centre of operations from which all the surrounding country may be subdued. Is not the last the truest safety? Jesus was never guarding Himself, but always invading the lives of others with His holiness. There never was such an open life as His; and yet the force with which His character and love flowed out upon the world kept back, more strongly than any granite wall of prudent caution could have done, the world from pressing in on Him. His life was like an open stream that keeps the sea from flowing up into it by the eager force with which it flows down into the sea. He was so anxious that the world should be saved that therein was His salvation from the world. He labored so to make the world pure that He never even had to try to be pure himself.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Yes, thank God! there is rest—many an interval of saddest, sweetest rest—even here, when it seems as if evening breezes from that other land, laden with fragrance, played upon the cheeks and lulled the heart. There are times, even on the stormy sea, when a gentle whisper breathes softly as of heaven, and sends into the soul a dream of ecstasy which can never again wholly die, even amidst the jar and whirl of waking life. How such whispers make the blood stop and the very flesh creep with a sense of mysterious communion! How singularly such moments are the epochs of life—the few points that stand out prominently in the recollection after the flood of years has buried all the rest, as all the low shore disappears, leaving only a few rock-points visible at high tide—*F. W. Robertson*.

## THE HOME-PULPIT.

## A CHEAT EXPOSED.

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"Why feignest thou thyself to be another?"—I. KINGS xiv. 16.

AFTER each series of long evangelistic services, it has been my custom to be absent for some ten days for the purpose of physical recuperation, and during the last absence I have had a most delightful time, and I bring to you salutations from the cities of the South—from Charleston, and Savannah, and Augusta, and many of the most delightful regions of the Southern clime. We started with a small garden of flowers to return, but the flowers withered, and part of them we dropped at the margin of Georgia, and others we threw away at the boundary of North Carolina, and the others at the end of the State of Virginia, and by the time we had arrived home all the flowers had perished; but the fragrance of Southern hospitality and kindness can never die, and I shall remember to the last hour of my life the kindness and the geniality of the vast multitudes of people I met during this recent absence. And now it is a great joy to again stand before you and present the lessons of the great Gospel.

In the palace of wicked Jeroboam there is a sick child, a very sick child. Medicines have failed; skill is exhausted. Young Abijah, the prince, has lived long enough to become very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broad stairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sick room of royalty, and stands looking at the dying prince with the dart uplifted. Wicked Jeroboam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayers would not be answered, and so he sends his wife on the delicate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she puts on the garb of a peasant woman, and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems, as she might have carried, from the palace, she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry—a few loaves of bread and a few cracknels and a cruse of honey. Yonder she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unobserved. No one that meets her on the highway has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise. The fact is that Peter the Great working in the drydocks of Sardam, the sailor's hat and the shipwright's ax gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peasant woman gave to the Queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Although his physical eyesight had failed, he was divinely illumined, and at one glance looked through the imposition, and he cried out: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gate of the city, the child shall die." She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son; she had no right to practice an imposition. Broken-hearted, now, she started on the way, the tears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah. Broken-hearted now, she is not careful any more to hide her queenly gait and manner. True to the prophecy, the moment her feet touch the gate of the city, the child dies. As she goes in the soul of the child goes out. The cry in the palace is joined by the lamentation of a nation, and as

they carry good Abijah to his grave the air is filled with the voice of eulogy for the departed youth, and the groan of an afflicted kingdom.

It is for no insignificant purpose that I present you this morning the thrilling story of the text. In the first place, I learn that wickedness involves others, trying to make them its dupes, its allies and its scapegoats. Jeroboam proposed to hoodwink the Lord's prophet. How did he do it? Did he go and do the work himself? No. He sent his wife to do it. Hers the peril of exposure, hers the fatigue of the way, hers the execution of the plot. His, nothing. Iniquity is a brag, but it is a great coward. It lays the plan, gets some one else to execute it—puts down the gunpowder train, gets some one else to touch it off—contrives mischief, gets some one else to work it—starts the lie, gets some one else to circulate it. In nearly all the great crimes of the world it is found out that those who planned the arson, the murder, the theft, the fraud, go free, while those who were decoyed and cheated and hoodwinked into the conspiracy clank the chain and mount the gallows. Aaron Burr, with heart filled with impurity and ambition, plots for the overthrow of the United States Government and gets off with a few threats and a little censure, while Blennerhassett, the learned Blennerhassett, the sweet-tempered Blennerhassett, is decoyed by him from the orchards, and the laboratories, and the gardens, and the home on the bank of the Ohio River, and his fortunes are scattered, and he is thrown into prison, and his family, brought up in luxury, is turned out to die. Abominable Aaron Burr has it comparatively easy; sweet-tempered Blennerhassett has it hard. Benedict Arnold proposed to sell out the forts of the United States Army, to surrender the Revolutionary Army and to destroy the United States Government. He gets off with his pockets full of pounds sterling, while Major Andre, the brave and the brilliant, is decoyed into the conspiracy, and suffers on the gibbet on the banks of the Hudson; so that even the tablatore, the marble tablatore that commemorated that event has been recently blasted by midnight desperadoes. Benedict Arnold has it easy; Major Andre has it hard. I have noticed that nine-tenths of those who suffer for crimes are merely the satellites of some great villains. Ignominious fraud is a juggler which by sleight-of-hand and legerdemain makes the gold that it stole appear in somebody else's pocket. Jeroboam plots the lie, contrives the imposition, and gets his wife to execute it. Stand off from all imposition and chicanery. Do not consent to be anybody's dupe, anybody's ally in wickedness, anybody's scapegoat.

The story of the text also impresses me with the fact that royalty sometimes passes in disguise. The frock, the veil, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly character of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her robes incrusting with diamonds. And so all around about us there are princesses and queens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride in no chariot, they elicit no huzzas, they make no pretense, but by the grace of God they are princesses



and they are queens. Sometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggles of Christian service. God knows they are queens; the world does not recognize them. Royalty passing in disguise. Kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virtue and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam ever looked at. You went down into the house of destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the pale cheeks of the children, on the empty bread-tray, on the fireless hearth, on the broken chair. You would not have given a dollar for all the furniture in the house. But by the grace of God she is a princess. The overseers of the poor come there and discuss the case and say, "It's a pauper." They do not realize that God has burnished for her a crown, and that after she has got through the fatiguing journey from Tirzah to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Tirzah, there will be a throne of royalty on which she shall rest for ever. Glory veiled. Affluence hidden. Eternal raptures hushed up. A queen in mask. A princess in disguise. When you think of a queen you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or Maria Theresa of Germany, or Mary Queen of Scots.

When you think of a queen you think of a plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him down the path of life arm-in-arm—sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always side by side, soothing your little sorrows and adjusting your little quarrels, listening to your evening prayer, toiling with the needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights tucking you up snug and warm. And then on that dark day when she lay a-dying, putting those thin hands that had toiled for you so long, putting them together in a dying prayer commending you to that God in whom she had taught you to trust. Oh, she was the queen—she was the queen. You cannot think of her now without having the deepest emotions of your soul stirred, and you feel as if you could cry as though you were now sitting in infancy on her lap, and if you call her back to speak your name with the tenderness with which she once spoke, you would be willing now to throw yourself on the sod that covers her grave, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah! she was the queen. Your father knew it. You knew it. She was the queen, but the queen in disguise. The world did not recognize it.

But there was a grander disguising. The favorite of a great house looked out of the window of His palace, and He saw that the people were carrying heavy burdens, and that some of them were hobbling on crutches, and He saw some lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and then He heard their lamentation, and he said: "I will just put on the clothes of those poor people, and I will go down and see what their sorrows are, and I will sympathize with them, and I will be one of them, and I will help them." Well, the day came for Him to start. The lords of the land came to see Him off. All who could sing joined in the parting song, which shook the hills and woke up the shepherds. The first few nights He has been sleeping

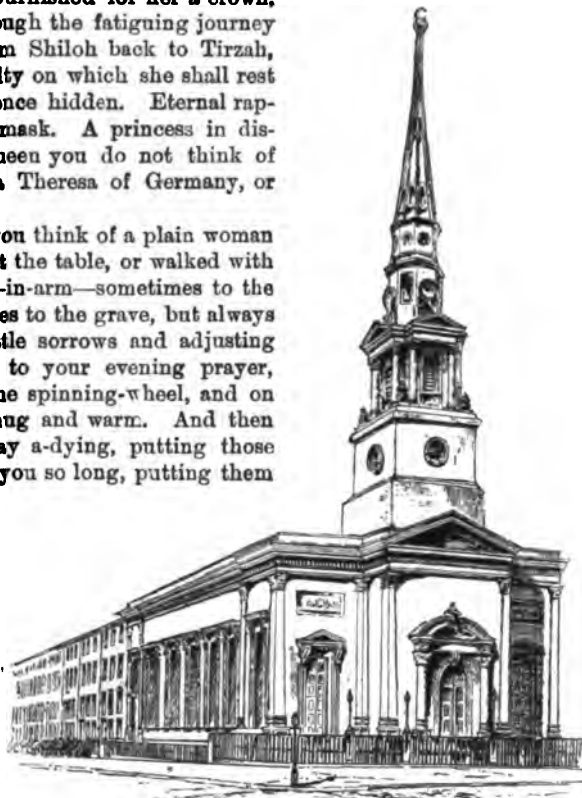
with the hostlers and the camel-drivers, for no one knew there was a King in town. He went among the doctors of the law, astounding them; for without any doctor's gown, He knew more law than the doctors. He fished with the fishermen. He smote with His own hammer in the carpenter's shop. He ate raw corn out of the field. He fried fish on the banks of Genesaret. He was howled at by crazy people in the tombs. He was splashed of the surf of the sea. A pilgrim without any pillow. A sick man without any medicament. A mourner with no sympathetic bosom in which He could pour His tears. Disguise complete. I know that occasionally His divine royalty flashed out, as when in the storm on Galilee, as in the red wine at the wedding banquet, as when He freed the shackled demoniac of Gadara, as when He turned a whole school of fish into the net of the discouraged boatmen, as

when He throbbled life into the shriveled arm of the paralytic; but for the most part He was in disguise. No one saw the King's jewels in His sandal. No one saw the royal robe in His plain coat. No one knew that that shelterless Christ owned all the mansions in which the hierarchs of heaven had their habitation. None knew that that hungered Christ owned all the olive groves, and all the harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine. No one knew that He who said "I thirst" poured the Euphrates out of His own chalice. No one knew that the ocean lay in the palm of His hand like a dewdrop in the vase of a lily. No one knew that the stars, and moons, and suns, and galaxies, and constellations that marched on age after age, were, as compared with His lifetime, the sparkle of a firefly on a Summer night.

No one knew that the sun

in midheaven was only the shadow of His throne. No one knew that His crown of universal dominion was covered up with a bunch of thorns. Omnipotence sheathed in a human body. Omniscience hidden in a human eye. Infinite love beating in a human heart. Everlasting harmonies subdued into a human voice. Royalty *en masque*. Grandeurs of heaven in earthly disguise.

My subject also impresses me with how people put on masks, and how the Lord tears them off. It was a terrible moment in the history of this woman of Tirzah when the prophet accosted her, practically, saying: "I know who you are; you cannot cheat me; you cannot impose upon me; why feignest thou thyself to be another?" She had a right to ask for the restoration of her son; she had no right to practice that falsehood. It is never right to do wrong. Sometimes you may be able to conceal an affair; it is not necessary to tell everything. There is a natural pressure to the lips which seems to indicate that silence



BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 497.

sometimes is right; but, for double dealing, for moral shuffling, for counterfeit and for sham, God has nothing but anathema and exposure. He will tear off the lie. He will rip up the empiricism. He will scatter the ambuscade. There are people who are just ready to be duped. They seem to be waiting to be deceived. They believe in ghosts; they saw one themselves once. They heard something strange in an uninhabited house. Going along the road one night, something approached them in white and crossed the road. They would think it very disastrous to count the number of carriages at a funeral. They heard in a neighbor's house something that portended death in the family. They say it is a sure sign of evil if a bat fly into the room on a Summer night, or they see the moon over the left shoulder. They would not for the world undertake any enterprise on Friday, forgetful of the fact that if they look over the calendar of the world they will see that Friday has been the most fortunate day in all the history of the world. As near as I can tell, looking over the calendar of the world's history, more grand, bright, beautiful things have happened on Friday than any other day of the week. They would not begin anything on Friday. They would not for the world go back to the house for anything after they had once started. Such people are ready to be duped. Ignorance comes along, perhaps in the disguise of medical science, and carries them captive; for there are always some men who have found some strange and mysterious weed in some strange place, and plucked it in the moonshine, and then they cover the board fences with the advertisements of "elixirs," and "panaceas," and "Indian mixtures," and "ineffable cataplasms," and "unfailing disinfectants," and "lightning salves," and "instantaneous ointments," enough to stun and scarify and poultice and kill half the race. They are all ready to be wrought upon by such impositions. Ah! my friends, do not be among such dupes. Do not act the part of such persons as I have been describing. Stand back from all chicanery, from all imposition. They who practice such imposition shall be exposed in the day of God's indignation. They may rear great fortunes, but their dapple grays will be arrested, on the road some day, as was the ass by the angel of God with drawn sword. The light of the last day will shine through all such subtrefuges, and with a voice louder than that which accosted this imposition of the text, "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be another?"—with a voice louder than that, God will thunder down into midnight darkness and doom and death all two-faced men, and all charlatans, and all knaves, and all jockeys, and all swindlers. Behold how the people put on the masks, and behold how the Lord tears them off.

My subject also impresses me with how precise and accurate and particular are God's providences. Just at the moment that woman entered the city the child died. Just as it was prophesied, so it turned out, so it always turns out. The sickness comes, the death occurs, the nation is born, the despotism is overthrown at the appointed time. God drives the universe with a stiff rein. Events do not just happen so. Things do not go slipshod. In all the book of God's providences there is not one if God's providences are never caught in dishabille. To God there are no surprises, no disappointments and no accidents. The most insignificant event fung out in the eggs is the connecting link between two great chains—the chain of eternity past and the chain of eternity to come. I am no fatalist, but I should be completely wretched if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand, and all that pertains to me and mine, just as certainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this

child of the text, as this king of the text, were in God's hand. You may ask me a hundred questions I cannot answer, but I shall until the day of my death believe that I am under the unerring care of God; and the heavens may fall, and the world may burn, and the judgment may thunder, and eternal ages may roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on my path, not a sorrow shall transfix my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a loving, sympathetic Father. He bottles our tears, He catches our sorrows, and to the orphan He will be a Father, and to the widow He will be a husband, and to the outcast He will be a home, and to the most miserable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abomination crying for mercy, He will be an all-pardoning God. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the forests shall be unmoved in the last hurricane, and the sun shall shut its fiery eyelid, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall heave its last groan and lash itself with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in a winding-sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love shall not die. It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowy sea after the last ocean has wept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is filled with the crash of broken sepulchres and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, my God, comfort me and comfort all this people with this Christian sentiment.

KING ETHELBERT'S SERMON.—Now the King of that part of England (about A.D. 596) was a wise and thoughtful man. And when Augustine asked leave to preach the new religion to his people and him, and the earls and captains were not sure how to answer, the King made this speech to them all: "The life of man, O earls and captains, is like the little bird which you and I have seen so often flying across this hall at night. In the dark hours, when we are all seated around the fire, and the flames are making all bright within, the little bird, seeing the light as it streams beneath the eaves, comes flying in, shoots swiftly across the hall, and then passes out on the other side into the darkness again. And such is our life on this earth. We come out of darkness—we find ourselves for a little while in light—then we pass out into darkness again. If this stranger here can tell us what is in the darkness; where we come from when we are born, and where we pass to when we die, my counsel is that we should agree to hear his words, and ask him to be our guest, and teach us the new religion." When the great earls and captains heard this counsel from their King they cried out "Ay, ay." And hearing this, the King gave the priest permission to preach.

It is as much treason to coin a penny as a twenty shilling piece; because the royal authority is as much violated in the one as in the other. There is the same rotundity in a little ball or bullet as in a great one. The authority of God is as truly despised in the breach of the least commandments, as some are called, as in the breach of the greatest, as others are called.—*George Swinnoek.*

GLOBY not in wealth if thou have it, nor in friends because potent, but in God who giveth all things, and above all, desireth to give thee Himself.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

## THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

## VII.—Two blind men restored to sight (MATTHEW ix. 27-31).

BLINDNESS is far more common in the East than with us. Clouds of dust, and sand as fine as powder, flying about in that dry and thirsty land, enter the eyes, causing inflammation, which often ends in total loss of sight. The habit, too, of sleeping in the open air on the housetops, thereby exposing the eyes to the unhealthy dews of night, is another source of blindness. It is said that in Cairo, alone, there are four thousand blind; and though in Syria they are not so numerous in proportion, yet there, too, the numbers of blind far exceed those in Western lands. No doubt this is why we find these words in God's law: "Thou shalt not . . . put a stumbling-block before the blind, but shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord"; "Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way" (Lev. xix. 14); Deut. xxvii. 18)—rules laid down by our merciful God, who is the Saviour of the body as well as the Redeemer of the soul. We are not, therefore, surprised to find amongst our Lord's miracles so many healings of the blind.

All our Lord's miracles were, without one real exception, miracles of mercy and benevolence; the one apparent exception, the withering of the barren fig-tree, was really no departure from this rule. There was a oneness also in those upon whom the miracles of healing were wrought. One, and one only, condition was required—faith on the part of those who came to be healed, or, at least, on the part of those who brought them; this was absolutely essential. And therefore in one place it is written of Jesus, "He did not many mighty works there *because of their unbelief*" (Matt. xiii. 58), and His oft-repeated question was, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" or words conveying the same truth. But with these two points of resemblance—mercy, the universal character of our Lord's miracles; faith, the universal requirement of those to be recipients of His mercy—the details of the miracles are most varied. Sometimes by word or touch He performed an instantaneous cure; sometimes He used means, sometimes not; sometimes from a distance He by His word staid the hand of death or recovered from his grasp his already won captive; at other times, standing amongst the mourners, He mingled His tears with theirs ere He called to the dead, "Come forth."

This variety in our Lord's mode of working is especially observable in His healings of the blind. This instance before us is the only one in which He cured by touch alone. In most cases He employed other means besides touch, in order, probably, to help the faith of those about to be restored to sight. Once—and we find no similar instance amongst our Lord's miracles—He wrought the cure gradually (Mark viii. 22-26).

It would seem to have been immediately after the recalling to life of the daughter of Jairus that these two blind men, who are only mentioned by St. Matthew, followed Jesus, crying after Him, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us." This cry to Jesus as the "Son of David," which was really an acknowledgment of His Messiahship, was now, for the first time, heard. Who would have expected it from the lips of these blind men? What but faith could have given utterance to it? But how had that faith been obtained? Their sightless eyes had never witnessed His miracles. By report alone could they have learned to know Jesus. And yet these *blind* saw what others "having eyes" did not see, what Scribes and Pharisees would not see—that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah that was to come; and as the Messiah, they believed that Jesus could heal them.

When God gives faith He tries it, and the stronger the faith, the more is it tried. So it was with Abraham, Moses, Job, and many others mentioned in the Old Testament. So it was with the Syrophenician mother and others in the New, and amongst them these blind men. For it appears that for some time Jesus took no notice of them. As they followed Him along the street, crying after Him, He neither turned to them nor spoke to them. How trying, as guided by the sound of His footsteps they groped their way, probably through an unsympathizing crowd, after Him! It was not until He had come into the house, and they had pressed in after him, asking, seeking, knocking, as it were, at the door of mercy, that Jesus put to them the thrilling question, "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" A question not previously put to those whom He was about to heal: put now, probably, for the instruction of those present, that by the question and the reply they might understand the necessity of faith—that inward relation to Christ which was essential to make the healing efficacious.

Without a moment's hesitation the blind reply, "Yes, Lord." Two words! how full of meaning! declaring their firm confidence in the power of Christ, knowing Him to be the Lord. "Then touched He their eyes, saying, *According to your faith* be it unto you. And their eyes were opened," proving their faith to have been good faith: had it not been good faith, then, "according" to its falseness, their eyes would have remained closed.

What exceeding honor Christ puts upon faith! Not that, in itself, faith is anything; its value lies in this, that it unites the soul to Christ, brings together the sinner and the Saviour. It is as the hand which grasps the rope flung to the drowning man.

As upon other similar occasions, Jesus strictly charges these healed ones to keep silence respecting their cure. "See that no man know it," are the words with which He dismisses them. But His command was disregarded: when they were departed, they "spread abroad His fame in all that country."

Why our Lord issued that command we are not told; that He had some good reason for doing so we cannot doubt. He may have seen in the spiritual condition of the restored that which would have made it a perilous thing for them to go about telling the story of their cure; or, silence may have been imposed in this case and in others because of the unbelief of the multitudes around, who, instead of profiting by the miracle, might have made it a matter of scoffing.

The disobedience of the blind has been excused by some on the ground that their hearts were too full of gratitude to allow of their remaining silent. But "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams" (I. Sam. xv. 22).

## VIII.—Giving sight to a blind man at Bethsaida (MARK viii. 22-26).

Having fed the four thousand gathered around Him in the district of Decapolis, our Lord sent them away, and entering into a ship—perhaps the ship kept specially for His use—crossed the lake and came to Dalmanutha, generally supposed to have been a small town or village in the neighborhood of Magdala and upon the shore (Matt. xv. 39; Mark viii. 10). We are not expressly told that from Dalmanutha He returned to Capernaum; but as that city was still His home, it is more than probable He did so; and while there met the Pharisees and Sadducees, now, for the first time, united in opposing Him. Tempting Him, they desired that He would show them a sign from heaven—something extraordinary—perhaps some visible



change in the sun or moon (Matt. xvi. 1). Having refused to give them any sign but (one which would come too late to serve their purpose) that of His own resurrection (Matt. xvi. 2-4), Jesus "sighed deeply in His spirit" because of their continued unbelief, and left them—so hurriedly, it would appear, that the disciples forgot to provide themselves with more than one loaf (Mark viii. 12-14).

As they reached Bethsaida-Julias, on the northeast side of the lake, the people bring a blind man to our Lord, and beseech Him to touch him. "And He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when He had spit on his eyes, and put His hands upon him, He asked him if he saw aught (verses 22, 23).

We know not why our Lord used these means for effecting the cure of this man. They are in most points the same as those used for the healing of the deaf and dumb (Mark vii. 31-37). In both, Jesus is asked to "touch" them, and does so. But He does more—He leads them away from the people who were looking on; and in this latter case He also led the blind "out of the town," thus varying the mode of cure so remarkably that out of all His miracles of healing these two have characteristics peculiar to themselves. While the significance of these peculiar acts must ever lie hidden from us, this much we can perceive, that had our Lord always used the same method of cure, whatever it might have been—or however complicated—those about Him might have thought that He was tied to the use of those special means: that the virtue—power to heal—which went out of Him was inseparably connected with them. And might not we ourselves be tempted to think so? So deeply rooted in our nature is the spirit of formalism and superstition, so apt are we to rest in outward means of grace, confounding them with grace itself, that it is well to reflect when reading of these divers modes of healing men's bodies, that in the spiritual healing of diseased souls there are likewise "diversities of operations," while it is ever the same Spirit that works in each and all of them.

But while upon most points this miracle of healing the blind man, and that in Mark vii., are alike, there is this striking difference between this we are now considering and all our Lord's other miracles—the gradual character of the cure. True, the cure of the man born blind recorded by St. John (ix.) is partly similar, inasmuch as Jesus, after anointing his eyes, bid him "go to the pool of Siloam, and wash." And yet there is no reason to think the cure itself was gradual—not perfected at once. Quite the contrary—"He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing" (John ix. 7). The change was from darkness to light, from a state of blindness to that of "seeing."

With this man at Bethsaida it was not so. The Evangelist, with his peculiar accuracy, records two successive stages in the cure. Our Lord did not at once "touch" him, as He had been requested. Taking him by the hand, in tender sympathy for his incapacity to guide himself, He "led him out of the town," away from the busy world, as if to concentrate his attention upon Himself. His weak faith, and probably total ignorance of Him who led him, may have moved Jesus thus to act. Then followed the anointing of the sightless eyes, the laying on of the hands of Jesus, and the inquiry "if he saw aught." The man "looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking"—not men like trees in motion, but men, their forms dim, not clearly defined, tall, upright objects, like trees; and they, the men, were moving about—"walking." Evidently he had not been born blind, else he could not have known the general appearance of trees. His reply showed consciousness of sight, but in a very imperfect state, unable to

take in any distinct idea of form. But what joy to the hitherto blind to see thus much! Will Jesus leave him half-healed? Do we read of any half-cure being wrought by Him who at the first creation of all things pronounced them (each by itself as it came forth from His hands) "very good"? So now, once again Jesus laid His hands upon the eyes, once again bid the man "look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly" (verses 23-25).

Do we ask why our Lord healed this man, not at once, but gradually? The inquiry is useless. In all His works, both in Providence and grace, God acts as a Sovereign. "He giveth not account of any of His matters" (Job xxxiii. 18). But, regarding all our Lord's miracles as also parables designed for the instruction of His Church in all ages, what rich spiritual truth may we derive from the most minute particular in each narrative! Let us then gather from this miracle, so peculiar in one respect, the special teaching it contains.

This gradual restoration to sight—what a vivid type it affords of the manner in which God, the Holy Spirit, ordinarily works in the conversion of a soul! It is comparatively a rare thing for full spiritual perception to be bestowed at once, as in the case of Saul of Tarsus, the jailer at Philippi, and those multitudes on the Day of Pentecost upon whom the Spirit was poured out (see Acts ii. 17, 18). Few people, when first turned to serve the living and true God, see things distinctly. As the blind man, when the healing hand was first laid upon him, saw but imperfectly, so the young believer but dimly realizes the nature and due proportion of the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel; one Scripture truth, one or other favorite doctrine often, by being unduly brought forward, excluding others not less important. Much earnest study of God's Word, with prayer for the Spirit's teaching, is needed to enable the soul, in any degree, to take in "all the counsel of God."

But to see at all was a precious gift to the man who had been sightless; to be able to say, as did another, this "one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see" (John ix. 25), must have been joy unspeakable. Happy the man who can say thus much of his spiritual experience. It is a *great deal* to be able to say this. It makes all the difference between *life* and *death*. The change may fall far short of what he would like it to be; he may be deeply conscious of many infirmities and shortcomings; but if he is conscious, too, that there is a change, that he is not what he was, that whereas he was blind, now he sees, he may count himself a happy man, may thank God and take courage.

And why? Because He who put His hands once again upon the eyes which saw as yet dimly, and made the man look up, and he was restored and saw every man clearly, will also perfect His work of grace in the soul. We are "confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 6).

#### IX.—"Giving sight to a man born blind" (John ix.).

Our Lord is now in Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles. For eighteen months He had not been seen within her walls; but now, "when His brethren were gone up, then went He up also unto the feast, not openly, but as it were in secret" (John vii. 10). On the last day of the Feast, Jesus, alluding to that part of the ceremonial, the pouring forth upon the altar of water brought up from the fountain of Siloam—in remembrance of the miraculous providing of water for God's people in their desert wanderings—on "that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and

cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John vii. 37).

An again, when, after the offering of the evening sacrifice, the two large golden candlesticks which stood in the court of the women were lighted, Jesus, as He watched that light, which Josephus says illuminated all Jerusalem (or it may have been in allusion to it afterward), said—"I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John viii. 12).

By these two sublime utterances, Christ, standing in human form in the courts of His Father's house, proclaimed Himself to be God; for who but God could invite the thirsty ones—all, without exception, from whatever source their thirst proceeded—to come to Himself, the Fountain of living water, "and drink"? Who but God could assure those walking "in darkness" that if they followed Him they should have "the light of life"? But these gracious words found small favor amongst those who heard them. Rather did they provoke the Pharisees to accuse the Speaker of falsehood (John viii. 13), of being possessed of "a devil" (John viii. 48); and at last, their wrath kindled to the uttermost, they took up the stones lying about (the repairs of the temple being still in progress), and would have hurled them at Him; "but Jesus hid Himself"—whether by mingling with the crowd, or by miraculously rendering Himself invisible, we know not—"and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by" (John viii. 59).

"And as Jesus passed by, He saw a man which was blind from his birth" (John ix. 1). Probably he was a well-known city beggar, who had seated himself at one of the temple gates, or close by, like the man described in Acts iii. 2, to ask alms of the multitudes sure to pass within his reach, especially while the Feast of Tabernacles lasted. Did Jesus, escaping as He then was from the "stones" of His enemies, fail to notice this man? No; without any apparent haste, He stopped to look at him. In his blindness He saw an emblem of those who, preferring darkness to light, had just rejected Himself, the Light of life. But there was this difference between *his* case and *theirs*—they chose darkness rather than light, whereas this poor blind man could but submit to his forlorn condition. The disciples, too, saw this man, and wondering how or wherefore it was that so heavy a calamity had befallen him, inquired the cause. "Master, who did sin," they ask, "this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" That sin had caused the blindness, they doubted not; but was it the sin of his parents, or sins committed by himself? Did the belief which they held in common with their fellow-countrymen—that especial suffering was sent as punishment for especial sin—prompt the absurd question, as if the man *could* have sinned before his birth, and therefore have been born blind? And yet, deeper than they thought, lay hidden a truth which affects us all—the inseparable connection between sin and suffering; that had man not sinned, then there had not been sorrow, suffering or death. Our Lord's reply was not meant to deny this truth, but to correct the error which had prompted His disciples' inquiry. The words spoken by Jesus to the paralytic whom He cured at the Pool of Bethesda, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee" (John v. 14), plainly imply that there *is* a connection between man's suffering and man's sins, just as plainly as His reply now to His disciples, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents," reproved the misinterpreting of God's providences, so as to see in great suffering the inevitable consequence of great transgression. Such may often be the case, but is not necessarily so.

Having corrected His disciples' error, Jesus places the matter in its true light: the life-long blindness of the man was permitted and overruled by God, that His "works should be made manifest in him"—that Christ might cure him, and thereby bring glory to His Father. The *end* of the man's affliction—the good which should result from it—was present to our Lord when He spoke those words. As when He sent that mysterious message to the sisters of Lazarus—"This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God" (John xi. 4), Christ looked to the grand *end* of the sickness—the glorifying of God, and especially the glorifying of His Son, Christ Himself, by the raising of Lazarus from the dead.

In passing, we may observe that when perplexing thoughts concerning the origin of evil, or, why this or that evil thing is permitted, arise within us, it will be true wisdom to recall those words of Christ to His disciples, and therein read the answer. Why was this man born blind? That God might be glorified in his cure. Why does God permit the existence of evil in the world? That He may be glorified in the removing of it. The subject is deeply mysterious, but so far as it concerns us, this seems to be the most profitable way in which to regard it.

One of those "works" to which our Lord had just alluded was now before Him, and He prepared to do it without delay, for time was short. "I must," He said, "work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." The "day" of His bodily presence with them was drawing to a close; the "night" when He should be withdrawn from them was at hand; the works of love and mercy He had for so long been doing amongst them would soon cease to be done by His hands. But Jesus added, "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world"—the "Light of life," the Deliverer of men's souls, and the Healer of men's bodies.

How strangely must these words have sounded to the blind! No cry for mercy, no petition for alms, escaped his lips. In deepest silence he heard Jesus say, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents," the tone and manner of the Speaker giving authority to His words. How comforting this assurance! And as the same voice continued, "But that the works of God should be made manifest in him," did a faint ray of hope—whence he could not tell—lighten his darkness? Had he ever heard these words, "In that day . . . the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity" (Isa. xxix. 18) read in the Synagogue? And as memory recalled them, did he seem to hear their echo in these, the last words of Jesus which fell upon his ear: "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world"? And did he discern any connection between the two?

When Jesus had thus spoken, He prepared the ointment, and then anointed the blind man (verse 6), who, with unquestioning readiness, stood still while Jesus applied to his eyes that which he must have felt to be more likely to take away sight than to bestow it. Then, still blind, he, in obedience to Christ's command, groped his way to the Pool of Siloam, washed in its waters, and received sight. These waters had not any inherent efficacy to heal. The great principle of Scripture, "According to your faith be it unto you," is illustrated by the narrative. The command, so similar to Elisha's to Naaman, "Go and wash in Jordan" (II. Kings v. 10), was a test of faith, and in the act of obedience both—the blind beggar and the Syrian leper—got what they wanted. But the contrast between the implicit faith and obedience of the former, and the slowness to believe of the latter, is very striking.



In the details of this miracle, which are, as is usual with St. John, given minutely, the variety which characterized our Lord's acts of healing is very observable. But this is not surprising. He, to whom all human means were unnecessary, and useless except as *He* chose to employ them, was guided by considerations quite apart from the means themselves, to use some, reject others. To awaken that faith in the diseased which was, ordinarily, necessary to his cure, appears to have been the reason why our Lord used means at all; for, whatever the instruments, the virtue to heal lay, not in them, but in Himself. We can therefore understand why He who knew exactly the spiritual condition of each sufferer, would vary the means used, so as, in each instance, to select those best calculated to inspire the faith needful for his cure.

It appears to have been while in the act of washing in the waters of Siloam that the blind mendicant received it. He "washed, and came"—probably to his home—"seeing." Great was the astonishment of his friends and neighbors at the

change in his appearance, joy and intelligence shining forth from his former sightless eyeballs. Whether he was indeed the man known so well as a blind beggar, many doubted. "Some said, This is he: others said, He is like him: but he said, I am he" (verse 9). Satisfied as to his identity, his friends eagerly ask him, "How were thine eyes opened?" The simple truth was as simply told: "A man," he said, "that is called Jesus, made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam and wash: and I went and washed, and I received sight" (verse 11). At these words his questioners exclaimed, "Where is he?" But the man had not seen Jesus—he only knew Him by name, and could

not tell where He was; so he answered, "I know not" (verse 12).

Up to this moment the joy of having received sight, and gratitude, we may well believe, toward Him who had bestowed it, filled the heart of this man, and gladly, as best he could, he answered the questions put to him. But now a cloud overshadows him; for it could not be but that to find himself suddenly before the Sanhedrim, the great council of the Jewish nation, must have been to one,

just beginning to use his new gift of sight, a grievous trial. Why he should have been brought there must have surely perplexed him. *He* knew not, but St. John explains the reason for that hasty summons—"It was," he says, "the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes" (verse 14); and servile work, as the preparing of the clay would be regarded by the Pharisees, was forbidden on that day. So flagrant a breach of God's law demanded speedy investigation. It was nothing to the "neighbors" of the blind that he should have



"ONE THING I KNOW, THAT, WHEREAS I WAS BLIND, NOW I SEE."

been made to see. That his cure had been wrought on the Sabbath, and not by word or simple touch, but by an ointment *made* and *applied* by Christ, filled them with anger to the exclusion of every grateful sentiment.

But whether this man when hurried before the Pharisees was at first awed by their presence or not, no sooner did they question him concerning his cure, than, calmly and explicitly, as before to his "neighbors," he told his story—"He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do see" (verse 15).

The members of the Sanhedrim were not always of one mind concerning Christ. Upon this occasion "there was a division among them." Those hostile to Jesus—of whom



there was a large majority—said, "This man is not of God, because He keepeth not the Sabbath day"—an assertion based upon His many acts of mercy wrought upon the Sabbath, and, especially, this of giving sight to the man standing before them (verse 16). The other class—a small minority—took what we may call the common-sense view of the matter: "How," they ask (perhaps it was Nicodemus, or Joseph of Arimathæa, who put the question), "can a man that is a sinner"—a man not sent by God, a wicked man—"do such miracles?"

This division in the council was overruled by God to bring the miracle more prominently into light as a great reality. For so intent were Christ's enemies to convict Him of Sabbath-breaking, that the fact of the miracle was well-nigh being lost sight of. But now that the particulars have been detailed by him who, alone, could report them accurately, he is asked what he himself thinks about the Author of his cure. Without hesitation he replied, "He is a prophet" (verse 17).

These words, "He is a prophet," show that the man had made progress in spiritual perception. When first questioned (verse 11), and again (verse 15), he told all he knew. "A man" (he had heard His voice, felt His hand) "that is called Jesus" had put "clay" on his eyes. He knew it was "clay" by his sense of feeling; but how it had been prepared he knew not, and said nothing about it—a fact which illustrates the accuracy of the entire statement. Since that early examination he had, we may believe, pondered over his cure, and as his sight gradually strengthened, enabling him with increased accuracy to observe things around him—their form, size, color—his knowledge respecting the Author of his cure grew to the conviction that the "man that is called Jesus" was "a prophet."

How striking the faith and courage manifested by this man from first to last! From the moment that he declares his conviction that Jesus is a prophet, to that in which "they cast him out" for his bold avowal that He must be "of God" (verses 83, 84), he exhibits a fearless courage, a determination to speak the truth to bear witness to Christ—whom he yet only knew as a prophet sent from God—rarely, if ever, surpassed by any instance either in the Old or New Testament.

Much perplexed by this noble testimony to Christ, the Jews summons the man's parents and ask them, "Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? how then doth he now see?" If it was the hope that the parents would deny the fact of the man having been *born* blind that prompted this question, the questioners were disappointed by their decided reply, "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind" (verse 20). Here, however, their testimony ends. Fearing the threatened excommunication should they confess that Jesus was Christ, the cowardly added, "But by what means he now seeth, we know not; . . . he is of age; ask him; he shall speak for himself" (verse 21). Wise as the Sanhedrim thought themselves, they were taken "in their own craftiness" (I Cor. iii. 19), by this last step. The twofold confession of the man's parents went far to establish the certainty of the miracle wrought in the cure of their son.

It appears probable that the restored blind had been removed out of court during the examination of his parents; he is now recalled (verse 24), and again closely examined. Assuming, as it were, that their former judgment against Jesus had been confirmed during his absence, the Pharisees say to him, "Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner." This was not a call to the man to give "praise" or thanks to God rather than to Jesus for his cure (for the court denied that *he had been cured*). The

words were a Jewish form of adjuration to the man to confess the truth (see Josh. vii. 19). While trying by intimidation to induce him to utter a falsehood, they call on him to remember that he is in the presence of God, and remembering this, utter a deliberate lie! "Give God the praise," they say; "we know," and do you confess, "that this man is a sinner." But they failed. Now, as fearlessly as before, he answered—"Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Then they ask him once again the manner of his cure: "What did He to thee? how opened He thine eyes?" Weary in spirit, and seeing their fixed resolve not to credit his statement, he answered, "I have told you already, and ye did not hear; wherefore would ye hear it again? will ye also be His disciples?" thus plainly did he imply his own discipleship. And so they understood him, and reply, "Thou art His disciple; but we are Moses's disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses; as for this fellow, we know not from whence He is" (verses 27-29). This false and malignant assertion drew from the man who knew he had been cured, and by whom, these unanswerable words—"Why herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, He could do nothing" (verses 30-33).

These words admitted of no reply; and none was attempted. But, in allusion probably to the common error (see verse 2), the Jews, forgetting that hitherto their object had been to deny altogether that the man had been *born* blind, taunt him with *having been* "born in sin," his blindness from his birth being God's judgment upon sin; and in wrathful indignation they ask, "Dost thou teach us? And they cast him out"—excommunicated him (verse 34).

Excommunication was no light matter to a Jew. In its mildest form it involved exclusion from the Synagogue for thirty days, and the dread with which the Jew regarded it was second only to his dread of death. Jesus knew all about the man who in the face of so much to terrify had boldly confessed Him before the Sanhedrim, and thereby incurred that terrible doom. As yet He and His new disciple had not met since He anointed his eyes, and bid him go and wash in the Pool of Siloam. But now, full of compassion, He throws Himself, as it were, in his way—was found of *him* who, so far as we know, was not seeking Him (see Isaiah lxxv. 1). Did Jesus ever seek and not find? Never. And now, having found this poor man, He puts to him this question of questions, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" (verse 35). With the simplicity which marked his character from the first, he answered, "Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?" (verse 36). Conscious of ignorance, he longed to be instructed; and Jesus in reply revealed Himself to him more fully and unreservedly than He had done in any other instance except one—that of the Samaritan woman. And, indeed, to this man who had suffered much, rather than deny Christ so far as he knew Him, was granted the greater revelation of the two. To the woman of Samaria Jesus revealed Himself as the Messiah that was to come, the Christ of God (John iv. 26); to this man He declared not only His Messiahship, but His Divinity, saying to him, "Dost thou believe on THE SON OF GOD?" and again, "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is HE THAT TALKETH WITH THEE" (John ix. 37). Seen—when? Now, for the first time, both with bodily and spiritual sight. The man understood those words, and said, immediately, "Lord, I believe. And he wor-

shipped Him" (verse 38). How far he entered into the true significance of the title, "Son of God," does not appear. But up to the light granted to him he believed with implicit trust.

The gracious readiness of our Lord to do works of mercy on the Sabbath day is very remarkable. Of the seven miracles of healing performed on that day, six were unsought either by the sufferers themselves or by their friends: one of those six being this cure of the man born blind. It is evident that our Lord's design in these Sabbath-day healings was to instruct the Jews in the true nature of the Sabbath, and the right manner of keeping it holy, and to impress upon them not only the lawfulness, but the duty, of relieving the distressed and suffering on that day as well as on others.

Our Lord has Himself summed up the special teaching assigned by the miracle we have been considering, in these words: "For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind" (verse 39). The humble-minded, though ignorant, had, and still have, light given to them: the self-righteous were, and still are, given over to judicial blindness. That this terrible doom be not ours, let our daily prayer be: "From all blindness of heart . . . Good Lord, deliver us!"

X.—Two blind men restored to sight near Jericho (Mat. xx. 29-34; Mark x. 46-52; Luke xviii. 35-43).

This miracle was the last wrought by our Lord for the relief of man previous to His death and resurrection, if we except the healing of Malchus's ear. His mightiest miracle—the raising of Lazarus from the grave—preceded it but a few days. That miracle made a great impression on the people at large, and led to very important consequences. It convinced many that Jesus was the Christ, the long-promised Messiah, and thus largely increased the number of His disciples in Jerusalem; while, on the other hand, His enemies, alarmed and perplexed at His popularity, called a meeting of the Sanhedrim to consider what steps ought to be taken concerning Him. The decision they came to, and that speedily, was to put Him to death (John xi. 47-54)—a decision which may be regarded as the first formal rejection of Christ by the Jewish authorities. True, much earlier in His ministry His life had been oftentimes threatened—at Jerusalem, they had sought to kill Him for breaking the Sabbath (John v. 16-18); in Galilee, the Pharisees and Herodians had taken counsel to destroy Him (Mark iii. 6); and, later still, the Pharisees and chief priests had sent officers to apprehend Him (John vii. 32). But it would appear that until now the Sanhedrim had not formally, and as a body, determined that He should die. The miracle at Bethany was the immediate cause of that decree, and once made, nothing remained but to concert measures to carry it out (John xi. 53).

And now, His life no longer safe in Bethany, Jesus withdrew to a city called Ephraim (John xi. 54), not far from both Bethany and Jericho; and there, out of reach of His enemies, He awaited the arrival of the Galilean caravan of pilgrims on their way to the Passover. Joining company with them, He and His apostles once more set forth on the highway from Jericho to Jerusalem. "Steadfastly," as when He first started on that journey (Luke ix. 51), did He pursue His way—so "steadfastly" that as He went before, and they followed after, the disciples were filled with amazement; "they were afraid," St. Mark says (x. 32). Thus they journeyed, and as they approached Jericho, our Lord gave sight to two blind men sitting by the wayside,

The details of this narrative as related by the three Evangelists vary upon two points. It is impossible to harmonize them; and to be able to do so in order to vindicate the truthfulness of each separate account, seems quite unnecessary. These differences, and others which occur in the Gospels, have this, at all events, in their favor—they prove the independence of the sacred historians. The points of disagreement here are two—St. Matthew records the cure of two blind men; St. Mark and St. Luke of one. And respecting the locality of the miracle, St. Luke places it as Christ entered Jericho; St. Matthew and St. Mark as He left that city. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that two were healed; while from some circumstance connected with one of them—Bartimæus, the son of Timæus—he alone has found a place in the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke. But their silence respecting the other is in itself no denial that he also came under the healing hand of Christ. The most probable solution of the difficulty respecting the place where the miracle was wrought appears to be this—that one of the blind men began to cry to our Lord as He drew near Jericho; but, for the purpose, perhaps, as in other instances, of trying his faith, he was not healed at once—not until Jesus was leaving the city, at which time a second blind man had joined him, and both were healed. It is observable, however, that with the exception of those two points of difference, the details of this, our Lord's fourth miracle of healing the blind, are, as recorded by the three Evangelists, singularly alike in the most minute particulars—they all tell us that the blind were sitting by the wayside begging; that they heard from the bystanders that Jesus of Nazareth was approaching; that, immediately, they cried to Him for mercy, addressing Him as the Son of David; that, when the multitudes tried to silence them, they all the more earnestly cried out, repeating the same words—"Have mercy on us, O Lord, Thou Son of David"; that Jesus stood still, and called them, and asked what it was they wished Him to do for them; that they replied, that their sight might be restored; that Jesus healed them immediately, and that they at once followed Him.

St. Mark's narrative is the most full. He alone has recorded the name of the blind man whose touching story he relates. Bartimæus was probably well known to all the neighborhood, as day by day he "sat by the highway side begging," perhaps under the shade of some friendly tree by the gate of Jericho, the city of palm-trees. Weary and sad he must have often been; one day so like another, nothing from without to vary the dull monotony of his life. But in a moment all is changed—the sound as the tread of a vast multitude strikes upon his ear. Eagerly he inquires what it means, and is told that Jesus of Nazareth is about to pass by (Luke xviii. 37).

"Jesus of Nazareth!" That name is not unknown to Bartimæus; and not only by name does he know Him whose approach is so loudly heralded. Blind as Bartimæus is, he has seen things with the eye of faith, which others, having eyes, saw not. Shut off by his calamity from intercourse with the outer world, he had the more leisure for thought; and as from time to time tidings reached Jericho of the Great Healer in far-off Galilee, who went about teaching and healing all that were diseased—the lepers cleansed, the dumb made to speak, the deaf to hear, the blind to see, the dead raised to life—he pondered over those things. Were they not the very signs foretold by the prophets as those by which Messiah should be known? Thus Bartimæus reasoned. To his simple mind it seemed plain that in Jesus of Nazareth those prophecies were fulfilled. Therefore it was that, when he heard Ha

was passing by, he linked together that despised name, "Jesus of Nazareth," and the time-honored title, "Son of David," by which the promised Messiah was known even to the common people amongst the Jews (see Matthew ix. 27; xx. 30; xxi. 15), and cried, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

We can well believe that while meditating over the reports that reached him, the prayer that this gracious Healer of the bodies and souls of men might come within his reach often went up to the Hearer of prayer from the heart of blind Bartimæus. And now this long-desired moment has come—an opportunity to be seized, lest it pass by for ever; and the cry, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me," rends the air. To those around, this earnest pleading appeared an unwarrantable intrusion. So far from seconding it, they desire Bartimæus "to hold his peace." But strong in the confidence that Jesus had the power to heal, and deeply desiring to be healed, no obstacles in the way could divert his purpose; the more they tried to silence him, the more earnestly, "a great deal," he cried, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me" (Mark x. 48).

"And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called." How tenderly gracious was this standing still of Jesus! He stops to listen to the blind man's cries; stops also that, guided by His voice, he may the more easily reach Him. Here was indeed the grace of Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). This pause of Jesus arrests the attention of those around; "they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee." Somewhat thus spoke had, we may well believe, experienced in their own souls that "comfort" ever connected with coming to Jesus. Can we use better words, whether to encourage ourselves or others, than "Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee"?

But a crowd surrounded Bartimæus. Very many, probably, stood between him and Jesus. What was that to him? What is that to any who feel their deep necessity, and know the power of Christ to supply it? "Casting away his garment," for speedier flight, Bartimæus "rose, and came to Jesus" (Mark x. 50). And now as he stands face to face before Him whom, having not seen, he longed to meet, Jesus puts to him the thrilling question, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" It was an easy question for the blind to answer. Bartimæus had not now to consider what it was he needed 'most. Ever since he had heard of Jesus—of His works, and words of power and of love—he had made up his mind, should the opportunity be afforded, to ask Him to restore his sight. So now he at once replies, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." And Jesus did keep him one moment in suspense. Granting his request, he said unto him, "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way"—i. e., the way to Jerusalem. Our Lord had said to him, "Go thy way"

(Mark x. 52). Bartimæus preferred to follow *Him* who had done so great things for him, even to Jerusalem.

St. Matthew relates that Jesus "touched" the blind eyes of the two men before He spoke the words of Omnipotence, "Receive thy sight" (Matthew xx. 34; Luke xviii. 42). But that touch would have been powerless had it not been received by faith. Our Lord Himself traces back the cure to the man's faith, saying, "Thy faith hath saved thee" (Luke xviii. 42); "made thee whole" (Mark x. 52); not merely his faith, or confidence that his sight should be restored, but that higher faith which enabled him to embrace the truth that Jesus was the Messiah—a conviction not derived from report merely, but because what he had heard of the words and works of Christ corresponded with that which the Prophets had led him to expect from the Messiah, the true "Son of David." It was thus that Bartimæus owed his recovery of sight to his faith; and thus, and thus alone, can blessings bestowed by the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift be rightly received and enjoyed.

We learn from St. Luke that all the people who witnessed this miracle "gave praise unto God" (xviii. 43); and this they would not have done, had any doubt as to the reality of the miracle rested on their minds.

How far blindness of the soul is a deeper evil than bodily blindness, can only be estimated by considering the priceless value of the soul; how the health of the soul surpasses—in importance—the health of the body. To be blind to the beauties of nature; never to see the sun, the moon, the stars; never to gaze on the face of those we love—this is a sore calamity. But how far more terrible to be blind to God—to see no



PERSIAN NESTORIAN PRIEST AND LADIES.—SEE PAGE 510.

beauty in Christ, His Word, His day, the ordinances of His Church! This is to be blind indeed; but it is a blindness which must be felt to be a sore evil before any desire for its removal be entertained. To the consciousness of his blindness, and the desire for its removal, Bartimæus naturally arrived. Not by nature, however, is spiritual blindness discerned. Too blind to know he is blind is man's state by nature—a state from which he has neither the power nor the desire to deliver himself.

Deeply sensible of his blindness, Bartimæus waited but for the opportunity to ask Christ to restore his sight. To do this he had made up his mind, and thus lost not a moment when told, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." What a lesson may be gathered from this! Why are prayers often so vague, lifeless, indefinite? Is it not because he who prays has not made up his mind as to what he wants God to do for him? Unconscious of any special need of strength, it may be, to resist some insidious temptation, or overcome some evil temper—having, in short, no definite request to bring before God—then, when the time to pray comes, and Jesus of Nazareth stands ready to bless, no heartfelt petition meets His ear—only lifeless generalities, which express little and often mean less. Is not this the case with many? If the question, put by our Lord to the blind man at Jericho, "What wilt thou that I should



do unto thee?" were put to many who morning and night say their prayers, would they be ready, as Bartimæus was, to state their want, their desire, their pressing need of this or that special grace? Rather would they not find a difficulty, a hesitation, in giving a *definite* reply, and for this simple reason—that they were not conscious of any *definite* want.

Do not we ourselves often utter the cry of blind Bartimæus, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me"? (See Litany, Morning Prayer.) But while doing so let us beware that our words be not "vain repetitions." This they will assuredly not be if the heart be deeply sensible not only of the plague of sin in general, but of its own peculiar besetting sins. Vague, indefinite petitions will not then go up to God, but real, earnest prayers, such as He delights to answer with blessings full and free. Pardon, peace, strength to overcome temptation, patience to suffer His will, grace to do His commandments—all these, all that the soul needs,

are included in the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you" (Matt. vii. 7)—a promise made good to those who "ask in faith, nothing wavering" (James i. 6).

It was in this spirit Bartimæus cried for mercy. What reception did he meet? How far beyond his expectations was the gracious standing still of Jesus! And yet was it not just what might have been expected from Him who out of the fullness of His own heart of love was ever doing

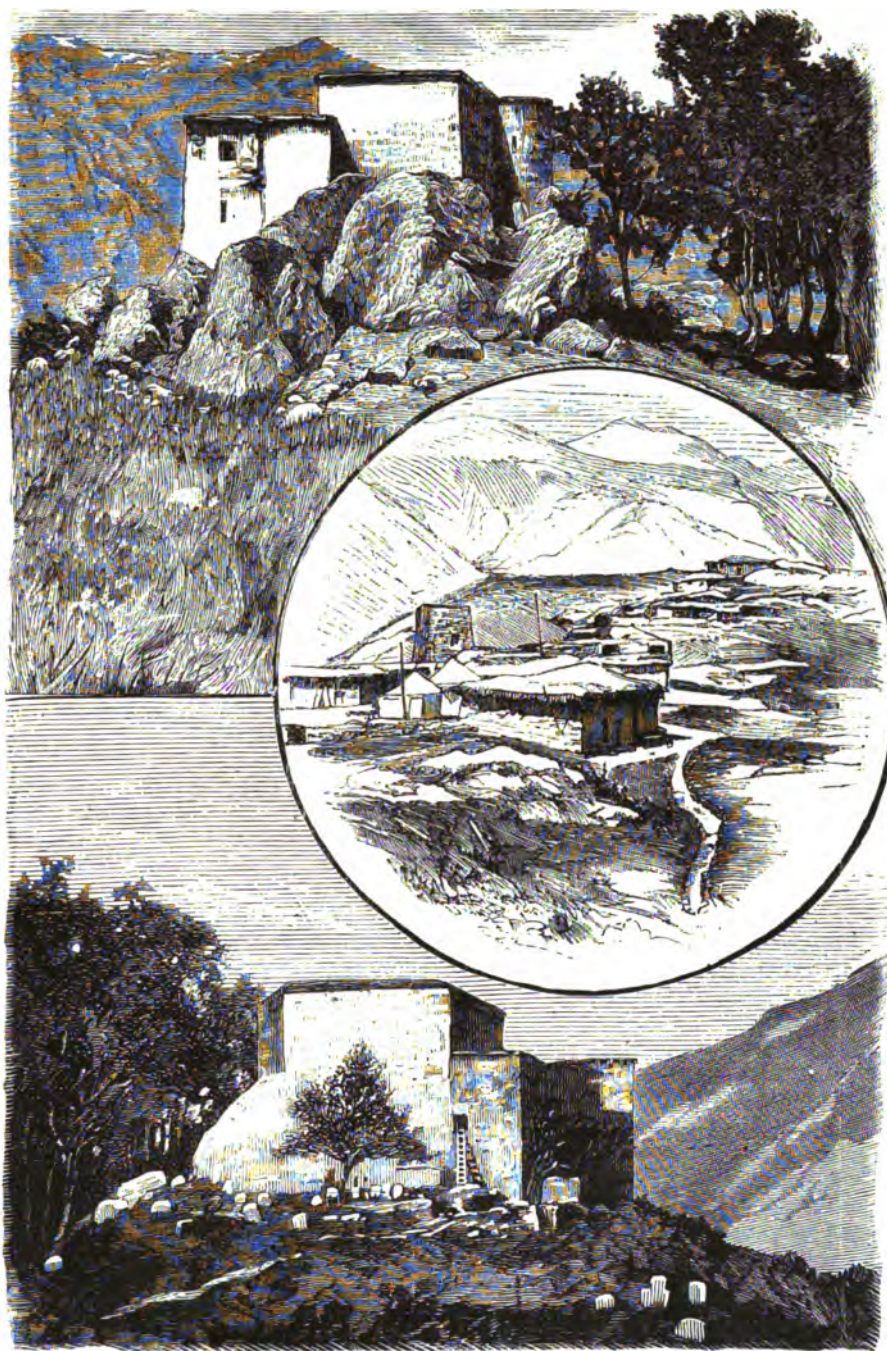
acts of mercy? How many instances in the gospels tell of the spontaneous out-flowing of the loving compassion of our blessed Lord! And is He not the same now? Though exalted to to the right hand of His Father, He is as full of love, sympathy, tender compassion for all men now, as when, "a man of sorrows" Himself "and acquainted with grief,"

He trod our earth. There, high above us, He still waits, as He did then, for the spiritually blind, deaf, dumb, to come to Him; and by His word He commands them to come (Matt. xi. 28), and desires those who have come to Him to bring others with them, that they too may have everlasting life. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

It is wonderful how men change to a changed heart! Being ennobled ourselves we see noble things, and loving find out love.

Little touches of courage, of goodness, of love in men, which formerly looking for perfection we passed by, now attract us like flowers beside a dusky highway. We take them as keys to the character, and door after door flies open to us.—*Stopford Brooke*.

That circumference cannot be small of which God is the centre.—*Hannah More*.



1. THE PATRIARCH'S CHURCH AT KOCHANES, EAST VIEW. 2. THE VILLAGE OF KOCHANES.  
3. THE PATRIARCH'S CHURCH, WEST VIEW.—SEE PAGE 510.

## THE NESTORIANS.

NESTORIUS was a Syrian bishop, who was born near the close of the fourth century and died at Libya about the year 440. He was a disciple of Theodore of Mopsuestia, became a presbyter of Antioch, and was made Patriarch of Constantinople in 428. In opposition to the doctrines of the Apollinarians, he maintained that there was a great distinction between the human and divine natures of Christ, and that they were to be carefully discriminated the one from the other. According to his views Christ, as the Son of God, could neither be born nor die, and therefore it was wrong to call the Virgin Mary the "mother of God" (*Theotokos*), but only the "mother of Christ" (*Christokos*), because it was only His human nature which was born of her.

Cyril, of Alexandria, was one of the foremost in combating the opinion of Nestorius, and, acting upon the advice of Pope Celestine I., called a council in 430, at Alexandria, to consider the matter. Nestorius was judged guilty of blasphemy, and anathematized. In return he anathematized Cyril, who induced the Emperor Theodosius II. to call a general council at Ephesus, in 431, at which Cyril presided. Nestorius was summoned before the council, but refused to appear, and he was again condemned, and in addition, deprived of his bishopric and banished from Constantinople. This council declared the true sense of the Church to be that Christ consists of one divine person, yet of two natures, not mixed or confounded, although intimately united, forming what is known to theologians as the hypostatical union.

John, Bishop of Antioch, and several other Eastern prelates who were friendly to Nestorius, called another council at Ephesus, at which severe sentence was issued against Cyril. The disciples of Nestorius continued to propagate his doctrines throughout the East, and before the close of the sixth century had penetrated even to India, China and Tartary. The Nestorian Church at one time had patriarchs at Babylon, and successively occupied Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Bagdad and Mosul. Training schools for the clergy and missionaries were established at Edessa, Nisibis, Seleucia, Bagdad, and other places. In 435, the Bishop of Nisibis was the celebrated Barsumas, who had been expelled from the school of Edessa. He acquired great influence with the Persian King Ferozes, whom he induced to expel all Christians who adhered to the teachings of the Greek fathers, and not only to admit Nestorians in their place, but to allow them to establish themselves in the chief cities, Seleucia and Ctesiphon. Barsumas established the school at Nisibis from which went forth many missionaries, and the Nestorians of Persia and surrounding countries still venerate him as the parent and founder of their faith. He upheld the right of the clergy to marry, and himself espoused a nun named Hammæa.

The Nestorians were particularly strong in Persia, and once were the dominant sect, but in consequence of dissensions which arose in 1551 seventy or eighty thousand of them dwelling on the west side of the Kurdish Mountains united with the Church of Rome. Their descendants call themselves Chaldeans.

As Mohammedanism advanced the Nestorians were borne down before it. Some were converted and others killed. Tamerlane destroyed many, and through various persecutions this once powerful and numerous Church has been reduced to about 150,000. In 1843 the Kurds made a raid upon them, killing nearly 10,000 and capturing many more who were sold into slavery. The remnant of the Nestorians now dwell in the northwestern districts of Persia, spreading westward into the mountains of

Kurdistan; about 40,000 of them live on the plain of Oroomiah, inhabiting upward of 300 villages and chiefly occupied with agriculture. They are miserably poor and often subject to the most cruel oppressions from their Kurdish neighbors, who inhabit the surrounding mountains. Many of the mountain districts inhabited by the Nestorians are so rugged that a beast of burden can scarcely travel over them. A little further south, in the deep rugged valley of the Zab, a tributary of the Tigris, their condition is a little better, and they manifest more of the independent spirit of their ancestors. These have often successfully resisted the attacks of the Kurds. The Nestorians substantially maintain their ancient faith, but are sunk in ignorance and degradation. Few even of the men can read intelligently. They have no printed books, and only a few manuscript copies of the Scriptures and other works, in the ancient Syriac, a dead language, studied only by the priests. The Bible is venerated as a relic, and the few copies existing are wrapped in cloth and laid away in the churches, to be brought on great occasions and kissed, but not read. Many of the priests scarcely understand the meaning of the words they use in their church service, and to the people generally these are entirely unintelligible.

But they cling tenaciously to the Christian name, and substantially to the Christian doctrine. Professing the Nicene Creed, with a few modifications, they assert the distinction of the person and natures in Christ, and refuse the title of "Mother of God" to the Virgin Mary. They reject the doctrine of purgatory, but pray for the dead. They acknowledge seven sacraments, and allow marriage to all the clergy except the bishops and patriarchs, though this provision was violated by the Patriarch, Mar Johanan, in 1859. They discard auricular confession, though it is prescribed in their ancient books.

This past Summer, two of the Nestorian Patriarchs—Mar Johanan and Mar Goriel—visited England to appeal for help, and a meeting of the English clergy, under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was held on July 9th, at Lambert Palace. The result was that it was determined to aid this old and struggling church by the establishment of a training college and a normal school under an English clergyman and teachers, with printing-press, etc. For the support of this school, the two great English societies, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, have promised £250 (\$1,250), a year for five years.

Missionaries from Rome have been laboring among the Nestorians, but with little success, and the American Presbyterian and Congregationalist missionaries have been working among them for forty years. But the Nestorians will not surrender Episcopacy and their ancient liturgy, and ten years ago they began to study the Church of England, the result of which is that the Patriarch Mar Shimoor has peremptorily ordered the American missionaries to desist from their labors, on the plea that he has handed over his flock to the care of the Church of England.

Our illustrations of the Patriarch Mar Shimoor, his church at Kochanes, the Archdeacon of Tyari, and a Persian Nestorian priest and ladies, are from a book by the Rev. E. L. Outts entitled "Christians under the Crescent in Asia," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. (N. Y. : E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

God is my end; Christ is my way; the Spirit, my Guide.—*Adam*.



## SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

THE Chinese Sunday-school attached to Mount Vernon Church, Boston, has an attendance of eighty pupils.

OF the Sunday-schools in Philadelphia 144 are connected with the Presbyterian and Reformed churches, 125 with the Methodist churches, 100 with the Episcopal churches, 78 with the Baptist churches, and 33 with the Lutheran churches. The membership of all the schools is 174,295; 157,847 scholars and 16,488 teachers.

THE American Sunday-school Union gives the following statistics in regard to its work of fifty-seven years: 69,846 schools were organized, containing 447,380 teachers, and 2,969,037 scholars; 109,402 cases of aid to schools, having 6,720,000 members; value of publications distributed by sales and donations, \$7,000,000.

LEE AVENUE church, Brooklyn (Eastern District), Rev. W. F. Crafts, pastor, has 1,300 scholars in its Sunday-school.

THE Rensselaer County Sunday-school Union commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation in Troy on May 28th.

OUR in Madagascar Sunday-school children, instead of a spoonful of ice-cream and a piece of cake on festival days, get silver sixpences and pieces of roast beef to carry home. At one place on last parade-day there were 5,200 children in line, and the beef of sixty fat oxen was distributed among them.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IN ARKANSAS.—To a New York banker, who furnishes his support, a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union in Arkansas, writes: "On the second Sunday in June I organized three new schools. But I have been principally engaged since my last letter in visiting and aiding schools organized by me last year. In a colored school I was surprised to note the carefulness and earnestness of the teaching and the interest manifested by all. From a school organized under discouragements and after repeated efforts, I learn that a church has been organized there and a church-building erected. I have a good report also from another of my colored schools. On account of increase of membership in a school organized last April, I have a call for more help; and I have the same appeal from other schools not organized by me. The work increases and the interest deepens."

THERE are 6,237 teachers in the Sunday-schools of the United Presbyterian Church.

A DENOMINATIONAL paper, speaking of the Sunday-school, says "it has weakened the power of the pulpit, and is to-day shifting the care of our young away from the pastor and the preached Word, to a nurse, who is not the mother."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN CHINA.—The Rev. J. N. B. Smith, formerly a Blackburn student, now a missionary in China, sends his cousin, Mr. J. H. Smith, the following description of a Sunday-school in Shanghai, China: "The Sunday-school at the Tsing-Sing-Dong (which means the Pure heart-hall) outside of the South gate, Shanghai, is the largest Sunday-school in China, probably the largest Sunday-school in any foreign mission field. The school was started by Dr. and Mrs. Farnham. They began by collecting the pupils in their school every Sunday morning

and forming them into classes. As the time went by and these scholars grew up, they, in turn, became teachers, and then began the work of gathering in the children from outside. Then the native church took up the school. The school is now carried on by the natives; the only assistance given by Dr. and Mrs. Farnham is in teaching. In all respects they are on the same footing as the native teachers. The school has a native Superintendent and all other necessary officers, all natives. The last Chinese year had 13 months, and there were 55 Sundays; of the scholars in attendance 7 attended 55 Sundays, 12 attended 54 Sundays, 4 attended 53 Sundays, 4 attended 52 Sundays, 8 attended 51 Sundays, 5 attended 50 Sundays. Total attending 50 Sundays and over, 40; 42 attended from 40 to 50 Sundays, 14 attended from 30 to 40 Sundays. The whole number in attendance during the year was about 450 to 500. The largest attendance on one Sunday, 365. The smallest attendance on one Sunday, 220. The school is conducted in very much the same way as those at home. The scholars all gather in the chapel for the opening exercises, which consist of prayer, singing and a catechetical exercise, the Superintendent calling on the different classes, and asking them questions, to which they respond. In singing they use the same tunes as are used at home—the words are, of course, Chinese. After the opening exercises the scholars go into different rooms, where each class is taught in the Chinese, fashion, a number of questions and answers, and portions of Scripture. They are then assembled in the chapel for the closing exercises. While the children are in the chapel a native preacher addresses the grown people who remain in the chapel.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL recently organized at Undercliff, Ridgefield, in Fairfield County, Conn., is cosmopolitan in its composition. Though its membership is only thirty-five, it embraces representatives of six nationalities and eight religious denominations.

THE FUTURE OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—My own belief is that the Sunday-school has before it a more important place in the Church system than it has ever yet possessed since Europe became Christian. The increasing interest in secular education, the ever-multiplying subjects of study and the consequent tendency to diminish the religious instruction in day schools, in some to drop it altogether, from division of religious opinion—these things seem to indicate to the Church the necessity of reviving and developing her own catechetical schools upon the Sunday (possibly hereafter to some extent upon the Saturday also) if she is to counteract the non-religious system of education, and fulfill the obligation of teaching the people.—*The Bishop of Ely.*

ARE you going off on a vacation this month or next? See, first, that your home work be taken care of while you are absent. Then, wherever you go, watch for opportunities to be useful. Look into the little Sunday-school among the mountains or by the sea, and lend a hand. Attend the services in the little church and help in the prayer-meeting. Carry not only your religion, but your religious activity, with you.—*Westminster Teacher.*



## AFTER CHRISTIANITY, WHAT?

THE so-called "progressive" school of unbelievers not unfrequently say that as polytheism was an advance on



THE NESTORIANS.—THE PATRIARCH MAR SHIMOOR.—SEE PAGE 510.

fetichism, and Judaism was an advance on polytheism, and Christianity was an advance on Judaism, by and by there will come an advance on Christianity. But what advance is possible, or conceivable, in respect to the perfect founder of Christianity, our Blessed Lord? Whether He is regarded as divine, or as human, or as combining the virtues and attributes of both, what prophet can so much as hope to equal Him?

Now, there never can be an advance on Christianity till there is an advance on Christ. For Christ is Christianity. He is in all essential matters the polity and the doctrine, the law and its fulfillment, the salvation and the life. If a wider religion than Christianity means anything, it means a wiser teacher, a more compassionate helper, a more perfect and exalted character. Sooner than the appearance of such a character in the world, there are ten thousand times more chances of the utter disappearance from it of all religion.

What is to be the advance on the teachings of Christ? John Stuart Mill and others have said, indeed, that the ethics of the Gospel are not complete, but what is to complete them? What is to supplement the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount, or that summing up of the law and the prophets to love God with all the heart and one's neighbor as himself? The truth is, the ethics of the Gospel are so complete that to some it seems almost hopeless to fulfill their requirements.

What is to be an advance on Christ as a practical helper and healer of those in trouble? The world has been full of philosophers and idealists who talked much and wisely, as the world goes, and did little. But Christ, who talked much and wisely, and always to the point, did infinitely more in the way of help and compassion. What is to be the advance on Him who declared, as the result of His work, that "the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them"?

What is to be an advance on Christianity as throwing light on the matter of a future life beyond the grave? What has fetichism to say about it, or paganism, or Mohammedanism, or even Judaism, except obscurely? But our Blessed Lord, over and above speculating on the subject, gave proof of the resurrection by His own rising. Even the author of the Book of Job asked doubtfully, not to say despairingly, "If a man die shall he live

again?" But Christ answered the question once and for all. What more could be hoped for, or what could be even hoped for at all, from any absolute religion or religion of science? Any new and wider religion must bring life and immortality to light more clearly. Speculation will not signify; it must deal in demonstration. To improve upon Christianity a more convincing demonstration must be given than was given by its author. But this is absurd. Nothing can be stronger than a fact, and no fact can be more convincing than that of Christ's resurrection from the grave.

We say, with confidence, that any dreamers of new religion, so far from throwing greater light on the problem of a future life, would leave it in pagan obscurity. Nothing is to be hoped for from speculations, intentions or pretended disclosures of any kind. But this doctrine, which is one of the corner-stones of religion, which lies at the foundation of obedience, piety, hope, and without which the idea of religion vanishes, and life becomes sordid and ignoble, has been as certainly demonstrated as anything can be.

After Christianity, What? Nothing. Skepticism means not something more and better, but nothing at all. Of a brighter day it gives no assurance; its face is toward darkness and despair. It banishes Christ to find no Saviour and no salvation. For the verities and hopes of the Gospel it gives us conjectures and fantasies, with speculations about the unknowableness of God and the future, or dreary philosophies which end in a hopeless and disgusting pessimism. It is no compliment to Christianity to say it is good, but there is something better. If it is not as good as the best, it is, essentially, no better than the worst. If it cannot do for each and all the utmost that is possible for any religion, then it makes little difference whether men are Christians or Jews, Turks or infidels. It really ends in failure, and lands them in the conclusion that all religions are equally good and equally worthless.—*The Churchman.*

A HOLY indifference to present things makes it easy to part with them, and death less fearful. Chrysostom, in a letter to Ciriacus, who was tenderly sensible of his banishment, wrote to him, "You now begin to lament my banishment, but I have done so for a long time; for, since I knew that heaven was my country I have esteemed the whole earth as a place of exile. Constantinople, from which I am expelled, is as distant from paradise as the desert to which they send me."—*Buck.*



THE NESTORIANS.—THE ARCHDEACON OF TYARI.

## BURT'S SECRET.

BY HARRIET IRVING.

BETHWICK COLLEGE stands high on College Hill, and Waynesville down below is filled with students who board with the citizens, and make themselves agreeable to the citizens' daughters when school is out.

It is they who patronize and keep alive the Opera House, Waynesville's one considerable public place of amusement; it is they who support the Waynesville confectioners, and hire the finest vehicles and horses, and indulge in luxurious sleigh-rides with dashing turn-outs, buffalorobes and bells, and Waynesville's beauties crowning all.

Hildah, peeping from behind the lace-curtains in the darkening room, smiled and blushed as it crossed her mind that Alanson Burt was reputed the richest and most generous of all the students, and by some the handsomest—though that, of course, was a matter of taste.

She told herself it was not these things that had won her, yet it may be she admired him none the less for his elegant dress

and lavish expenditure of money, and his charms of face and person had made his attentions acceptable at the first; but, since Alanson had showed her his poems and confided to her his poetic aspirations, she thought of him as something a little more than human.

His brilliant college essays, his facile mastery of Latin and Greek, and his fervid eloquence, always at command, showed signs of genius; but these poems, that Hildah alone had seen, carried out the subtle suggestion of his exquisite features, and lent a meaning to those dark moods and seasons of melancholy silence which might have made him a stupid companion at times for one who had not the clew to his character.

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The dark moods had been growing frequent of late, Hildah thought, and then she started up, flushed and beaming.

"He is coming, he is coming!" her heart sang.

The lamp burst into flame; and when Alanson Burt came in, the small neat parlor was a scene of quiet industry, for there sat Hildah in the glow of lamplight and firelight by the crimson-covered table, the light-blue wrap that she had worn thrown back across her chair, crotcheting with busy fingers. His seat was an ottoman at her feet,

and she looked down and lost herself in the depth of his eyes, so darkly gray, and longed, foolish little Hildah! to stroke with her gentle fingers that broad white forehead, crowned with classic raven locks. She had been so happy, but he at her feet in the charmed circle he had made for her was not happy.

Her mother came in just then; and, when Hildah called her name, the young man, standing between the two, asked:

"May I call you mother, too, some day?"

The gentle little woman smiled.

"But what will your mother say, Burt?"

"She will be pleased, madam."

Then he slipped on Hildah's white hand a beautiful opal ring—beautiful enough, Hildah thought, to symbol their unspoken, mutual promise.

But Burt did not come the next night nor the next, and when he did, he made a stammering apology that Hildah accepted with all due sweetness.

The same thing was repeated again and yet again. Then, one evening, the great gray eyes filled with tears, and Burt begged Hildah to forgive him—what she could scarcely understand—something he had done, something he was yet to do—to forgive him and think kindly of him, and not to ask for explanations.

That seemed easy enough, but the next day he was



"HIS SEAT WAS AN OTTOMAN. SHE LOOKED DOWN AND LOST HERSELF IN THE DEPTH OF HIS EYES."

gone—gone, with the essay that would have won the college prize unfinished in his desk—gone no one knew where, leaving floating rumors that he had been wild of late, had drunk to excess, had joined in mad freaks, but with others who were still in their places, and no whit the worse for their escapade.

Hildah's hurt was cruel, and she buried it deep; she had no thought of asking explanations, even had she known of whom to ask them. Though her heart cried out within her, she would lay no claim to the love and honor that had been thrust upon her unsought.

Other girls in Waynesville had been jilted by the Bethwick College students, but this was no explanation of the mystery that shrouded Alanson Burt's departure; and when, months after, a letter came from his Southern home—a letter written by his sister, calling her sister Hildah, and speaking of her brother as if he were still in Waynesville—the mystery was greater than ever.

Hildah's parents would move no hand in the matter. The engagement had not been of their seeking, and Hildah was not injured by what had happened, for she had taken no one into her confidence, so they reasoned. They were mystified, for Alanson Burt had not seemed like a trifier.

As for a previous entanglement or marriage, that seemed out of the question, for Burt had come to college a boy. In time they ceased even to wonder.

In the course of a year, the bright young student seemed forgotten by all but Hildah. For all that others knew, she might have forgotten also, for she made no sign; but the roses on her cheeks faded and her ready laugh rung no more through the quiet rooms.

One word came from the absent one like a voice crying out of some infernal depths. It was brought like any common letter, directed in a strange hand, postmarked Waynesville, but, inside, Alanson Burt's own hand had written a message pitiful to read. It was less intelligible to Hildah than his last appeal to her had been.

He was alone among strangers—away from her—away from home. He loved her. He begged her to forget him and to find love and comfort where she could. He was one of a myriad wretched souls—"Raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame." It might be that he was never to see her face again.

Hildah kept her own counsel. She showed the strange missive to no one, but folded it upon her heart.

She wondered if these were the ravings of an insane man; yet wild and mysterious as it was, there was no incoherency, and—he loved her.

Her hope was not quite dead.

Hildah's mother smiled approvingly when the young clergyman took Hildah to walk in the long avenue at sunset, and smiled more and more approvingly as he continued his attentions. She sounded his praises, though not too loudly, and was glad to think that her little girl was fast forgetting the one trouble of her short, bright life.

It was on a Sunday evening as these two were coming from church together that the minister's wooing came to an end.

As they came out of the church vestibule together Hildah was startled by a face, not fully seen, only two bright dark eyes peering very intently through the darkness without.

For a moment she startled and shivered, then the clergyman's pleasant voice called her name, and she came back from the brooding, ugly past into the peaceful present. She had thought that her fancy cheated her.

At the door of home her mother met them. In her

presence the young man said good-by and stooped to press a kiss on Hildah's cheek.

Hildah's mother seemed strangely agitated.

"My child," she said, "there is a stranger here. Remember that he is a stranger. He has no claim upon you."

So Hildah went in quietly, drawing her gloves off slowly, laying a bonnet down on the crimson-covered table, and there sat Alanson Burt.

She drew a chair before him and looked him calmly in the face. Her heart was beating madly, but she looked like marble. She could see that he was sad, yet there was something more of manly strength in it than when she had seen him last.

"I have come to explain," he said. "It is a duty I owe you."

"As you please," she answered. "I don't exact it."

"If you knew the name of the place I went to after I left you—not at once but shortly after—there would be no need of explanation. I am ashamed to tell you, for I know you never guessed I was the slave of a vice that was killing me. I need not blush to own it. My own mother's hand has often tempted me. It was only the fault of my organization that it hurt me worse than others. But I swore to save myself before I brought suffering and sorrow on you. I tried indulgence first to the full after I went from here, and I found that indulgence was death. And then I tried the—'inebriate asylum.' That is my shameful secret."

He ended with a short, harsh laugh, as if the words had cost him a painful effort.

Hildah had risen from her chair, but she sat down again and waited for him to finish.

"You must have suffered!"

"I have suffered, of course," he said, "but most of all in losing you."

Hildah's hand went quickly to the opal ring, and Alanson's eyes followed the motion.

"Keep that, Hildah," he said, "in remembrance of our friendship;" and his voice was low and broken. "You will not be obliged to forget me entirely."

"I am not obliged to forget you at all, you brave, good man! Do you think I would have married any one else if you had never come back?"

So they clasped hands; and Hildah's mother coming in, perceived that the clergyman's had been a farewell kiss.

## TIME—ITS VALUE

Time rises in price, as every commodity does when it grows scarcer. A sibil came to Tarquinius Superbus, King of Rome, and brought nine volumes of a book, demanding a high price for them. Thinking it too much, he refused, and she immediately burned three, demanding for the six the price of the nine. He still declined to give it, and she burned three more, asking the full sum for the remaining three. He, thinking there must be something extraordinary in the books, and fearing to lose them all, gave for the three the price he had refused for the nine. So time, as it dwindles, grows more valuable. There are three divisions in man's life—youth, manhood and old age, and we advise men to redeem all this time—youth, manhood and old age; but in youth men conceive the price. They are required to pay in self-denial too great, and they spend it in folly. In manhood they are again advised to redeem the remainder, but they still think the price too great; and then, perhaps, when it comes to the last stage of their lives, they are glad enough to redeem what



remains ; but here the case is different. The sibyl still demanded but the same price for the remaining three which she had asked for all the nine ; but the old, *if they are induced to redeem the time at all*, which is very unlikely, will

have to pay more for the last volumes than they were asked for the whole number at first ; the habit of sinning so greatly increases the difficulty of turning to God.—*F. F. Trench.*

## KOMPERT'S STORIES OF JEWISH HOME LIFE.

### V.

No WONDER, therefore, that those who clearly recognize this would liberate their children from the Egyptian bondage of formalism. But in former days this was not easy, as we learn in the tale "The Soul Catcher." Reuben Schönmann was one of those who thus revolted. It was said of him that he had no Jewish heart. To have a Jewish heart means in Ghetto language that a man recognizes the feeling of common ancestry, the bonds of common union, the common traditions of glory and woe that bind Israel together. To say of a man that he has no Jewish heart is to hurl the greatest insult imaginable at his head. This did not, however, distress Reuben. He was married to a beautiful wife, and happy in his children, whom he has named Clara and Philip, to the scandal of the community, for had such names ever been heard in the Ghetto before ? Nor were they suffered to cease from being scandalized. Clara and Philip were not allowed to mix with the other children of "the street," as the Ghetto is called by the Jews themselves. The boy was never taken to the synagogue : a strange woman speaking a strange tongue was brought from a distance and became their instructress. For Reuben was resolved that his children should not become one with "them." When it leaked out into the Ghetto that the French governess even taught the children to pray, the hue and cry knew no bounds, and the fanatics were ready to tear the family limb from limb. Notwithstanding all the father's care, one of these fanatics, during his absence from home, managed to get hold of Philip and question him whether he was preparing for his *bar-mitzvah*. The boy, who had been terrified by the man's words and manner, asked his mother for an explanation of the question. The mother, poor soul, was an unwilling agent in her children's alienation ; she was a pious woman, who clung to that which was familiar without troubling herself to think. But her voice, of course, was of no account in the house. She tried to divert Philip's thoughts from this incident, but it preyed on the child's mind as well as on her own. She knew that the omission of this rite would exclude her boy for ever from the community, and after much hesitation ventured to speak to Reuben on the subject. He yielded at last to the mother's prayers, thinking that the mere form would not undo the education of a lifetime. He therefore sent for a Jewish teacher to prepare the boy, who has learnt no Hebrew, to go through the ceremony by rote. But the teacher had all the Ghetto to back him up, he instilled torments into the child's brain, he poured into his mind the vials of wrath, he harrowed the delicate, sensitive spirit, until at last the boy was devoured by religious questionings, and grew pale and ill.

When the great day came that he must read in the synagogue Philip fainted from excitement ; he was laughed at, and it was loudly commented on in his hearing that this was the just reward of those who have no Jewish heart. In vain Reuben told the boy the whole ceremony was a joke. The mental agitation of the past weeks threw him into a nervous fever, under which he succumbed. He was buried in the "good place," as this outcast people

touchingly call the one spot where for ages they were unmolested by misplaced Christian zeal, and the usual plain stone placed at his head. But Reuben was resolved that his boy's grave should not remain thus unadorned, and he planted flowers upon it. Now, to plant flowers upon a grave was a violation of all Jewish customs ; small stones may be strewn upon the spot at anniversaries, but no flowers must bloom upon it. No wonder, therefore, that as soon as Reuben's act was discovered his cherished plants were ruthlessly uprooted. It is forbidden to plant flowers upon a grave, he was told. "It is forbidden, it is forbidden !" cries Reuben—"these words are for ever resounding in one's ears within the Ghetto, where no individual freedom is allowed, no individual fancies may be indulged." He resolved to free himself for ever from these chains. Under pretext of a business journey he quitted his home, and broke the last links that bound him to the Ghetto. Then he wrote to his wife and bade her join him in the new and wider world he had found outside. But his wife could not break from her wonted Jewish surroundings. She remained where she was. After a year Reuben returned himself to fetch her and his daughter. He found the child poring painfully over a Hebrew book, and she implored her father to release her from the bondage of these horrid-looking signs which her mother said she must learn. This is why he has come, he says, and Clara goes with him out into the world ; but the wife still remained behind. Custom and habit are stronger with her than love of husband or child. She will remain with her boy, she says. She becomes a pious woman, one of those who in the strange language of the Ghetto are named soul-catchers, who tend the sick, are present beside the dying, and do the last offices by the dead. In due course news reaches her of the death of *Richard Schönmann*, and letters came to her from time to time, dated from a convent far away, else she has no intercourse with a world outside the Jewish walls.

ARGUS is fabled to have had a hundred eyes in his head, only two of which ever slept at once. Jupiter sent Mercury to slay him. Mercury put on his winged slippers, took his sleep-producing wand, and hastened to the side of Argus. He presented himself in the guise of a shepherd with his flocks. Mercury began to play upon the Pandean pipes. Argus listened, delighted with the new kind of music, and invited the young shepherd to sit beside him. Mercury sat down, told stories and played the most soothing strains upon his pipes, till it grew late, hoping to lock in sleep the watchful eyes of Argus. At length, as Mercury played and told a long story of the discovery of his wonderful instrument, he saw the hundred eyes all closed. The head of Argus leaned upon his breast, and Mercury cut it off with a stroke, and tumbled it down the rocks. The hundred eyes availed not while the sleeper slept. Juno took them, and set them in the feathers of the tail of her peacock, where they remain to this day.



Music is a universal language, a universal pleasure. At Babel the language of man was confounded, but not the tones of his voice. So, though men cannot always converse together in plain speech, they can always commune together in song. The same tune suits many tongues. Though the words of the Englishman and the Welshman, the Frenchman and the Fijian, are mutually unintelligible, yet "with the voice together shall they sing." This "touch of nature makes the whole world kin": this band of music binds the souls of men throughout all climes. The universal symphony of sounds indicates the universal sympathy of souls. As music is the echo of that voice which sang Jehovah's praises on the morning of creation, so it is the prelude of that song which "with one mind and one mouth" the Church shall sing on Mount Zion to the praise of her gracious Redeemer.

Music is a universal power. *God* uses it: it is one of the mediums through which He moves the heart of man. Music excites man to admiration and prompts him to adore. The music of nature arouses and alarms, subdues and soothes the soul of man. The sound of the roaring cataract conveys to him some of its own dashing, foaming boldness and makes him only too adventurous. The music of the night in field or forest gives his soul at once a solemn "awe which dares not move," and a sensitiveness which makes him start at the rustling of a leaf. The trilling song of birds enlivens his morning meditations, and the soft wind of Summer breathes peace to his troubled breast. And *man* uses it, almost universally. There is one exception:

"Music is a very improper companion for sentiments of malice, cruelty, envy, peevishness, or any other dissocial passion; witness King John's speech in Shakespeare, soliciting Hubert to murder Prince Arthur, which, even in the most cursory view, will appear incompatible with any sort of music. Music is a companion no less improper for the description of any disagreeable object, such as that of Polyphemus in the third book of "*Aeneid*," or that of Sin in the second book of "*Paradise Lost*": the horror of the object described and the pleasure of the music would be highly discordant. . . . Sounds may be so contrived as to produce horror, and several other painful feelings; but such sounds must in themselves be disagreeable; and upon that account cannot be dignified with the name of music.—*Kames's Elements of Criticism*."

There may be other exceptions, for music is not one of the drudges of human life. Though many grind at it, it is not fit for grinding purposes; the student fags without music; the man of science explores and the man of philosophy cogitates without it; the complicated wheels of statecraft and of commerce revolve without it. And yet music has its place everywhere, in relation to every pursuit of life. It does not divide the waters of the sea "for the ransomed to pass over"; but it sounds the loud timbral of triumph over nature and the dark Egyptian. It does not sling the stone into the forehead of the giant, but it

comes forth in dances and songs to greet the stripling who did sling it. It inspires man with martial ardor for the conflict, sounds the retreat and the advance, and swells out into rapturous strains of joy when victory is gained. Directly or indirectly, it stimulates man in all service and strife, and celebrates his success in both. It is a *sine qua non* of his social delights and diversions, and the breath of joy in the life of his family.

Surely, then, music has a part in the public worship of God! It would be strange if it had not. It always has had, notably from the time when Moses and the children of Israel sang unto the Lord on the safe side of the Red Sea. What an imposing and important part it was of the service of the Jewish temple, and how God inspired the sweet singer of Israel to aid that service of song, we know full well. And we know, also, how, throughout the ages, the carols and hymns of Christianity have sustained the Church in depression, and been the voice of her rejoicing soul in the day of prosperity and triumph. "The glorious Lord" delights as much in the song of praise as in the voice of prayer. And it would be indeed a dark reflection upon us if we could seek His face, behold His beauty, and read that *God is Light, God is Love*, without being inspired to sing, "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" The worship of heaven is praise. Music fills the place: "the voice of harpers harping with their harps." All the hosts of heaven sing in chorus the glorious perfections of God: Creator, King, Redeemer. And the worship of earth is meant to qualify us for the worship of heaven. Surely, therefore, we should tune our hearts and harps below! The foretaste of heaven's joy is our privilege here; should there not then be some warblings of that joy? Between the pure, simple life of love in heaven and the mingled yarn of life on earth there is, we know, a wide difference, a marked contrast. Still there is enough of love and light and joy to inspire the song of praise and thanksgiving when we come to "appear before God."

The marvelous attraction of good music in divine worship to some good people is an offense; and to others it is, no doubt, a snare. But neither the *offense* nor the *snare* is in the music itself. Persons passionately fond of music are liable to run into excess of song, and, so, persons with no music or poetry within them would fain hush the voice of Music in the house of God for ever. In some churches even it would be well if the choir and people sang at stated intervals the following verse:

"Still let us on our guard be found,  
And watch against the power of sound  
With sacred jealousy;  
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,  
And music's charms bewitch and steal  
Our hearts away from Thee."



While in some other churches, where silence or discord seems to be the test of spiritual-mindedness, it would be well if the the worshipers could challenge themselves thus :

"Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice."

If some of our own people in the villages could rise above the notion, vague, perhaps, but fixed, that bad singing is necessary to good preaching, and would train the sweet young voices among them, they would cheer the heart of many a preacher, and make the service attractive to those who now endure the singing for the sake of the

sermon, and so are to be found listening to it only when they think the sermon will fairly balance the account between the pulpit and the singing pew. In God's house there should be such good singing as will attract people to it and give a charm to the service in which they engage. The suppression of music and singing in God's worship results from very limited views of the objects of worship, and rests on the narrowest conceptions of the claims of man's nature while engaged in it. Music may put forth all its attractions and yet not usurp the place of the preacher or prevent the earnestness of the pleader at the throne of grace.

The aesthetics of divine worship demand for music of



"A REHEARSAL OF CHORISTERS." FROM THE PICTURE BY A. ROBERTS.



the right sort a high place in its celebration. Since God himself is "glorious in holiness" and His dwelling-place, Zion, is the "perfection of beauty," everything in His worship should be pure and beautiful, in harmony with His nature and claims. We cannot with too much jealousy guard against merely sensational worship, for "God is a spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." But in order thus to guard ourselves there is no need to rush into a morbid spiritualism which holds in contempt everything that acts upon the senses. There is no necessary connection between an ugly barn and "the beauty of holiness," nor between discord and devotion. Some people make a singular use of their forefathers' disabilities and necessities. In every age of earnest spiritual enterprise the preachers and promoters of the Gospel have suffered persecution and the pressure of straitened circumstances. The first Christians suffered much, and in the heat of persecution hid themselves in cells and caves, where they buried the martyrs, among whose remains they "prayed and sang praises unto God." The catacombs of Rome especially are now held in high veneration; and from the privations of the early Christians probably sprang the practice of burying the dead in and around the church. The Reformers suffered disabilities; so did the Puritans; and so did the Methodists. They preached in the open air, in houses and barns, and wherever they could; and accepted such aids in the service as came to them. Now it is not difficult to imagine that the dissonance of the singing often grated harshly upon the fine ear of Wesley. "Sing in tune, sister—sing in tune," he is reported to have said once. "I sing from my heart, sir," said the woman. "Sing on, then, sing on," replied Wesley. And no doubt it was one collateral secret of his power and success that he had rather have his own fine tastes offended than offend the people who were doing their best in singing to God.

Some people have discountenanced music and singing in divine worship because others have made too much of these exercises. In some church-services music reigns supreme. Liturgies and litanies are chanted, anthems are sung, solos and choruses alternate; but the *intelligent, impressive* reading of Holy Scripture is unknown, and the sermon is next to nothing. The service is a performance and the professed worship of God an oratorio. And from this there has been a rugged reaction. But surely there can be no reason why, in this instance, the safe middle-path should not be chosen! For there can be no reasonable doubt that music, well and wisely rendered, contributes much to the effectiveness of the service.

In divine worship vocal music should of course have the chief part, and instrumental music should strictly be an accompaniment. The latter thrills, excites, soothes or saddens the soul, but whether saltatory or sedative it directs to no definite object, even when it raises the emotions to the highest pitch of intensity; so that the man longs for an object on which to bestow his love or wreak vengeance, or for some one with whom he may mingle sympathies of joy or grief. But it does not itself point out the object. Now vocal music does; words are the vehicles of its meaning; words express sentiments, affections, desires definitely. And in public worship the emotions must not only be moved to adore, but directed to the Object of adoration. The pealing organ may attune the soul to sympathy, but the "heart is fixed" by the words: "We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." And the perfection of vocal music, here as elsewhere, consists in the *perfect unison of sense and sound*. "Similar emotions, produced by the sense and sound, go naturally into union; and at the same time are

concordant or harmonious; but dissimilar emotions forced into union by these causes intimately connected, obscure each other, and are also unpleasant by discordance." And no discord is more harsh to the ear of taste and the heart of devotion than that which is made by chanting a solemn litany or singing a solemn hymn in light airy strains.

Something more, however, is necessary to a clear, full idea of the perfection of music in the service of God; there must be not only harmony of sound, and harmony of sense with sound, but also the triune harmony of sound and sense and soul. Everywhere the effect of music depends on sympathy. To point this by contrast, place a peevish old bachelor in a nursery of romping, chattering, crowing children. Or look upon the prisoners of war in a triumphal procession of their captors, whose victorious music fills the air and ravishes their souls. To the poor prisoners 'tis but a rueful noise. In order to efficiency in the musical service of the sanctuary there must be the soul of sympathy in the singers with the song. Merely mechanical music, however excellent, renders little or no aid to the devout worshippers of God. The man whose ear is pleased with the music, but who has no heart to praise, will receive no profit, however hearty and hallowed the singing may otherwise be. Sacred music should be cultivated, but this holy sympathy of soul should be its basis and its inspiration. And the more diffused and intense this spirit of sympathy is the sweeter the song will be and the more blessed and fruitful its effect.

Music promotes *responsiveness* and general *participation* in the service. In some congregations this is sadly lacking. The day of fervid ejaculations and loud Amens has been followed by the still evening of mute decorousness and rigorous silence. And whatever virtue there may be in Puritanical dullness and severity, we are quite sure there is "a more excellent way" of conducting public worship. We go to God's house to worship God, not merely to listen to a man. And all who go to worship should join in the service. None should sing or pray by proxy. Here again we strike upon contrasted services: the liturgical, responsive service on the part of the congregation, and the extemporaneous (or at least unread) on the part of the minister, and quiescent on the part of the congregation; and each has its defects—its evil tendency. It is said the one leads to formality. Well, the other may lead to formality also; only by another way. Soulless repetition is the one way, and soulless silence is the other.

We have spoken against the service being a mere musical performance, nothing but chant and song. With equal force would we protest against the service as a prosaic solo-performance—a monotone on the part of the minister. Some services may be summed up thus: a short hymn, a long prayer, two long chapters and a long sermon, between the chapters and sermon "just two or three verses," often short metre. In such instances there is very little scope indeed for conjoint or responsive worship. The service is the preacher's own almost throughout; he performs and the people acquiesce, listening or listless; he speaks and the people hear, or sleep. And there are often mutual complainings; the minister says the people are unimpressible; the people say he is tiresome. And both he and they may be right and wrong at once; right as to the facts of their respective experience, wrong in the invidious explanation they give as to the cause of the facts. A more effective service of participative song would tend to scatter these dark reciprocal reflections. Within reasonable limits, of course, the more general, the more frequent, the more lively and hearty the participation of the people in the service the more attractive and

beneficial will the service be. And singing is certainly the chief means of commanding this participation, assuming that it is the singing of the congregation and not that of the choir merely. In divine worship the choir should never perform before or for the congregation, but *lead* its singing, the people following.

Such music prepares the mind and heart of the congregation for the intelligent and reverent hearing of God's holy Word. This thought we have somewhat anticipated, but it will bear a little more beating out. Indeed, music oftentimes prepares the preacher himself. How many ministers could testify to the truth of this! Many a one has preached with all the more liberty and life because of the inspiration given him by the singing before he began. And such preparation as music is calculated to give is needed by every congregation.

Preachers are sometimes irritated by restlessness and signs of fidgety impatience which say to them as plainly as words would do, "We have had quite enough." More of the attuning influence of good singing would be a corrective to this. But there is a hindrance to the preacher's success quite equal to this impatience and uneasiness: that respectable dullness, that religious-looking, well-behaved stolidity which never disturbs the preacher; which also is never disturbed by him, but is immovable, impassible. This enables its possessors to sit down at the proper time, with an air of religious resignation, to abide with some decorousness the thirty or forty minutes during which the subject of the text is expounded and enforced. Whatever the text, or whatever the discourse, it is very much the same to them. There is no kindling of the eye, no lighting up of the face, no expression of curiosity as to the subject or its treatment, no smile of approval, no frown of censure; but just a dignified reverie, which says plainly enough: "All themes, all preachers are alike to us." If our congregations generally were like these exceptions—becoming more and more rare, we trust—the preacher's hope of success would be as slight as that of a man who should expect to see a spring of pure fresh water bursting through an impermeable mass of "puddled" clay. But good, thrilling, awakening music and singing before the sermon might serve to arouse such as these to enough of interest and inquiry to apprehend somewhat of the truth spoken and take it home with them. And generally music is a fine cultivator of this sacred field—the congregation: it tends to break the clods of worldly thought and care, and to give an intellectual liveliness, an emotional porousness to the audience which is of great service to him who "soweth the word."

Besides, a thought of the occupations of the week, and the state of mind and heart in which most of the members of our congregations come into the house of God on the Sabbath morning, will teach the importance of some tuneful notes of preparation. Some are saddened by affliction; others sodden with worldly anxieties; some come from the new-made grave of a dear friend or relative; others from a home blooming with health and bright with the joy of prosperity; some with the cords of straitened circumstances about them, or, worse still, the cord of suspense as to how things will turn out; while others come flourishing like the green bay-trees, with the confidence that God hath made a hedge about them. With these, and many more, various experiences and thoughts the people come to worship and to hear the Word of God. Surely they need to be subject to some attuning, assimilating power, for they will all hear the same man preach the same sermon. It is true that some preachers have the power to weld together the most heterogeneous materials in a congregation, to attract the thoughts and enchain the

attention of all. But very few have this power; perhaps none absolutely.

All preachers need the aid which music gives; for they know full well that their success depends as much on the preparation of heart in the hearers as on their own ability and preparedness. Instruction and profit come to the mind ready to receive. And, without attempting any apology for that dry, disquisitional preaching which lulls to sleep, or that rapid gush of climacteric eloquence which rather stuns than strikes into the soul, or that wordy rhapsody which makes the hearers like

"The poor Indian whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind";

or any other style which peculiarly exposes the flaws in the "earthen vessels"; we have the consent of all the intelligent piety among us in saying that the effectiveness of all sensible preaching is much promoted by a good service of song. Music plays upon the emotions to correct and refine and harmonize them; it awakens the mind to interest; it sometimes sweeps through the soul with almost irresistible power to quicken its susceptibilities, to elevate its desires, to lift it above the anxieties which have harassed it during the week. How much the singer helps the preacher of God's Word will be known only when the secrets of this mortal shall be disclosed by the light of the Eternal Life.

But more than this: music, wisely chosen and skillfully rendered, may bring the congregation into sympathy with the subject itself. And this is of the utmost consequence. Every part of the service of God should have respect to the *unities*. There should be *unity* of purpose; and to compass this, *unity* of action. All that is said or sung should aid the one issue: an intelligent and deep impression concerning the subject of meditation presented by the minister. And one great subject is surely enough for one service! The following remark may be applied as appropriate: "The impression made upon the audience by the representation is a fine preparation for the music that succeeds; and the impression made by the music is a fine preparation for the representation that succeeds." Let the hymn before the sermon and the hymn that follows be in sympathy with its subject, and how greatly will the impression be heightened! When the subject of meditation and discourse is the majesty of God, what is more likely to prepare the mind and heart than singing the hymn beginning—

"God is a name my soul adores?"

Or, when God's everduring mercy is the theme, how suitable and inspiring that song—

"Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love!" etc.

Or, when faith is to be stimulated and patience strengthened to run the Christian race and endure to the end, what more likely to rally the soul and gird it with confidence than a vision of those who have triumphed and are now at rest:

"Give me the wings of faith to raise  
Within the veil, and see!" etc.

Instances might be multiplied almost without number. With hymns so varied and so rich as our collection now contains, there should be no lack of music and singing in our public worship. The fear of its abuse through excess should not prevent its use with discretion and prayerfulness. Let us "sing with the Spirit" and "sing with the understanding also."

"For whereas the Holy Spirit saw that mankind is unto virtue scarcely drawn, and that righteousness is the least accounted of,





AN OLD-TIME BASS-VIOL PLAYER PRACTICING FOR THE CHOIR.



by reason of the proneness of our affections to that which delighteth; it pleased the wisdom of the same Spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure which, mingled with heavenly mysteries, causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear to convey, as it were by stealth, the treasure of good things into man's mind. To this purpose were those harmonious tunes of psalms devised for us that they which are either in years but young, or as touching perfection of virtue not yet grown to ripeness, might, when they think they sing, learn. O the wise conceit of that Heavenly Teacher, which hath by His skill found out a way, that doing those things wherein we delight, we may also learn that whereby we profit!"—*St. Basil, translated by Hooker.*

We conclude this article with some extracts from a memorial discourse preached last July by the Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelley, at the funeral of Mr. Horace C. Ross, who had for years been the leader of the choir in McKendree

before divinity. There is no doubt that the seed of many virtues exists in the minds of those who love music; but those who are not moved by it, in my estimation, resemble sticks and stones.'

"What we claim is, that in this age of culture there is a profound demand for a larger place for this powerful aid to devotion and spiritual worship. The Wesleys were both poets and musicians, and gave to Methodism the best forms of music that its early adherents could execute or enjoy. Were Wesley here to-day, he would claim for advanced Methodism a rich commingling of the highest forms of devotional music with our old traditional tunes. Who does not know the intense spiritual power of music! Every reader of works from the hands of the great expositors of human nature in the ideal world is aware that oftener to music than to any other one agent they give the power to redeem, rescue or call back from evil; or to incite to the loftiest deeds or divinest sympathies. The reader of biography, especially that of a religious character, will readily recall the evidences of blessing which have come to the choicest Christian lives through snatches



THE PRICKLY FEAR.—SEE PAGE 522.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Nashville, Tenn. That fact suggested some reflections to Dr. Kelley, which we give to our readers from the columns of the *Nashville Advocate*:

"Protestantism did well to discard much of Roman ritualism, doctrine and practice; but, in throwing overboard that which was pernicious, we unhappily abandoned to Rome some aids to devotion of a most valuable character. Chief among these has been the abandonment of so much of what is precious, soothing and inspiring in music. Against this loss Luther himself earnestly contended

"I am not of the opinion that, through the Gospel, all arts should be banished and driven away, as some zealots want to make us believe; but I wish to see all arts, principally music, in the service of *Him* who gave and created them.' Thus said Luther himself. He was passionately fond of music. He calls it one of the greatest gifts of the Creator, and assigned it the first place next to divinity; 'for, like this,' he says, 'it sets the soul at rest, and places it in a most happy mood'—'a clear proof,' says he further, 'that the demon who creates such sad sorrows and ceaseless torments retires as fast before music and its sounds as

of song or refrain of some familiar melody. To come nearer home, that man present is to be pitied indeed who does not now recall some moment of strength, comfort or sweetness which music has brought him.

"How often has this been in the aisle of some vast cathedral devoted to another religion than that to which we would have our children cleave. We complain at young people, on whose musical culture parents have spent thousands of dollars, because they seek in veepers music which we deny them in our own churches. God is entitled to the best music of earth—it is our duty to devoutly offer it upon His altars. The request I make to-day is not extravagant. You have here, in God's providence, a magnificent organ, and an organist with power to interpret to the hearer, as few Americans can, the spiritual emotions of the mightiest masters. I ask that this organ be no longer silent from one Sabbath to another. Some afternoon in the week throw open your doors—let the worn man from the street, the ragged boy from your sidewalks, the weary woman from her garret, the busy man from his hard materialist engrossment, the mother from her prayers, the maiden from her promenade, the young man who has no home, the stranger in your city, drop in for a moment and catch the

inspiration of higher culture and deeper spiritual devotion. You may vary the organ music with an occasional song or chorus—perhaps no one need speak a word—we have, it may be, too much preaching in our city churches.”

### THE PRICKLY PEAR.

Few plants are more widely diffused than those of the cactus order. They are indigenous to every warm climate, from the islands of the Mediterranean to the great American desert, and from the pampas of Buenos Ayres to the Indian Archipelago. Their varieties are endless, and many species are turned to good account in the service of humanity, but none is more generally prized than the *cactus opuntia*, or prickly pear. Our engraving represents an unusually large specimen of this plant, reaching a height of nearly twelve feet, which was sketched near the Mojave River, Eastern California. The *tuna*, as it is called by the Spanish Americans, is much valued on account of its fruit, which, although of no decided flavor, is grateful to the palate of the parched and thirsty travelers. This fruit, called the Indian fig, is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and bristling with needle-like prickles. These are gathered by holding a basket under the leaf from which they grow, into which they are dropped by a dexterous sweep of the knife. The pulp is whitish in color, tender, and slightly acid. In Mexico and South America the succulent leaves are given to cattle as food, especially in time of drought, having previously been stripped of their prickly exterior. The Maltese and Sicilian peasants are exceedingly fond of the fruit, and we can bear witness to its pleasantness after a scorching gallop over the bare rock that constitutes the Island of Malta.

### THE SALVATION ARMY.

In the *Contemporary Review* for August are three articles on the Salvation Army—the first by “General” William Booth, the leader and mainspring of the movement; the second, by Miss Frances Power Cobbe; and the third, by the Rev. Randall T. Davidson. Mr. Booth answers the question, “What is the Salvation Army?” and gives many interesting details of its workings. His article we reproduce:

#### WHAT IS THE SALVATION ARMY?

As the person who has had perhaps the best possible opportunity of knowing all about the Salvation Army, I can most positively state that nobody invented it, that it has been evolved out of no man's brain, produced by no man's scheming, and is never likely to answer any man's own purpose—seeing that it has sprung into existence in a wholly unexpected way, and has already attained proportions and influence that place it utterly beyond the power of any one man to design or control its future.

Some seventeen years ago I came to London almost a stranger to its vast artisan population. I saw that they were without God, and I began in one of the great East End thoroughfares to do what I could as a preacher of the Gospel for their salvation. I had already had sixteen years' experience as a Methodist minister, and had been privileged to see so many thousands of hearts subdued beneath the power of the old-fashioned Gospel, that I was certain it only needed to be brought to bear upon these outlying masses to prove its efficiency for the salvation of the very worst of them. But how to get at them with it, that was the question; and upon that question, be it well understood, we consider we are still at work, for each success

attained serves but as an incentive to seek for more, and as a guide how to attain more.

I have not been disappointed. The old Gospel from the very first produced the old results. In a very few weeks after I took my stand, Bible in hand, amongst the jeering crowds of the Mile End Road, I had around me a valiant company of witnesses for Christ, recruited from amongst these masses, and the *little one* has steadily grown through all the seventeen years' of conflict up to the present Army, with its 320 corps, 760 officers entirely employed in the work, its 6,200 services every week, its audiences of thousands and tens of thousands, generally the largest regularly gathered in any town it enters, and in most cases overtaking the capacity of the largest buildings that can be secured.

During those years we have had to unlearn and learn a great deal, and to all the lessons of our experience the world is more than welcome. As I have already intimated, we do not pretend as yet to have finished our education. War is a wonderful schoolmaster, and he is unworthy of the name of a soldier who does not continually seek to learn from foes, as well as from friends, how most completely and rapidly to conquer. We have trusted in no human wisdom or power, but in the living God; and whilst we set down to His glory everything of success in the past, we encourage ourselves in Him to look for far greater things than these yet to be shown us in the future.

As to our doctrines, however, let me boldly say we have never imagined there was anything new to be learnt, and have no expectation of ever learning anything new. “The Word of the Lord liveth and endureth for ever.” We have not a particle of sympathy with those who would seek to tone down, or in any way to adapt the Gospel of Christ to suit the fancy of the nineteenth century.

The old-fashioned Gospel that tells man he is thoroughly bad and under the power of the devil, that drags out the very hidden things of iniquity to the light of the great judgment throne, that denounces sin without mercy, and warns men of eternal wrath to come, unless they repent and believe in the only Saviour; the Gospel whose goodness does not consist in the suppression of all but sweet sounds of love, but in the plain, straightforward ceaseless announcement of the whole truth; the Gospel of a crucified Saviour who shed real blood to save men from a real guilt and a real danger of a real hell, and who lives again to give a real pardon to the really penitent, a real deliverance from the guilt and power and pollution and the fact of sin to all who really give up to Him a whole heart and trust Him with a perfect trust—such is the gospel of the Salvation Army.

We believe the three creeds of the Church with all our heart. We believe every word of the Communion Service, and we go about denouncing the wrath of God against sinners just as people must who really believe that all these things are true. We have often been reproached, in fact, because we dwell so much upon what are often called “dark” truths, instead of joining in the popular chorus of excuse for iniquity, and sweetness and love for everybody; but we believe the greatest possible kindness to a man who is doing wrong and going to hell is to tell him so in the plainest and most urgent language that can be used. Once stopped and turned from his evil way, he will soon find out for himself all the loveliness of the great salvation.

We teach men to expect salvation from the guilt of sin the moment that, turning from it to God, they trust Him to receive and pardon them. We teach the new convert that God is able and willing perfectly to purge his heart from all its evil tendencies and desires the moment the

soul, longing for this perfect deliverance from sin, trusts Him for it all. We urge the people not to rest until God has thus cleansed the thoughts of their hearts by the inspiration of His Holy Spirit, so that they may perfectly love Him and worthily magnify His holy name. And we assure them that, no matter how severely they may be tempted, how full of frailty and liable to error and to falling away they may be in themselves, God will preserve them blameless, and cause them everywhere to triumph as long as they fully trust and obey Him.

We teach that sin is sin, no matter who commits it, and that there cannot be sin without Divine displeasure, even if it be in His own children. And we teach that there is a real, constant and perfect deliverance from sin provided by the Lord Jesus Christ, which all men are responsible either for accepting or rejecting.

We teach all saved men and women that they ought to lay down their very lives for the salvation of others: that being followers of Christ means sacrificing all our own interests and enjoyments and possessions—our lives, in fact—to save a rebel world, and that whoever does not so bear the Cross has no right to expect the Crown.

*Our training of converts* is, of course, based on this theory. The moment any man, woman or child, kneeling at the front row in one of our barracks, professes to have received the remission of sins through faith in Christ, we require them to stand up and tell the audience what the Lord has done for them. This, in itself, is a test of the genuineness of the work; seeing that this first testimony, as well as the public surrender to God, made by coming forward to the front, is witnessed by old companions in sin, members of a man's household, or workmates.

The professed convert's name and address is registered, and where our plan of organization is perfectly worked he is at once placed under the care of a sergeant, whose duty it is to see that he comes up to all the services he is able to attend, or else to report him to the captain for visitation. The new convert is expected to put an "S" on each collar, or something of the kind, at once, and thus show his colors wherever he goes. It is of course explained to him at the penitent form, if he does not know it beforehand, that we require him to give up the use of intoxicating drink altogether, and he soon finds that we look upon tobacco and finery in dress as little less objectionable.

The converts are expected to take their place forthwith in every open-air meeting and procession, and on or near the platform in every meeting indoors, and to use every possible opportunity of service, in singing, speaking, prayer, door-keeping, selling *The War Cry*, visiting—in short, to become soldiers. To all who so conduct themselves a soldier's pass or certificate is issued, renewable quarterly. Those who for three months conduct themselves in a satisfactory manner are to be passed from the general roll, on which all recruits are entered, on to the roll of efficient.

We have very little trouble in the way of discipline as ordinarily understood, for we compel all our soldiers to live under the blazing light of public service, and we find the barefaced hypocrite to be a very rare creature. No ordinary working man or woman can maintain before workmates and neighbors for many hours such an open profession of religion as we demand, unless they really possess and enjoy it. On the contrary, one of our greatest difficulties is to find the fallen ones, who almost invariably avoid the very sight of an old comrade, even removing to a new home rather than encounter those who could remind them of their fall.

The wonderful newspaper accounts of persons, generally described as "captains," convicted of crime have all re-

lated, except in three cases of drunkenness, to people who were not connected with us at all, and the three cases referred to were those of reclaimed drunkards, who were never officers, but who, after having for some time shown themselves faithful as privates, relapsed for a time into their former sin.

Of course there are many instances in which the work that seemed to be done proves either to have been unreal or transitory; but the proportion of these to the total of professed converts cannot be large, or the progress of the Army would suffer frequent and severe checks, instead of presenting in all directions such rapid and ceaseless growth. Having to organize mostly by means of uneducated persons, we have a slow and uphill task in perfecting our local record and arrangements; but there is constant improvement, and we hope soon to be able to account definitely and fully for every one who once comes beneath our influence.

Our plan of organization, moreover, makes every soldier in some degree an officer, charged with the responsibility of so many of his townfolk, and expected to carry on the war against the streets, street, or part of a street allotted to his care. Around every corps, in like manner, will be mapped a portion of the country, and every village will be placed under the care of a sergeant until a corps be established in it under commissioned officers.

The country is divided into some thirteen divisions, each under the command of a major, whose duty is not only to direct and inspect the operations of all the corps already established, but to see to the extension of the war to new localities, to the calling out of new officers, and to the removal of either officers or soldiers who have ceased to be fit for their position.

Each corps is under the command of a captain, assisted by one or two lieutenants, who are entirely employed in and supported by the Army, and whose duty is not only to do their best by conducting services outdoors and in, and by visitation of those already enlisted, but ceaselessly to plan and operate for the salvation of the whole population committed to their charge.

These captains and lieutenants are removed from one corps to another every six months, or thereabouts, in order to avoid the danger of settlement into old ruts, or of a too strong attachment on the part of either the officer or soldier to person or place, rather than to God and the war.

*The system of government is absolutely military.* Those who ridicule our use of military terms would cease to do so if they had any idea how really we are an army. We have thousands, if not tens of thousands, of soldiers who are ready at a word to leave all and go out to rescue the souls of others, and who glory in submitting to the leadership of the men or women placed over them for the sake of Christ and the world.

Some, of course, who have informed themselves of the facts, condemn this our absolute system of government as unscriptural and dangerous, if not worse than that. But we have tried other plans, and found them wanting. We began with the paternal system, but afterward experimented freely in a system of extreme democracy in government. For years we labored in the constitution of committees, large and small, after the models of the surrounding Churches. But we found in all this no advantage, and endless difficulty and trouble. We have always found the most godly and devoted workers the least disposed for debate or mere talk, and that the great result of consultations, committees, and the like, is obstruction, vainglory and idleness. We find that real soldiers care little who leads, or how they march, so that there is victory, and



that we get along best without the people who must needs discuss and vote about all they do. We have never enjoyed such unbroken peace and harmony anywhere as we have had since it has become thoroughly understood that the corps is under its captain, the division under its

and responsibilities in order that all the business may be speedily and carefully dealt with. It is also a very great object with us to avoid using our system of government so as to limit spiritual liberty or hamper with awkward restrictions any officer in the accomplishment of his



A SERVICE AT THE HEADQUARTERS, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, LONDON.

major, and the whole army under its general, with no hope for any one of successful agitation against superior authority.

The management of affairs has necessarily, with the growth of the Army, come to be divided, and the heads of departments at headquarters and the majors in their several divisions have each to bear a large share of duties

great mission. To condemn, for instance, the devoted young man who, in his intense zeal for the good of others, issues a bill against which "people of taste" cry out instead of kindly helping him to do better, would be as ruinous and foolish as to shoot the young and spirited horse that has smashed your carriage against a gatepost.

*The property of the Army is held for its exclusive use by*



the general for the time being, under the terms of a deed enrolled in Chancery on the 7th of August, 1875, and our solicitors, Messrs. Whittington, Son & Barker, 3 Bishopsgate Street Without, E. C., hold in their possession our deeds and a complete schedule of all property thus standing in the general's name.

*The finances of the Army.*—We have always taught all who attended our services the duty and privilege of giving in support of the work, and the majority of our corps are now self-supporting.

Each corps has its treasurer and secretary, to whom, as well as to the captain, everything connected with the local finances is well known. The officers receive no salary until all other local expenses, such as rent, gas, etc., are met. The books of the corps are examined from time to time by the major and by officers from headquarters, who have, however, nothing further to do with the local finances. Each division has its fund for divisional extension, administered by a local treasurer and secretary under the direction of the major.

The general funds of the Army, out of which the expenses of the staff, the salaries and expenses of the majors, the first cost of opening new stations, the support and traveling expenses of cadets, and all the other multiplied costs of the management, are met, is sustained by subscriptions and donations from persons of all religious denominations, amounting last year in all to only some £21,000, and is accounted for under the constant supervision and annual audit of Messrs. Beddow & Sons, chartered accountants, of 2 Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, E. C.

The general has never received a penny out of the funds of the Army toward his support, which has always been provided for, in the good providence of God, otherwise.

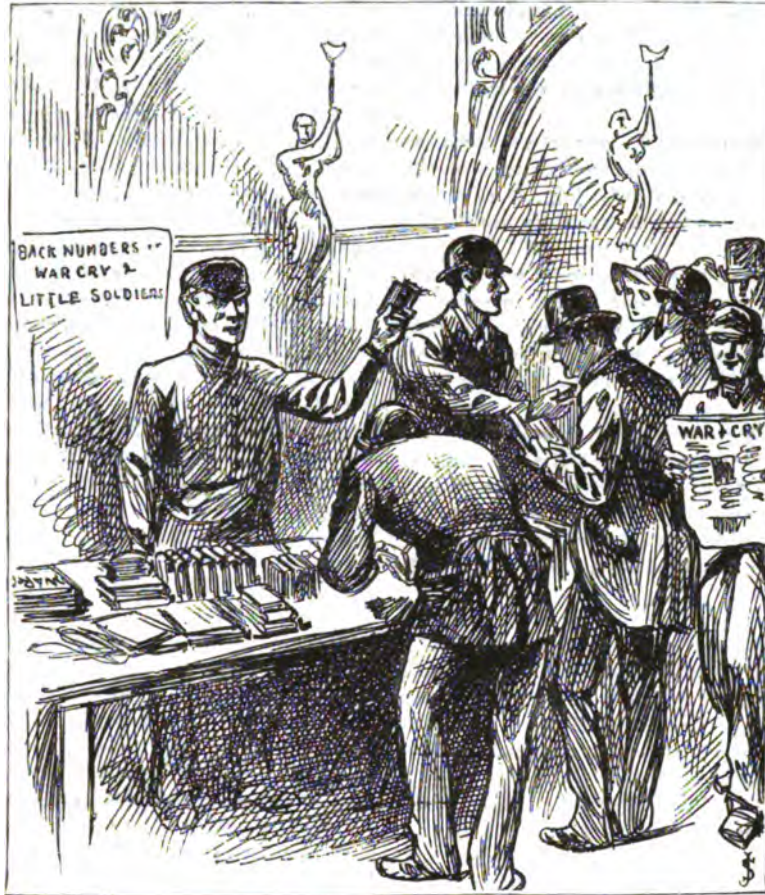
*The publications of the Army*, including *The War Cry* and *The Little Soldier*, with a joint circulation of some 360,000 weekly, are not only a mighty power for the propagation of the Army's teaching, but will in time become a great source of income thereto.

*The officers of the Army* are drawn from the ranks. Those who prove the most valuable soldiers are recommended by their captains to headquarters, inspected and reported on by the major, and if then able to answer, to

the satisfaction of the general himself, a lengthy series of questions, they are invited to the Training Barracks at Olapton. Here a few weeks of East London work test their qualities and qualifications very severely, and meanwhile they are trained in conducting every branch of the service, carefully drilled, and taught the simplest way of conveying the great truths of the Bible to their people. The training given, however, does not purport to be so much scholastic as spiritual, the great necessity continually pressed upon every one's attention being that of holiness of heart and life. Those who prove to be unfit for an officer's post are unhesitatingly sent back to their place in the ranks. The care exercised in selecting cadets, however, is such that this necessity does not often arise.

Very few persons are received as officers who do not give up homes or positions more comfortable from a worldly point of view than the one they come to, so that the Army is pretty well secured against the ravages of self-seeking persons.

After from six weeks' to three months' stay the cadet is suddenly dispatched as a lieutenant to some captain in the field. Neither captain nor lieutenant has often many shillings in his pocket when he lands in a strange town to commence his work. Constant dependence on God for all his needs is a lesson often learnt amidst very hard surroundings. But so rapid and complete is the success



SELLING THE "WAR CRY" AND "LITTLE SOLDIER."

generally gained nowadays, that the officer's lot is not often one of great privation. Mob violence is becoming more and more unusual, as the Army is better known and understood by the authorities and the masses, and the officers are able to give their whole strength with little drawback to the service.

Each officer is expected to conduct from 19 to 25 meetings weekly, extending over 30 to 35 hours; to spend 18 hours in visiting from house to house, and to spare no possible effort besides for the good of souls. The utmost amount of salary to be drawn by a single man captain is 21s. weekly, by a woman captain 15s., and by a married captain 27s., with one 1s. per week per child, so that the Army is never likely to be troubled with drones.

The work of an ordinary Sunday commences with a prayer meeting from 7 o'clock till 8. Then follow open-air meetings or marches from 10 to 11, from 2 to 3, and from 5:30 to 6:30, followed by indoor services from 11 to

12:15, 3 to 4:30, and 6:30 to 10. Upon extraordinary occasions the programme is varied by a march at 6 A.M., a mass meeting in the open air from 10 to 12:30, or a march after some of the indoor meetings.

The officer's position is, moreover, held simply, so to speak, by the sword, the unsuccessful man after sufficient trial being left without appointment. Moreover, as already pointed out, the officer who has for six months been winning the love of a corps and a town, is then removed, often at a very few days' notice, so that any little beginning of a selfish sentiment is checked, and the spirit of a united and single-eyed devotion maintained. An officer is, in short, expected to be an example of self-sacrifice for the salvation of the world.

*What will it grow to? Who can guess? I cannot. Never, I hope, into a sect. We have taken and shall continue to take every precaution against this. Warned by the failure of John Wesley in maintaining his unsectarian position, we are striving to avoid what we think were his mistakes.*

1. Instead of refusing to complete our organization, we strive to perfect it more and more, making it, however, step by step, more exacting on all who join, so as to exclude all but real soldiers, leaving to the churches all who wish mere church life.

2. Instead of insisting upon attendance on any church, even for the Sacrament, we teach our people to spend all their leisure time with the Army, to visit churches only as corps by invitation, so as to promote general godliness and harmony, and to avoid as the very poison of hell all controverted questions.

By these means we have certainly attained already a most friendly footing in relation to all the churches in many localities, and we trust, in another year or two, to have not only gained the warm sympathy of all godly men, but to have spread far and wide a spirit of love and hearty co-operation that will do much to lessen the dividing walls of sectarianism.

At any rate, whoever may smile or frown, "The Salvation Army is marching along." We are not only extending the work in this country at the utmost possible speed, but propose, God willing, ere the year closes, to reinforce and expand our operations in France, America and Australia, and to establish headquarters, at any rate, in New Zealand, India, Sweden and Holland.

We are just commencing, too, the organization of separate corps for children in each town, with barracks and daily services of their own, which will, we have no doubt, give a very great impetus to the War. We hope that ere the end of the Summer the appointment of sergeants to villages near our town corps will have greatly increased our numbers.

But, above all, we trust ever to increase in that entirety of devotion to the Lord Jesus, which, sweeping away, as it must, all consideration for ourselves and our own future, must needs insure to us the greatest favor from Him who is our strength and our all, and the widest, the most unbounded usefulness to a ruined world.—WILLIAM BOOTH.

The London *World*, in a recent article entitled "General" Booth at Home, gives some interesting personal details concerning the man:

"At 101 Queen Victoria Street rises a tall brown-stone building, the headquarters of what the Parisians have learnt to call 'L'Armée du Salut,' containing workrooms and offices of many sorts. Here the printing, the carpentry, the tailoring, the architectural and legal and accountant work of the Army is seen to by 'staff officers,' who have also their sleeping and dining apartments on

the premises. The ground-floor is a sort of compromise between Madame Tussaud's and the Religious Tract Society—one side of its whole length displaying countless small books of devotion, in prose and verse, while on the opposite side are arranged life-sized molten images of wax, clothed in the neat uniform of the Army: for men, a dress not unlike that of a London commissioner, the brass buttons being suppressed; for women, an unadorned gown and 'spencer' of dark cloth.

"Pushing past these attractions, the visitor ascends the stairs, makes his way to a certain room, and after due formality enters. The apartment is vast, comfortable, massively furnished, pleasing to the eye in a certain mixture of brown, bronze and green, but nearly bookless, and absolutely pictureless. The general is here, or soon will be here. He is a personage whom one would describe by any other epithet sooner than by that of 'vulgar'; a middle-aged, gaunt, iron-gray man, who says his 'How do you do?' swiftly, and gives his hand warmly. In speaking, he evidently much prefers standing to sitting, and walking to standing. Excepting some half a dozen touches of professional idiom, his speech, like his blood, is pure English; and English, too, is his manner, down to a certain telegraph-key action of the foot, when the rest of the body is buried in thought, and down to the sudden shame which overwhelms his hands, and drives them into his pockets, when they have been caught in the act of a gesture. His hazel eyes, earnest and imperative, show signs of overwork. His head—despite hair in quantity, color and arrangement like that of Professor Huxley, and despite a beard which may have been copied from that of Sir Wilfrid Lawson—recalls vague features of Ignatius Loyola and lines of John Wesley. The face, with its large aquiline nose, is lenten and pallid; the mouth is of the sort given to Yankees in pictures, supposed to be typical. There is nowhere any trace of the jolly cheeks, the 'dimpled chin and liberal lip' of Martin Luther, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, or Père Hyacinthe. Mr. Booth's conversation is jerky, but, on the whole, good and vivid. Before those of whose sympathy he is not quite sure, he does everything he may to avoid showing his heart upon his sleeve; but every now and then he forgets himself. The result is—a style almost as unequal as the poetry of Wordsworth, and almost as intermittent as the poetry of Mr. Robert Browning; such a curious mixture of paces and powers as recalls the pulse in certain forms of heart-disease.

"Mr. Booth is an ex-Methodist minister, of Nottingham by birth, fifty-two years of age. At fourteen his regular schooling ceased. His father, who built and dealt in small houses, then lost all he had ever made; and William had to go to business. William seems, however, to have preferred a more stirring way of life. When only thirteen he was a passionate little Chartist, and at fifteen he was converted. Almost immediately he took to lay preaching; and some sort of preacher he has continued ever since. He has not looked to the right hand or to the left. He plays no game, follows no science, has skill in no fine art, reads no literature, except so far as any of these may be directly called for in the breathless combat he holds himself to be waging with the devil, against whom he seems to entertain not only a public grief, but bitter, personal grudge. He has not an atom of music in his constitution. Here, however, Mrs. Booth and all his children are rich in what he lacks. Mention of his family calls up the fact that he has a horror of promiscuous education and public schools. His children have been taught what they know at home, by a governess, and with this aim: 'to do the devil all the harm possible in as many ways as possible.



As a result, out of ten children—one, an adopted child—of ages ranging from nine years upward, two sons and two daughters have already devoted themselves wholly to the work of the Army, and the remaining six will fall into the ranks as they grow older. One of the smallest of these toddling cadets has announced his intention of setting up as a general in Japan; while a girl of fourteen insists now and then upon her father's hearing her talk German, and cries out, with the light heart of childhood and of M. Ollivier, that she is ready to march 'à Berlin.'

"Mr. Booth declares that the main corporal sin of his life has been an over-love of pastry and of sugar. This weakness he has at last overcome; he now as entirely avoids the delicious saccharine poison as he eschews tobacco and whisky. Tea only is left him, and to that he clings closely, if not wisely; 'though, alas,' as he cries with a note of half-real tragedy, 'what a nothing tea is without sugar!' More or less *à propos* of all this comes the general's bitter avowal, 'Dyspepsia is my physical devil.' In his army he retains all power, intends to continue doing so, and says it. Shiftiness, or want of candor, are evidently not among his faults. Every one who subscribes money does so with his eyes open; subscribes not to an organization, but directly 'to the Rev. William Booth, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London.' And on these terms scores of the highest names in England are written at the foot of donation checks, some of which run far into the tens, and even far into the hundreds, as may be seen by a glance at the published subscription lists. That there are weaknesses and dangers under a system of one-man rule, this Cromwell of dissent from Dissent admits readily. To avoid these he has again and again drawn up 'constitutions' for a more representative form of government; but he has found that his 'constitutions,' like that one immortalized by Carlyle, 'will not march,' cannot be made to work. And the reason is as novel as the situation is old: "I have been sent into the world," says Mr. Booth to his questioner, 'to do the Lord's gutter-work. Bitter experience has taught me that nothing less than the strong hand of absolute power held over them will keep many of my evangelists from getting too fine for this work. They begin to get respectable, and to turn up their noses at the gutter, out of which I have lifted them.' This absolute power is to descend on Mr. Booth's death to his eldest son. 'Should both of us suddenly die, other arrangements have been made, so that the work may go on for all time.'

"In answer to the question, 'What training or instruction do your evangelists get from you?' the general explained that the more ignorant 'cadets' are sent, according to their sex, to one of other of two training 'homes' in Hackney, and there drilled in reading the Bible and in writing. To this are added a little arithmetic, 'but not much,' and a few elementary axioms in theology. 'But what do you do,' it was instantly queried, 'with those who may wish to examine your axioms?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'if a man has any doubts, I won't take him.' 'But suppose he gets them after you have taken him?' 'Then I won't keep him.' Mr. Booth decidedly does not think more highly than he ought to think of the average 'revivalist.' With Mr. Sankey he says he once traveled two hundred miles by train. 'But the acquaintance has not come to much.' 'Revivals,' says the general, in summing up the matter—'revivals, as generally conducted, are simply big straw bonfires: first a blaze, then a blackness, all the blacker because of the blaze.'

"The general is supported solely by the sale of certain hymn-books edited by him; nor, with the exception of his eldest son, does any member of his family draw a

penny from the Salvation Army *café*. In his general doctrines Mr. Booth holds with Methodists, reserving only a right to Quaker views as to the non-necessity of sacraments, and as to the propriety of women speaking 'in meeting.' In the matter of sacraments, however, a certain latitude is allowed to new or weak converts. As a whole, the vast organization which he controls has been gradually developing itself during sixteen years from its germ, 'the East London Mission'; while the name of it, and the crowning stage of its evolution, were reached in this way: one day his secretary, drawing up a report, happened to write—it being a time of some excitement about the Volunteers—"We are a volunteer army." Mr. Booth, who was looking on, moved by a sudden thought, took the pen, marked out the word 'volunteer,' and wrote 'salvation.' Like a flood all the advantages and suggestions of the new title swept in upon him, not the least of which was an easily understood means of indicating rank and function in his little hierarchy without encroaching upon the verbal property of other churches.

The general collects—or receives, when collected—and absolutely controls the distribution of, a sum lately estimated by himself at £50,000 yearly. He owns or rents—every lease and deed being in his own name—about 250 buildings used as 'stations.' He directs and controls the preaching of 15,393 evangelists, of whom 645 are paid 'officers.' The circulation of his official gazette, the *War Cry*, amounts to 250,000 copies. This position of influence he has reached, despite of, rather than by the assistance of, the religious *haut monde*; and consequently he is accustomed to adapt sardonically a certain text of Scripture, and say, 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is the parson.' Nor could any phrase more exactly fit the man and the magnificent sincerity with which, for all practical purposes, he identifies himself with his Maker."

Nearly two years ago the Army made an invasion of this country; and for a time created some considerable excitement. But gradually it ceased to attract newspaper attention, though the work has been continued. Stations have been made in Newark, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, in addition to New York. The Brooklyn campaign has only recently been begun and is operated with considerable vigor. The favorite time for holding services is when workmen are going to their homes from their day's work, and the little company of men and women "soldiers," drawn up on the steps of the City Hall, seldom fails to attract a crowd of interested spectators.

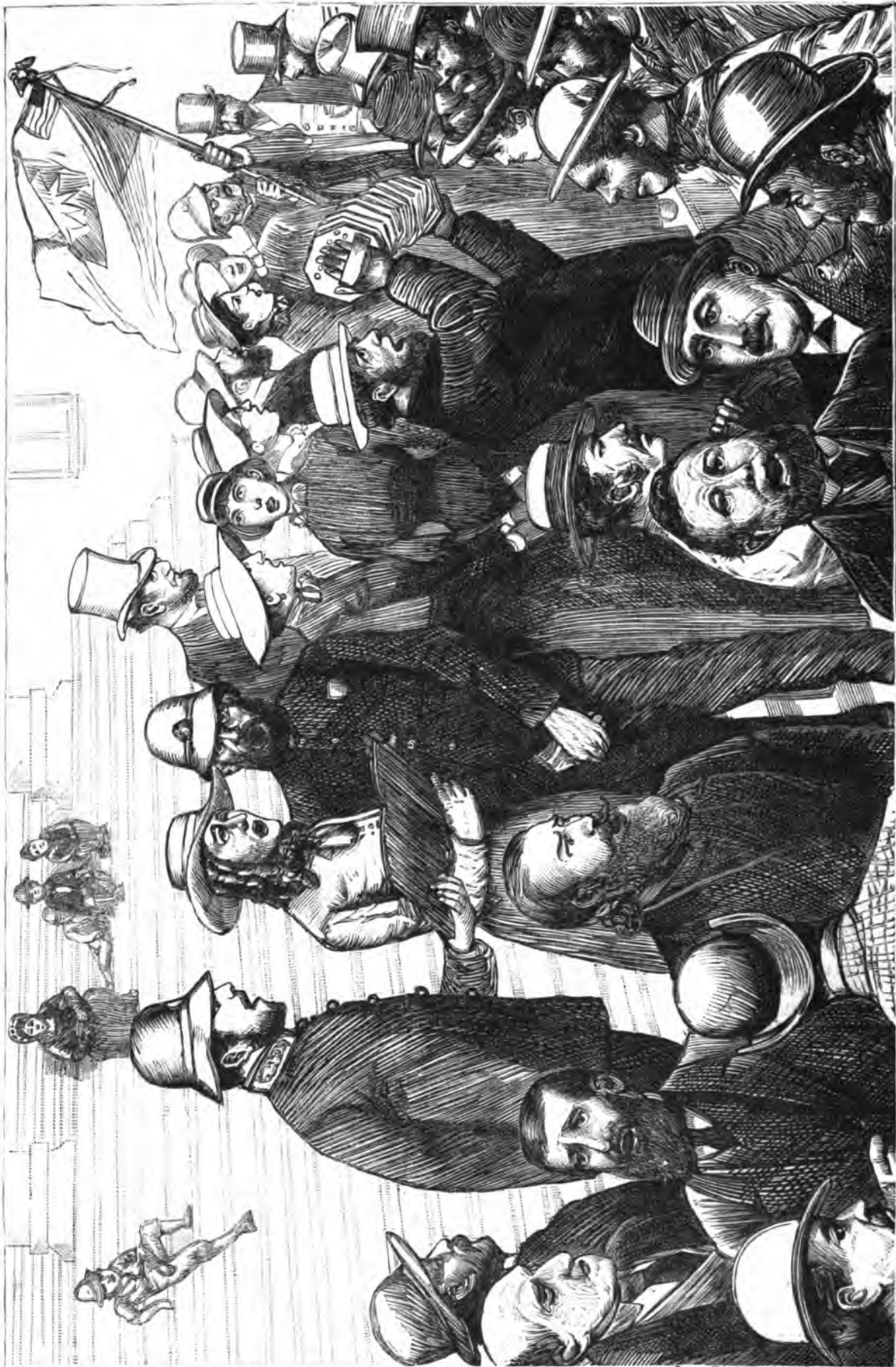
#### SALVATION ARMY NOTES.

THE Bishop of Rochester, speaking at Brookley, England, confessed that the Salvation Army was getting hold of the right sort of persons—persons he would give anything for the Church of England to get hold of.

THE creed of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, is the Methodist creed, though he holds the Quaker view of the non-necessity of sacraments and the propriety of women speaking in public meetings.

THE *Methodist*, speaking of the Salvation Army, says "it is a good thing to take men out of the Damnation Army," which, it concedes, the Salvation Army is doing; "but," it adds, "the good of it must be measured at last by the extent to which they are kept out of that army."

ON the invitation of the vicar, a thousand members of the Salvation Army attended service in the parish church of Oldham, England, on a recent Sunday. The clergy of the Established Church are doing all they can to conciliate the respect and friendship of the Army, and Primate Tait has sent General Booth a check for £5.



PRAINS AND EXHORTATION SERVICES OF THE SALVATION ARMY ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

# OUGHT CHRISTIANS TO HAVE ANY FUN?

BY THE EDITOR.

For the last hundred years the Church has spent much of its time in denouncing hurtful and dangerous amusements—a cautionary work most important and necessary; but it seems to me that we have stopped short of the mark. Having been so long in telling the people what they must not do, it seems to me about time to tell them something they may do. This world will never be reformed by a religion of "don't."

There is a lawful use of the world as well as an unlawful use of it, and the difference between the man Christian and the man un-Christian is that the former masters the world, while in the latter case the world masters him.

For whom did God make this grand and beautiful world? For whom this expenditure of color, this gracefulness of line, this mosaic of the earth, this fresco of the sky, this glowing fruitage of orchard and vineyard, this full orchestra of the tempest in which tree branches flute, and winds trumpet, and thunders drum, and all the splendor of earth and sky come clashing their cymbals? For whom did God spring the arch bridge of colors on the buttresses of broken storm cloud? For whom did God hang the upholstery of fire around the window of the setting sun? For all men, but more especially for His dear children.

Suppose a man build a large mansion and lay out around it beautiful grounds at vast expense, and there are deer and statuary and fountains, and every botanical and horticultural luxury, and then he spreads a banquet to celebrate the completion of the work; will he send his children down into the cellar, or turn them out on the barren fields, while strangers come in and sit at the banquet? Oh, no. He will be very glad to have his neighbors and friends and strangers come in to rejoice with him at the festival, but all his children must be home that day. And while the beautiful banquet of this world, and this grand mansion of the world with all its surroundings, may partially be enjoyed by those who are not Christians, the chief place, the best place, is for the sons and the daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

When a man becomes a Christian he becomes not less of a man but more of a man. Yonder is a factory with a thousand wheels, but it is low water. Now only fifty of the thousand wheels are in motion. But after a while the Spring freshets come, and the floods roll down, and now all the thousand wheels have bands on them, and are in motion. Before a man becomes a Christian only part of his nature is in activity and employment. The grace of God comes in with powerful floods of mercy and new impetus to action, and then instead of the fifty faculties, or the fifty wheels, there are a thousand all in full motion. Vastly more of a man since he became a Christian than before he became a Christian.

Those who stay out of the kingdom of God have the hardships, and those who come into the kingdom of God have the joys and the satisfactions. I mean to serve a writ of ejectment upon all the sinful and the polluted who have squatted on the domain of worldly pleasure, and I am going to claim the inheritance of the sons and the daughters of the Lord Almighty.

I. First, I commend to you in the way of indoor recreations and amusements music, vocal and instrumental. Among the first things created was the bird. Why? Because God wanted the world to have music at the start. And this infant world, wrapped in swaddling clothes of

light, so beautifully serenaded at the start, is to die amid the ringing blast of the archangel's trumpet; so that as the world had music at the start, it is going to have music at the last. I am glad there are so many homes in which music has been brought in as a charm, and as an education, and as an elevation. What a delightful thing it is to have children brought up amid the sound of sweet cultured voices, and amid musical instruments!

If you can afford the time and the money—I say, if you can afford the time and the money—have in your house harp, or flute, or piano, or organ. Just as soon as the child's hand is large enough to compass the keys, teach that hand to pick out the harmony. And I say to all young men, try the power of music upon your moral character, and in your entertainments and in the proper occupation of your hours of silence and solitude. Many a young man has been kept away from the temptations of this life because, although he has had only one room perhaps in a boarding house, in that room he has had some instrument of music that was his charm in time of solitude and temptation. There is something in it to soothe pain, to quell passion, to reclaim dissipation, to strengthen the immortal soul, and especially if that melody is of a religious character.

II. I commend to all the people who are asking for innocent amusement and recreations, the gymnasium. I am glad to know that nearly all our colleges and seminaries that are worth anything have gymnasiums.

It is an outrage to turn a young man out after four years' curriculum which destroyed bodily health however much an institution may have cultured his intellect. There is something about a gymnasium that is very charming and very elevating, and it is generally free from dissipation and from the temptations that come around many other forms of amusement. Some of you understand the virtue of such entertainments and recreations. Others of you perhaps do not.

There are Christians who have been mightily benefited in their spiritual condition by such an institution. There are Christians who go all their life writing doleful things about their immortal souls when there is nothing the matter with them except an incompetent liver. There are people who have an idea that in order to be pious they must be poorly. Because Robert Hall and Richard Baxter were invalids all their life, and yet achieved great usefulness, these people have an idea they must go through the same sickness to the same grandeur of character. Now, I tell you, that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault, and if with proper physical exercise you could get rid of it. Take advantage of all that there is of health in such an institution.

There are multitudes of Christians who have all their prospect of heaven blotted out by clouds of tobacco smoke. They shatter the vase in which God has placed the jewel of eternity. They have a splendid intellect in a ruined body. Now, my friends, take all the advantage there is in the gymnasium for the elevation of body, and elevation of mind, and elevation of soul. It is observable always that if you start out two men with equal consecration of soul, but the one is healthy in body and the other is unhealthy, the man who is healthy will accomplish the most good.

III. I commend to you among indoor recreations, innocent parlor games and amusements. We might make our homes a hundredfold more attractive than they are. You



will never keep your boy away from outside dissipation until you make your domestic circle brighter than any other place he can find. Do not sit gloomy and with half-condemnatory look amid the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself. Let your children be young.

Do not put on a sort of supernatural gravity, as though you never liked sportfulness. You liked it just as much as your children do. Do not, because your eyesight is dim and your ankles are stiff, frown upon the sportfulness which shows itself in the bright lustre of the eye and in the bounding foot of robust health. Do not sit with the rheumatism wondering how the children can go on so. Thank God that they are so light of spirit, that their laughter is so free, that their spirits are so radiant. Trouble will come soon enough to them, and heartbreaks and desolation and bereavement will come all too early. Do not try to forestall it. Do not try to anticipate it.

IV. I go further and commend to you open air exercise, whether riding, driving, boating, pedestrianism, croquet or lawn-tennis. The fact is, there is something so unhealthy in city life that when the taker of the census says there are in the city four hundred thousand people there are only two hundred thousand, since it generally takes about two men to amount to one man, there is something so unnerving, so exhausting in our metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunshine.

I cry out in behalf of the Church of God as well as in behalf of all healthful secularities, we want a very great deal more sunshine and fresh air in our theology as well as in our secular literature. The reformers of the world go into their studies, and they sit and they sit, and they study and they study, and they get morbid and bilious and think everything is going to ruin. It is not going to ruin; it is going on to salvation; the purposes of God are fulfilling; and those of us who are the children of God are not on the way to a penitentiary but to a palace, and this world is not going to be all desert, it is going to be all garden.

We want more sunshine in our theology. How are you going to get people in the kingdom of God—drive them in? You cannot drive them in. How does the Word of God say they are to be got in? "I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me." You cannot drive them in. So I wish that every Winter our ponds and lakes might be all aquake with the heel and the shout of the swift skater, and in warm weather I wish that the graceful oar might dip the stream, and the eventide be filled with the song of the boatman, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow, so that men may come back with strength in the arm and lustre in the eye, and ruddiness in the cheek and more heroic courage in the heart.

In this great battle now opening against the powers of darkness there is need not only of a consecrated soul, but a strong arm, and stout lungs, and steady nerve, and healthful physique. I am glad there are recreations, some of them indoor, some of them outdoor, that are good for the body, good for the mind, good for the soul, and it is time that the Church of God woke up; instead of standing and saying all the time "Don't do this, and don't do that, and don't do the other thing," tell the people what they may do.

V. I come now to a grander recreation, and that is the pleasure of doing good. I have known a young man cross and sour, and queer, and feeble of body, and mean of soul, disgusting everybody, under a heavenly touch transformed into a man buoyant and blissful, the earth and the heavens breaking forth into music. "Oh!" says some one, "I admit that that must be a great recreation, doing good, and I would employ that mode if I had the means." You have the means. "Oh," says some one,

"my means are extremely limited; you would be surprised how small my means are, and I can't employ that mode of recreation." My brother, have you two hands? "Yes." Have you two feet? "Yes." Do you suppose that during the coming year you could devote ten dollars to charities? "Yes." Will you during the year be able to give twenty-five hundred cheerful looks to the desponding? "Yes." Would you during the coming year have five thousand words of encouragement if you should seek for them? "Yes." What a magnificent equipment you have!

To-morrow morning, on the way to business, you see a case of real destitution, for sometimes there is a call from God in such a case, and you can see right through and know the difference between a sham case and a real case of destitution. You contribute two pennies out of the ten dollars you are going to give during the year, and as the pennies rattle down into the blind man's hat he hears it, and says, "God bless you, thank you, thank you, thank you." You look indifferent. You pass down with cultured indifference for fear some one is looking at you. You look as if you were not elated, but from scalp to heel you feel a delightful thrill. No need of denying it. You feel a great satisfaction in having made that man happy.

Forenoon passing along, you see a poor lad trying to get a wheelbarrow up over the curbstone. He has failed in the attempt. You say, "Here, stand back, let me try that," and you push the wheelbarrow over the curbstone, you put it down, you start on. The poor lad is so surprised he has not even thanked you. You go on looking indifferent, but oh! how thrilled you are! There is a great satisfaction, body, mind and soul. You are made better. You are recreated.

After a while, perhaps, in the middle of the afternoon, going along on some business errand, you see a sick man. He is not poor, he does not want any of your money, he has ten times more money than you have; but he is sick, oh, so very sick, so despondent. Now, you try on him one of those cheerful looks, one of those twenty-five hundred sympathetic, loving looks. You look at him as you pass. It thrills him. You are thrilled. You do not tell any one the story, but in body, mind and soul you feel that you helped that sick man.

On your way home you pass by the shop of a man whom you know intimately, who is not getting on very well in business. He is embarrassed and discouraged. You go in and say, "Why, you have a nice shop here. Business, I think, will be better after a while in your department. Sometimes there comes a strange lull in certain styles of business, but you will get over this; after a while there will be plenty to do, I have no doubt. Besides that, I have some friends whom I will introduce to you, and I think they will trade with you. "Good-by!" "Good-by," he says. Thrilled again through with a holy satisfaction.

You get home. Somehow the door-plate is brighter than it used to be, and you pass in the door, and everything is bright. It seems as if you never had such a delicious supper as you have that night. And then after a while you are seated by the fire and you sing a little and you talk a little, and you say after a while in an outburst, "Well, I don't know what is the matter with me; I never felt so well in all my life."

I will tell you what is the matter with you. You gave two pennies out of the ten dollars that you are going to give during the year; you helped the boy up with his wheelbarrow; you gave ten or fifteen of the twenty-five hundred cheerful looks; you gave twenty or thirty, or fifty of the five thousand cheerful words you are going to speak. That is what is the matter with you. Why, the most magnificent recreation on earth, for body, mind and

soul, is doing good. Some of you have tried it. You know it better than I do, the whole story. Some of you, I have no doubt, have given a lad a sixpence just to see him hop, skip and jump. There are such men and women in the world, thank God. May He multiply them. I cannot tell you the story. You can tell it better to me. But I will tell you I never had so bright a time in Prospect Park as one day I was on the lake in a boat. I had been through the Park hundreds of times, sometimes riding with very radiant friends, delighted friends; but I never had such a time as that day. I was in a boat on the lake in the park, and two ragged boys on the banks said, "Here, mister, won't you give us a ride?" I said, "Certainly." So I pulled up to the bank and said, "Get in;" so they got in, one of them at one end the boat and the other at the other end the boat. Well, to hear those lads chatter, and to see the joy they had in their hearts shining out in their faces did one good! for God knows they had not had many boat-rides—they had done the most of the journey of life on foot, and bare foot.

I admit that the path of sinful pleasure seems to open brighter than the path of Christian pleasure. The young man says, "Come, now, I am going to have a good time. Never mind the economy. I'll get the money. If I can't get money one way, I'll get it another. Come on. The road is smooth. Crack the whip!" On they dash over the highway. "Fill high the cups, boys! Drink! Drink

to health, drink to long life, drink to plenty of rides like this!"

Hardworking men standing by the road say: "I wonder where those men got their money. We have to work. We can't do that sort of thing. They don't work and yet they have plenty of money." They go on down in their merriment. They swear; they stagger. The midnight hears their guffaw. They jostle decent people off the pavement. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee, and when some man draws before them the picture of their coming doom, they say, "Who cares?" or to some one giving them kindly advice they say, "Who are you?"

Passing along some night in the street, you hear a shriek in a public-house, and the rush of the police. What is the matter? Killed in a grogshop fight. He is carried home and the old people come and wash the blood off their son's wounds and close his eyes in death. They forgive him; although he cannot ask it now, they forgive him. And the mother will go out into her little garden and gather the sweetest flowers she can find, and she will twist them into a garland for the still heart of her wayward boy, and will push from his swollen brow the long locks which were once her pride, and the air will be rent with the father's passionate outcry as he exclaims: "Oh! my son, my son, my poor boy, would God I had died for thee. Oh! my son, my son, my son, my son!"

## CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

Oh! Refuge of men worn and weary,  
With suffering and sin oft distressed,  
Could'st Thou leave 'mid surroundings so dreary  
Thy peace as a dying request?

To Thine ear comes the cry of sharp sorrow  
That rings through this pitiless world;  
And know'st Thou how oft with the morrow  
To a deeper despair we are hurled?

For the dawn brings no light that can lead us,  
The birds sing no songs that can cheer,  
Nor does harvest give food that can feed us,  
And the Winter's gloom reigns thro' the year.

We've felt strange 'mid our kindred and neighbors,  
Been lonely in thick haunts of men,  
Had to rest on a stone from our labors,  
And no visions to comfort us then.

We've been lured by the voice of the siren  
And caught in her cruel embrace,  
Have found that the heart may be iron,  
Tho' beauty may shine in the face.

We are weary with chasing the shadows  
And bearing our burdens of care,  
For our way has not lain through the meadows,  
We have chosen the dust and the glare.

Yet, Saviour, on Thee in our anguish  
We'll pillow our sore-stricken head,  
For in sorrow of soul Thou didst vanquish  
The foes that fill life with such dread.

We have lived for ourselves 'stead of others,  
Sought in temples of pleasure our shrine,  
Held no cup to the lips of our brothers,  
Or with gall often mingled our wine.

We bless Thee who cam'st down in glory  
To suffer, to succor, to save;  
By Thy Cross to shine bright in life's story  
And triumph o'er death and the grave.

We'll fret with the world then no longer;  
It can bring to us nothing but bliss,  
Were love in our heart only stronger  
To God and to man than it is.

ANGELO MARCO, a Jesuit librarian at the Vatican, made the discovery many years ago that some of the ancient MSS. had more than one layer of writing upon them. By certain chemical experiments he succeeded in making legible the ancient writing. Archbishop Whately has suggested the theory, now generally admitted, that this was done on account of the expensiveness or scarcity of parchment in the Middle Ages. De Quincey, in his "Confessions," has given us a chapter on the subject, applying it to signify different layers of thought and emotion that have at different times passed over the heart, and become apparently covered over completely with some other. So it is with the hardened sinner. How many a layer of

conviction after conviction and partial reformations has he known, yet how thick a case covers his hardened heart!

ADMIRAL COLPOYS, who rose to his high situation as the effect of his meritorious exertions, used to be fond of relating that on first leaving an humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless you, and prosper you, my lad; and as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers."

SET not thy watch by the town clock (the way of the world), but by the dial of Scripture, because that never faileth of going by the Sun of Righteousness.—*Swinnock*.



## TRAVELING DOWN THE RIVERS OF SIBERIA.

THE great plain of Siberia, extending from the Chinese frontier and gradually descending to the marshes on the shores of the frozen sea, is intersected by numerous rivers, rising in the Altai Mountains, on the southern border of the plain, traversing its extent in a northerly direction.

whelming every obstruction in their precipitate course, the captain cries out *Sadites!* (sit still!) The rowers rest on their oars. The next order is *Molite Bogu!* (pray to God!) on which the crew bow down before the image of a saint elevated in their sight, and the pilot pronounces a prayer in a loud voice. The sailors immediately resume their position at the oars, and at the words *Grebite silno!*



CATARACT OF SELO KESCHEMY, SIBERIA.

These rivers are remarkable for being out up by rapids and disfigured by rocks, which make the navigation exceedingly difficult.

The preparations for descending one of these rapids, or *porogs*, as they are called, are made with a solemnity which fills the mind with an undefined sense of dread. As soon as the boat arrives near the falls, and the white-crested waves are visible, breaking in spray on the rocks, and over-

(pull hard!) strike with all their strength. A deep anxiety takes possession of every one present—an anxiety which increases as they near the falls; all seem alive to nothing but the danger which lies before them—to see nothing but the boiling water—to hear nothing but the voice of the waves.

The pilot stands at the prow, holding in his hand a white handkerchief, with which he signals to those in the



poop, when the sound of his voice is lost in the roar of the falling waters. Four men stand at the helm, prepared to obey instantly the first signal. When the fall is unusually dangerous, two or more of the crew manage an oar, at the decisive moment, rapidly turning the prow of the boat in the direction of the current; a turn in the wrong direction, and every soul on board must perish.

Such is a general description of the perils suffered by travelers in this distant country, which are brought more vividly before us by a letter from a correspondent, recently in Siberia. Among other things he says: "I floated down one of these rivers in a boat resembling Noah's Ark, the vast proportions of this unwieldy vessel increasing my anxiety; but a day's peaceful navigation gave me time to recover myself. Finally, however, I beheld the great waves: the oars were lifted; the boat was borne on by the current; the rapidity of its motion increased every moment; the tumult of the waves was deafening; every nerve in the body was affected; the sensation was indescribable.

"I flew over the waves; the waters ceased to bellow; the pilot descended to the prow, turned his face toward us, and in a cheerful voice called out to the principal man on board, 'I give you joy, my lord'; he paid a similar compliment to the captain, and we all exclaimed together, 'God be praised!' and the profound

silence which had prevailed amongst us in the moment of danger was broken by a loud and joyous shout.

"Such an expression of feeling was but natural after so terrible an adventure had been accomplished with safety. The descent of a *porog*, in one of these arklie contrivances, is inconceivably exciting. You descend, as it were, between two perpendicular walls of rock, with a celerity which can be compared to nothing but the *Montagne Russe* on a gigantic scale. The peril of these descents is less where the water is deep and unbroken by rocks; but where the waters are shallow, and rocky points abruptly rise in close proximity, and lie *perdu* beneath the foam and spray, the danger of the passage can scarcely be overestimated.

"I afterward descended a dangerous cataract—that of *Selo Keschemy*, which is upward of a Norwegian mile in length. The peculiar character of the Siberian rivers varies very considerably at different parts; sometimes they are encumbered by a redundancy of vegetation; sometimes blocked up by masses of ice; in some places rendered particularly dangerous by rocky points and small islands. As most of these rivers pass through a desolate

waste, and have their embouchure in a frozen sea, they have never been thoroughly explored, and the survey ordered by the Russian Government is very incomplete, even with respect to the great River Yenisei."

Our traveler mentions, with a grateful remembrance, the hospitality he received from the villagers on the shores of the stream. Soon after descending the Falls of Selo Keschemy, he landed for the purpose of completing some scientific investigations, and while occupied in these inquiries was visited by the village priest.

He came attended by two servants, bearing trays of cakes, cream and other dainties, and the strangers were most kindly treated in every possible way.

The descent of the *porog* of Anlinski, a feat accomplished a day or two subsequent to that of Selo Keschemy, was effected with considerably less risk and more comfort. The banks of the river were shadowed by trees, and the verdure was rich and full as in the middle of Summer.

Not far from this cataract is a cavern in the sandstone rock, an interesting natural phenomenon, and one of the "lions" of the neighboring village of Tschadsbetz. At this pretty little place, with one of the pleasantest of Greek churches, the traveler received a deputation, conducted by a woman, who marshaled her followers with all becoming ceremonial. Each car-



NORTH VIEW OF "COOPER HILL," HOME OF PAUL H. HAYNE, THE POET.

ried a present; a basket of fresh eggs, a pike, a quantity of caviare, a pot of cream, and three large loaves of home-made bread. They made these presents in the name of the village, were invited on board the "Noah's Ark," where each one of the deputation accepted a small glass of brandy. On their departure they made the sign of the cross, and wished us a pleasant voyage. Some money was offered to them, but this they positively refused, saying that the village never received payment for presents which it offered to strange visitors.

The accompanying engraving affords the best idea that can be given of the Fall of Selo Keschemy. The boat is the Noah's Ark contrivance alluded to.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE name of Paul Hamilton Hayne is familiar to all intelligent readers as that of one of our sweetest poets, but scarcely anything is known by the general public of his personality. Born at Charleston, S. C., in 1831, he early developed rare literary ability, and before the war had published several volumes of poems which gave him

a high standing. Meanwhile, he had been connected with several literary journals and periodicals, and as he was possessed of ample means, his home was one of the most charming to be found in the South. But the war proved the ruin of his fortunes, while, to make his situation still worse, his health became so broken that he has been for years an invalid. Almost penniless in purse and weak in body, he abandoned the struggle to live in the sumptuous style to which he had been accustomed before the Rebellion, and moved with his wife and invalid son into the wilderness. His home is a rude frame cottage, in a desolate tract of sand, shrub-oaks and stunted pines, on what is called Copse Hill, about twenty miles west of Augusta, Ga. In his library are numerous woodcuts from magazines and newspapers adorning the rough walls, some photographs of friends, shelves full of books, a plain table and a few chairs—nothing more. In this modest little home, far from social centres which he once adorned, has lived for sixteen years one of the rarest literary men whom the South has ever produced, struggling against poverty and disease, but always brave and uncomplaining. Few abodes in the land, however, have sent forth to the world more charming poems than emanate from the rude cottage at Copse Hill, which we illustrate on page 533.

The constant readers of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE have had opportunities to praise a number of Mr. Hayne's poems. He is a true poet, and a brave, heroic Christian.

The following, which appeared in a recent number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, was born of his bitter physical sufferings, but has the fragrance of the sweetest spirit :

About my life the twilight shades are deep—  
And soon, ah, soon! I must lie down and sleep;  
How long I know not. . . . Through the darkening air  
Of my worn soul strange thoughts and fancies fare.  
Some steal like solemn phantoms silent by,  
Lifting cold eyes that glitter warningly;  
Some with aerial swiftness fit and pass,  
Like birds of night o'er dead autumnal grass;  
And some, scarce glimpsed athwart the twilight glow,  
Glance, batlike, with black pinions, to and fro;  
While from afar a dreary wind, whose breath  
Seems sick with odors of some place of death,  
Moans round me, and with low, half-muffled fall  
Of music walling a funeral call.  
Oh, wind of woe, through skies of ghostly gray!  
Oh, mournful closing of a mournful day!

Would heaven that even now, at this last hour,  
Fate could uplift me on a storm of power,  
Nerve the frail limbs, roll back the ebbing life,  
And whirl me to the inmost heart of strife,  
Where from some hallowed field by heroes trod,  
My soul might pass on cloud and fire to . . . God!

Another of his poems of heroic resignation is the following, which we clip from the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* :

#### IN HARBOR.

I think it is over, over—  
I think it is over at last;  
Voices of foeman and lover,  
The sweet and the bitter have passed;  
Life, like a tempest of ocean,  
Hath blown its ultimate blast.  
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,  
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,  
And behold! like the welcoming quiver  
Of heart-pulses throbbled through the river,  
Those lights in the Harbor at last—  
The heavenly Harbor at last.

I feel it is over, over—  
The winds and the water succoase;  
How few were the days of the Rover  
That smiled in the beauty of peace!

And distant and dim was the omen  
That hinted redress or release,  
From the ravage of life and its riot.  
What marvel I yearn for the quiet  
Which bides in this Harbor at last?  
For the lights with their welcoming quiver,  
That throb through the sacrificed river  
Which girdles the Harbor at last—  
That heavenly Harbor at last.

I know it is over, over—  
I know it is over at last;  
Down sail, the sheathed anchor uncover,  
For the stress of the voyage has passed;  
Life, like the tempest of ocean  
Hath outblown its ultimate blast,  
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,  
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,  
And behold! like the welcoming quiver,  
Of heart-pulses throbbled through the river,  
Those lights in the Harbor at last—  
The heavenly Harbor at last!

In another vein is this one, entitled, "To the Modern Atheist of the Platform," which appeared recently in the *Sunday-school Times* :

I know thee well—thy covert smirk  
Of self-conceit, and self-applause—  
Thy tongue, that like a pointless dirk,  
Stabs blindly at the Eternal Cause.

Thy sarcasm, free of force, or smart,  
As Harlequin's jest!—more dull than death  
Thy logic, from Truth's Titan heart  
Hurled in one heave of scornful breath!

Thy zeal, by every tawdry sham  
Of outworn heathen dreams enticed—  
Tolerance of Juggernaut, or Brahm—  
Damnation to the creed of Christ!

I know thee well—thou whited wall,  
Veneered with many a tinsel lie—  
Braggart of freedom, yet the thrall  
Of foulest thoughts, outspawnd to die!

The blandness of thy mien I know,  
When most thine ambushed hatreds flame  
To taint with swiftly poisonous blow  
The splendor of some star-like fame!

Thy greed, but loosely masked in grace  
Of specious plea, or dazzling plan—  
Love of the boundless human race,  
Scorn of the single, suffering Man!

Fool! in thine own esteem so large,  
So learned—thou art an insect thing,  
To whom its tiny empire's marge  
Seems broad as boundaries of a king!

Perchance, some soul of angel birth,  
Leaning beyond the bourne of bliss,  
May mark thee, wriggling here on earth,  
And wonder, "What strange mite is this?"

But soon his keen, seraphic eyes  
Shall pierce thy nature, where it squirms,  
And view beneath thy frail disguise  
The vilest of earth's wingless worms!

In the South, Mr. Hayne is everywhere known by his title, Colonel, earned by service in the Confederate army.

THE man who has no doubts and fears has no faith.—  
Adam.

## INFORMATION FOR THE CURIOUS.

**EARLY USE OF PAPER-MONEY IN THE EAST.**—At the end of the thirteenth century paper-money was used by Kublai Khan, as this quotation will show: "In this city of Kam-balu is the mint of the Grand Khan, who may truly be said to possess the secret of the alchemists. He causes the bark to be stripped from the mulberry-trees, which are used for feeding the silkworms, and takes from it the inner rind. This being steeped, is pounded in a mortar until reduced to a pulp, which is made into paper, but quite dark. When ready for use it is cut into pieces of money nearly square. Of these some pass for a demi-tournois, others for a silver groat, and others as high as ten bezants of gold. The coinage of this paper money is authenticated with as much form as if it were actually gold and silver; for to each note a number of officers affix their names and signets, and, when this is done by all, the principal officer deputed by the Khan, having dipped into vermilion the royal seal, stamps with it the piece of paper, so that the form of the seal tinged with the vermilion remains impressed on it, by which it receives full authentication as current money, and counterfeiting it is a capital offense. This paper-money circulates throughout the Khan's dominions, nor dares any one refuse to receive it at peril of his life; but all receive it without hesitation, because wherever their business may call them they may dispose of it again, for with it, in short, any article may be purchased. When the paper is damaged it is taken to the mint and fresh notes given on payment of three per cent. If gold or silver smiths require bullion it would be given in exchange for their notes for manufacture, but not for currency."

**THE ORIGINAL "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."**—Mrs. Margaret Sanderson, who died in New York City recently, at the age of eighty-five, was the lady who made the flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-spangled Banner." At the time of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in 1812, Mrs. Sanderson, who was only fifteen years old, made the flag out of costly silk with her own hands, and presented it to Colonel George Armistead, the commandant of the fort, just before the British appeared in the bay. During the subsequent engagement the flag floated over the fort and was seen by Key while confined in the British man-of-war. After the war the flag was returned to its maker, and the original Star-spangled Banner is now one of the treasures of the Sanderson family. The State of Maryland has made several unsuccessful efforts to buy the flag, but the venerable lady could never be induced to part with it. During the sesqui-centennial celebration, in 1880, of the founding of Baltimore, a special committee was sent to New York City to induce Mrs. Sanderson to go to Baltimore with her flag and allow it to be displayed in the procession. Although a special car was placed at her disposal, Mrs. Sanderson, owing to feeble health, could not go, but sent her flag instead, the historical fragments of silk being placed in the special car in charge of a detective.

**STOOL OF REPENTANCE.**—This was a low stool placed before the pulpit in Scotland, on which persons who had incurred an ecclesiastical censure were placed during divine service. When the service was over the "penitent" had to stand on the stool and receive the minister's rebuke. Even in the present century this method of rebuke has been repeated.

**USE OF PEWTER IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.**—In the "Household Booke" of the Duke of Northumberland of this reign there is inserted a charge for the hire of pewter vessels, though the description of them is not ascertained. Of the same date we have the inventory of a gentleman's buttery, comprising "two basins and two ewers of pewter, one alepot and two winepots of the same, two dozen of pewter trenchers, five chargers, seventeen platters, two dozen of dishes, sixteen saucers, two porringers, two plates, a washing basin, a salte, and a bottle for water," all of the same metal.

**AN EXCELLENT WAY TO GET A FAIRY.**—The following curious recipe was found in the papers of an alchemist which are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford: "First, get a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth three inches; then lay that glasse or christall in the bloud of a white henne three Wednesdays or three Fridays. Then take it out and wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take three hazel sticks or wands of an yeare growth; peel them fayre and white, and make them soe longe as you write the spirit's name or fayrie's name, which you call, three times on every stick being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill whereas ye suppose fayries haunt the Wednesday before you call her; and the Friday following take them uppe and call her at eight, or three, or ten of the clock, where be good planetts and houres for that time, and when you call her turn thy face towards the East, and when you have her bind her to that stone or glasse."

**PROFESSOR DUFOUR** has presented a new and an interesting proof that the earth is round. The images of distant objects reflected in the Lake of Geneva in calm weather show just the degree of distortion which a careful mathematical calculation would predict on account of the shape of the earth.

**EXORCISM IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.**—The acknowledgment of exorcism in the Anglican Church during the progress of the Reformation occurs in the first Liturgy of Edward VI. (Ann. 2), in which is given the following form at baptism: "Then let the priest, looking upon the children, say, 'I command thee, unclean spirit, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that thou come out and depart from these infants, whom our Lord Jesus Christ has vouchsafed to call to His holy baptism to be made members of His body and of His holy congregation. Therefore, thou cursed spirit remember thy sentence, remember thy judgment, remember the day to be at hand wherein thou shalt burn in fire everlasting prepared for thee and thy angels. And presume not hereafter to exercise any tyranny toward these infants whom Christ hath bought with His precious blood, and by this His holy baptism calleth to be of His flock.'"

**THE HABIT OF ANTS.**—Unlike bees, ants have two or three queens to a nest. There are three distinct classes—the imperfect females (the workers), the males, and the perfect females. Two ants working at a time are apparently sufficient to supply a nest of three or four hundred with food. When Sir John Lubbock first noticed two working for a whole nest, he thought they might be individuals remarkably fond of work, so he removed them. Two others took their places in foraging; and, as soon as these two were also removed, two others took their place.



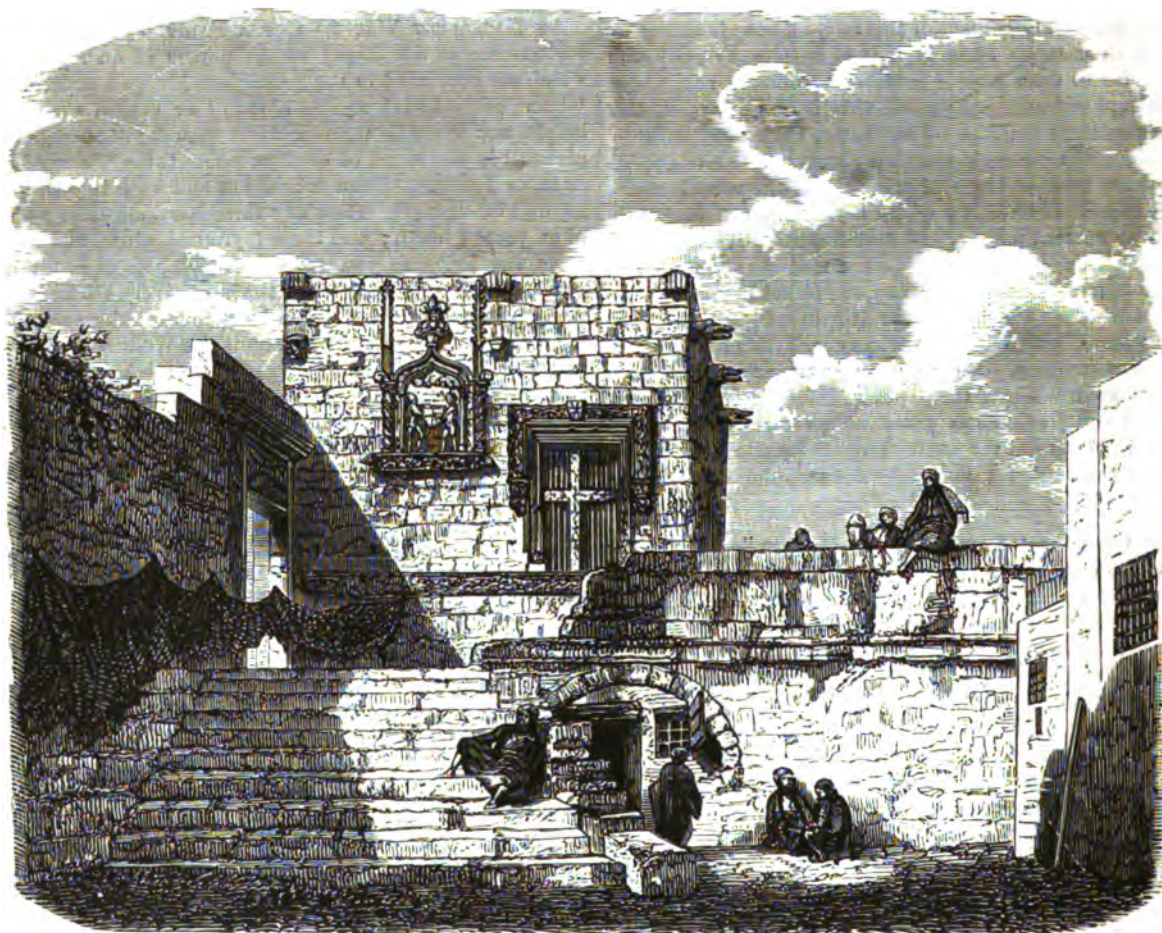
## THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

BY HERBERT LEE.

Among the many military-religious Orders of the Middle Ages, certainly the most prominent were the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or Knights Hospitaller, the Knights Templar and the Teutonic Knights. These three Orders grew out of the Crusading spirit, and had for their object the preservation of the Holy City of Jerusalem to the Christian faith and dominion. Concerning the latter two, I may, at some future time, have something to say, but will in this article confine myself entirely to the Knights

Jerusalem, the Holy City alike of the Jew, Christian and Turk, was the birthplace of the Knights of St. John. The city was captured from the Jews by the Romans in the year 70, under the Emperor Titus. In 134 the Jews revolted and were severely punished, and their buildings destroyed. The church which had been erected on the site of the Holy Sepulchre was razed, and a Temple of Jupiter built on its site.

This remained till the year 327, when the Empress



THE KEEP OR ENTRANCE TO THE RESIDENCE OF THE GRAND MASTERS, RHODES.

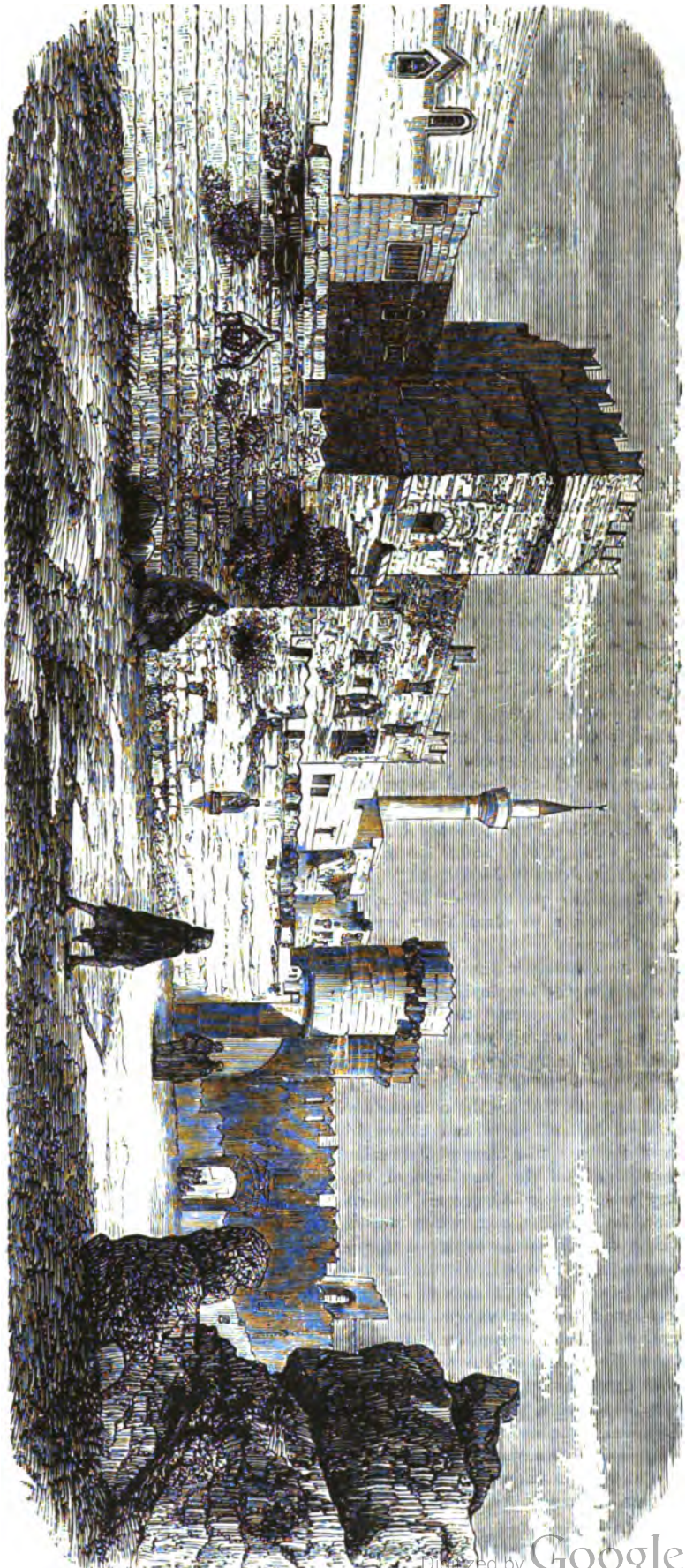
of St. John, being the only one of the three which has preserved its existence to the present day.

The Christian calling is that of a soldier, and St Paul carries the allegory so far that he provides a complete suit of armor for the Christian, giving protection for every part of the body except the back, for the true Christian, as the true knight, never presents his back to the foe. The idea of combining the highest ideal of Christian life, that of monkhood, with the highest ideal of military life, that of knighthood, was a happy thought of the Middle Ages, for there were many men whose religious instincts led them to the cloister, while their vigorous frame and fiery energy disposed them also to a soldier's life. When, therefore, a sword was put into the hand of a monk, who had little taste for the spade or the library, there was afforded an outlet for energy which otherwise would probably have lain dormant or been misapplied.

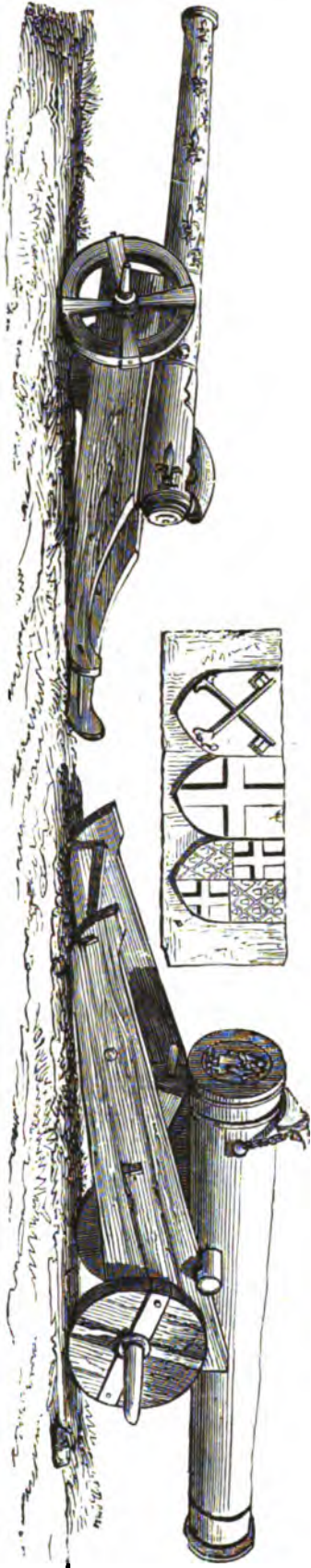
Helena pulled it down, and having, as it is said, rediscovered the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Cross on which our Lord suffered, which tradition had reported was buried there, she built a church over and around the site, cutting away some of the rock, and incasing the rest in marble. This church was destroyed by Chosroes II. and his Persian host in 614, but it was soon replaced by another on the same plan.

Next came the Mohammedan invasion, and capture of Jerusalem in 637 by the Saracen Caliph Omar, but he respected the places venerated by the Christians, and allowed pilgrims to visit them. Many of these pilgrims were poor, and the hardships and fatigues of pilgrimage caused them to fall sick. This led pious and charitable persons to establish hospitals, some of which became the cradles of the Religious Orders. One of these hospitals was founded in the year 1048 by a few merchants from





THE PALACE OF THE GRAND MASTERS OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN, RHODES.



ANCIENT CANNON AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE GRAND MASTERS OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.



Amalfi, to whom permission was granted to build a chapel for Latin pilgrims near the Holy Sepulchre, and to connect it with two hospitals, the one for men and the other for women. The chapel was at first common to both sexes, and was called St. Mary of the Latins; but soon a second chapel, called after St. Mary Magdalen, was devoted to the women's hospital.



COAT OF ARMS OF VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM, THE LAST DEFENDER OF RHODES.

The hospital for men was called after St. John the Almoner, a native of Cyprus, and Patriarch of Alexandria, who died about 616. He had sent money and provisions to Jerusalem after it had been sacked by Chosroes in 614. In 1095, the first Crusade was begun, and on July 15th, 1099, the Holy City was captured by the Crusaders. The Hospitalers found their work greatly increased and developed. Bienheureux Pierre Gerard, the administrator of the hospital, excited the admiration of all by his self-denying devotion in tending the sick and wounded soldiers. Several men of noble birth, who had joined the Crusade, laid aside their arms and devoted themselves to the care of the sick and the pilgrims in the hospital, while others, among them Godfrey de Bouillon and Raymond Dupuy, endowed the hospital with lands, the latter himself joining the Order.

It was now determined to form the number of persons attached to the hospital into a confraternity of Brothers and Sisters, taking the usual three monastic vows—poverty, obedience and chastity—and assuming a black habit with a white cross of eight points on the left breast. On February 15th, 1113, Pope Paschal II. confirmed this action and affirmed the Order under the name of "Brothers Hospitalers of St. John in Jerusalem." He also exempted the Order from the payment of tithes, and gave the Hospitalers the power to elect their own Superior after the death of Gerard.

Upon this authorization new and extensive buildings were added to the original establishments, and a magnificent church was erected to St. John the Baptist on the traditional site of his parents' abode. Gerard took the title of Guardian and Provost of the Order, and built hospitals in the chief maritime cities of Western Europe, which afterward became the commanderies of the Order.

He died full of years and honor in 1118, during the reign of Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, and by a unanimous vote of all the members of the Order, Raymond Dupuy was elected to succeed Gerard. Soon after his election he called the members together and proposed that they should resume the arms they had laid aside, and become soldiers of the Cross and champions of the poor and helpless. The Patriarch of Jerusalem dispensed the Hospitalers from their vow of the renunciation of the use of arms and gave his sanction to the proposed extension of the plan and work of the Order, wherefrom a new and revised constitution was drawn up, providing for three classes of members.

First, the Knights, who should bear arms and form a military body for service in the field against the enemies of Christ in general and the Kingdom of Jerusalem in particular. These were to be men of noble, or at least gentle, birth.

Second, the Clergy or Chaplains, who were required to

carry on the service in the churches of the Order, to visit the sick in the hospitals, and to follow the Knights to the field and undertake ministrations to the wounded.

Third, the Serving Brethren, who were not required to be men of rank, and who acted as esquires to the knights and assisted in the care of the hospitals.

All three classes were considered alike members of the Order, and took the usual three monastic vows, wore the armorial bearings of the Order, and enjoyed its rights and privileges. The Order was immediately successful, and spread rapidly.

The habit was a black robe with a cowl, having a cross of white linen of eight points upon the left breast. This habit was at first worn by the members of all three classes, but Pope Alexander IV. afterward ordered that the Knights should be distinguished by a white cross on a red ground.

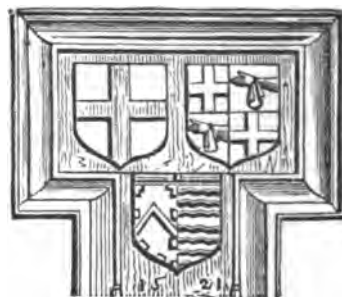
The government of the Order was vested in a council, of which the master was president. This council appointed Senior Knights to manage the estates belonging to the Order and to superintend its affairs in the different countries and provinces where it held possessions. These officers were called Preceptors, and could be appointed and removed by the council at will.

The following account of the reception of a knight is given by a modern author: "The postulant presented himself with a lighted taper in his hand and carrying his naked sword. After blessing the sword, the priest returned it to him with these words: 'Receive this sword in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen, and use it for thy own defense and that of the Church of God, to the confusion of the enemies of Jesus Christ and of the Christian faith, and take heed that no human frailty move thee to strike any man with it unjustly.' Then the postulant replaced the sword in its sheath, the priest saying as the Knight girded himself, 'Gird thyself with the sword of Jesus Christ, and remember that it is not with the sword, but with faith, that the saints have conquered kingdoms.' The knight then once more drew his sword, and these words were addressed to him: 'Let the brilliancy of this sword represent to thee the brightness of faith; let its point signify hope, and its hilt charity. Use it for the Catholic faith, for justice and for the consolation of widows and orphans, for this is the true faith and justification of a Christian knight.' Then the Knight thrice brandished the sword in the name of the Holy Trinity.

"The brethren then proceeded to give him his golden spurs, saying: 'See'st thou these spurs? They signify that as the horse fears them when he swerves from his duty, so should thou fear to depart from thy post or from thy vows.'

"Then the mantle was thrown over him and the brethren pointed to the cross of eight

points embroidered on the left side and said: 'We wear this white cross as a sign of purity; wear it also within thy heart as well as outwardly, and keep it without soil or stain. The eight points are the signs of the eight beatitudes which thou must ever preserve, viz.: 1. Spiritual joy; 2. To live without malice; 3. To weep over thy sins; 4. To humble



THE ARMS OF PHILIP THE GOOD IN THE FORT ST. NICHOLAS, RHODES.



thyself to those who injure thee ; 5. To love justice ; 6. To be merciful ; 7. To be sincere and pure of heart ; 8. To suffer persecution.' Then the Knight kissed the cross and the mantle was fastened, whilst the ministering Knight continued : 'Take this cross and mantle in the name of the Holy Trinity, for the repose of thy soul, the defense of the Catholic faith and the honor of our Lord Jesus Christ. I place it on thy left side near thy heart, that thou mayest love it, and that thy right hand may defend it, charging thee never to abandon it, since it is the standard of our holy faith. Shouldst thou ever desert thy standard and fly when combating the enemies of Jesus Christ, thou wilt be stripped of this holy sign, according to the statutes of the Order, as having broken the vow thou hast taken, and shall be cut off from our body as an unsound member.'

"On the mantle were embroidered all the instruments of the Passion. Each of them was pointed out to the newly-made Knight, with the words : 'In order that thou mayest put all thy hope in the Passion of Jesus Christ, behold the Cord whereby He was bound ; see, too, His Crown of Thorns ; this is the Column to which He was tied ; this is the Lance which pierced His Side ; this is the Sponge with which He was drenched with vinegar and gall ; these are the Whips which scourged Him ; this is the Cross on which he suffered. Receive, therefore, the yoke of the Lord, for it is easy and light, and will give rest unto thy soul ; and I tie this cord about thy neck in pledge of the servitude thou hast promised. We offer thee nothing but bread and water, and a simple habit and of little worth. We give thee and thy parents and relations a share of the good works performed by the Order, and by our brethren, now and hereafter throughout the world. Amen.'"

He was then received with the kiss of peace.

From the time of the adoption of the military character in 1118, under Raymond Dupuy, till the capture of Acre in 1291 by the Turks under Melec Seraf, the Knights of St. John were continually active in the field, not only in the Holy Land, but everywhere also in Europe. Dupuy, during his period of office, delivered Antioch from the Moslems, raised the siege of Jaffa, and aided powerfully in the fall of Tyre, besides driving the enemy from Coele-Syria and Phœnicia, and contributing to the fall of Ascalon in 1153. Dupuy died in 1161, and was succeeded by Auger de Balben, who, however, died in 1163, and was succeeded by Arnaud de Comps. He was succeeded by Gilbert d'Assalit, who in 1168 engaged in an expedition against Egypt.

During these years the Order was continually growing both in numbers and in wealth, and its position became so honorable and powerful that its members were selected as ambassadors in important negotiations. Thus Joubert, a Knight, was appointed by the King and Patriarch of Jerusalem to visit the Courts of England and France to arrange a marriage between the Princess of Antioch and William, Count of Poitiers. The Pope declared himself the protector of the Order, and exempted it from all episcopal jurisdiction ; and speaking of them, he said : "The Hospitalers make no difficulty to expose daily their own lives to defend those of their brethren. They are the firmest support of the Christian Church in the East, and are fighting every day with distinguished courage against the infidels. But as their substance is not sufficient to maintain an almost continual war, we exhort you to supply them out of your abundance, and we recommend them to the charity of the people committed to your pastoral care."

After Richard Cœur de Lion returned to England from the Crusade in 1192, he made over his conquest to the Knights of St. John, and the Order thus became sovereign

for the first time. Jerusalem being no longer in Christian hands, the knights established themselves at Acre, which had been captured by Richard, which in honor of their patron saint, they now called St. Jean d'Acre.

Soon after the Order acquired possession in Constantinople, and Armenia, and the Island of Cyprus, but with all these possessions, it still maintained its pristine reputation for benevolence and self-denying charity. In 1267, Hughes de Revel, the then Master, assumed the title of Grand Master, which was thenceforward retained by his successors.

After the capture of Acre, the Order was homeless. The Grand Master summoned all the surviving Knights to Cyprus to deliberate. It was determined to fix the headquarters at Cyprus, and the town of Limisso was rebuilt, a church and convent of the Order erected, and a hospital provided to receive pilgrims and the sick.

But now a new development took place. In order to protect themselves in their island home, ships were fitted out, and armed and manned by the Knights, which began to cruise between Palestine and European ports, conveying pilgrims, rescuing captives, and engaging and capturing the Moslem galleys.

This began the naval greatness of the Hospitalers which, for nearly four hundred years, made the flag of the Order paramount in the Mediterranean. In 1309,



COAT OF ARMS OF PETER THE HERMIT AND PIERRE D'AUBUSSON, ON THE WALLS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN, RHODES.

under the Grand Master Villaret, the island of Rhodes was besieged, and on August 15th, 1310, the citadel was carried by storm, and for two hundred years the Knights occupied that island, and were called the Knights of Rhodes. Villaret fortified the City of Rhodes, and sent expeditions to take possession of the neighboring small islands. Upon these, castles, watchtowers and lighthouses were erected.

About this time there arose an unfortunate dissension in the Order. A large number of the knights called upon Villaret to resign the Grand Mastership, and nominated another, Maurice de Pagnac. But Villaret did not resign, and thus two Grand Masters divided the allegiance of the Knights. The matter was laid before Pope John XXII, but before his decision was given De Pagnac died, and Villaret resigned, thus enabling the Pope to end the dispute by appointing Helion de Villeneuve as Grand Master (1323), under whom order and unanimity were restored.

It was found that the Order had grown so large, and occupied so many different parts of Europe, that it was inconvenient, if not impossible, for one to oversee the whole body of Knights. The number of convents and members had increased to such an extent that it was determined to divide the whole Order into nations or *Langes*, of which there were established seven, to wit : Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Aragon, Germany and England, to which were subsequently added, Castile and Portugal.







"HER SWEETEST FLOWER." FROM THE PICTURE BY ARTHUR STOCKS.—SEE PAGE 543.



The Sultan called a council, and it was decided to besiege Malta. The Grand Master learned this decision by means of spies, and called a general chapter of the Order, at which about 500 Knights were present. After an address by the Grand Master preparations for defense were made. Troops were enlisted in Italy, Sicily, and elsewhere, and supplies of arms, ammunition and food were brought to Malta by the ships of the Order. Vertot gives the number of forces under the command of the Grand Master as 700 Knights, besides Serving Brothers, and 8,500 rank and file.

The port, afterward called Valletta, was divided into two unequal parts by a promontory, upon the extremity of which was Mount Scieberries and Fort St. Elmo. The Knights were distributed among the forts and through the city by the Grand Master. The aged and the women and children were shipped off to Sicily, and every possible preparation made for the defense.

On May 18th, 1565, the Turkish fleet was sighted. It consisted of about 160 ships of the largest size, besides transports and a multitude of smaller vessels. These carried an army of 30,000 men, all seasoned and experienced soldiers, armed with guns and siege artillery of formidable strength, many of the guns being able to throw a marble shot of fifty-six pounds weight, and some even carried a shot of 112 pounds weight.

This immense force, which was expected to swallow up the small army of the Knights, effected a landing, and after a few ineffectual attempts on the Castle of St. Angelo, determined to attack Fort St. Elmo. It was no easy task. All the surrounding space was rock, and it was not possible to construct trenches and approaches in the usual way, but by dint of constant labor day and night, and lavish sacrifice of life, the heavy siege batteries were got into position and the bombardment of the fort begun.

The first day's siege resulted only in the battering of the walls of the fort. The next day a more determined attack was made. The Turks, not waiting for a breach, rushed at the walls with scaling ladders, trusting to the overwhelming force of numbers to take the fort. But the fire of the besieged mowed down the enemy in files; stones, boiling oil and pitch were rained down on their heads, their ladders broken and thrown down, and when night came the besiegers were forced to retire. One hundred and twenty Knights were killed, but the bodies of 3,000 dead Turks strewed the ditch and rocks around St. Elmo. Day by day the attack was renewed, till, on the 16th of June, a savage assault was made. For days before the cannon had played on the walls incessantly, till they were in some places mere heaps of stones. The fleet now came nearer and added its guns against the devoted fortress, and at a given signal the Turks rushed with tremendous shouts to the attack, and for six hours the few upholders of the Cross stood unflinchingly before the bearers of the Crescent. A terrible carnage, in which ten Turks were killed for every one Knight, ensued, and Dragut, the Turkish commander, was mortally wounded by a splinter of stone and died soon after.

But the unequal conflict could not be long maintained. St. Elmo was everywhere invested, and all communication with the mainland cut off. Nothing remained for the heroic Knights but to die at their posts. During the night they received the Holy Communion, and at dawn were on the walls waiting for the enemy. Even the wounded, who could not walk, were carried thither, and sat or lay, sword in hand, determined to die in harness for the cause they were upholding. On June 23d, the Vigil of St. John the Baptist, the final assault was made. For four hours the firm and resolute band of heroic

Christians kept the surging masses of Turks at bay. But fresh troops came on with shouts, and the sixty wounded and wearied Knights could not oppose them. On rushed the Turks, and poured over the shapeless mass of stones which had been the walls, into the fort. Most of the Knights died sword in hand; one or two wounded were taken prisoners; the rest were hung up or crucified by their brutal conquerors.

When the smoke of battle cleared away La Vallette saw from the tower the Crescent floating where the Cross of St. John had waved. St. Elmo was taken, but 8,000 Turks had perished in the fight. The defenders lost 1,500 men, of whom 123 were Knights.

Too late to save St. Elmo, but in time to prevent the Turks from mastering the whole island, came a reinforcement from Sicily, consisting of about seven hundred soldiers and forty Knights. They were safely landed at a remote part of the island; but in the meantime the Turks had invested Forts St. Angelo and St. Michael, and on July 5th a general attack was made, and another on the 15th. Both were repulsed, and at the latter the Turks were completely routed, and after they retreated the Knights, followed by the whole population, went in solemn procession to the great Church of St. Lawrence, where a *Te Deum* was chanted for the victory.

But the Turks renewed the attack again and again, until at the beginning of September, a fleet of reinforcements arrived from Sicily. Twenty-eight ships, carrying 11,000 troops and 200 Knights, anchored off the further side of the island. Although Mustapha, the leader of the Turks, made one further attempt, he was driven back, with great loss, and the remainder escaped on board their ships and set sail. Thus ended the famous siege of Malta, one of the most memorable in history.

La Vallette died in 1568, and with his death the most striking incidents of the Order ended. Two centuries thereafter, in 1798, Malta was taken by Napoleon, and Von Hompesch, the then Grand Master, retired to Trieste and shortly after abdicated. He died at Montpellier in 1805. The Order of St. John ceased to be a sovereign Order when Malta was captured, and its practical history ceased.

But it is still kept in existence, although there has been no Grand Master since Von Hompesch, except one, Count Giovanni de Tommasi, appointed by Pope Pius VIII. He died in 1805, and on his deathbed nominated Guevara Suardo, Lieutenant Master. He was succeeded in 1814 by Giovanni y Centellès; in 1821 by Count Antoine Busca; in 1834 by Prince de Candida; in 1845 by Count Colledro; in 1865 by Count Alexander Borgia; and in 1872 by the Marquis de Santa Croce. These Lieutenants have presided over an association of titular Knights at Rome, styled "The Sacred Council of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

In 1826, the English *Lange*, which had been suppressed by Henry VIII., was revived, and the Rev. Sir Robert Peat invested with the functions and authority of Grand Prior, and a regular succession of Priors has continued to the present, the office now being occupied by the Duke of Manchester; so that at no time since its organization in 1048 has the Order been out of existence.

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SORROW is sin's echo, and as the echo answers the voice best where there are broken walls and ruined buildings to return it, so is sorrow when reverberated by a broken, ruined heart. That eye weeps most that looks the oftenest at the Sun of Righteousness.—*Philip Henry.*

## 'HER SWEETEST FLOWER.'

INDEED, yes! The sweetest, dearest flower is the baby. Innocence and purity here meet together as nowhere else. No matter how tired the poor mother may be, no matter whether the day's business has been brisk or slack, no matter for fortune or misfortune, so long as baby's kiss, baby's smile and baby's loving voice are waiting. Ah, how little we appreciate our blessings! "Little children are of God," says the gentle St. John, and we should prize them. Rachel, the wife of Jacob, prayed, "Give me children or I die;" but nowadays, too often, the prayer is the direct reverse. Our Blessed Saviour Himself likens the kingdom of heaven to a little child, and through His whole public ministry He took frequent occasion to testify His love for children, saying once in tones of solemn warning, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Yes, the baby is the mother's sweetest flower!

## YESTERDAY.

I only seems like yesterday:

Why beats this heart? 'tis over now;  
And those bright dreams of love and hope  
Are in the far-off long ago;  
Yet time hath wrought no change in me,  
My love is linked to yesterday.

It only seems but yesterday:

How happily those days sped by!  
At evening I was sure to meet  
A sunset smile and startle eye;  
All those sweet smiles died out from me,  
With that sweet far-off yesterday.

I sometimes meet a smiling face,

A kindly word of sympathy;  
But what are they to my crushed heart?  
They only chain my memory  
To those fond smiles that cheered my way  
In that sweet far-off yesterday.

I wander back to those bright days,

When all was one untroubled sea—  
My life a happy golden dream,  
No mazes of perplexity:  
Those golden dreams have died away,  
With that sweet far-off yesterday.

Ah, well! the past is over now;

And what there is in store for me  
I do not, dare not wish to know,  
Nor penetrate futurity.  
I know that all things work for good  
To those who put their trust in God;  
And when I reach yon star-paved sky,  
The yesterday will be to-day,

## Sacred Books among the Ancient Mayas of Yucatan.

THE Mayas of Yucatan are supposed to be the only one of all the native races of America who ever reached that stage of civilization where a written literature prevailed, and where letters and characters were known.

The annihilation of their sacred book destroyed many of the records of this nation, and affected the natives keenly. These books related chiefly to the pagan ritual, to heathen traditions, and to astrological superstitions. A few of these remain now in European libraries, but the most common records are those which go under the name of "Chilan Balam." These seem to have been a sort of reproduction of the symbols and characters of Maya

books, made at the time of the Spanish conquest, and placed in the different villages, there being not less than sixteen of these curious records. "Chilan Balam" is a title which, in ancient times, designated the priest who announced the will of the gods, and explained the sacred oracles to men.

These books, written as they were, after the Conquest, contained a mixture of history and Christian doctrines taught by the priests, and of prophecies, which are supposed by some to have been genuine Maya prophecies, uttered before the Conquest, and the native chronology and tradition. The contents of these books may be classified under four heads: Astrological and Prophetic; Ancient Chronology and History; Medical Recipes and Directions; Later History and Christian Teachings. The books are valuable for the stamp of the native thought which they contain, but specially for the chronology of the Mayas which they contain. This chronology is supposed to date back as far as the third century, and was divided into thirteen epochs or periods, which are estimated by some as twenty years, and by others as twenty-four years each. Each period was superintended by a chief or king, called Ahan, and the books above mentioned give both names and portrait, drawn and colored by the rude hand of the native artist. Their year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, with five intercalated days. The names of those days are given in three pamphlets, hieroglyphics being also given in the last named, that is, the hieroglyphic signs for the days and for the months. There are eighteen signs for the months, arranged on two pages, one from Landa's book, and the other from the Chilan Balam. These, however, have very little resemblance. There are twenty signs for the days, one column from Landa, the second from the Codex Troano, and four from Chilan Balam. Each of these differ, showing that the memory of the writers was defective, or that an arbitrary reconstruction appeared in each. It should be said that there are more resemblances to the characters in the Chilan Balam to the symbols on the solstitial stone found in Mexico, which Dr. Valentine thinks was also a chronological table, and that the figures on Landa's columns have striking resemblance to the hieroglyphics on the tablet of the cross found in the temple of the cross at Palenque.

TELLTALES are contemptible beings. To retail in one house what is seen or spoken of in another is a treason against society, which cannot be too thoroughly despised.

In the museum at Rotterdam is the first piece painted by the renowned Rembrandt. It is rough, without marks of genius or skill, and uninteresting, except to show that he began as low down as the lowest. In the same gallery is the master-piece of the artist, counted of immense value. What years of patient study and practice intervene between the two pieces! If all have not genius, all have the power to work; and this is greater than genius.

AS THOU desirest the love of God and man, beware of pride. It is a tumor in the mind, that breaks and poisons all thy actions; it is a worm in thy treasure, which eats and ruins thy estates; it loves no man—is beloved of no man; it disparages virtue in another by detraction; it disregards goodness in itself by vainglory; the friend of the flatterer, the mother of envy, the nurse of fury, the sin of devils, and the devil of mankind; it hates superiors, it scorns inferiors, it owns no equals; in short, till thou hate it, God hates thee.—*Quarles*

## THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

WITH brush and pan she goes around the room, carefully whisking up every speck of dirt. This is the right way to bring up children—in habits of neatness and carefulness. This earnest little housewife will some day make a good wife to a good man, and if she keep her heart clean, like her house, it will be also a fitting abode for her heavenly Master.

He then turned to the king, and said, "Your Majesty will not doubt that I feel highly honored by this visit; but there is a duty which I have not yet discharged this morning, which I owe to the King of kings—that of performing domestic worship—and your Majesty will be kind enough to excuse me while I retire with my household and attend to it. "Certainly," replied the king, "but I am going with you"; and immediately rose, and followed him into the hall, where the family were assembled.



THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

**FAMILY WORSHIP WITH GEORGE IV.**—When George IV. was in Ireland, he told Lord Roden that on a particular morning he was coming to breakfast with him. He accordingly came, and bringing with him two or three of the nobility, happened to arrive just as his lordship and family assembled for domestic worship. Lord Roden, being told his guest had arrived, went to the door, and met him with every expression of respect, and seated him and the gentlemen that accompanied him in his parlor.

A BELIEVER'S watchfulness is like that of a soldier. A sentinel posted on the walls, when he discerns a hostile party advancing, does not attempt to make head against them himself, but informs his commanding officer of the enemy's approach, and leaves him to take the proper measures against the foe. So the Christian does not attempt to fight temptation in his own strength; his watchfulness lies in observing its approach, and in telling God of it by prayer.—*W. Mason.*



## THE CASTAWAYS.

SOME districts in the South of France are, at certain seasons, subject to inundation. Birds and animals are frequently drowned in these terrible floods, which come so suddenly as scarcely to give the people time to escape. Such a calamity is shown in our picture. Three poor little chicks are all that have been saved from the farmer's poultry yard. There happened to be an old *sabot*, or French wooden shoe, lying in the roost, and the chicks had found this to make a comfortable bed. It was very fortunate for them that they were in it when the flood came. All the other birds in the roost were drowned; but the water gently lifted the *sabot*, and kept the chicks afloat until a boatman came and rescued them.

## A DEED OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

## A SOUTH GERMAN INCIDENT.

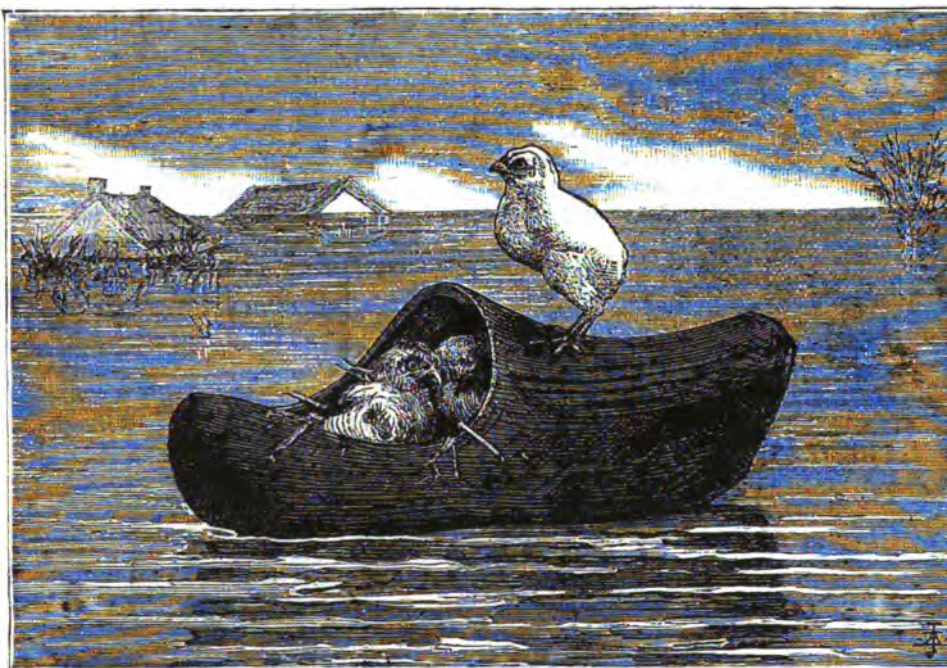
CARL SPRINGEL is the name of a boy who is held in remembrance over half of Germany, for a deed of self-

crutches from the hut in which he lived alone, to carry an evening repast to his father, who was on watch-duty at the bridge over the "Devil's Gulch," on the great South German Railway.

The Devil's Gulch is a fanciful name given to an immense cleft in the rocks, two hundred feet wide and a hundred feet deep, which had been spanned by a strong bridge of wood and iron, believed by the engineers who constructed it to be capable of withstanding all possible assaults of wind and water. It was the duty of Wilhelm Springel—Carl's father—to keep guard on this bridge on stormy nights, and warn the oncoming trains of any lurking danger which might exist. Beneath the bridge, a mountain stream boiled and bubbled in ordinary times; on that night, the heavy rain had swollen it to a furious torrent.

Carl Springel hobbled slowly along upon his crutches through the almost Egyptian darkness of the night, half-blinded by the rain, but buoyed up by the thought that he was bringing cheer and comfort to his beloved father.

When within a hundred yards of the bridge an awful crash sounded out upon the night air, loud above the din



THE CASTAWAYS.

sacrificing heroism which is unparalleled in the legends of Greece and Rome, or in the annals of more modern chivalry.

It is not so very hard for the soldier to face bullets and cannon-balls upon the battle-field, for he knows that while there are many chances of death, there is still some chance for life. But Carl Springel, a poor lame German boy, to save many human beings from an awful death, walked straight into the face of certain death himself, and met it like a hero.

On the 19th of November, 1867, a heavy rainstorm swept over Southern Germany. For full twenty hours the rain poured down in such torrents as had never before been known in that region, and it seemed as if the day were to be the beginning of a second Deluge. Rivers overflowed their banks and petty streams were swollen into rivers.

At nine o'clock at night the storm raged on with unabated violence, when Carl Springel set out on his

of the storm; and a shudder of horror ran through his brave young soul. It was the bridge—the bridge which had been deemed impregnable. The bridge had succumbed to the fury of the water, which rushed down upon its foundations in irresistible torrents from the mountain-side.

Hurrying on as fast as he could, Carl reached the railroad track, and his worst fears were at once realized. Upon the track, some ten feet away from where the entrance of the bridge had been, was his father's hand-car, with his red lantern burning dimly in it, and by the lantern's light Carl could see the full extent of the disaster. Every section, every timber of the bridge had been swept away, and the yawning gulf and the roaring flood were all that were left.

"Father, father!" cried Carl, in his loudest tones. "Father, father," he called again, "where are you?"

But no answering voice responded, and there rushed across his brain the terrible certainty that his father had

gone down with the bridge. For a moment his breast was filled with unutterable anguish. But it was only for a moment. Quick as thought it flashed upon his mind that it was almost time for the last night-train from the great city above to come rushing along with its living freight. No danger-signal gleamed from the watch-tower upon the bridge, and on they would come, unsuspecting of their peril until it would be too late, and they would be dashed in a moment into the seething flood, more than a hundred feet below.

What was to be done? Forgetting for the instant the great woe that had befallen him, Carl decided at once that it was his duty to supply his father's place, and warn the train of its peril in time to save it, if possible. But what could he do?

The tempest increased in its fury, and the rain poured down as though it could never stop. Hark, the train is coming. Already he hears it rumbling on toward destruction, and it must be near, or he could not hear it above the storm. He cannot run, with his poor crippled legs, so he throws himself upon the hand-car and nerves himself for a mighty effort. As though his own life were at stake, he begins to turn. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, he drives the car in the direction of the approaching train.

On, on dashes the mighty iron-horse; nearer and nearer it comes. Oh! if he can only warn them while there is yet time to stop the train! If only he can get far enough off to save the train from rushing headlong into that terrible grave! Around the mountain-side, on the curving track, the train speeds along. The gleam of its light is now shed upon the valley, and the boy knows that the supreme moment is at hand.

On thunders the engine, and the track trembles beneath the heavy burden. Suddenly, around a sharp bend a hundred feet away, full on his sight, bursts the blazing headlight of the engine.

Ceasing from his labor, Carl Springel braces himself with one hand, and grasping the red lantern in the other, swings it wildly above his head. "The bridge is down! the bridge is down!" he cries, with all his power. "The bridge is down! the bridge is down!"

The engineer has seen him, but cannot save him. With a dull thud, the engine clears the obstruction from the track, and dashes along—but slower and slower now. The hand-car and the boy are hurled fifty feet through the air, and when the boy is found his body is crushed, mangled and lifeless. But the train is saved! Trembling, gasping, staggering, the engine halts—halts not a dozen yards from the mouth of the yawning chasm, and all on board are saved—saved by the unparalleled heroism of this crippled boy, who has given up his life that they may live.

Two years ago, in a quiet village cemetery in the south of Germany, I saw the grave in which he sleeps. Upon a modest tombstone at his head, erected by the gratitude of those whose lives he had preserved, is this inscription:

CARL SPRINGEL,

AGED 14.

He died the death of a hero and martyr,  
and saved two hundred lives.

A hero and martyr he was indeed, and some time yet bards and poets will sing the story of this brave young peasant-boy of Germany.

THE saint is greater than the sage, and discipleship to Jesus is the pinnacle of human dignity.—*Dr. F. Hamilton.*

## THE STORY OF LITTLE PAUL

(From the German.)

ONCE upon a time, dear Sigismund, there was a little boy, by the name of Paul, who had a beautiful mother. She loved her little boy very dearly, and when she sat before the cottage and knitted, little Paul would run all around her and play. Just opposite lived the watchman, who had a dog, named Felix, and Felix and little Paul were the best of friends. When his mother had finished dressing little Paul in the morning, she would put a piece of bread in his hand, and the little fellow would run out before the door and call out with his dear little voice: "Felix! Felix!"

And it would not be very long before Felix would come springing out, lifting his forepaws like a proud horse, and galloping straight up to little Paul. Then the latter would sit down upon the door-sill, and Felix would lie down before him, with his head resting on his forelegs, as much as to say he would be very glad to play, whereupon little Paul would pretend that he was going to run away, when Felix would run close behind him, and thus they ran and played together, until little Paul was tired and took out his bread. Felix looked first at the bread and then at the boy, and little Paul thought that Felix was like a good child, who never asks for anything, but waits until he is helped. Then he would divide his bread, and give the half of it to the dog; and this happened every morning.

But one day Paul's mother became sick, very sick, and the watchman's wife came in and went out very often, and once, when she came out of the house, she had been crying. Little Paul played just the same as ever with the dog. And not long afterward some people came, who brought a large, long box, which was painted brown, and laid it down upon the floor. Little Paul did not know where his mother could be, for he had not seen her in two days, and strange women now gave him his bread.

Now, when little Paul woke up next morning his mother was lying in the long box, in a beautiful white dress, fast asleep, and the people came and stood by her and wept. But little Paul came running up and called out:

"Wake up, mother! dear mother, wake up!"

But his mother did not wake up. Then little Paul asked why his mother was dressed up so fine? But they gave him no answer, except that there was an old colored man, who, when the boy asked this, kissed him on the forehead and said:

"Never mind, just wait a while, dear Paul; your mother will certainly wake up again very soon."

With that the wife of the watchman took the boy up in her arms, and carried him over into her house, so that the little fellow could not see what was going on, for the bells up in the church-tower had just begun to toll. But the little fellow soon after this ran away from the watchman's wife, across to his mother's house, crying all the time: "Mother! dear mother!"

But there was no mother there.

Felix wanted to play again, but little Paul did not care to play any more, and kept on running through the back gate and through the garden to the field, calling out all the time, "Mother, dear!"

But there was no mother there.

Then little John came up and said to Paul:

"I will tell you, Paul, where your mother is. Up yonder in the graveyard, where the gate stands open, and where there is so much fresh earth dug up; your mother is under it."

Then little Paul kept on running, and the watchman's wife could not find him anywhere.

When it began to be dark, the wind began to whistle, and it grew very cold, because, you see, it was a Winter's day, and the moon shone brightly through the trees. The curfew-bell had rung a long time since, and it was midnight, and the watchman and Felix passed through the village, and when they came to the graveyard, the watchman saw something white lying upon the ground, and Felix quickly started at it, but he did not bark nor come back, as was his habit, but stood by the white thing and licked it, for sure enough it was his good little friend Paul, who lay upon the grave, crying: "Oh, mother! dear mother!"

"What are you doing here, Paul?" said the watchman.

"I want my mother, my dear mother."

But the watchman took him up in his arms and carried him to his house, and laid him in the bed, where he soon fell asleep, for the cold air had made him very drowsy and tired. The next morning he received some bread and milk, and asked Felix: "Felix, don't you know where my mother is?"

But Felix wagged his tail, and the watchman's wife said:

"Paul, be still; your mother is up in heaven."

Then little Paul began to cry bitterly.

"I too, I too, will go up to heaven. I will go where my dear mother is!"

And as soon as it was evening again, little Paul once more escaped from the watchman's wife, and the watchman went up to the graveyard again, for the moon was shining bright and it was very cold. This time Felix sprang on ahead toward the graveyard and the mound of fresh earth, and the watchman saw the dog licking something. But this time Felix barked very loud, and when the watchman came to the dog, he saw at once that barking would do no good here, for little Paul was—frozen.

"Oh, dear! And then?" asked my curly, golden-headed Sigismund, as he looked at me reverently, thoughtfully, and still inquiringly.

"Then," said I, "little Paul went to his mother."

"But go on!" said Sigismund, not satisfied.

"But my story is ended, dear Sigismund, and little Paul has never wept any more."

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### WE ARE SEVEN.

"We are seven," was the persistent answer of the little girl, whom Wordsworth met within the area of Goodrich Castle, in the year 1793, when the poet objected to the childish reasoner that two out of the seven in family being, on her own showing, dead and gone, she was out in her arithmetic, and ought to have returned five as the sum total. Eight years old was that little cottage girl, wildly clad, curly-headed, with a rustic, woodland mien, but altogether of a beauty that gladdened the poet, who met her on the banks of the Wye; and there was real interest in the question he put to her, how many brothers and sisters had she? "How many? seven in all," she said.

"And where are they? I pray you tell!"

She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

Her numbers are wrong, and her questioner tries to put her right. If two are in the churchyard laid, then is five

the right number, not seven. But the little maid persists in the full number; and shape his demur how he may, urge his objections how he can, the poet is met again and again with the assurance, as one who better ought to know, "Oh, master, we are seven." Mr. de Quincey has remarked that the child in this little poem, although unable to admit the thought of death, yet, in compliance with custom, uses the word: "The first that *died* was little Jane." But the graves of her brother and sister she is far from regarding as any argument of their having died, that she supposes the stranger simply to doubt her statement, and she reiterates her assertion of their graves as lying in the churchyard, in order to prove that they were *living*. Beside those graves she would eat her supper of Summer evenings, and knit her stockings, and hem her kerchief; there she would sit, and sing to them that lay below. That authentic voice, argued Wordsworth, "which affirms life as a necessity inalienable from man's consciousness, is a revelation through the lips of childhood." Elsewhere the little poem is recognized as bringing into day for the first time a profound fact in the abysses of human nature—namely, that the mind of an infant cannot admit the idea of death, cannot comprehend it, "any more than the fountain of light can comprehend the aboriginal darkness." In the words (translated ones) of Leopold Shefer:

"Easier to him seems life than A B C,  
So willingly he sees funeral trains,  
Admires the garland laid upon the coffin,  
Beholds the narrow, still, last house of man,  
Looks in the grave, and hears, without a fear,  
The clouds fall down upon the coffin-lid."

You may teach children the name of death, but they have no idea of what it is; they fear it neither for themselves nor for others; they fear suffering, not death. There are exceptions, of course; such as one of Sydney Smith's children, in delicate health, who used to wake suddenly every night, sobbing, anticipating the death of parents, and all the sorrows of life, almost before life had begun.

There is a little girl in one of Lord Lytton's fictions, whom her father visits at the French nunnery from time to time, and who, "whenever monsieur goes," one of the nuns records, "always says that he is dead, and cries herself quietly to sleep; when monsieur returns, she says that he is come to life again. Some one, I suppose, once talked to her about death; and she thinks, when she loses sight of any one, that *that* is death." In the same story, we read of two brothers, the younger a mere child, that "Philip broke to Sidney the sad news of their mother's death, and Sidney wept with bitter passion. But children—what can *they* know of death? Their tears over graves dry sooner than the dews." Addressing his daughter Edith, then ten years old, Southey says:

"Thy happy nature from the painful thought  
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear  
To hear me name the grave. Thou knowest not  
How large a portion of my heart is there!"

Ever has been, and will be, admired Steele's picture of a bereaved family, with the children sorrowing according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. "And what troubled me most was to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sister did." Still more simply told and touching is Steele's own retrospect of earliest grief. This was on the occasion of his father's death, when little Dick was not quite five years old; and much more amazed he was at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with him. Sir Richard remembered how he went into the room where the body





WE ARE SEVEN.

lay, and saw his mother sit, weeping, alone by it; how he had his battledore in his hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa, having, he knew not how, some slight idea that papa was locked up there.

Mary Lamb illustrates the same topic in the first of her stories of "Mrs. Leicester's School," where the little girl takes her newly-arrived uncle straight to the churchyard, as "the way to mamma." So does Caroline Bowles (Southey) in her poem of "The Child's Unbelief," where a heart-sore elder is troubled by the little one's prattling

about the lessons to be learnt for a dead mamma to hear, when she comes by-and-by.

"Yet what, poor infant, shouldst thou know  
Of life's great mystery—  
Of time and space—of chance and change—  
Of sin, decay and death?"

Then, too, we have a record, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of his first acquaintance with the shadow of death; his memory dimly recalling the image of a little girl, a schoolmate, "whom we missed one day, and were



told that she had died. But what death was, I never had any very distinct idea (*sic*), until one day I climbed the low stone wall of the old burial-ground, and mingled with a group that were looking into a very deep, long, narrow hole dug down through the grim sod, down through the brown loam, down through the yellow gravel, and there at the bottom was an oblong, red box, and a still, sharp, white face of a young man was seen through an opening at the end of it." When the lid was closed, and the gravel and stones rattled down pell-mell, and the mourners had gone, and left their dead one behind, then our boy-gazer felt that he had seen death, and should never forget him.

But this is a stage in advance of the unbelief of childhood. More in keeping with the spirit of "We are Seven" is that passage in one of the "Twice-told Tales" of Dr. Holmes's gifted friend and compatriot, Nathaniel Hawthorne, where we see a comely woman, with a pretty rose-bud of a daughter, come to select a gravestone for a twin-daughter, who had died a month before; the mother calm and woefully resigned, fully conscious of her loss; "but the daughter evidently had no real knowledge of what death's doings were. . . . Her feelings were almost the same as if she still stood side by side, and arm-in-arm, with the departed, looking at the slabs of marble. . . . Perchance her dead sister was a closer companion than in life." A twin-sister might thus be warranted in saying in death as in life, "We are *one*."

"Couldst thou believe me dead? Thy living sense  
Mistook itself. Howe'er the spirit deems,  
Death cannot lie in life's experience."

William Etty, the painter, describes in his diary a visit to the home of four little motherless children, one of whom wrung his heart by eager inquires why mamma did not come back. Told that she was gone to heaven, "Why does she not *write*, then?" asked the wistful little girl. Etty was as willing and cordial a consoler as one in Wordsworth, who

"—Patted tenderly  
The sunburnt forehead of a weeping child,  
A little mourner, whom it was his task  
To comfort."

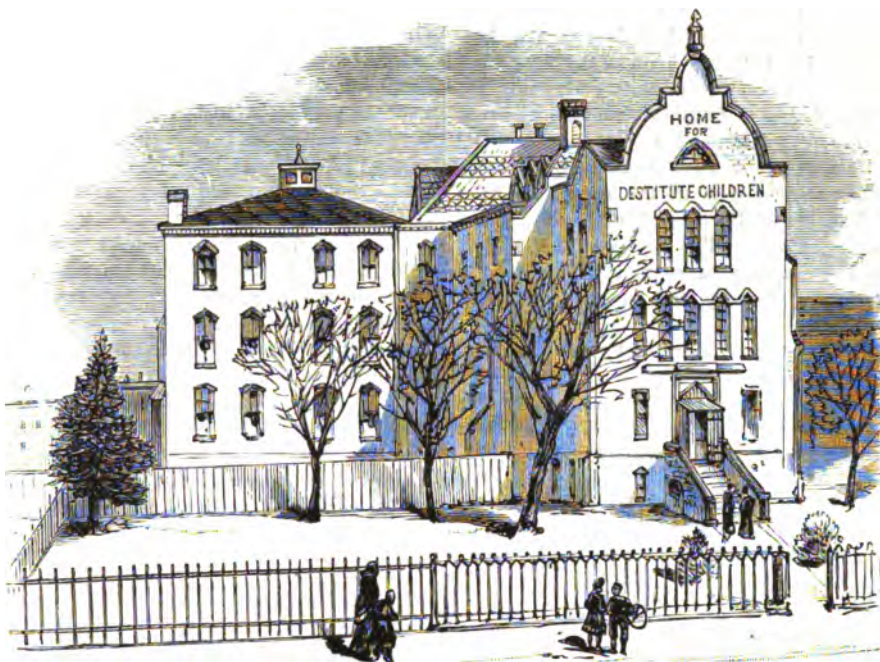
"—This blossoming child,  
Said the old man, 'is of an age to weep  
At any grave or solemn spectacle.  
Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,  
He knows not wherefore; but the boy to-day  
Perhaps is shedding an orphan's tears.'"

There is an affecting resemblance to the argument of "We are Seven" in the answer of Jacob's sons in Egypt to their brother Joseph, by them not only unrecognized, but assumed to have long since been dead. "We be twelve brethren, sons of our father: one is not, and the youngest is this day with our father in the land of Canaan." One is not; and yet we be twelve brethren.

## DANCING FOR CHARITY.

THE Industrial School Association of Brooklyn was organized in April, 1854, and has since enjoyed a remarkable degree of success. In the first six years of its existence it acquired such prominence, owing to the necessity of the humane labor it had assumed and to the practical manner in which its work was conducted, that it was considered safe to secure ground for the erection of a Home

for Destitute Children, an enterprise distinct from its industrial schools. Six lots were accordingly purchased on Flatbush Avenue, running from Baltic to Butler Streets, and in 1862 the new building was opened with two days' rejoicings. In 1864 the necessity of increased accommodations became so apparent that a wing was added; and now the Home is so overcrowded



NEW HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN, BUTLER STREET, BROOKLYN.

that another wing must be provided, together with fire-proof staircases and other improvements not contemplated in the original plan. It was to raise the money to defray these necessary expenses that the grand charity ball, given in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on February the 5th, 1880, was projected. In addition to the Home proper, of which we publish a view as it now appears, the association has organized and is supporting five industrial schools in various parts of Brooklyn. Schools No. 1 and No. 2 were opened almost simultaneously with the organization of the Society, or within that year. No. 3 was opened and put in working order in 1862, at the opening of the Home.

In January, 1866, a school for colored children was transferred from the care of Plymouth Church to this Association. In 1869 a Home for Destitute Children of the African race was substituted for the school. In 1871 this Home was "temporarily suspended." Subsequently the children who were formerly inmates were boarded in the New York Colored Orphan Asylum. Work in this direction was never resumed, as the Howard Orphan Asylum was appointed for the purpose of caring for this class of destitute children. In the Summer of 1878 the property on which this school-building stood was passed over

to the use of the aged inmates of Zion Home, at their request.

In December, 1869, a school known as the Border Mission, on Bergen Street, near Flatbush Avenue, was admitted into the care of the Association. In 1871 this school was reorganized and placed on the list as No. 4. In 1875 the school in Throop Avenue was opened as No. 5. It is the youngest in the group, and as such is regarded with peculiar interest.

The ball given for the benefit of the Home proved a most successful and quite profitable entertainment. The Academy of Music was filled uncomfortably at times with a gathering of dancers in elegant toilets. By placing the admission tickets and the boxes at high prices, the committee succeeded in making the company select, and the wisdom of their action was apparent to all.

It was considerably past ten o'clock when the patronesses of the ball, with escorts, went upon the floor for the opening march, to the music of Barnby's "Rebekah." At that time the interior presented a singularly beautiful appearance. The floor was carpeted, and gave the Academy the appearance of a parlor. Around the floor were built two extra tiers of boxes covered with crimson cloth, which were filled with ladies in brilliant toilets. The rear of the stage had the appearance of a luxurious tropical garden. Huge palms and potted plants formed the background, and in the extreme rear of the stage, behind a mass of beautiful flowers, sat Bernstein's orchestra, which furnished the dancing music. The boxes were all filled, and the seats in the balcony were full of spectators. Flowers were arranged profusely and in excellent taste through the lobbies.

The arrangements for the comfort and convenience of the guests could scarcely have been improved upon. The order of dances contained twenty-three numbers, the round dances predominating. After each dance came a promenade, the music being given by Wernig's Twenty-third Regiment Band, which was placed in the upper gallery. Previous to the opening march selections from Rossini's "William Tell" and from "Fatinitza" were played. The word "Ocharity," in flaming gas-jets, hung over the stage, and added to the brilliance of the scene.

## A CALL TO PRAYER IN EASTERN LANDS.

"Pray! for prayer is better than sleep."

EVERY morning, before daybreak, this call, or chant, is heard ringing from the tall minarets or towers in the towns of modern Egypt. "Pray! Prayer is better than sleep, for God is most great and merciful." A simple and solemn truth, which we all love to hear. But there is added, "and Mohammed is God's prophet, His servant and His apostle." And this we Christians do not care to listen to, for we know that Mohammed was but an ambitious, worldly man, who carried the sword and not the cross, who preached persecution and not peace, to all who would listen—and many did.

But as there are very many people living in the old Bible lands we so often read about, who are Mohammedans, I should like to tell you a little about them, and how they pray—for prayer, alms and pilgrimages are the three duties about which their prophet has left strict injunctions, in a book called the "Koran," full of laws and promises, which his followers study and believe in as we do the Bible—showing it, I am sorry to say, even more respect than some of us do, I am afraid, to our own holy volume; for they never touch it but with respect, and read it and study it daily.

Well, these calls to prayer are sounded five times a day, and then the devout Moslem kneels down, wherever he may be—in the shop, street, or on shipboard—spreads out a prayer-carpet, if he has one, stands with his face turned toward the "Holy City of Mecca," and recites the prayers, and performs the "rek'ahs," or inclinations of the head, which the Koran prescribes; for unlike the Christian faith, that bids us appeal to the Almighty on our knees, with clasped hands and contrite heart, the Moslem believes in many forms, that his prayers are of no avail unless he goes through certain set ceremonies. Therefore, standing as I have said, he raises his open hands on each side of his face, and touching the lobes of his ears, he cries, "God is most great!" Then he places his hands before him, the left within the right, and repeats a chapter of the Koran; then he inclines his head and body, placing his hands on his knees and spreading out his fingers, and prays another set prayer; then he raises his head and body, and says, "God is most great," and "Glory to Mohammed." He then drops on his knees, and saying, "God is most great! God is most great!" places his hands upon the ground before his knees, then puts his nose and forehead also to the ground, between his hands; then, having repeated another prayer, he raises his body, places his hands on his side, and sinks backward upon his heels, saying, "God is most great!" and then he bends a second time forward on to the ground, and prays again, finishing his prayer standing.

There is only one of the four "rek'ahs" which the devout Moslem repeats every time the call is heard ringing through the city, "Come to prayer." He counts his prayers on a string of ninety-nine beads, and if he coughs, or is disturbed, he begins them over again. On Friday, which is the Turkish Sunday, he bathes himself, and goes to the mosque, or church, all decorated with texts from the Koran, and, taking off his shoes, he kneels down on his prayer-rug—side by side, rich and poor. But there are no women's or children's voices raised to glorify God. Mohammedan laws forbid them mixing with men in the mosque.

THE devil himself would be but a contemptible adversary were he not sure of a correspondent and a party that held intelligence with him in our own breasts. All the blowing of a fire put under a caldron could never make it boil over, were there not a fullness of water within it.—*South.*

It was an excellent saying of Austin, "In te stas et non stas" (he that stands upon his own strength shall never stand). A creature is like a single drop; left to itself, it spends and wastes itself presently; but if like a drop in the fountain and ocean of being, it hath abundance of security.—*Brooks.*

It is recorded in the biography of the Rev. Joseph Pratt, that when a boy, his attention was arrested by the petition in the Litany, "*Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts.*" He was wondering what sorrow he had to speak of, when the next petition furnished an answer which the Holy Spirit taught him to apply—"Mercifully forgive the sins of Thy people."

WHEN we pray for any virtue, we should cultivate the virtue as well as pray for it; the form of your prayers should be the rule of your life; every petition to God is a precept to man. Look not, therefore, upon your prayers as a short method of duty and salvation only, but as a perpetual motion of duty; by what we require of God we see what He requires of us.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



# RHYMES AND RHYTHMS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

## XXVI.—THE DAISY.

PRETTY is it, as we pass,  
To see the daisy on the grass;  
Day's-eye, as named of old,  
For closing from the nightly cold.

You can see them, if you look,  
In the mead, or by the brook,  
Shrunk into a half their size  
When the twilight vails the skies.

Pretty daisy, silver fair,  
I would fain thy meekness share—  
Seek to win such honest praise  
As poets give thee all the days.

I, like thee, would turn away  
From all that is not of the day;  
I would shrink from strife and ill,  
And ope my heart to goodness still.

## XXVII.—"WHO'LL RIDE THE BUTTERFLY?"

"WHO'LL ride the butterfly  
O'er the daisy-sprinkled lea?"

"I will, master, I,"  
Cried the Bumble Bee.

"Ah, no! it will not do;  
Butterfly will not permit  
Such a dismal lad as you  
On her back to sit.

"Who'll ride the Butterfly?  
Fragrant air she seems to want."

"I will, master, I,"  
Quoth the busy Ant.

"Ah, no! you have a sting,  
That will frighten such a shy,  
Timid, tender little thing  
As the Butterfly.

"Who'll ride the Butterfly  
Wheresoe'er she wills to go?"

"I will, master, I,"  
Croaked the crabbed Crow.

"Ah, no! you never could,  
You are far too big and great;  
Biding so, you only would  
Her annihilate.

"Who'll ride the Butterfly,  
Where the sweetest sounds are heard?"

"I will, master, I,"  
Said the Ladybird.

"Ah, no! for tho' 'tis true,  
On her lightly you could spring,  
You could never get off, you  
Sticky little thing.

"Who'll ride the Butterfly?  
Hope deferred will make her sick."

"I will, master, I,"  
Cried the Spider quick.

"Ah, no! for you would weave  
Tricksy webs around her head,  
Earth and air alike would grieve  
For Butterfly dead.

"Who'll ride the Butterfly?"  
Cried the master in despair:

"I cannot ride her, I,"  
And he tore his hair!

Then Butterfly spake out,  
Softly laughed, and fluttered free,

"What is all this fuss about?  
No one shall ride me!"

## XXVIII.—THE CUCKOO.

LITTLE brown bird, you look good and true,  
But I hear a sad account of you;  
And mamma says she believes it's true—  
She does, Cuckoo!

They say you never will build a nest,  
But peep about till you find the best,  
Then you pretend that you want to rest—  
You sly Cuckoo!

And when you are safe and snug inside  
Where the little eggs lie side by side,  
Among them one of your own you hide;  
How sly of you!

Your little bird is hatched with the rest,  
And warmed and fed in the stranger's nest;  
While you fly east, and you fly west,  
Singing, Cuckoo!

## XXIX.—A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

SKY and mountain, sea and wood  
Are so bright, and full of grace;  
Children should be very good,  
Living in so fair a place.

Be it leaf, or be it flower,  
Grass or moss beneath my feet,  
Every day and every hour  
Show me something new and sweet.

Every morn a light I see,  
Every eve a shadow brings:  
Oh, how good the God must be  
Who has made such perfect things!

## XXX.—A RHYME OF THREE CHILDREN.

THREE children sat upon a gate  
(Oh! oh! and the birds flew by!),  
They'd quarrel'd early, quarrel'd late:  
(Oh! oh! and the night drew nigh!);

But wrangling makes the heart so sad  
(Oh! oh! for the sunshine's frown!),  
They kissed, and so at length were glad!  
(Oh! oh! and the sun went down!),

## XXXI.—MOUSEY.

MOUSEY's made a nice warm nest—  
I know where:  
It's the warmest and the best  
Wool and hair.

Pussy cannot find it out,  
'Tis such fun,  
When she marches all about  
In the sun.

Shall I tell you where to look?  
Don't you say!  
In the hay-stack, where the brook  
Sings all day.

I put little crumbs of cake  
Near the nest;  
And I see dear Mousey take  
All the best.

Hide up, Mousey, wee ones grow,  
I won't tell;  
Sly old pussy shall not know,  
Where you dwell.

In the Bible we are told  
Of God's care  
For all things, both young and old,  
Everywhere.

## THE DRIFT OF RELIGIOUS COMMENT.

THESE are enough so-called theologians, to whom Christian doctrine is little more than a system of half-true and ill-assorted formulas; enough critics to whom the Bible is a heterogeneous collection of uninspired and un-historic documents. We have enough of compromisers, men who, like the Russian mother that cast out one child after another from her sledge to the ravening wolves, hoping to save the rest, give up one article of faith after another to the all-devouring skeptic. Christianity needs defenders, who see Christian doctrine as an organic whole, who find strength, not weakness, in fullness of truth, who stand upon principles as upon the rock, and who are strong because they are consistent. The Bible needs interpreters, not critics, those who can read its histories and its prophecies in the light of the divine purpose, who discern the relations of its parts in its inward unity, and will consent to no mutilation; men who are satisfied with the half will not be able long to keep even that. Clear, distinct spiritual vision and an utterance corresponding; these are the chief wants of our day. In the deepening twilight all things are blending confusedly together. Christian teachers of all classes are shouting loudly to the bewildered multitudes, "This is the way, walk ye in it." All agree that we must go on—must make progress: it will not do to abide on the old foundations; modern science has undermined them. And so a disorderly-crowd, pushing and jostling one another, they press forward in paths unknown, to a goal unseen. We repeat, it would be a gain to hear the mocking voice of a Strauss crying to these blind leaders of the blind: "You are doing right, only persevere; your present half denials of Christianity will end in its entire rejection." It is well to know where we are going, even if an enemy tells us.—*The Churchman*.

"THIS one thing I do." So says Paul, and not only was it a good thing, but he was doing it all the time. Every man and woman who is doing one thing, and that a good thing, doing it well and doing it all the time, even if no great results can be seen now, is sure to accomplish something worthy of life.—*Congregationalist*.

It is quite easy to talk sentimentally about the beauty of a forgiving spirit, but how few find themselves able to so forgive one who wrongs them as to do him a favor! An English bishop gave a fine example of this Christian virtue when one of his own clergy, who had abused him through the newspapers, solicited a favor. The bishop promptly granted his request. His astonished reviler replied, "My Lord, I must say I very much regret the part I have taken against you. I beg your forgiveness." The bishop cheerfully forgave his former enemy, who then asked, "But how was it you did not turn your back upon me? I quite expected it." "Why," nobly rejoined the bishop, "you forget that I profess myself a Christian." Has the reader an enemy? Let him also try to melt his enmity in the furnace of kindness.—*Zion's Herald*.

WOULD it not be appropriate for some congregations, instead of having the prayer after the sermon, to put it before the sermon? For, after all, it is a good custom our mothers taught us to observe, namely, never to go to sleep before we had said our

"Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.,

or some other appropriate prayer!—*The Moravian*.

"I WAS prevented by circumstances over which I had no control" is a most common excuse. In one sense, it often is true; in another, it never is. You may be prevented from doing a desired action, or possibly from being or becoming what you wish. Circumstances literally may overpower you and render you helpless. But in one respect you are, or may be, their master. They cannot control your character. There is a right thing for you to think or say or do next, and you are master of the situation if you are determined to be. Circumstances may crowd you hard in the wrong direction. They may make you shrink long and tremblingly from taking that next right step. But you can take it if you will. The question is, do you really wish to take it? Do you wish to take it enough to face annoyance and apparent loss rather than do wrong? Pluck up heart and do right. Never say, again, when you know that you have done wrong, that you could not help yourself.—*Congregationalist*.

THE *Sunday-school Times* wants church organs to be devotional: One of the best American organists has just been describing, in a careful paper, the great organs of the world: the Freiburg, with its famous *vox humana* stop; the Thomaskirche, on which Bach used to play; the Weingarten, with its 6,666 pipes; the Royal Albert Hall, the largest in the world; the Music Hall, so dear to the Boston heart; and others not less famous. But he sums up by saying that "the finest church organ, in the full sense of the word, that the world contains, is in Westminster Abbey. By finest, I mean the most devotional in its quality and effect." That is the test which a great organist finally applies to the noblest of musical instruments; and it is the test which purchasing committees should bear in mind. A church organ that is not devotional in its quality and effect is nothing better than "an ungodly kist o' whistles," as some of the Puritan opponents of the instrument used to call it. Without this quality, its tinkling bell-stop, and illusory *vox humana*, and perfect swell, and pulsating pedal-bass are mere intruders in the temple. The kind of an organ to be proud of is such as called forth Dryden's exclamation:

"What human voice can reach  
The sacred organ's praise?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above."

It is the habit of the times to criticise everything that pertains to Scripture and to the religious life. Some people talk as if criticism were synonymous with religion. They affect in truth to prefer the attitude of the critic to the character of the Christian. To such, a remark of Professor Shairp is pertinent. He well says, that "it is trust, not criticism, that the soul lives by. If one is ever to get beyond the mere outer precinct and pass within the holy place, one must put off his critical apparatus, and enter as a simple, contrite-hearted man. Not as men of science, not as philosophers, but as little children, shall we enter the kingdom of heaven." . . . "The child's heart within the man is characteristic of the best men. . . . This is their very love, their essential self. And this child's heart it is that is the organ of faith, trust, heavenly communion." Blessed, therefore, is that critic who subordinates his intellectual faculty to a childlike heart!—*Zion's Herald*.

## PERSONAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AMONG Presbyterian clergymen there are over 600 who wear the title of D.D.

BEN HILL's last words were spoken to his pastor, Rev. C. A. Evans, and were, "Almost home."

THE REV. JAMES A. DEAN, A. M., D. D., the new President of the New Orleans University, is a graduate of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

THE venerable George Muller, the Bristol philanthropist and preacher, has had to abandon his intended return to America, on account of failing health.

A GRANITE memorial to Elihu Burritt, with only the simple inscription, "Friend of Peace and Philanthropist," has been erected in the cemetery at New Britain, Conn.

ON a recent Sunday, Bishop Kip, in St. John's Church, Oakland, Cal., confirmed the Rev. David McClure, D. D., of the Presbyterian church in Oakland. Dr. McClure has applied for orders in the Episcopal Church.

THE REV. B. F. KARNES two years ago was a Methodist circuit rider in Washington County, Iowa. His health failed him and he went to Arizona, secured some mining claims, and now has been offered \$500,000 for his mines.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC cousin of Bishop Wilberforce, of Newcastle, is spoken of as a probable candidate for the Romish See of Hexham and Newcastle. In that case, two members of the same family will have the same cathedral city.

THE REV. DR. J. A. CHAMBLISS has resigned the pastorate of the Citadel Square Baptist Church, in Charleston, S. C., that he may accept the Presidency of the Fauquier Institute, a female college of considerable reputation at Warrenton, Va.

THE REV. EDWARD JUDSON, son of the famous missionary, who gave up a fine church in Orange, N. J., to engage in mission work in this city, has just declined a call to the First Baptist Church of Newark, a most desirable position, and will remain at work among the poor and downcast.

THE REV. HUGH MAGUIRE, of the class of 1871, Kenyon, after a sojourn in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, has been ordained deacon in the Episcopal Church, and is in charge of St. George's Chapel, N. Y., the church being closed during the Summer for repairs.

AMONG other bequests, the late Rev. George W. Musgrave, D. D., of Philadelphia, left \$30,000 to the trustees of Princeton College, to be kept until accumulated interest increases it to \$50,000, and then applied to founding a "Musgrave professorship," the professor to receive the entire income of the fund.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL HOPKINS says that the number of Presbyterian ministers who advocate the use of some form of prayer is large and is constantly increasing. These ministers constantly use the Episcopal burial and marriage services, and there is quite an exodus of cultivated people from the Presbyterian to the Episcopal Church.

THE actress Charlotte Crabtree, better known as "Lotta," was confirmed in the Episcopal Church in New Orleans in 1869, and, it is said, has remained true to her profession and her faith. Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, is a devout church member, and Mary Anderson is a sincere member of the Roman Catholic Church, who respects her religion so much that she will not act during Holy Week.

THE REV. DR. HENRY J. MORGAN, who for fifty-two years has been rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, is, with the exception of the Rev. Dr. Shelton, of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, the only clergyman of that church in this country who has had so long a continuous service in one parish. He succeeded Bishop White in 1830, and the church has had only the two rectors in eighty-two years.

ACCORDING to the London *World*, Victor Hugo is rapidly declining physically and mentally. His journey to Guernsey, in company with the two ladies who have devoted their lives to him, was undertaken for the sake of what is almost "native air" to him. There is now a constant silent struggle between the sightseers who would push the old man to write anything, and the family circle which endeavors to restrain his lyric overflow.

THE HON. ERASTUS CORNING has paid \$70,000 cash for the site of the new cathedral at Albany, N. Y. It is a superb location, the highest ground in Albany, next to St. Agnes's School and the Child's Hospital. A member of St. Thomas's Church, New York, has given a fund to the cathedral, yielding annually \$5,000, toward the maintenance of the dean. The gentleman also gave \$1,000 to obtain a "stall" like those attached to the English deaneries.

A MR. COOK, of Philadelphia, who died in 1846, in his will bequeathed 6,000 acres of wild land near Foxburgh, Pa., to the Pennsylvania Hospital and the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind. For years these institutions have derived no income from the gift, and have been satisfied by the fact that it required no expenditure on their part. A short time ago, however, oil was struck on the property, which is now estimated to be worth from two to five millions of dollars.

THE mother of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, recently completed her eightieth year, at Saratoga, where she has been spending the Summer. She is too deaf (from an inherited family infirmity) to hear her son preach, but every Sunday morning before church he tells her what he is going to preach about, and gives her an outline of his sermon, and then she prays for him in her room during the hours of service. She was left a widow fifty-five years ago, when her son was only four years old.

PROFESSOR JAMES M. GARNETT, of Maryland, who has just been elected to the chair of English Language and Literature in the University of Virginia, has had an extended career as a scholar and teacher. He studied at German universities for several years, and has since held several high educational positions in this country. Recently he published a translation of an ancient Anglo-Saxon poem, of which Professor March, of Lafayette College, said: "This is the best translation, by far, in our language, and will do honor to American scholarship."

SAYS the London *World*: "The Rev. Phillips Brooks, one of the most eminent preachers in America, and undoubtedly the most eminent one in Boston, is traveling in Europe, and will shortly be in London. When he was last here the late Dean Stanley invited him to preach at Westminster Abbey, and his sermon was highly appreciated by those who were fortunate enough to hear him. Perhaps Dean Bradley will feel disposed to renew the invitation, as there are some hundreds of persons in London to whom Mr. Brooks's name is known and who desire to hear him preach."



**DIED** at Aurora, Ill., September 4th, Thomas Curry, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was the son of Thomas Curry, Peekskill, N. Y., and brother of the associate-editor of the *Methodist*. He was one—the third—of six brothers, the other five still living (whose sister, oldest of the family, still survives, at eighty-five years old), whose average age is about his own, ranging from eighty-three downward to sixty-eight. He was a good man, a Methodist of nearly fifty years' standing; one of God's nobility—for he was an *honest man*. He reared a family of seven children, one of whom is not; two reside at Aurora, Ill., and four more at Topeka, Kan.

A MONUMENTAL statue of Friar Arnold, of Brescia, Italy, the precursor of the Reformation, who in 1154 was burned in Rome for his opposition to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, has just been unveiled, in his native city, with imposing ceremonies. The Government was represented by four Cabinet Ministers, the Senate and Chamber by large deputations, and a hundred and fifty important political, industrial and military societies sent large contingents. The hearty sympathy of the King and Government with the spirit of Arnold's work was officially expressed amid great popular enthusiasm, and it is said that the demonstration caused Leo XIII. much uneasiness.

A NEW bell was recently placed in the belfry of Trinity Church, Watertown, Da. It weighs, with frame, about 1,800 pounds. The following inscription is cast in the metal:

DEDICATED TO THE  
REV. M. HOYT, D. D.,  
FOUNDER OF TRINITY CHURCH,  
WATERTOWN, DAKOTA.  
Organized May 17th, A. D. 1881.

The Rev. Dr. Hoyt is one of the oldest of the American clergy, and was among the first who held services in this territory.

THE REV. VIVIAN DODGSON was lately engaged in preaching to a crowd of idlers upon the beach at Lowestoft, England, when suddenly loud cries for help were heard coming from the sea. Mr. Dodgson leaped from a barrel on which he was standing and ran to the water's edge. There he saw that a boat had upset in the sea and that five persons were swimming for their lives. Without a moment's pause he rushed into the water and swam out to the struggling creatures. One woman he brought safely to land, two were rescued by others, and a child in the overturned boat was saved by a man who could swim. It is presumed that the Royal Humane Society will confer a medal upon Mr. Dodgson.

THE REV. GEORGE BARNES, the eccentric "mountain evangelist" of Kentucky, who is to preach during the coming Winter, has had an eventful history. He is now fifty-eight years of age, and has a wife and three children who accompany him wherever he goes. He was educated for the Presbyterian ministry, and his first work for the Church was to go as a missionary to India, where he remained seven years. Returning in shattered health he fell a victim to the opium habit, of which he cured himself by a heroic effort. Soon after this his religious views compelled him to sever his connection with the Presbyterian Church, and for many years he labored as a religious free lance, bitterly denouncing the denominations for their pride and hypocrisy. About twelve years ago he drifted into Chicago, and was persuaded to labor with Mr. Moody, who has confessed his indebtedness in many things to the Kentucky evangelist. Barnes afterward con-

ceived the idea that he was called by God to preach to the poor in the mountainous regions of Kentucky; and without purse or scrip, like the Apostles of old, he at once went on the divine mission. He has been very successful in this work, and is now one of the religious sensations of the day. He is a believer in faith-healing, and never takes any medicines. He believes in the Apostolic rite of anointing, and it is said that he has himself performed some wonderful cures by prayer and unction. He is a man of superior education, but in preaching to the poor mountaineers has deliberately adopted their idioms and ungrammatical modes of expression, in order the better to reach them. He says of himself that he is only fit to be a bushwhacker preacher, and would prefer to be left in his self-chosen humble sphere. But having become a lion, he will probably be forced to exhibit himself, in the great cities, to the sneering idlers who spend all their time in telling or hearing of some new thing.

In addition to the Rev. Drs. Shelton, Norton and Brown, who have been a half century rectors of one parish, the name of the Rev. John Rodney deserves honorable mention. He became rector of St. Luke's Church, Germantown, Pa., on the first of October, 1825, and has retained his connection with it to this day, being now rector *emeritus*. To the name of the Rev. Mr. Rodney should also be added that of the venerable Dr. Edson, Rector of St. Anne's Church, Lowell, Mass. He entered upon his duties there in March, 1824, and on the 8th of March, 1874, the parish celebrated not only their fiftieth anniversary, but the fiftieth anniversary of the first preaching of the first and only rector they have ever had. Dr. Edson was eighty-nine years old on the 24th of August.

THE REV. JOSEPH COOK spent his boyhood on a farm not far from old Fort Ticonderoga, where his father still lives. It is related that when the now famous preacher was a boy of fourteen, the library of the district-school was sold at auction, and he bought several of the books. Next morning he was sent by his father to do some work in the meadow. He took his books with him, and, getting in a shady nook, lay down on the turf to read a few pages. Immersed in the interest of the book, he noticed not the flight of time. Dinner-hour came, but he was absent from the table. Alarmed, his father set out to search for him, and, late in the afternoon, found him, still reading and all unconscious of how low the sun was in the West. From that time forward he was never asked to do any more farm-work, but was sent to school and allowed to follow the inclination of his mind.

ONE of the most distinguished men in the West of England is a Unitarian minister, the Rev. W. Sharman, of Plymouth. He is a well-known political leader and a pronounced Radical. In January last he organized a great mass meeting at the Plymouth Guildhall to welcome Mr. Bradlaugh. For this action it was insinuated that he was an infidel, whereupon he conducted a Sunday evening service in the same place and delivered a memorable address on "Who are the Infidels?" that was telegraphed all over the country. At the last election he went to Northampton, and by his voice did much to assist the return of Mr. Bradlaugh. Now he is engaged in the organization of an Association for the Repeal of the Blasphemy Laws. Already more than fifty clergymen have joined the association, among them Dr. Vance Smith, one of the members of the New Testament Revision Committee. Mr. Sharman is by birth a Yorkshireman. He spent six years of his life in this country as a journalist, and is well known in Washington and in Texas. His wife is a New York lady.

DR. WILLIAM H. ALLEN, President of Girard College, died of general debility and Bright's disease, at the college, August 27th, at the age of seventy-four. He was born in Readfield (now Manchester), Me., graduated at Bowdoin in 1833, taught the high school in Augusta, was Professor of Natural Science at Dickinson College, Pa., and was for a time acting-president of the same institution. He has been president of Girard College since 1849, with the exception of one year, when he was president of the Pennsylvania Agricultural College. He was a member of the Methodist Church. He was four times married—first, to Martha, daughter of Bishop Richardson, of Toronto, Canada; second, to Ellen Honora Curtin, sister of the ex-Governor of Pennsylvania; third, to Mary Quinoy, of Boston, a member of the historic Quinoy family; and fourth, to Mrs. Anna M. Gamwill, widow of a prominent Philadelphia merchant.

THE relations which subsisted between Professor Blackie and his crew of rough Scotch students were such as an

Oxford tutor would faint to think of. Here is a sketch, not from the imagination, of the lecture of a session in the Greek classroom at Edinburgh: *The Professor*: "And now I will read to you a song I have just written." (Immense applause.) "First, I will read it in Greek; and then, since probably none of you know enough Greek to understand it"—(Oh! oh!)"—"I will read it in the barbarous tongue which you can comprehend." (Laughter.) *A Celt* (on one of the back benches): "Sing it, Blackie!" (Cheers, cat-calls, laughter, roars of "Sing it!" the Professor vainly endeavoring to get a hearing. In a lull of the storm he ejaculates, "You are a pack of——" (The epithet is drowned in howls.) *The Professor* (gathering up his papers): "I won't read the song at all." (Profound silence.) *The Professor* (smiling benignly): "Very well, my dear fellows, since you really seem able to behave yourselves, I will read the song." (And Blackie, whom all the rough lads adore, begins to recite his song in Greek and then in "the barbarous tongue"—and a capital song it is.)—*Whitehall Review*.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### QUESTION ANSWERED.

SOME one writes me, "Why did Jesus, in the list of blessings promised to those who should exercise self-denial, place the word *persecutions*—'Shall receive a hundredfold in this time, houses and brethren, and sisters and mothers, and children and lands, with persecutions.' Why rewards and punishments for the same act?"

I never before noticed the paradox. It seems like promising a man health, and comfort, and success, and a sound thrashing; or saying to a child, for some good thing to be done, I will reward you with a cake and a ride, and a dark closet!

Still there is no contradiction. A cup may be so sweet that it is insipid or nauseating. Our cup of life is not all of sweets. It is a compounded cup, and with the saccharine there mingles the acids and the bitters.

All the good and useful shall have the promise of persecutions fulfilled. Cutting out the tongue, or extinguishing the eye, or pulling apart the limbs is a past fashion; but still there are weapons of persecution. Sometimes it is newspaper attack, sometimes it is anonymous letter, sometimes private caricature and misrepresentation. Tell me of any man eminently useful that has not been eminently cursed.

Crossing the ocean, I used to hang over the side of the *Java* to watch the stroke of the wave against the ship's out-water. I noticed, when it was foggy, and we were making only seven or eight knots an hour, there was but little stir in the water; but when, in fair weather, we went fourteen knots an hour, the ocean tossed in front of the prow and boiled on either side. So, just in proportion as a Christian makes headway in Christian enterprise, in that ratio will there be commotion and excited resistance in the waters. If nothing has been said against you, if you have never been assaulted, if everybody seems pleased with you, you are simply making little or no progress; you are water-logged, and, instead of mastering the wave, the wave masters you.

All of you who will do your duty must take a share of maltreatment. Be not over-sensitive! If you see two persons talking in a corner, and occasionally looking over toward you, you are annoyed, and think they are talking against you. Let not your mind sit brooding over one small egg of provocation till it is hatched out into a great obscene vulture of unhappiness.

In answering the letter in my hand, I say that persecution may be a blessing by *testing our earnestness*. A man may think himself in earnest when it is a mere hobby he is riding; and when the hobby balks, he gets off and goes home. Let a man start out, and find those who promised to help proving tricky, and his motives malign, he will give it up, unless he be in earnest. It is easy to be a soldier in time of peace. We had many brave captains, and colonels, and majors before the war began; but at Big Bethel, when the battle opened, how the fellows did run! If men are not in earnest in Christian conflict, they may make a good show for a while; but, attacked and pursued, they show the white flag and surrender.

Persecution, if sanctified, *makes one humble*. Success has a tendency to brag; and so God lets it be jeered at. The man says: "I endowed that college! I started that school! I built that church? Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" And God turns Nebuchadnezzar out to eat grass like an ox. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

Another advantage in persecution is, *it lets us know how much of the bad is still left in us*. What a mild Christian he was when everybody praised him! Now he runs against the sharp edge of sarcasm and opposition, and he is full of fight. He feels more like swearing than praying. He runs about in great excitement, talking over all the mean things he knows about those who oppose him—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, scorn for scorn, personality for personality; and the demons of malice, and revenge, and hate, with racket and explosion, keep Fourth of July in his heart. After a while he wakes up, and finds he is all wrong; and he cools down, and has a long list of hard speeches and unjust deeds to repent of, and learns, as never before, his weakness before God.

Persecution *brings us into sympathy with Christ*. What deed or word of His life was not misrepresented? They said that He was a sot, a traitor, a blasphemer, a disturber of the peace. They got up a sham trial, and kept on until matters culminated in His death. He answered not. Struck, he struck not back. The reason you don't demolish your enemy is because you can't. He had all power in heaven and in earth, yet was as sheep before her shearers. Oh! Thou despised one of the Cross, show us how to bear the scoffs and criticisms of the world!

If Christ will answer that prayer, then we will be able to know why, in the tenth chapter of Mark, He announced *persecution* as the very climax of all the blessings we can possibly receive on earth for Christian work and self-denial.

Though it be a crown of fire, the first breath of heaven will put out the flame, and leave nothing but the gold, and that all the brighter for the heat. Pearls are found in the shell in the deep sea; but the shell is opened by the knife of the pearl-diver, and the pearl drops out. The richest blessings are hidden and inclosed, and it sometimes takes the sharp knife of persecution to bring out the pearl of great price. "*Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!*"

### THE BLIND TEA-PARTY.

WE were much interested in the account of an entertainment given in London to four hundred blind persons at a tea-party. What a novel time they must have had! It was the twelfth annual meeting of that kind. But in reading it we thought of the fact that in this country we often have what might be called blind tea-parties. So it is when people sit down at a late evening hour, and play the cormorant amid rich indigestibles. Late suppers are getting more and more common. The nearer they are pushed to the midnight hour, the more fashionable. The highly-spicied wines and confections, the rare game, the faults, the candied

temptations, disappear as by magic. The banqueters do not see the irritations of stomach, the feverish headache, the exhaustions, that must come afterward. They are blind to the baleful effects upon their business or professional faculty. They are oblivious to the infraction of inexorable laws. They have no more eye to the consequence of their indulgence than the cattle which break through the bars in the night and devour so much corn that it is necessary to send for the farrier. In fact, they are at a blind tea-party. Sometimes young men are flattered by invitations to dine with the dissipated. They think it a grand thing to have sat in the company of gay-cravated young men. As they draw the napkin across their lips at the close of the repast, they feel they have made a social achievement. Instead of that, they have given permission to men of base appetites to pat them on the back and take them by the beard. They have forged for themselves a chain of unwise surroundings, which they will not be able to break without a struggle. It only takes one unsafe companion to swamp a pure young man. But at that feast you have formed five or six undesirable acquaintanceships. Through your napkin-ring you ought to have been able to see into disasters to your moral well-being. If you had stirred your cup deep enough you would have roused up a fiery-tongued adder. You might have tasted poison in the pulp of the grapes. You ought to have seen ruin on the half-shell. But you were blind to all the effect of dissipating companionships. Yes, you were sitting and standing at a blind tea-party. It is at the table that many decide their destiny. The kindest, and purest and best of social ties are there formed. Many people are disagreeably taciturn until they open their mouth to eat something, and then they cannot get the facial vacuum closed again. You may have noticed that the stiff, cold, formal occasions are those when there was nothing to eat. A sociable without refreshments is a disaster. But the table is also the descending road for many. They start downward between the tureens and butter-dishes, the jingling cutlery beating their march to ruin. There may be nothing but healthy and desirable viands and beverages on the table; but if those who sit with you are not of a moral tone, and you knew it when you accepted the invitation, you have made a grievous mistake. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." You did not realize that you were in dangerous proximity. You may think that you saw just where you were; but you did not. You had no more vision than Bartimeus. You were at a blind tea-party. Alexander the Great entertained four hundred captains in silver chairs; but those who know how to control their appetites, and rightly select their fraternities, sit in chairs whose rungs and arms and back and feet are burnished gold.

#### DISTURBED SLEEP.

ORDINARILY, we do not desire any covering for our head during the somnolent hours, but sleeping in a palace-car, rushing ahead at the rate of forty or fifty miles the hour, there will be drafts of air which make a nightcap important. On the occasion we are about to speak of, the conductor had punched our tickets and closed the curtains, and we proceeded to prepare a nightcap. Our only resource was a handkerchief, in the corners of which, and along the edges thereof, we tied five or six knots, and having adjusted this nasty crown to our head, we lay down. After somewhat excited speaking for a couple of hours, it took a little while for our thoughts to get quieted, and then, under the

cover of our nightcap, we fell asleep. For some reason our dreams were of the roughest and most uncomfortable sort. We were falling over embankments; we were knocked on the head by marauders; we were dying of brain-fevers; and in bewilderment as to where we were we woke up. All this was so different from our usual quietude of slumbers. We rubbed our eyes and said, "What in the world is the matter?" The fact was, we had got one of the knots of our nightcap in the wrong place, and the pressure of it against our temple had caused this dislocation of things. We said to ourself, "How little a thing will upset the comfort of a sleep!" We were at peace with all the world save that one twist of our handkerchief. And at that very moment, we suppose, up and down the world, there were people as restless because of some infinitesimal annoyance. People under the exhaustion of some great trouble sleep so soundly, we wake them up, almost fearing they are dying or dead; but a little twist in their domestic or social or financial affairs kept them wide awake so that they heard the clock in the morning strike one, two, three, four. We have known merchants vexed beyond somnolence by a mistake in their cash account. Women have been restless because of a grease-spot on their new silk dress. The provoking remark of some one whose opinion was not worth consideration has spoiled a good sleep. Hours that ought to have been given to physical invigoration have been ruined by a twist in the nightcap. The mistake we made in the aforesaid rail-car ought to have been corrected before we attempted slumber. Before retiring we ought to get the knot in our affairs disposed of. But suppose we cannot do so? Then shove the knot further along. Let it take you in some other place. Shove it along to the next morning. Do not put upon one day the burdens of two. If we had moved our nightcap an inch or two we should have been undisturbed. Besides all this, if we cannot by our own will get our affairs arranged as we would like, supernatural aid is offered us for turning the nightcap in the right way. There is always a place between the two knots of care and trouble in which to rest. But how prone we are, instead of looking for that smooth place, to put the knots together and lay our head on the accumulated discomfort! It only took a minute for all this to pass through our mind. Then we got up on one elbow, readjusted our head-covering, threw ourselves back on the pillow of the Pullman sleeping-car, and knew nothing but roseate and heaven-descended dreams for seven hours. May the good Lord take the knots out of all your pillows, and make your every sleep between this and the last as sweet as that of Jacob when he saw the ladder clustered with celestial visitants.

#### LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

THE Presbyterian Board of Publication of Philadelphia has recently issued, "In the Enemy's Country," by Mrs. A. K. Dunning, being the third volume of "Letting-down-the-Bars" series; "The Sociable Entertainment and the Bazar," by the Rev. Alfred E. Myers; and "The High Mountain Apart," by Mary C. Miller, the two latter in paper covers.

AMONG the recent musical publications of Ditson & Co. are two beautiful songs by Robert Franz, entitled, "Sunday," in the old church style, and "The Water-lily," an exquisite and poetical gem. Ciro Pinsuti is also the author of a charming song called "One Word." These three songs can be recommended as worthy of any one's attention.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

*"For this God is our God, for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."*—PSALM xiviii. 14.

A. D. GILLETTE, D.D.

THE REV. DR. A. D. GILLETTE, once pastor of Calvary Baptist Church of New York City, died August 24th, at his Summer home at Bluff Head, on the shore of Lake George. Dr. Gillette was born in Washington County, N. Y., September 8th, 1807. At an early age he went to the preparatory school of Madison University at Hamilton, where he qualified himself to enter upon the course of study which he pursued at Union College, Schenectady, where he was afterward ordained. In May, 1831, immediately after his ordination, he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Schenectady, where he remained four years. During his residence at Schenectady he was intimately acquainted with the father of President Arthur, who was a Baptist minister there. In May, 1835, he assumed the pastorate of the Sansom Street Baptist Church in Philadelphia. Here he staid until 1852, when he ac-

cepted a call to New York, where he took charge of Hope Chapel, then situated in Broadway, near Eighth Street, but which soon after removed to West Twenty-third Street, becoming the present Calvary Church. After some years he was compelled by ill-health to resign, and in 1864 he accepted a call to the First Baptist Church in Washington, D. C., where he served as pastor for five years.

In 1869 Dr. Gillette went to England, where he delivered a series of lectures, and where he also became for a time the stated supply of a Baptist Church near London. Upon his return in 1872 he acted for two years as corresponding secretary of the American and Foreign Bible Society. He was also during this time and for the remainder of his life the American correspondent for the leading Baptist paper in England, the *London Freeman*. In 1874 he became pastor of the church in Sing Sing, resigning in 1879. He returned to New York and became the stated supply of



the Baptist Church in North New York, just across the Harlem River, near Third Avenue. In May, 1880, while at Saratoga, he was smitten with paralysis, and after that was unable to perform any public duties. Early in June of the present year he went to Lake George, where he remained until he died.

Dr. Gillette leaves a widow and three sons—Dr. Walter B. Gillette, and Daniel G., and William E., all business men of this city. Colonel James Gillette and Mrs. Norman Dodge, who were also his children, have died.

#### CHANDLER ROBBINS, D.D.

THE REV. DR. CHANDLER ROBBINS, the well-known Boston Unitarian clergyman, died suddenly on September 11th, at Westport, Mass. He was born in Lynn, Mass., on February 14th, 1810; graduated at Harvard University in 1829, and, after passing through Cambridge Divinity School, was, in December, 1833, ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian Church, succeeding Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Robbins's pastorate continued forty-one years. At the time of his resignation he was the oldest settled pastor in Boston. He received the degree of D.D. from Harvard University in 1855. His illness was of brief duration. Dr. Robbins was the author of "A History of the Second Church" (1852), of "Memoirs of Maria E. Clapp" (1858), of "Memoirs of William Appleton" (1863). He was also an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society and editor of its "Proceedings." He was a frequent contributor to literary and religious periodicals. Dr. Robbins wrote several hymns for use in his denomination. He published "The Social Hymn Book," 1843, and a "Hymn Book for Christian Worship," 1854, modestly excluding from these his own compositions. He was twice married.

#### W. M. RICHARDS.

THE REV. WILLIAM M. RICHARDS died at Berlin, Wis., August 29th, aged seventy-eight. He was a native of Connecticut, and was formerly pastor of the Berlin church, but for the past fourteen years cared for the church at Princeton. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, and for many years labored faithfully as a home missionary.

#### W. H. VAN DOREN, D.D.

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM HOWARD VAN DOREN died at his residence in Indianapolis, Ind., Friday, September 8th, of paralysis of the stomach. Dr. Van Doren was born in Orange County, N. Y., March 2d, 1810. He received his academic education at the academy in his native place and in Columbia College, N. Y. He was graduated at the Western Theological Seminary, Alleghany, Pa., in the Class of 1832. At an early age he was given charge of the Classical Academy at Lexington, Ky. In 1836 he was licensed to preach by the Louisville Presbytery, and shortly afterward spent two years in Mississippi as a missionary. In 1839 he accepted a call to the Reformed Church of East Brooklyn, N. Y., of which he was pastor eleven years. He was also pastor of a mission church in New York City, now known as the Thirty-fourth Street Church. He was afterward pastor of the Second Church, St. Louis. In 1865 he removed to Chicago, and, while engaged in theological work, prepared a commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke and St. John, which has made for him a world-wide reputation. In 1878 he visited London, and superintended the publication there of his work. He afterward prepared two additional volumes upon the same subject; and these comprise his chief literary works. During his residence in Indianapolis since 1873, he has devoted most of his time to writing for the periodicals, and doing religious work in the hospitals and among the poor and afflicted. He was a man of philanthropic impulses, and took great delight in charitable work.

Dr. Van Doren was married February 20th, 1840, to Matilda Johnson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who still survives him, with two daughters, Mrs. Mansar H. Wright, of Indianapolis, and Mrs. J. H. Shaw, of Chicago.

#### DANIEL SABIN.

THE REV. DANIEL SABIN died on the 24th of July, at his residence in Ripon, Wis., aged eighty-seven years. He was born in Georgia, Vt., in 1795, and was converted and baptized at the age of twenty years. Five years after he was licensed by the Baptist Church in Georgia, where he labored till the time of his ordination by the Church in Fairfax, in 1823; and after that he preached in Fairfax, Swanton and Madrid, N. Y., till 1851, when he went to Ripon, Wis., remaining there till the time of his death.

#### JOSEPH HASKEW.

THE REV. JOSEPH HASKEW, a superannuated member of the Holston Conference, died at Abingdon, on August 10th, at the ripe old age of eighty-five years. For more than half a century he was connected with the Conference. He was a trustee of Emory and Henry College almost from its foundation, and was for many years a trustee of Martha Washington College.

#### ALFRED BRONSON, D.D.

THE REV. ALFRED BRONSON, D.D., died in Prairie Du Chien, Wis., on August 6th, aged eighty-nine years. He was an active minister and a frequent contributor to the press. He had been in the itinerancy over sixty years, having joined the Ohio Conference in 1821. His attention was early turned to the far West, and the greater part of his active life was spent in the regions bordering on the Upper Mississippi River. He was a member of the General Conferences of 1832, 1860, and 1868. His life-work is well told by himself in his "Western Pioneer." His last work was an exposition of "Revelations," to the prophecies of which he thought he had found the key.

#### E. OWEN SIMPSON.

THE REV. E. OWEN SIMPSON, Rector of St. Alban's, Roxborough, Pa., died suddenly on Sunday, August 6th. Mr. Simpson was born in Brookville, Montgomery County, Md., and was forty-eight years of age. His preparatory course in Theology was pursued at Gambler, and he was admitted to Orders by Bishop McIlvaine in 1863. In Baltimore he was assistant to the Rev. Mr. Schenck, of Emmanuel Church. His first charge was in Circleville, Ohio, where he was successful in building a church. He went to Philadelphia about twelve years ago, where he became rector of St. Phillip's Church, and was successively in charge of the Church of the Advocate, the Mission of the Prince of Peace (under the auspices of the City Mission), St. John's, Frankford Road. He was afterward in Norristown, and in 1876 became rector of St. Alban's Church, Roxborough, where he erected a parsonage in which he died.

#### D. H. DEACON.

THE REV. DANIEL HANCOCK DEACON died at Henderson, Ky., on August 13th. Mr. Deacon was ordained a minister of the Episcopal Church. He emigrated to Kentucky and assisted Bishop Smith in his religious work at Lexington for a brief period, then became the pastor of the church at Henderson. He preached the first and last sermon in what was known as the Old Church, then situated on the corner of Main and Third Streets. His life was that of the upright, Christian gentleman. He died as he had lived, a noble minister of God.

#### E. P. DYER.

THE REV. EBENEZER PORTER DYER, who died August 22d, was born at South Abington, Mass., August 15th, 1813, and graduated at Brown University in the Class of 1833. After teaching in Uxbridge, Mass., and Hyde Park, N. Y., he studied a year at Andover with the Class of 1839. Resuming then the work of teaching at Stow, Mass., he was instrumental in a revival, and in gathering a Church, over which he was ordained September 25th, 1839. Leaving there in 1845, after a year's missionary work, he commenced labor as a home missionary at Hingham, where he built up an Orthodox Church, to which he preached for some sixteen years, meanwhile aiding to found the Beechwood Church. In 1864 he went to Somerville, where he gathered the Church at Winter Hill, and labored with acceptance until November 7th, 1867, he was settled in Shrewsbury, whence, after seven or eight years' labor, he went back to the home of his youth to spend the remainder of his days. Here, however, he was not idle, but, until laid aside in December of last year by an attack of paralysis, he supplied a church in Hanover. Last Spring, a second attack deprived him of locomotion, and for several months confined him to his room—with no diminution, however, of mental power. The final shock was brief and painless. Having finished supper, he had just taken his Bible for private devotion when the end came—as if falling asleep.

#### GEORGE W. MUSGRAVE, D.D., LL.D.

THE REV. DR. GEO. W. MUSGRAVE died at Philadelphia on August 21th. He was born in that city on October 19th, 1804. His father

died in his infancy. When a boy he attended the Second Presbyterian Church, of which his parents were members. His early education was obtained at the academy of the Rev. Dr. S. B. Wylie. He afterward entered the Junior Class of Princeton College, but delicate health compelled him to withdraw from the institution, and he then pursued his studies at home. Subsequently he returned to Princeton and passed through the theological course. In 1828 Dr. Musgrave became a licentiate of the Presbytery of Baltimore, and in July, 1830, he was ordained and installed pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Baltimore. For twenty-two years he labored with great success in that church. He became a popular favorite, and the church was enlarged three times to accommodate the people who attended the services.

Dr. Musgrave was chosen a director of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1836, and was frequently re-elected. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the College of New Jersey in 1845, and in 1859 was elected a trustee of that institution. In 1852 he removed from Baltimore to Philadelphia to accept the secretaryship of the Board of Publication. Ten years later he received from the University of Indiana the degree of LL.D. For a number of years he was corresponding secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions. He was among the first clergymen to realize the importance of healing the troubles between old and new school Presbyterian churches. In the National Union Convention, which met in Philadelphia in 1837, Dr. Musgrave took a very prominent part. In May, 1868, he was moderator of the General Assembly, and was made chairman of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction. The plan which he reported to the first united General Assembly, in May, 1870, was adopted. In 1869 he was elected president of the Presbyterian Alliance, and he is credited with having secured from John A. Brown a gift of \$300,000 for the Presbyterian Hospital of Philadelphia. He was never married.

#### WILLIAM MULDER.

THE REV. WILLIAM MULDER, for several years a Congregational minister at Leslie and Laingsburg, Mich., died August 25th, at his home, near the latter place, of disease of the brain, in his forty-ninth year. He was a Hollander by birth, but educated in this country. He had been a very useful and faithful pastor, but had been laid aside from work for some time past.

#### W. R. JEWETT.

THE REV. WILLIAM REED JEWETT died at Andover, Mass., on August 26th, aged within sixteen days of seventy-one, at the residence of his foster-son, Rev. Professor W. J. Tucker, D.D., with whom his declining years have been spent. Mr. Jewett was born at Rockport, Mass., September 12th, 1811; graduated at Amherst in 1831 and at Andover in 1834. He preached for a time in Braintree, and was ordained January 18th, 1837, at Griswold, Conn., where he remained about six years, then becoming pastor of the church at Plymouth, N. H., until 1862, soon after which date he went to Fisherville, N. H., whence he was dismissed in consequence of ill health, September 10th, 1874, having been unable since that time to perform the work of the ministry.

#### MARSHALL B. SMITH, D.D.

THE REV. DR. MARSHALL B. SMITH, of Passaic, N. J., died suddenly, September 1st, at Canaan, N. Y., where he was spending the Summer. Dr. Smith was originally a member of the Reformed Dutch Church, but he left that communion and joined the Episcopal Church. He became the rector of St. John's Church, Passaic, holding that position for several years. When the Reformed Episcopal Church was started, Mr. Smith, who had always been an extreme low church man, together with several of his parishioners, joined that communion, and he was a member of its first general convention. But within the last year he left that church and rejoined the Reformed Dutch Church, to which he originally belonged.

Dr. Smith was a prominent man in Masonic circles. He was Master of Passaic Lodge, No. 67, in 1872; Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey in 1874, and Grand Master in 1878. He had also held the position of Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge in 1867. He was created a Knight Templar, Knight of Malta and Knight of the Red Cross in a commandery in Philadelphia; but he was dimitted from that commandery and never affiliated with any other. He was also a member of the thirty-

third degree of the Ancient Scottish rite of Masonry. Dr. Smith was forty-nine years of age. He was an able man, and a great favorite, but was considered somewhat eccentric.

#### JOHN McMILLAN, D.D.

THE REV. JOHN McMILLAN, D.D., pastor of the Fifteenth Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, died at Nantucket on Thursday, August 31st, after a short illness. He was born in South Carolina, but early in life removed to Xenia, Ohio, and afterward went to Philadelphia, where he received his education. For fifteen years he had the pastoral charge of a Scotch Presbyterian Church in Allegheny City, Pa., and during the war he served as a chaplain in a Pittsburgh regiment. He afterward assumed charge of a church at Mount Pleasant, in Pennsylvania, which he held for ten years; and upon relinquishing this charge four years ago, he assumed the pastorate of the Fifteenth Church of Philadelphia. Dr. McMillan left home a week before his death with his family, for a few weeks' stay at Nantucket, Mass. He was apparently in perfect health when he departed, and the news of his death was a sad surprise to his friends and members of his congregation. He leaves a wife and three children.

#### MOSES BROYLES.

THE REV. MOSES BROYLES, probably the best known colored man in Indiana, died September 7th. He was born a slave near Centreville, Md., about 1825. In 1851 he purchased his freedom, living then near Paducah, Ky. In 1854 he left Paducah, and for the next three years attended school at College Hill, in Jefferson County, Indiana, taking the Latin and Greek course, paying his way by chopping cordwood in the evening and on Saturdays. In 1857 he went to Indianapolis, taking charge of the Second Baptist Church and teaching school. He had remained in charge of that church continuously since 1857, and under his ministry the church has grown from a small number to a membership of over 700, and occupies a house of worship that cost \$25,000. During his residence in Indianapolis Mr. Broyles was a great power in religious affairs among the colored people, and in politics was a recognized leader. He enjoyed the friendship of the late Senator Morton, and was his trusted lieutenant in managing the negro vote.

#### OTHER DEATHS.

THE REV. W. H. CORNELIUS, a superannuated member of the Indiana Conference, died July 31. . . . THE REV. MR. GARVEY, while officiating at a church in Smith, Canada, for his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Badcliffe, on Sunday, August 6th, suddenly fell dead in the pulpit while giving out a hymn. . . . THE REV. E. W. PIER, an Episcopal clergyman of New York City, died at Cromwell, N. Y., on Thursday, August 17th, aged seventy-nine, after a short illness caused by the contraction of a cold. . . . THE REV. J. L. TROWBRIDGE, M.D., died at Hammon, N. J., on August 19th, in his sixty-third year. . . . THE REV. I. GEORGE, a prominent Universalist clergyman, died at Fredonia, N. Y., August 21st, aged sixty-five. . . . THE REV. ALEXANDER H. WARNER, of the Reformed Church, died at Hackensack, N. J., August 22d, aged seventy-nine; was the oldest minister in the classis of Bergen. . . . EX-BISHOP HENRY KUMLER, of the Church of the United Brethren, died at Dayton, Ohio, August 19th, aged eighty-two. . . . THE REV. CALVIN YALE, of the Presbyterian Church, died at Martinsburgh, N. Y., recently, at the age of ninety-two. . . . THE DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES S. H. HENDERSON, of the Presbyterian Church, at Neelsville, Md., August 17th, is announced. His age was sixty-seven. . . . THE REV. IRA PEARSON, of the Baptist Church, died at Newport, N. H., August 22d, aged ninety-one. . . . THE REV. W. D. LEMON, a superannuated member of the Illinois Conference, died on July 25th. He was born in Jefferson County, Va., in 1810, and joined the Pittsburgh Conference in 1836. He was for more than a quarter of a century a member of the Illinois Conference. . . . THE REV. RICHARD BIRD, for many years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the Illinois Conference, died of paralysis in Princeton, Kan., September 1st, aged seventy-nine years. He was converted in 1826 and joined the Kentucky Conference in 1828. His ministry in the Illinois Conference commenced in 1834, and with the exception of one year in Missouri and four years in Arkansas, his labors were given to the Church within its bounds.

# RECREATIONS FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"And searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so."—Acts xvii. 11.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

339. At what place was it that Moses struck the rock, to bring out water for the Israelites?
340. On what occasion was an angel sent as a messenger of the Gospel?
341. What people refused to allow Israel to pass through their country, and which circumstance is afterward recorded in the Book of Judges?
342. What person feigned madness in order to escape death?
343. Why did Absalom flee to Talmal, King of Geshur?
344. Who is spoken of as the angel who "stands in the presence of God."
345. Was Solomon married before he became king?
346. Who was it the Jews threatened to put to death after he had died?
347. How many miracles were performed by our blessed Lord at Cana of Galilee?
348. Mention some persons remarkable for their great moral courage.
349. Who are spoken of as "a weak people who inhabit strong-holds"?
350. Mention two instances in which the younger son obtained the blessing instead of the first-born.

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 29.

### Single Acrostic.

1. O! figure dark and gloomy, who erst in this hadst part
  2. His high commission holding Who knew thy sinful heart,
  3. Once numbered with the faithful, His loved and loving band,
  4. Why earn this fearful title, thine everlasting brand?
  5. We tremble at thine ending, shut out from hope of grace,
  6. For this thou wert, and therefore art gone to thine own place,
  7. The field of blood is purchased, the word is now fulfilled
  8. Which God in this bath spoken revealing what He willed.
- By prayer and lot selected must one be found to take  
Thy place so sadly forfeit, and he my whole will make.

No. 30.

### Double Acrostic.

Two things that Abraham gave to Hagar.

1. What did God set in the cloud for a token of the covenant?
2. Where was there a voice heard of Rachel weeping?
3. What wind did God send to make the Red Sea dry?
4. What did Samuel do when God called him?
5. What relation was Rebekah to Bethuel?

## SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

No. 19.

1. A JUDGE of Israel.
  2. One whose counsel directed a warrior to engage the enemies of Israel, and
  3. Example following precept, whose presence nerved him with courage to fight and overcome them.
  4. The composer and singer of a spirited song, setting forth victory and deliverance.
  5. A self-styled "mother in Israel."
- In whose history are these characteristics united?

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

No. 4.

- I. Sam. xvii. 54. Psa. cxviii. 22. Ezek. xi. 19. Zech. iv. 7; vii. 12. Matt. xiv. 10-12. Acts iv. 11; vii. 58. Rev. xii. 8; xiii. 1; xvii. 8; xxi. 11, 19.

1. My *first* gives height to human stature;  
Stands part of every reptile's nature;  
An ax, a bed, a spear, an arrow,  
Have the same thing, some broad, some narrow;  
One only is each creature's due,  
But once young David carried two;  
While beasts, in vision, might have seven,  
But John without one went to heaven.
2. My *next* may be by estimation  
The costliest thing in all creation;  
Yet from a common rock 'twas riven,  
And caused the death of holy Stephen;  
'Tis rough or polished, round or squared,  
With hardest substances compared;  
Man's heart resembles it too oft,  
And only God can make it soft.
- 3 Now for my *whole*, 'tis God's Anointed,  
For nature's grandest place appointed:  
By Israel's builders first rejected,  
Then for the sovereign power selected;

By Jews and Gentiles cursed and slain,  
By God's own power He lives again,  
Exalted high for evermore;  
O may our souls His name adore!

## BIBLE SCENE.

No. 8.

A KING is sitting in a room of his palace. Near him is standing a man who appears to be talking very earnestly. At length he pauses, and looking his listener in the face, points at him with sorrow and reproach depicted on his countenance. The king bows his head with shame. On raising it, he appears to be asking a favor of his companion. When he is answered, he seems to be a little relieved; and when his companion is gone, he kneels down to pray.

## ANSWERS TO RECREATIONS IN OCTOBER.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

321. THE great wickedness of the inhabitants; and because God would fulfill the promise made to Abram (Deut. ix. 4, 5).
322. The penalty of death, even though it were a near relative (Deut. xiii. 6-9).
323. Speaking of himself, St. John says, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness" (John i. 23).
324. At our Lord's first interview with him (John i. 42).
325. They were spoken by Moses in reference to the tribe of Asher when Moses gave the Israelites his last blessing (Deut. xxxiii. 25).
326. When the slave (or servant) refused to go away in the seventh year, the year of release (Deut. xv. 16, 17).
327. They were commanded to write out a copy of the Law in a book at the time of their accession to the kingdom (Deut. xvii. 18).
328. All those who were newly-married or betrothed to a wife; those who had built a new house, or planted a new vineyard (Deut. xx. 5-9).
329. Marriage with Egyptians was not prohibited among the Jews. The children of such marriages in the third generation being accorded full Jewish privileges (Deut. xxiii. 7).
330. Fruit-trees of any kind (Deut. xx. 19).
331. Each Israelite in presenting his tithes to the Lord, had to make a declaration of which the following forms part: "I have not eaten thereof in my mourning, neither have I taken away aught for any unclean use, nor given aught thereof for the dead" (Deut. xxvi. 14).
332. Not more than forty stripes (Deut. xxv. 3).
333. "Good news from a far country" (Prov. xxv. 25).
334. When the place of sacrifice was too far to carry their offering, in which case they sold the firstlings, and bought with the money some other offering for God (Deut. xiv. 23-26).
335. At the end of every seven years at the feast of tabernacles in the year of release (Deut. xxxi. 10, 11).
336. Near the sheep-market in Jerusalem (John v. 2).
337. God had told St. John that upon whomsoever he saw the Spirit of God descending and remaining upon him, the same was the Son of God (John i. 33).
338. Jesus told him of his place of prayer, expressed by the saying, "When thou wert under the fig-tree I saw thee" (John i. 48).

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 27.—BETHLEHEM.—Luke ii. 4.

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. B-ethany . . . . .  | John xi. 1.         |
| 2. E-mmans . . . . .   | Luke xiv. 18, 19.   |
| 3. T-hyatira . . . . . | Acts xvi. 14.       |
| 4. H-ebbron . . . . .  | II. Sam. ii. 11.    |
| 5. L-odicea . . . . .  | Rev. iii. 14, 15.   |
| 6. E-ndor . . . . .    | I. Sam. xxviii. 7.  |
| 7. H-azor . . . . .    | Joshua xi. 1, 10.   |
| 8. E-kron . . . . .    | I. Sam. v. 10.      |
| 9. M-iletum . . . . .  | II. Timothy iv. 20. |

No. 28.—RAIN—SNOW.

- |                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. R-oman-s . . . . . | Acts xxviii. 17.   |
| 2. A-aro-n . . . . .  | Exodus iv. 14.     |
| 3. I-dd-o . . . . .   | II. Chron. ix. 29. |
| 4. N-e-w . . . . .    | Matt. ix. 17.      |

## BURIED PROVERB.

No. 9.

"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes." (Prov. xii. 15).

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

No. 3.—THOUSAND.

1. THOU: Psa. xxxii. 7; lxxiii. 24.
2. SAND: Gen. xxii. 17; Matt. vii. 26.
3. THOUSAND: II. Peter iii. 8, 9.



## HARVEST HYMN.

Music by G. T. CULL-BENNETT.

1. Ho - ly is the seed - time, when the bu - ried grain Sinks to sleep in

dark - ness, but to wake a - gain. Ho - ly is the spring - time, when the liv - ing

corn,.. Burst - ing from its pri - son, ris - eth like the morn. A - MEN.

2.

Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,  
 Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year.  
 Store them in our garner; winnow them with care;  
 Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

3.

Holy seed our Master soweth in His field;  
 Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;  
 Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,  
 Till the Resurrection summons them away.

4.

Glory to the Father, who beheld our need;  
 Glory to the Saviour, who hath sown the seed;  
 Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;  
 Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!

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**THE CASE OF BETTY MARTYN.**

BY MARION HARLAND.

WHEN the Widow Martyn—"her as was Mary Barnes"—so her neighbors designated her—left her father's abode as the wife of Rev. Barnabas Vanslyke, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Mile Run, some people thought she did a foolish thing. Her deceased husband had, in generous faith in her fidelity to his memory, and love for their baby-girl, left her his worldly all—\$10,000 in fee simple. She had a comfortable home with her parents, who would not let her pay board for herself and child, and ought out of the interest of this amount to have laid by a couple of hundreds every year.

Dominie Vanslyke was of the salt of the earth. But ministers do not accumulate fortunes, and the salary of this one was but \$800 a

year, a donation visit, and a parsonage which was given to him rent free.

Others argued that while Mrs. Martyn had a snug sum

in her own right, was comely to the eye, and "devotedly pious," besides having a temper befitting a saint, or a parson's wife, she was encumbered by four years' seniority to her present spouse, and a bouncing girl who would be an expense (word of dread!) in days to come. Mrs. Martyn's parents were growing old, and there was no telling how soon she might be left without home or protector. She was fortunate in being settled in a house of her own—by courtesy—under such care as was offered her. Then—she married a minister! Where lives and breathes the young woman with



THE CASE OF BETTY MARTYN.—"THIS WOMAN HAD A GREAT WARM HEART, AND IT WAS STARVED."

piety and property that would not consider herself honored, even glorified, by being allowed to maintain and serve and adore the ordained divine who would graciously endow her in exchange with his name and the distinction of a seat in the pastor's pille—pew?

Mrs. Martyn was cut out for a minister's wife as distinctly as her second husband was for his calling. As a merchant he would have been too bland, his smile too facile, and the liquid sonorousness pumped up from the pit of his stomach enough of itself to make men button their pockets. Plain-spoken people say of such that he is too dead sweet to be wholesome—like buckwheat honey—when he takes to a secular pursuit. As a lawyer he would have lacked energy and push, been an Oily Gammon without the subtle brain that ran the creakless machinery. He would have been a moderate success as a "woman's doctor." Indeed he did dabble a little in medicine, carrying in his wallet a lancet with which to tap fevered veins when the licensed practitioner was not at hand, and prescribing calomel, salts-and-sena, jalap, magnesia, rhubarb and flowers-of-sulphur-and-molasses to poor parishioners, as unctuously as he rolled out on Sabbath such soothing hymns as

"Broad is the road that leads to death."

That man—much less woman—had not been found who questioned his call to the ministry. He was not brilliant, or learned, or profound in thought—but so good! His best friends admitted that he might never be "much of a preacher." As a pastor he could not be excelled, taking his meals abroad with praiseworthy frequency, omitting neither exacting old maid nor garrulous widow in his "visitations," and possessing a true, tender, shepherdly memory for children's names and ages and family complaints. In his own estimation, and in that of many others, he was a handsome man. His eyes were soft brown and ox-like in meekness; his forehead was high and wide, his features were well-formed, and his dark locks curled at the ends. His smile was his specialty, and paid better than any other of his investments, none of which were injudicious. Had he been the little old man who

"Sat on the stile  
And continued to smile,"

the cow whose heart he hoped thus to soften would have come bending to his clerical hand and besought him to milk her. In the thirty years of his life it had graven tiny diagonal ravines in his cheeks and about the eye- corners, to be flooded, at a quarter-second's notice, with peace unto himself and good-will to friend and foe.

"What a nice man your father is!" chirruped Edith Stowe, the child of a near neighbor, to Betty Martyn, on the evening of the donation party given to the bridal pair.

The two children were eating cake out of one plate in a quiet corner.

"He isn't my father at all! He never will be! I wouldn't call him 'father' to save his life!" rejoined the stepdaughter, clinching her hand into a dumpy ball.

"Oh-h-h!" cried the listener, horrified out of articulate remonstrance.

"I just hate him like poison!" went on Betty, the chubby face as hard as flint. "Grandma says it's wicked, and mother cries so about it, that I'm never going to say it to her again. But I hate him all the same. When he laughs he looks like a bull-frog, and when he kisses me with his soft, mushy lips, I have the creeps high!"

Sixteen years afterward, Edith, then within a week of her marriage, recalled the conversation to her friend. The annual donation visit had been paid on the preceding evening, and she ran over to the parsonage soon after

breakfast to offer her help in "clearing up." Betty was alone in the kitchen, washing dishes. The painted floor was covered with muddy tracks, the tables were laden with the remnants of the supper, and the visitor surmised, without further investigation, that the rest of the house was in similar disorder.

"Mother has one of her bad sick headaches," said Betty. "She can't raise her head from the pillow."

She said it with so little show of dismay or of self-pity, that Edith exclaimed aloud upon her composure:

"I do say, Betty Martyn, that you are the most patient being that ever lived. What have you done with the temper you brought here with you when you were six years old?"

"Filed down the edges," with an odd little smile. "It wasn't a safe thing to have around, as it was."

Edith caught up a towel and began to wipe plates, ringing each down briskly on the lower ones of the heap. Betty moved slowly, or so it seemed by contrast, and without rattle or clash, but her pile soon became the taller of the two. She was low of stature and no longer plump or rosy. She lost flesh with the passage of each uneventful year. Her black eyes were large and calm; her complexion sallow; her lips had a grave compression that would tighten into sternness in later life. She was in her twenty-third year, and looked thirty and the predestined old maid. A nice, quiet girl, a pattern of neatness, domesticity and filial piety, and singularly even in temper, was the judgment of neighbors and friends of the domestic's stepdaughter.

Five children had been born of the second marriage, and died in infancy or childhood. For the eldest, a boy of fourteen, Betty wore the purple-and-black calico that passed for mourning on week-day mornings.

The father's sanctified scow in this "mysterious dispensation of an inscrutable Providence," won upon the sympathies of even the young people who had begun to find fault aloud with the length and dullness of his sermons. As the event proved, he staid two full years longer in the Mile Run Church than he could have done but for this temporary breakwater set in the tide of popular disfavor. Without suspecting this one of the uses of adversity, he yet made the most of the affliction, improving the loss of his first-born ever and again at cottage prayer-meeting and Sabbath convocation until the sister who had loved the shy, sickly lad as her own, made excuses many and various for non-attendance upon the services of the sanctuary, and his mother wept away in the hearing of the tale, most of the nerve and strength spared to her by hard work, child-bearing and child-burying.

Superadded to this latest bereavement was an unspoken disappointment that lay, a cold, deadening weight upon her pious soul. She had hoped that Betty would "come out" after Willy's death. How the girl of so many prayers, a true child of the covenant, could remain unconverted was a sore perplexity to her. And "Mr. Vanalyke" had labored so faithfully with her! Sometimes the mother had questioned within herself whether Betty had not been talked with, and at, and to, too much by him and other ministers. What if these pelting showers of opportunity had beaten the heart-soil hard! what if her daughter were "past feeling!"

"Honestly now!" broke out Edith, presently, "do any of your family approve of donation-parties? Don't they cost more than they come to?"

"Father thinks they promote sociability in the Church," was the reply. "My most decided opinion on the subject is the wish that they did not always leave mother sick in bed."

Edith laughed.



"Do you recollect telling me that you would never call Mr. Vanslyke 'father'? What a little pickle you were then! You say it patly enough, now. If he were your own father you could not be more dutiful and attentive. Did you never quarrel with him in the old times before you were broken to harness?"

"He never loses his temper. It would not be easy even for a pickle to quarrel in such circumstances."

She was carrying a huge heap of dishes to the cupboard, panting under their weight, when her stepfather entered the back-door, overcoat and rubbers on.

"Ah! Edith, my dear! Good-morning!" paternal benignity flowing along each smile-furrow. "I hope you are well over at your house. Your dear mother is none the worse for her exertions in our behalf last evening, I trust. I have been to call upon our kind friend, Mrs. Doremus, who has been confined to the bed for some weeks with rheumatism. She sent over a very handsome contribution yesterday afternoon, although she could not be with us in person, and a most gratifying and touching letter alluding to our nearly empty nest"—a deep-fetched sigh. "Betty, child! I hope you have looked well after your mother while I was away, and given her the ipecac regularly? Before I go up to sit with her, I think I will take a little food. I ate a light breakfast and am quite faint."

"It is pleasanter in the dining-room than in here, sir," said Betty, turning her head, as she bore another pyramid across the floor. "I will bring your luncheon to you."

His boots creaked solemnly, and his tread was elephantine. He was many pounds heavier than he had been sixteen years ago; his soft curls were scantier and his shaven cheeks showed a disposition to bag over the edges of his shirt-collar. He sighed again and profoundly in leaving the kitchen. Betty prepared a tray of provisions that made Edith stare. Cold meat, bread-and-butter, jelly-cake, crullers, preserves, pumpkin-pie, and a pitcher of milk were not a slight refectation at eleven o'clock in the morning.

"If it would not trouble you too much, my dear." Edith heard the latter part of his address to the tray-bearer. "I have a touch of your mother's headache."

Betty got out the teapot and made fresh, hot tea, furnished another and a smaller tray with cup, saucer, cream-jug and sugar-dish, and took the cheering beverage in to the faint and ailing master of the house. Then she shut the door between the rooms, and the task of restoration of the usually neat kitchen proceeded, the girls conversing in a subdued key.

"Is ipecac good for sick headache?" asked Edith.

"Not that I know of," dryly, but with no especial significance of tone.

"Then why does she take it?"

"Because he prescribes it."

"Betty, if I were you I would run away. Or get married. Or hang myself in the barn-loft!"

"Would you?" She was scrubbing a table now—neither hard nor fast, but it grew white under the practiced strokes. Her hands were rough and red and had large knuckles. They would have been pretty hands if left to nature. "What would I gain by any of the three? Where could I go? I am not well enough educated to teach. My eyes have been so weak since I had the measles that I cannot do fine sewing. Nobody wants to marry me. Nobody ever has wanted me for a wife except two widower-preachers. One had five, the other six, children. Both wanted to convert before marrying me. I knew enough already about preachers' families. As to hanging myself, you are a church-member, Edie, and ought to know better than to tempt a sinner with *that* way of escaping trouble.

Seriously, I think you forget my mother. I am the only child left to her. It is not hardship to help her bear her burden of daily care and labor. I do nothing more than my duty to her—and to myself."

Edith dropped her towel, flung her arms about her friend for a hearty hug and kiss.

"A sinner! You are a saint, an angel, church member or not! The gentlest, sweetest, patientest creature ever shut up like a cat in a cupboard where there isn't room to turn around! I used to imagine that you didn't mind it, but lately I've known better. How do you live? It is like being drowned in warm molasses."

Instead of smiling, Betty kept her eyes bent on the cloth with which she wiped the table dry.

"There are crooks in your lot, and in everybody's else. We can't choose our crosses. I don't wish the children back to share mine with me, but their going was the only sorrow I have had. Other things are worry and discouragement. It is poor stuff that gives way under such."

"They are little taps that let out the life!" said Edith, the tears rushing to her eyes. "You have it in you to be so happy if you had the chance. I cannot be so resigned for you as you are for yourself."

"Am I resigned? Maybe so, but I should not have thought of giving it that name. Kicking against the pricks is unphilosophical. Now let us talk of pleasanter things. Has your wedding-dress come home?"

In all the years of their intercourse as grown women this was the nearest approach to frank revelation to her life-long friend ever made by Betty Martyn of the inner self hidden under her gentle cheerfulness of demeanor. She mourned "the children," yet never mentioned their names of her own accord, shunned all references to family and personal bereavements. As time passed she talked less and less of her own affairs, never of her feelings, and showed a growing interest in the cares and joys of others. She caressed nobody, unless it were her invalid mother when no one else was by, but children and all tender, helpless things loved and sought her. She dressed plainly and never "went into company," yet sick parishioners entreated that she might be sent for to help nurse them, and died in greater calmness that their last look at earth rested upon her mild, grave face. She was not sought in marriage, nor, so far as her best friends knew, had she ever had an affair of the heart, but young men and girls confided to her the ups and downs of their loves, and took her advice in matters requiring the most delicate diplomacy. Down to the lowest depths probed by the plummet of human judgment, she was a model daughter of the manse, pure in heart, single in eye, beneficent in life, charitable to sweetest mercifulness in thought, and loving her neighbor better than herself.

Yet, on the quarterly communion-day, when Dominic Vanslyke, in buttered gutturals, invited "all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth, and are members in good and regular standing in this and other evangelical churches," to occupy the seats in the body of the church, his poor wife's heart broke afresh in the tears that soaked the handkerchief pressed to her eyes as Betty arose, and passed with her noiseless tread down the aisle out of the house, Mr. Vanslyke's desponding gaze following the little gray figure until it slipped, like a shadow, from the vestibule. Elders, deacons and the visiting clergy had ceased to interview her at special services and revivals, accepting in the realm of spiritual things the medical maxim respecting chronic cases. To the Rev. John Wesley Headman (is not the praise of this zealous evangelist in all the churches?) who gave one Summer vacation to labors among the population of what he aptly

styled "the hill country of Judaea," she was reported to have replied to certain searching questions as follows :

"Do you not feel that you are a sinner ?"

"I have known that so long that I have ceased thinking about it."

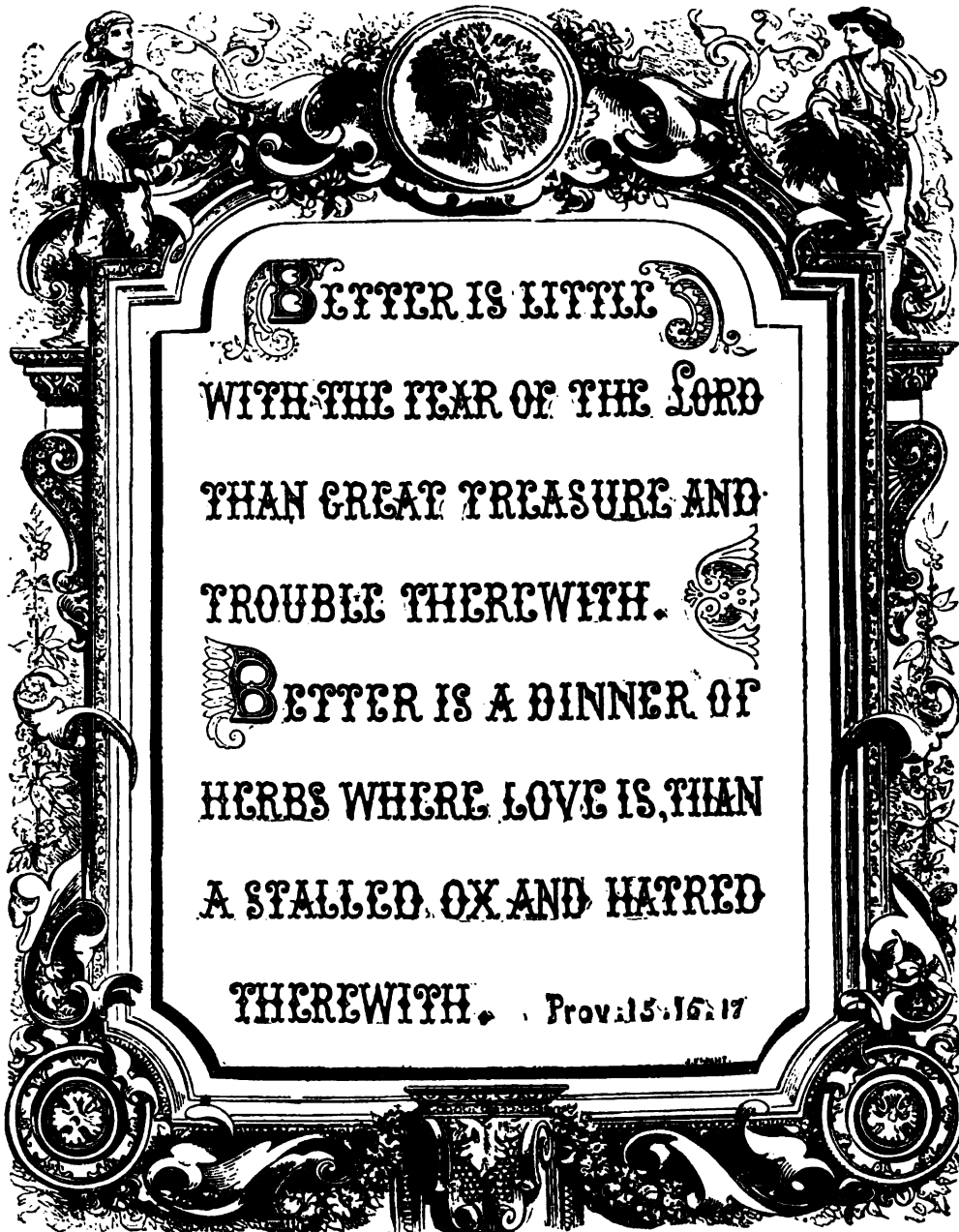
"Do you not dread the wrath of a justly-offended God ?"

"I do not mean to displease Him."

"That very speech is an offense to His glorious majesty."

"Doing is a deadly thing,  
Doing ends in death!"

"As a child of godly parents you ought to know that. Your stumbling-block is spiritual pride. You are trying to save yourself. *You can't do it!* You are led astray of the devil. He it is that prompts your every good word and work, the charitable acts that earn for you the praise of your fellow-worms. They are the pulleys that are



My dear friend, you ought to tremble! You are sinning away your day of grace, heaping up for yourself doom and damnation. Do you ever reflect that every sermon you hear makes your destruction surer? that there is more hope of an openly wicked man than of such moralists as you?"

"I am sorry. I have been taught that I ought to attend church, and to do unto others as I would have them do unto me. I try to do my duty to the best of my poor ability."

lowering you into the gulf of perdition while you fancy you are raising yourself by them to the battlements of heaven. We read in the Scriptures that the plowing of the wicked is sin. Each one of your alms and penances is an insult to divine mercy. Here lies your error, my sister!—your, I fear me, ah! I fear me! your fatal delusion!"

The still eyes, like fathomless tarns of darkness, looked straight forward, past the ruddy complacency of the visage confronting her.

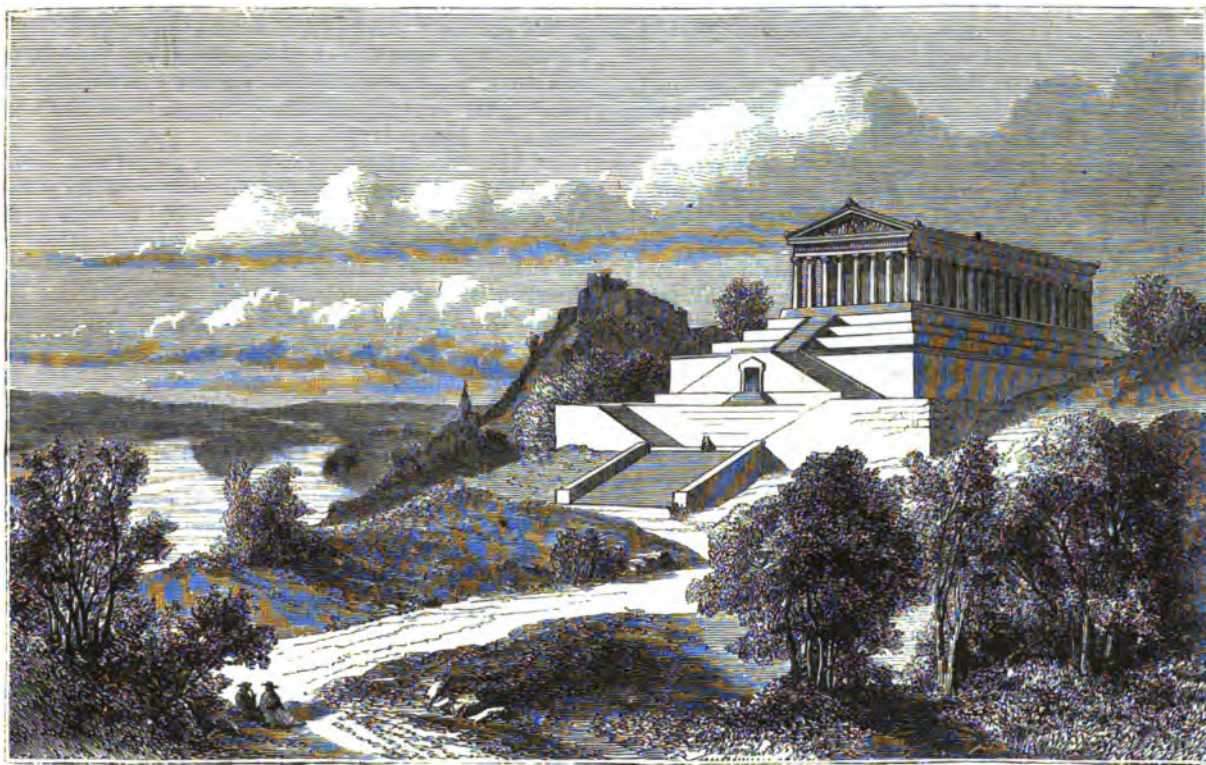
"I do not understand you," she said, with perfect courtesy that was the daily dress of her demeanor. And—excuse me, but I am afraid you are wasting your valuable time in talking to me when there are so many calls upon your strength and kindness."

Out of respect for "Brother Vanalyke, a man of devoted piety and lovely spirit, albeit somewhat slow in the pulpit, and in methods decidedly behind the age," Rev. John Wesley Headman forbore to make use of this dialogue in his Mile Run meetings. But in New York, Boston and Chicago, he introduced the incident with telling effect, recalling more of the conversation at each repetition, until when it was pointed out in full as one of the "Revival Leaflets," the foliation was disproportionately abundant for stem and germ.

By this time the nearing footfalls of a change that was reverse and downfall began to be audible in the parsonage. Dominic Vanalyke had outlived his usefulness in the

The complaint lodged with the Consistory against him, shortly after the Headman revival, was dullness. His doctrines were sound, but he bored his audiences. The sameness of his prayers might have been forgiven, but not their length. The interests of the Mile Run Church demanded a younger, livelier man to maintain the warmth excited by the recent meetings. To this effect the parish memorialized the Consistory, and this body called on the pastor and offered his resignation. That is, since the polity of the denomination forbade them to discharge their servant, they invited him to go.

Whither? He trod the debasing mill of "candidating" for a year, knocking at the door of every vacant church to which he could beg a letter of introduction. Sometimes he got ten dollars per Sabbath for what may be entitled his rejected addresses. Oftener, he received but five. The vineyards that could offer twenty-five, thirty;



EXTERIOR OF THE WALHALLA AT MUNICH, BAVARIA.—SEE PAGE 567.

Mile Run Church. Not that the body of the people saw him as his stepdaughter knew him, what Mrs. Edith Roome, still of his parish, suspected him to be—indolent, a lover of self and fleshly goods; a priest who would cling to his office for the piece of white bread it put into his mouth and the cheap distinction it gave him among the unlettered and the superstitious—yet no hypocrite. He believed in Barnabas Vanglyke too sincerely for hypocrisy. That is the commonest form of what men rate as that vice. This man who thought no higher than himself, saw no difference in his perfunctory discharge of the duties of his sacred office and the manner in which Wesley and Martyn, and Payson and Edwards fulfilled their course. Years of practice and a natural turn for borrowing sounding phrases had made the language of the profession his own. In native talent for oratory he was poor, but Scriptural quotations, other men's sermons, and the faculty for spinning platitudes that has helped better men to get up Sabbath discourses and edifying prayers, enabled him to conduct the services expected of him.

fifty, to peripatetic overseers, had stout gates with rusty hinges. They would not open to the man who had been proved a failure. Not even the Board of Domestic Missions could furnish regular or remunerative employment for such an one. He began to speak of himself to his wife and her daughter as one on whom the hand of the Lord lay heavily. He was inclining to corpulence, took little exercise, wheezed when he hurried to catch a train, and wrote no new sermons. He, with the two women who made his family, boarded with a thrifty widow in a country town near the seaboard, and when he gave up the thought of a permanent settlement, he taught a small day-school for boys, and had a bronchial affection when asked to preach gratuitously. He had busbanded his wife's property so prudently that the ten thousand dollars had gained another five thousand, but he proclaimed the fact of his decent poverty not only abroad but in the bosom of his domestic trio. His wife thoroughly believed him and in him. She had not in the least understood business at the time of their marriage. Now, she knew less than



nothing of money-matters. A timid, loving, humble creature, she had neither doubts nor views. The God of her Bible was hers, and her husband was His prophet. Her black gowns—she had never put off mourning for her Willy—were worn threadbare, turned upside-down and inside out, and worn as long again. Her stockings and “Mr. Vanalyke’s” socks were mended until darn touched darn, and the spreading lines of “runs” took hold of one another in the hieroglyphical characters of undisguised penury and open economics. Her Bible opened of itself at the thirty-seventh psalm, and there was a faint pencil-mark over against the twenty-third, twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses. Her health failed visibly. The Rev. Barnabas, finding much time for dipping into (borrowed) medical treatises, and studying the symptoms of those nearest to him, announced, with mournful resignation, that they were a household marked for suffering and early decease. His wife had consumption of the liver; his throat was seriously affected by the change from the mountains to the low countries, and Betty was the victim of a “complication of occult maladies.”

Nothing he advised for the latter seemed to take hold of her case. Without his cognizance, she watered the geraniums in her room with the draughts, buried powders and boluses under the fuchsias, and grew thinner and grayer before his eyes. To buy her underclothing she took in, also unknown to him, plain sewing when she could get it. His money bought her shoes, bonnets and gowns.

When Betty was thirty-seven, and looked fifty, the meek, fragile mother, so strong in her faith in Heaven, her tender trust and pride in her portly, smug-faced spouse, became too weak to walk to church, too weak to sit up, too weak to swallow the physic administered by the beloved hand. One bleak Winter day she grew suddenly too weak to live, and gave out her last breath in her husband’s arms, the landlady looking on sobbingly, Betty rubbing the poor, cold feet for which the road had lain up-hill so much of the way.

“Betty—child—never leave your—father! Take care of him—dear!” were her parting words.

“The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away! Blessed be the name of the Lord!” uttered the widower, in round, oleaginous tones, laying down the lifeless form. “My daughter! will you not ground the weapons of your rebellion beside this deathbed?”

It was a bold figure, and immensely impressive to the weeping landlady who had loved her gentle lodger. Then, he knelt, his hand upon the dead hand outside of the coverlet, and offered an appropriate prayer. In rising, he melted into tears.

“She has left me so lonely! so lonely!” he sobbed.

“You had better go into my room and lie down, father!” said Betty, quietly. “Mrs. Foster, will you be so kind as to send him up a cup of tea? I will stay here.”

Left alone with her mother, the daughter locked the door, and did not open it for half an hour. Nobody saw her weep. Edith Roome came a hundred miles to the funeral, cried over the sunken eyes and wasted hands of her early playmate, the friend who still outranked all others with her, and begged her to accept a home in her house.

“I promised to stay with him,” was the reply. “What else is there for me to do? When he can spare me, I may come to you for a few weeks.”

He could not spare her that year, nor the next. He never asserted in word his right to command her services, but she subsisted upon his bounty, having not a stiver she could call her own. Who but she could enter into the need of the small economies without which his slender

means would not cover the expenses of the two who were now all the world to one another?

He, all her world! We cry out upon the monstrous improbability of such injustice when we read in fiction of human souls thus defrauded, human lives thus crowded and cramped and tortured into narrowest bounds. This woman had a great, warm heart, and it was starved; a rich, teeming imagination left fallow from her babyhood up; intellectual thirst that had never been quenched; proud integrity, a high, independent spirit and generous impulses that were daily outraged by this man’s walk and conversation. Yet she belonged to him as absolutely by the fiat of circumstance as if he had bought her, heart, soul and body, and paid down the purchase-money in National Bank notes.

She had never been robust, and her modicum of vitality had been overtaken by the toils of her servitude. She had chills which her owner said were malarial, and fainting-turns, the second Summer after her mother’s death; and, as the weather became colder, coughed badly at rising in the morning. They had spent the Summer in the country at a farmstead where the board was low to a minister and his daughter, and the bedrooms on one side of the house were damp from a drain and cistern.

Mr. Vanalyke engaged to supply the pulpit of a church fifty miles away, during the August vacation of the pastor, and was absent two, sometimes three, days in every week. Betty remained behind in her damp chamber—his was on the sunny side—and knitted baby-socks for a fancy-store, the proprietor of which was known to Mrs. Foster. Her fingers trembled habitually with chilliness and debility, but she managed to finish two dozen pairs, for which she received six dollars—a fair return for work done in the leisure hours of a vacation. She put it aside for the purchase of a new black gown, her mourning not having been renewed in the eighteen months during which she had been her stepfather’s “all.”

In four weeks Mr. Vanalyke pocketed forty dollars for preaching a quartet of sermons twenty years old.

“Their bread and their water shall be sure!” he said, aloud, in depositing the sum in the savings bank with sixty dollars saved by going to a cheap boarding-place that season.

This was in the third week of October, and the raw wind reminded him that Betty must get out his Winter flannels. Going home to suggest it to her, he found her coughing over a low fire. They provided their own coals, keeping them in a locked bin in Mrs. Foster’s cellar. Mr. Vanalyke carried the key in his pocket, and did not disdain to lug the fuel by the scuttleful up to the second story with his consecrated hands. His thickening coating of adipose tissues and heavy flannels prevented him from shivering in the autumnal frostiness. It was but natural that he should have forgotten to replenish the grate before he went downtown. It was natural that Betty should not reproach him with the neglect, then, or ever inform him that, what between the coarse farmhouse fare she loathed, yet never found fault with, and the ebbing of such pale ichor as still trickled in the bottom of her shrunken veins, she had not been warm in three months.

“I am afraid you lead too sedentary a life, child,” he said, judiciously, one December Sabbath evening, the fourth on which she had “believed she wouldn’t go to church.” “You were not out this forenoon, you know. I would not force your conscience or inclination, my dear, but it would be your sainted mother’s wish that you should not forsake the courts of the Lord’s house.”

Betty sat very close to the fire, wrapped in a blanket-shawl. As her stepfather spoke, she lifted her lids drowsily.

"Is Mrs. Foster going with you?" she asked.

The dominie was fitting a pair of fleece-lined gloves upon his pudgy hands. He glanced at her sideways, the diagonal channels in his cheeks overrun with a sirupy smile.

"She is. Why do you inquire, my love?"

She answered in the same dull, listless way as before. Her tongue moved stiffly; there were strange black shadows in the hollows under her eyes; on the forehead, bloodless as bone, were minute specks of moisture.

"I wanted to know if anybody would be at home this evening. Not that I mind being alone. I am used to it."

He did not frown, but the smile-flow retreated.

"I am sure, my child, that since the departure of your sainted mother my chief temporal concern has been your comfort and happiness. I hope you do not doubt this?"

She seemed surprised; spoke like one confused or dreaming.

"I do not complain of anything. To-night, I am unusually comfortable—quite happy!"

"Ah! that you had the peace that passeth understanding, my daughter! Good-night! If you go to bed before I come in, dampen the fire with wet ashes. Unless you want to read, don't light the gas. Spare your poor eyes when you can."

The fire was low and the gas high when he returned. The widow had insisted upon his partaking of hot coffee and pound-cake below-stairs, the night being so very bitter. In mounting the stairs he sang a line or two of a favorite hymn:

"Up to her courts with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair."

"My child!" amazed and expostulatory, in unclosing the door.

The emaciated hands, worn out of shape by work and waste, were clasped on her mother's picture laid upon the Bible that had belonged to Mrs. Vanalyke. A thread of pale blood dropped from the daughter's lips. There were blood-flecks upon the open page, cast there doubtless by the paroxysm of coughing that brought the end.

She died at dawn.

That same day, Mrs. Foster brought the book, weeping, to Mr. Vanalyke to show him "something that might interest him."

The red spots had all fallen about and upon the 16th verse of the 10th chapter of St. John's Gospel:

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them, also, I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

THE END.

### THE SHOEMAKER AND HIS PASTOR.

In this age of conflicting opinions on religious subjects, when each sect believes that there is no other qualified to tread the road to Zion, it may not be amiss to reproduce a story, which applies to the subject, from the pages of a German paper. A shoemaker, who was very popular with the good people of Dantzic, was wont to be very wroth with those who did not share his opinions on religious subjects. This came to the ear of the old pastor, who accordingly paid the shoemaker a visit.

"Master," said he, "take my measure for a pair of boots."

"With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker took his measure, and prepared to leave the room.

"Stay," said the pastor; "my son also requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. When can I take the young gentleman's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the pastor. "The lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last."

"Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise: "I can't do it."

"It must be," was the reply, "on the same last."

"But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

"Ah, then, Mr. Shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last if they are to fit; and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last—of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do, either."

The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said:

"I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbors less harshly for the future."

### THREE BURDENS.

The burden of Life—Hours of pain,  
Strong struggles for victories vain,  
Dull doom of dust to dust again,  
A ship of insecurity  
On stormy sea.

The burden of Love—A bright morn,  
That looks its loveliest at its dawn.  
Ah, better had it ne'er been born!  
For soon drive mists of misery  
O'er darkened sea.

The burden of Christ—Blinding tears,  
A longing and love through long years,  
A firm, faithful front to all fears—  
Then glorious eternity  
Of golden sea!

### THE WALHALLA, IN BAVARIA.

Few monarchs have done so much to exalt the patriotic feelings of their people, and improve their tastes by the noblest works of art than Louis I., King of Bavaria. Of the institutions reared by him, chiefly at his own cost, the most remarkable is the Walhalla, or Hall of Heroes, destined as an imperishable monument to the most celebrated men of Germany in all ages.

The first stone was laid by the King on the 18th of October, 1830, on a hill near the village of Donaustauf, about four miles from Ratisbon. It is surrounded by a fine amphitheatre of hills, and is approached from the Danube by a vast flight of steps.

The Walhalla forms externally a magnificent Doric octastyle peripteral temple, with its principal front facing the south. It is entirely constructed of white marble, and is of nearly the same dimensions as the Parthenon, being 104 by 225 feet; the columns and entablature 45 feet high, and the pediment 12, making, with the substructure, a total height of 195 feet.

The blocks of marble are of extraordinary dimensions, and those forming the architraves about 18 feet in length.

There is a most magnificent display of sculpture, and in a truly classical taste, in the two pediments, after designs by Rauch, remodeled and executed by Schwanthaler. That of the south pediment consists of fifteen figures in

full relief, the one in the centre—of colossal size and seated—representing Germania, and the others symbolical of the different Germanic States. The sculpture of the other pediment, which is entirely the work of Schwantaler, consists of the same number of figures, representing the victory obtained by the Oherusci over the Romans.

The interior of the Walhalla is of most striking splendor, most sumptuous in point of decoration, and highly original in its design, which exhibits great happiness of invention. It consists chiefly of a single hall (150 by 57 feet), with a space at its north end, but separated from it only by a screen of Ionic columns, which order is continued throughout in the antæ at the angles of the massive piers which divide the hall into three compartments.

The ceiling is of dazzling splendor, being almost entirely lined with plates of gilt bronzes, and with gold stars and other ornaments on all azure ground in its coffers. Through this the light is admitted from a skylight or opening over each compartment.

The floor is inlaid with colored marbles from Tegernsee, distributed into three larger compartments answering to those of the plan. The shafts of the antæ and columns are of a brownish-red marble, resembling the antique African, and their bases and capitals of white marble, picked out with colors and gilding, while the walls are lined with the same material, and of nearly the same hue as the columns. In the entablature the architrave and cornice are white, relieved by gold and colors on their moldings, but the frieze, entirely of white marble, forms a continuous bas-relief, representing the progress of civilization in Germany, from the earliest times to the introduction of Christianity by St. Bonifacius. This piece of sculpture, which extends altogether to 230 feet, was composed by Wagner and executed by Pettrich and Schopf. The three pediments seen on entering are ornamented with subjects taken from the earliest Scandinavian mythology, composed by the painter Lindenschmidt and Professor Stiglmair.

Imperfect as it is, this description of the architectural

decorations has detained us so long that we may seem to have overlooked the principal objects of all—the very works for which the structure was erected as a repository, namely, the effigies of the illustrious persons here commemorated.

They are skillfully arranged into two rows, the lower one of which is placed upon a continued pedestal of beautiful yellow marble, the others on consoles; and, as presiding over the respective groups of busts, there is within each of the six recesses a smaller winged Valkyria, or genius, also antique marble seats and marble candelabra.

The memorials are partly tablets and partly busts, and many blanks are yet left to be filled up by posterity.

The tablets begin with Hermann, or Arminius, the German prince who defeated the Romans in the year 21, and include Bishop Uphilas, the apostle of the Goths; Alaric, Hengist and Horsa; Tohls, Pepin Heristall, Bede, Martel, Charlemagne, Alfred. Among the busts are not only the warriors of Germany, but Guttenberg, Durer, Erasmus, Copernicus, Grotius, Kepler, Rubens, etc., etc.

No other edifice of modern times is so intensely Grecian, or so highly elaborated as a monument of art. A truly monumental fabric it certainly is, being so constructed that it may be pronounced imperishable; as such, therefore, it will hand down the memory of its

founder and architect to a distant posterity, which with the names of Pericles and Phidias will place those of Louis of Bavaria and Leo von Klenze.



INTERIOR OF THE WALHALLA.—SEE PAGE 567.

#### THE FISHER CAVE, ON THE MERAMEC, MISSOURI.

AMONG the most beautiful caves in the United States, those wonderful grottoes formed by the action of water in ages long past, which the same agent often proceeds, unseen, to adorn, may be classed the Fisher Cave, on the banks of the Meramec, in Franklin County, Missouri.

It opens out at the foot of the hill, a hundred yards from the Meramec River, and runs directly back into the





ENTRANCE TO THE FISHERS CAVE, ON THE MERAMEC, MISSOURI.

hill. It is easy of access, roomy and grand from the very entrance, but grows more grand and beautiful, wild and gloomy, as we proceed. The gloom retreats as the light advances, but the grand, the wild and the beautiful stand unmoved by the blaze of lights and gaze of eyes, even running to court observation, for a thousand crystal drops, catching the stray beams of light, sparkle out so merrily that they seem to welcome the strange intruders.

A few years ago a party of St. Louisans and others had one of the roomiest halls of this cavern fitted up for a ballroom, and here it is said they had a lively time, having a table well supplied with the good things of life. The floor by them prepared is now more than half decayed.

This cave is wide and deep, as well as long; the end, I believe, has not been found yet. There are fountains and streams, hills and hollows, chasms and bridges in rooms of every shape and various sizes. One of the features of this cave is the profusion of crystallized formations that adorn it throughout. The weeping willow and the bnggy top are specimens of this kind worthy of note and admiration. Countless numbers of stalactites, huge in size, beautiful in form, and endless in variety, hang from above. In some places great columns, like the trunks of giant trees, the growth of many ages, reach from roof to floor, adorned with ridges, waves and curls in nature's own style.

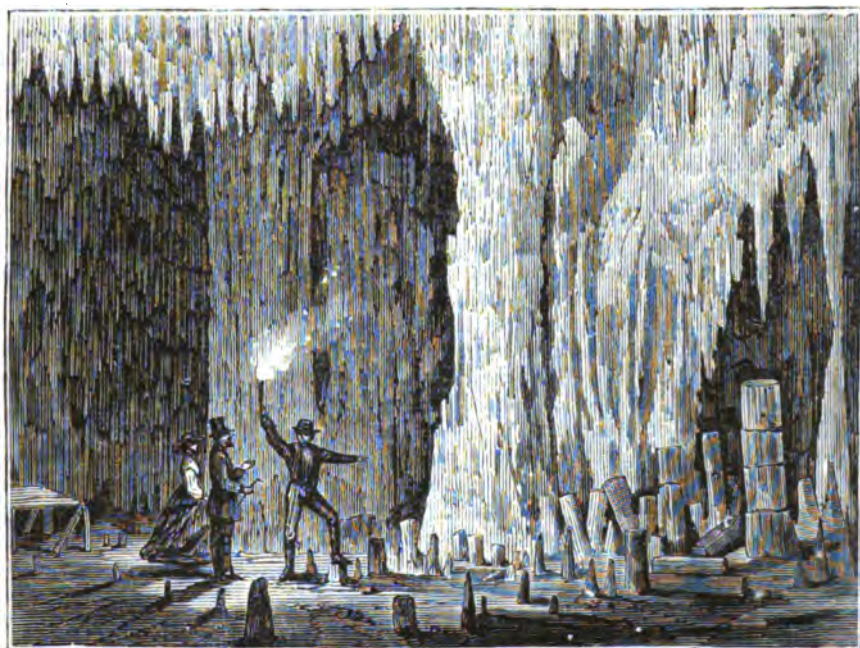
#### The Influence of the Reformation on Italy.

MANY persons suppose that the Reformation had no effect on Italy; but this is a mistake. This country was no exception to the general feeling which showed itself in the sixteenth century throughout the whole of Western Christendom. As Wyckliffe and Huss on the other side of

the Alps, so here also, toward the close of the fifteenth century, Savonarola stood forth as a herald to proclaim the need of Church reform. But the circumstances were very peculiar; influences favorable and unfavorable balanced each other, and caused the reform movement in Italy to take a course not less peculiar. The miserable condition of Church matters must, of necessity, be more conspicuous in the immediate neighborhood of the Papal court than at a distance. But especially must it have been so when the Papal chair was filled by such men as Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., whose lives were dissolute and shameless, and by Julius II. and Leo X., who were utterly worldly.

The country was parceled out into many small states, and was the prey of powerful foreign influences. There were, therefore, many political entanglements and strifes, and the Popes were thereby almost wholly withdrawn from their spiritual calling, and induced to devote their attention to the securing and improving of their position as secular princes. Moreover, the corruption which prevailed in the highest regions of the Church grew rank and luxuriant among the clergy of all grades. Just as the monasteries no less than the Curia at Rome were the scenes of the most outrageous immorality, so was it also with the Church's patronage: the highest dignities—bishoprics and cardinals' hats—were given to the nephews and the most infamous favorites of the Popes, or sold to the highest bidder, and the poorest parochial charges were often in the hands of the most ignorant and worthless monks, who did duty at the cheapest rate.

So enormous was the evil that some minds could not but grievously feel it. The scientific spirit, too, awakened



INTERIOR OF THE FISHERS CAVE.

by classicism, took a more earnest turn with a certain class, and, while it directed them from the barren and stereotyped scholasticism of the Church, led them to investigate the pure sources of Christianity—the Holy Scriptures. To this must be added the new impulse which the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland carried beyond the Alps, and which laid hold mightily upon many. But all these influences, on account of the many unfavorable circumstances of the country, were here more confined than elsewhere to narrow circles, and especially to the educated and higher classes. In Italy there was no prince eminent for position and power who could take the interests of the Reformation under his protection, and so defend them against the powerful attacks of the hierarchy. Thus, in no part of the country did the Reformation become the cause of any compact, closely-confederated portion of the people. It was only that of individual awakened men, around whom gathered knots of like-minded persons, who must, of necessity, succumb beneath the assaults of unsparing and bloody persecution. These Protestant movements attained their strongest force between the years 1530 and 1542, after the latter of which dates the Catholic reaction roused all its energies for the struggle against them.

It was in close connection with the court of Rome itself that the desire for improvement first appeared. As early as the times of Leo X. some eighty pious and learned men, moved by the aspect of corruption which the Church presented, banded themselves into a union, styled the Oratory of Divine Love, for the purpose of bringing about, by spiritual exercises, a revival of a better state of things. They were men, several of whom, at a subsequent period, when raised to the loftiest ecclesiastical positions, sought to accomplish, in widely different ways, the renovation and salvation of the Church and of Christianity. Among them was Cajetan of Thiene, who became the founder of a new Order—that of the Theatines—and obtained canonization; Caraffa, who both as Cardinal and Pope sought for the required deliverance in tightening the cords of discipline and strengthening the hierarchy by means of the Inquisition; and the noble Venetian Contarini, who, even when he was a cardinal, was evangelically-minded enough to see the necessity of bringing back the spirit of the Church doctrine to the foundation of the Holy Scriptures. There was in all this much sympathy with the spirit which was being breathed around Wittenberg. But although these men were of the same mind as the German reformers in their opposition to dead self-righteousness, and to the worldliness of the Church in general, as well as in regard to the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ alone, they disapproved of separation from the Church. To this circle belonged the Englishman Reginald Pole, the Florentines Marc Antonio Flaminio, Jac, Nardi and Bruccioli; the Venetian patrician Luigi Prinli, and probably also the Canonico Angelo Buonarici. Although Pole had left his native land on account of his steadfast adherence to the Papal primacy in opposition to the attacks and pretensions of Henry VIII., he yet showed himself to be thoroughly imbued with Protestant doctrine, even after he had been invested with the purple of the cardinalate. But he was satisfied with the inward conviction, and did much to discourage the German reformers. Flaminio was tied down by various influences to an intermediate standpoint, but, at the same time, he held the most essential Christian doctrines; and especially in his Commentary on the Psalms, and in his letters, expressed himself quite in the Protestant style. But Antonio Bruccioli labored most, among these men, in the spirit of Protestantism, although even he never left the communion of the Church. But he was coura-

geous enough to defend the right of every Christian to possess the Word of God as the only rule of faith, and also himself, on the strength of his conviction, undertook a translation of the Scriptures into Italian, in 1530-1532, and afterward endeavored to make the Bible still more plain by means of familiar annotations on the text. The numerous editions of his work, printed within a few years, attest its extensive diffusion, and give strong testimony to the fact that multitudes were desirous of independent religious instruction from the pure, immediate fountain of truth itself.

This inward tendency toward evangelical belief, which nevertheless did not venture to break with the dominant Church, found everywhere many adherents among the educated classes of Italy. Many prominent examples might be quoted, but let a few suffice. Men like the Bishops Foscarari of Modena, San Felice of Cava, and especially Cardinal Morone, were even compelled to endure persecution on this ground. The Patriarch of Aquileia, Grimani, escaped a similar fate with difficulty. The pious Benedictine Folengo also, of Monte Cassino, was called to endure all sorts of attacks on account of his expository works, in which he expressed very plainly his approbation of the Protestant doctrine of justification, and at the same time his strong repugnance to many of the most prominent institutions of the Church. In a similar spirit the noble Fregoso, Cardinal Archbishop of Salerno, wrote his book on prayer against all unevangelical and superstitious formality, such as he saw everywhere encouraged and practiced in the Church of his day. Accordingly, the work was soon placed in the Index of Prohibited Books.

By means of the manifold and active intercourse between Germany, Switzerland and Upper Italy in particular, the books of the Reformers crossed the frontiers even in the earliest period of Luther's struggle with Rome, and were purchased and read with avidity. As early as the beginning of 1519, Frobenius wrote from Basle to Luther to inform him of the extensive market he found for them in Italy, and of their great popularity there. The bulls which Pope Leo fulminated against them could not prevent the introduction of such works. The more anxious the vigilance of Rome, the more ingenious became the adherents of the new ideas to evade it, and evade it they largely did. Moreover, the literary intercourse which united the countries on both sides of the Alps was pressed into this service, especially through the influence of the German students whom the ancient repute of the Italian universities attracted to Padua and Bologna.

It was at Venice that Protestantism in Italy seems to have first struck root, and to have obtained its earliest decided adherents. This was owing to the freeness of the intercourse between that city and Germany, the independent position which the Republic took up in relation to the Papacy and its pretensions, and the early and continued importation of the works of the Reformers. The refugees from all parts of Italy found here protection, or at least safety from persecution on account of their belief.

Not only in Venice itself did the Reformers multiply, but also in most of the other cities belonging to the Venetian territory, especially at Vicenza and Treviso. The Government did not assail them so long as they remained quiet. It was not until the year 1542 that a severe persecution burst upon the Protestants in the Venetian territories. They had been numerous, but they had never been a compact Church. They had been compelled to hide themselves from time to time, and they had likewise suffered from the lack of a common pastor and teacher. Disunion had crept in among them. Balthasar Altieri,

who, though born at Aquila, in the Neapolitan territory, had lived at Venice as secretary to the English Ambassador, was the man, beyond all others, around whom they rallied, and who did most for them. It was he who, when the persecution began, wrote to Luther urging him to use his influence with the German Protestant Princes to induce them to appeal to the Senate in order that the Protestants might be permitted to live according to their consciences. At the same time he implored the great Reformer's assistance in the settlement of the disputes so prevalent among the Venetian brethren themselves. But, in regard to both points, Luther's mediation produced but little result. The persecution raged, and the dissensions continued. Secret associations began to be formed in the Venetian Republic, and particularly at Vicenza, which busied themselves with all sorts of theological questions, out of which arose many discords, and which brought suspicion upon the Italian Protestants for many years.

In another part of the Venetian territory, namely, in Istria, the principles of Protestantism began to be disseminated, about the year 1542, by the Bishop of Capo d'Istria, Pier Paolo Vergerio. The progress which they made here was very rapid, but it was soon interrupted. Vergerio had been active in Germany, as well as elsewhere, in the capacity of Papal Legate against the Protestants; but his mind had been changed by the writings of Luther, which he had set himself to confute. His first convert was his own brother, the Bishop of Pola, and the two labored in common, and with much success, in the evangelization of their dioceses, until 1545, when the Inquisition interposed, and Vergerio was compelled to flee.

Ferrara stands next to Venice as an early rallying point of the adherents of the Reformed faith among the educated classes. Renata, consort of Duke Hercules II. of Este, a daughter of Louis XII. of France, attracted them hither. She had been made acquainted with the Reformed doctrines by Margaret of Navarre, and she brought them with her when she came to Ferrara in 1527. Soon after her coming she assembled at her Court a number of men who held the views and cherished the spirit of that noble and highly cultivated woman. Some of them were *literati*, who held appointments in the university or at court, and others were refugees, for whom it was not safe to live at home. Among them were several Frenchmen, such as Clement Marot, the poet and commentator on the Psalms; and Calvin himself, in 1536, passed some months here, and to the day of his death remained in constant correspondence with the duchess. There was also Hubert Lanquet, the historian of the French Reformation. Among the Italians were Flaminio and Calcagnini; and more openly decided were Pietro Martyr Vermigli, Aonius Palearius, and Celio Secondo Curione, who won over Peregrino Morata, the tutor of the duke's brother, to the Protestant faith. Peregrino's pious and learned daughter Olympia, whose letters breathe so truly Christian a spirit, was also an ornament of the Court, and was the youthful companion of Renata's daughter.

From Ferrara the movement extended to Modena; but it was not till 1540, when the learned Sicilian Paolo Ricci came to Modena and began to gather a congregation, that it became public. The letters of Cardinal Morone, who was Bishop of Modena, and who was detained as legate in Germany, are, notwithstanding the fact that he himself was somewhat evangelically disposed, full of bitter complaints in regard to the progress of Protestantism, which, by report, he was told was so great in his diocese.

In Bologna, also, whose university attracted so many students from Germany, as also large numbers of Italians

from various parts, the doctrines of the Reformation obtained many earnest friends. Prominent among these was Giovanni Mollio, a Minorite, who labored long there as preacher and professor. The Saxon ambassador, John von Planitz, who came to Bologna with Charles V., largely promoted the progress of Protestantism in that city and the surrounding country. The Protestants in an address which they presented to him expressed their deep respect for the princes who had restored the Gospel in Germany, besought him to use his influence to obtain a General Council, which might relieve them from the yoke of anti-Christ, and, above all, begged his mediation with the Emperor, that the use of the Bible at least might be allowed them, without their being subject to the charge of heresy on that score. He did his best for them, and it was not quite in vain. Such was the spirit of the best instructed and most religiously disposed of the Italians at that time. Other cities also of the Papal dominions, for example Faenza and Imola, were more or less affected by the same sentiments. Even in Rome itself there were many who, from the earliest period, secretly favored Luther.

The new spirit penetrated so far as Naples. The German mercenaries had brought with them the first seeds of the Reformation in 1527, and the soil had proved a receptive one. But in 1536, while the severest threats were issued against the new faith, Juan Valdez was sent to Naples as the secretary of the viceroy. His position, culture, spirit and character obtained for this pious man extraordinary influence. A quiet circle, consisting of the most eminent persons, gathered round him for purposes of mutual edification, and with a view to the restoration of a living, inward, biblical Christianity. Only four years did Valdez prosecute his evangelistic work, for he died in 1540. But there were two men who well succeeded him; these were Pietro Martyr Vermigli and Bernardino Ochino. Peter Martyr had been sent to Naples as prior of the Augustinian Order, and as he had been gained to the Reformation by the writings of Bucer and Zwingli, he exerted himself in the same way as Valdez, and by lectures on the Epistles of Paul deeply affected the minds of his monks, and of the general public who crowded to hear him.

It was about the same time that the most famous preacher of Italy, the Capuchin monk Ochino, was summoned to Naples, first in 1536 and again in 1539, to preach the Fast Sermons. He had already, by reading the Holy Scriptures, been led to acknowledge faith as the only means of salvation; but he was now led further on the same road with Valdez, and with his powerful and fiery eloquence proclaimed freely the doctrine of justification as held by the Reformers. At Florence, after several years' work, Peter Martyr fell in with Ochino, and, together, they decided to sacrifice position and country for the sake of liberty of conscience. They had both narrowly escaped with their lives, and, together with a number of followers, some of them men of eminence, they expatriated themselves.

Thus a great Protestant movement traversed all Italy, and laid hold of men's minds in various ways. Many were led to see that no improvement was to be expected from the Church and her hierarchy, and withdrew from her, some secretly, and others openly avowing their opposition, and declaring their adherence to German and Swiss Reformers. Yet there were many who hoped for a reformation from within, and they mourned over the evils and remained.

But all this fair promise and good beginning was blighted. The first step taken by Rome to effect its purpose was the erection of the supreme tribunal of the



Inquisition, which was invested with unlimited authority over life and death in matters of faith, and instructed to proceed with the utmost severity against all suspected persons, without distinction of rank or condition. This was on the 21st of July, 1542. In 1543 no book could be printed without the permission of this body. The hour struck which was to decide the fate of the Protestantism of Italy. Many saved themselves by flight into foreign lands, and many died as martyrs to their faith in the prisons or in the flames. The congregations were not thoroughly organized, and therefore were the more easily scattered. That at Naples was soon dispersed, and many of its members sealed their testimony with their blood. A like fate befell another congregation which Peter Martyr had founded at Lucca. In Ferrara the duchess could no longer protect her companions in the faith. So was it everywhere. Even in Venice, the republic, although it received the Inquisition unwillingly, was compelled to yield to the spiritual power. From all quarters of Italy the victims were ordered to be sent to Rome. And "at Rome," writes Tobias Elin, "some are burned, strangled, beheaded, every day. All the prisons and guardhouses are filled to such a degree that from day to day men are employed in building new prisons." So perished the work of the Reformation in Italy.

There have always, however, remained in Italy a few Protestant congregations, principally English, and chiefly in the capitals of the old republics—these congregations being sustained and encouraged by English liberality. During recent years a decidedly Protestant movement has been carried on, whose centre is at Genoa, and a freer circulation of the Scriptures and of Protestant and general Christian literature has been demanded and permitted. Even in Rome there are now several centres of Protestant worship and influence. Let us hope that this beautiful and classic land, under the auspices of free institutions, may yet redeem the promise which was drenched in the blood of its ancient martyrs.

#### WORKINGMAN'S FREE KINDERGARTEN.

We give on this page an illustration of the Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten building on West Fifty-fourth Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York City, the corner-stone of which was recently laid with imposing ceremonies. The building is being erected by the Society

for Ethical Culture, of which Professor Felix Adler is the central figure, and the educational system to be carried on within it will be only one of the many methods which that society intends to prosecute in the direction of its aim of social regeneration. The specific purpose is to aid the working classes by giving them such instruction as will enable them to procure better wages, and generally to live better than now. The building is well adapted for the uses to which it is to be put.

Carlo Zeno, the Venetian Admiral, Defending Himself before the Council.

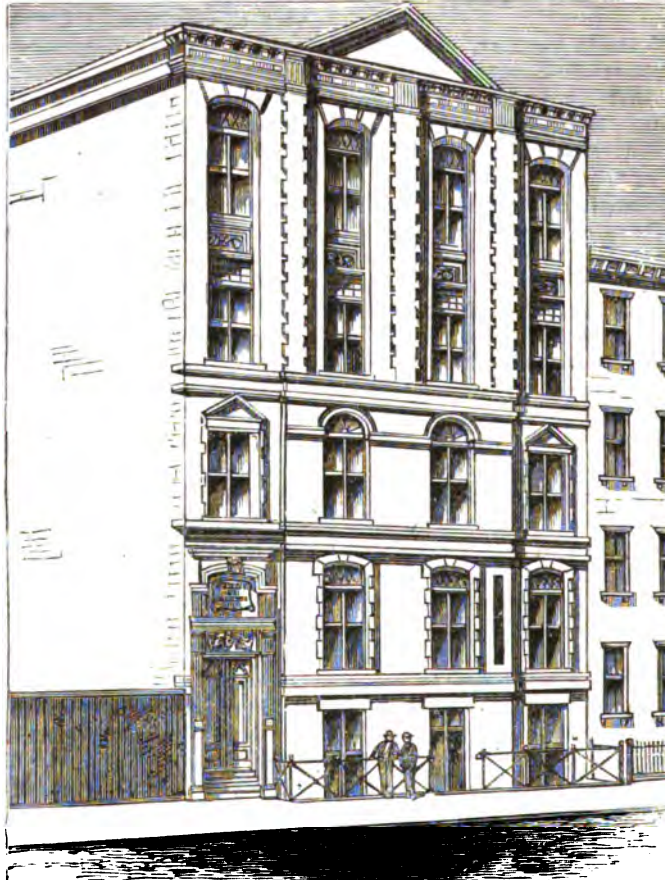
VENICE was a republic, if we can properly so style a state ruled by an aristocratic oligarchy. Its history is full of intrigue, jealousy and crime. The real patriot found his services on the field or on the wave, in council or in administration, only productive of jealous enemies, who shrunk from nothing to compass his downfall.

Carlo Zeno, by his singular talents, great moral purity and ardent patriotism, had risen to the chief command of the forces of the republic on the sea, and as Grand Admiral conducted the war against the Genoese, whom he defeated in 1380. Equally capable in diplomacy, which Venice first made an art, he represented the republic at the Courts of England and France; and we next find him in still another field, commanding the Venetian forces in the war with Francois of Carrara. His long services had not saved him from slander. On a charge of receiving bribes from that prince, he was arraigned before the Council of Ten, and

notwithstanding a noble defense, was thrown into prison, and for two years remained in close confinement. On being released, he indulged the religious thoughts awakened by solitude, and made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but as the old warrior was returning, he found Lusignan, King of Cyprus, invested by his old enemies, the Genoese. He at once took command against them, and victory again attended his efforts. After regaining his native city, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and died in 1418, at the age of eighty-four.

GOODNESS consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward things we are.

GOD lays the foundation of a great work in deep humiliation.—*J. H. Evans.*



THE NEW WORKINGMAN'S SCHOOL AND FREE KINDERGARTEN, IN WEST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



## CALEB.—A VETERAN OF THE BIBLE.

We are transported in thought back over many centuries to the time when God commanded Moses to send twelve men—a man for each tribe—to spy the land which

were delegated, and, after an absence of forty days, they returned.

Immediately the people were summoned to receive the report. Eager expectation sat upon every countenance. Each eye was strained, each ear was attentively opened, for



CARLO ZENO, THE VENETIAN ADMIRAL, DEFENDING HIMSELF BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

He had promised to His chosen people. The election of these representatives was left to the people, who chose men of tried courage and known public spirit. After a solemn charge from their loved and trusted leader, Moses, these twelve men were dispatched. They expeditiously and successfully accomplished the work to which they

the weal or woe of themselves and their posterity was involved in the statement the spies were then to make. The splendid specimen clusters of grapes were laid at the feet of Moses, and then one of the delegates proceeded to speak, somewhat as follows:

“We have explored the country. It is indeed a land of

fruitfulness, as these clusters prove. The rugged parts of the mountains are adorned with vineyards and trees. The hills, clad with verdure, are dotted over with flocks, whilst the valleys are abundant with corn. The scenery is picturesque and inviting. The people dwell in well-constructed cities, which are plentifully watered by the springs and rivulets surrounding them. Indeed, *the land* is all we could wish, but—"

And here the buoyant spirits and brilliant expectations of the people were at once crushed and beclouded. What a change in thought and feeling will that little word "but" often cause!

"But," continued the speaker, "the people are very numerous, very strong, very expert at war, and they are under the command of experienced men of enormous stature. There is no probability of our defeating them, for if we were victorious on the plain we could not capture their cities, for they are marvelously fortified. A siege would be a most painful and prolonged effort; the rainy season and disease would kill as many as fell in the conflict. Desirable, therefore, as the land is, it would be extreme folly to attempt to possess it."

The speaker succeeded in carrying the convictions and emotions of the people with him. At once a scene of disastrous and disgraceful clamor, anger, indignation, sorrow and despair ensued; the multitude rose in opposition to Moses and in sinful revolt against God.

At that juncture there stepped forward a noble, stalwart, and courageous man, in the very prime of life, just forty years of age. He attempted to calm the perturbed minds of the troubled host. The question arose, Who is he? to which the answer supplied was, "Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, one of the spies." After some effort, he secured a hearing, and spake on this wise: "Men of Israel, you have been told but part of the truth, and some things you heard have been far too highly colored, even to lamentable exaggeration, whilst there is an aspect of the matter which has not been at all alluded to. It is true that the land is all, ay, more than has been stated. It is true that there are strong foes and many difficulties, but"—and this "but" was as much an angel of light as the other "but" was an angel of darkness—"but the strength of the foe has been over-estimated, whilst the presence, and power, and promise of God, have been altogether excluded. *What!* are we to place ourselves in the balance with a people who love not and trust not God? Are we to forget that the Lord's omnipotence is ours? Has not God helped us hitherto? Has He not miraculously delivered us from the hand of our foe, and shall we disbelieve His word, or doubt His power and love now? Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able!"

In vain, however, did Caleb argue, exhort, entreat and reprove. His impassioned eloquence failed of effect. Deadly prejudices were already sown. Evil feelings were inflamed, which continued to wax stronger and stronger. Next morning Caleb and Joshua again essayed to allay the passions, and kindle hope, but only at the peril of their lives, for the infatuated multitude were preparing to stone them to death. Just then the Infinite miraculously interposed. "The glory of the Lord appeared in the tabernacle" before all the people. The whole company was terrified and subdued. God declared his intention to destroy them. But Moses, with a perfection of charity, interceded for the salvation of the people, and succeeded in obtaining the mitigation of their punishment. And the Lord said: "Because all those men who have seen my glory, and my miracles, which I did in Egypt and in the wilderness, have tempted me now these ten times, and have not hearkened to my voice;

surely they shall not see the land which I swore unto their fathers, neither shall any of them that provoked me see it: but my servant Caleb, because he hath another spirit with him, and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went; and his seed shall possess it." Immediately afterward the ten faithless spies died of the plague, but Caleb and Joshua were mercifully preserved in peace. The entire company of the Israelites was condemned to wander forty years amid pains and perplexities till the whole adult race was extinct. We hear but little of Caleb during that time. He continued faithful to the God whom he served, and having trained the young till they had grown to man's estate, he, with Joshua, led them into the full possession and enjoyment of the promised land, the beautiful and prolific Canaan. There he took part in the terrible struggles with the kings of the country, and was, doubtless, in the hand of God, a conspicuous leader of the hosts. Then came the apportionment of the territory among the tribes.

Joshua was "old and stricken in years," and the Lord commissioned him to undertake the division of the land before he felt the final and fatal indications of dissolution. Whilst at Gilgal, Joshua commenced the allotment. Tribe by tribe came before him to learn the nature and locality of its possessions. When the tribe of Judah was called, Joshua met again face to face his old companion and friend, Caleb. Joshua was infirm, but Caleb was still vigorous and active. There were snowy locks upon that brow, there were wrinkles of age upon that face, and there were indications in his bearing that he had gathered great experience from many years. But there were no signs of weakness. "Though old, he still retained his manly sense and energy of mind." Years had taught him much, but had not stolen the fire from his mind, nor the vigor from his limb, nor the courage from his heart. His form was stalwart, his tread was firm, his hand was steady. He was still ready with heroic heart to perform valorous deeds. He stepped forth from the people of his tribe, and thus he spake: "Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses, the man of God, concerning thee and me in Kadesh-barnea. Forty years old was I when Moses, the servant of the Lord, sent me from Kadesh-barnea to spy out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in my heart. Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt: but I wholly followed the Lord my God. And Moses swore on that day, saying, Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's for ever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord thy God. And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as He said, these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses, while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness; and now, lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out and come in." Having thus stated his case to Joshua, his old comrade, but his commander at that time, he had nothing more to do than prefer his request. He proceeded therefore to add: "Now therefore give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day; for thou heardest in that day how the Anakims were there, and that the cities were great and fenced; if so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said." Joshua must have looked with deep admiration at the old man of eighty-five years thus speaking with an unflinching trust in God, and unflinching spirit of bravery. No marvel that Joshua blessed him, and at once granted him Hebron—the very fertile



land upon which Caleb had set his heart. Most old men of eighty-five would have preferred to decline the country if to possess it war must be waged, and the warriors headed by the claimant in person. But Caleb shrank not, for he was yet unconscious of any diminution of strength. Though the land he intended to possess was the main fastness of the aboriginal inhabitants of the south, though the city was the residence of the three gigantic sons of Anak, yet he was nothing daunted. A pitched battle took place outside the walls of Kirjath-arba, the three giants were slain, the city was captured, and became the centre of the mighty tribe of Judah. But Caleb's victories did not end there. His spirit of adventure and his vigor of limb did not rest. He endeavored, by his own life and words, to stir up the courage of younger men; and hence he offered the hand of his daughter as the reward for the man who should successfully assail Debir, or Kirjath-sepher—"the city of books." It is not surprising that from his own family sprang the champion. The city was taken and the prize secured by Othniel—who was either nephew or younger brother of Caleb. And then Caleb so enlarged his borders as to have the green valley beneath Debri, with its upper and lower springs, to bestow upon his daughter. Thus right on into a period when most men feel the necessity of retiring from active and arduous service, and when some men are entirely broken down in health and spirits, Caleb was vigorous, hale, hearty and energetic. He could affirm that he was as strong at eighty-five as he was at forty. Now, how was this? Is it possible to assign any reason that may guide us in our present course and future prospects? I think it is.

It is very probable that Caleb was endowed at the first with a good constitution. Some men inherit weakness and disease, and are more or less the victims of the folly of their dead ancestors. Others are favored with physical power, and development of life is with them the development of energy and force. This latter was the case, surely, with Caleb. But then there have been men of marvelously good constitutions who have not lived out half their days. By their thoughtlessness, imprudence or sin, they have undermined the strength with which nature had endowed them, and so brought themselves to a premature grave. Hence, I think, we may ascribe the vigorous old age of Caleb:

1. To his own temperance and prudence. God said of him, when he was forty years of age, "He hath followed Me fully." Mark that divine testimony—"Hath followed Me"—the God of purity and integrity—"fully," with all the powers and sympathies of his soul. This is next to the testimony concerning Enoch, who walked with God. Now, he could not have followed the Lord fully and have been guilty of intemperate habits or vicious practices. He could not have trodden in the commandments of the Most High, and yet have cared naught for that physical organism which was intrusted to his keeping. There is little doubt but that he exercised the most vigilant care in relation to his body as well as his soul. This is the duty of every man. This the apostle suggests when he says, "What, know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?"

The soul and the body are like strings of a musical instrument set at one pitch—touch one, and the others vibrate. Injure your body, and you injure your mind. There would be far more effective mental and spiritual work done in the world if men's bodies were differently cared for. I inculcate a scriptural duty when I beg you to take care of the body, for the use or abuse of which you will one day be accountable.

2. But there is another and more important reason why Caleb retained such vigor in old age. It is this—it was given him by God as the direct reward of righteousness. This is unmistakably recorded. In Numbers xiv. 24 we read the eternal saying, "But my servant Caleb, because he had another spirit with him, and hath followed Me fully, him will I bring into the land whereto he went; and his seed shall possess it." Again, in Deuteronomy i. 35, 36, we read, "Surely there shall not one of these men of this evil generation see that good land, which I swear to give unto your fathers, save Caleb the son of Jephunneh; he shall see it, and to him will I give the land that he hath trodden upon, and to his children, because he has wholly followed the Lord." So also Caleb reminded Joshua that Moses swore, saying, "Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's for ever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord thy God."

Caleb was a man of heroic faith, a man of unswerving integrity, a man of simple and sweet reliance upon God. Those who were associated with him were craven-souled creatures. With the exception of Joshua there was not a man besides Caleb in the whole twelve of the spies that ventured calmly and independently to form their judgment of the land. It was not with them a matter of conscientious duty, but of fitful policy. They did not ask what is right before God—but what is pleasant to us. Hence they were alarmed at the sight of the people. Moral "grass-hoppers" they were, and they wellnigh brought destruction on the whole company of Israel. But Caleb was of another spirit. There were no giants to affright him. If God bade them go into the land, that was enough. He had no coward spirit of distrust. Dauntlessly he said, "Let us go up at once and possess it; and had his counsel prevailed, they might have all been in Canaan forty years earlier than they were. His feeble-minded, craven-spirited contemporaries were smitten with death, but upon Caleb the Lord put the honor of long life and possession of Canaan. His was a courage that springs from faith in God, and firm convictions of the right. Upon such noble heroism the light of heaven will ever fall kindly. The sheepish, timid, fickle, poltroon will find himself forsaken of God and man; but the true-hearted defender of the right will be like the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," guarded and glorified. If righteousness is the strength of a nation, it is equally the strength of the individual. The blessing of that Wise and Mighty One resteth upon the good and godly man. Of him and to him He says, "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation."

Thus, then, we see the reasons why Caleb was permitted to reach a vigorous old age. He judiciously and faithfully protected the physical strength with which he was endowed, and he walked before God with such affection and fidelity as to secure the divine blessing.

But, much as it may be our duty and desire to guard our bodies from premature decay, the care of our souls is of paramount importance. The body is but the tabernacle for the soul, the casket for the jewel, the covering for the book, the frame for the picture, the case for the treasure, the purse for the golden coin. Who cared more about the tent that Dr. Livingstone occupied for years than about the dauntless explorer? Who deems the casket more deserving of care and keeping than the jewels? What lover of books values the covers more than the contents? What owner of a portrait would sit down and weep because the frame was damaged by fire or a fall so long as those much-loved features on the canvas are preserved? Who, receiving a present of rare and

invaluable articles, would lament that the case was much injured in the transit so long as the treasures are unharmed? Who would not regard himself as most fortunate if, in losing his purse, he saved the coin? So, who that knows anything of the value of the immortal soul does not feel that the first thought should be directed to its welfare—that, however much the outward man may be cherished, the inner man should be supremely the object of vigilance and cultivation? If you could collect all the paper that has ever been manufactured, and could engage all the clerks in the Civil Service to fill that paper with figures, you would not express the value of the soul, even if every unit represented a dollar. Yes, the humblest man carries with him a treasure surpassing in value all the pearls of the sea, all the gold of the mines, all the wood of the forests, all the cattle on a thousand hills, all the

loungers, sight-seers, etc., while those superb turnouts for which the "Drive" is famous perpetually flash across it. To watch the swans being fed is a source of intense interest to Londoners, and with the daintily attired children of the aristocracy this is a daily pastime.

Close by is the celebrated Rotten Row, the fashionable ride of London, a mile and a half in length. Hyde Park was already a fashionable promenade two centuries ago, the "season" then being considered to begin with the first of May. Poor Robins's Almanac for May, 1608, remarks:

"Now, at Hyde Park, if fair it be,  
A show of ladies you may see."

Rotten Row is a corruption of *Route du Roi*. The old royal route from the palace of the Plantagenet kings at



THE SERPENTINE BRIDGE.

bright worlds which sparkle in the canopy of the skies. Hence, I beg you, reader, to care first for your soul. See to it that it is reposing upon the word and work of Jesus; and then use all your physical as well as spiritual faculties in glorifying God.

### THE SERPENTINE BRIDGE.

The Serpentine is an artificial lake in Hyde Park, London, of fifty acres, much frequented for bathing in Summer and for skating in Winter. There is a delightful drive along its northern bank. Near this are the oldest trees in the park, some of them, oaks, said to have been planted by Charles II. In this part of the park was the "Ring," now destroyed, the fashionable drive of the last century.

The site of the bridge is most picturesque, and the bridge itself is at all hours thronged with pedestrians,

Westminster to the royal hunting forests was by Rotten Row, and this road was kept sacred to royalty—the only other person allowed to use it being (from its association with the hunting grounds) the Grand Falconer of England. This privilege exists still, and every year the Duke of St. Albans, as hereditary Grand Falconer, keeps up his right by *driving* once down Rotten Row.

UNBELIEF and faith look both through the same perspective glass, but at contrary ends. Unbelief looks through the wrong end of the glass, and therefore sees those objects which are near afar off, and makes things little, diminishing the greatest spiritual blessings, and removing far from us threatened evils. Faith looks at the right end, and brings the blessings that are far off in time close to our eye, and multiplies God's mercies, which in distance lost their greatness.—*Bishop Hall*.





HANNAH'S COWARDICE.—"SHE LEFT HIM SITTING ON THE BENCH, GAZING FIXEDLY AT NOTHING."—SEE PAGE 578.



## HANNAH'S COWARDICE.

BY HARRIET IRVING.

OLD New York City is greatly changed since thirty years ago. In the broad central portion, then suburban, rows of tall buildings have started up from river to river, in place of the vacant lots and market-gardens, dotted only here and there by forlorn shanties and unpretentious cottages. Even in the wide thoroughfares running north and south, all is rebuilt and renovated; but the Eighth Avenue cars, as they leave their depot southward-bound, pass one row of nine red brick houses which have altered in nothing except that their fronts were then of one uniform tint, their green blinds glistened with new paint, and the signs above their shop-doors, in some cases, wore a different lettering.

It was on a certain drizzly May day less than thirty years ago that Farmer Allen brought his family, consisting of a wife and three daughters, into the fourth floor of one of these houses.

Down in the street below drays and wagons jostled each other. Carmen, in rain-besprinkled oilcloth, conveying furniture across the thresholds, fought for standing-room upon the wet pavements; beds and carpets were trailed in the mud, household idols overthrown and utterly demolished.

Men swore and women screamed, and amidst all the hubbub the big countryman and his small wife anxiously watched the unloading of their own possessions from the great, covered farm-wagon, while their three daughters, in the rooms above, had already closeted their gingham dresses and sunbonnets, and, arrayed in short woolen skirts and calico joesies, proceeded, with youthful ardor, to the task of "cleaning up."

But, alas! there were only two brooms, and Hannah, the youngest sister, wandered disconsolately toward the back windows, leaving Hester and Marghorite, better known as Het and Ho, to disperse cobwebs and sweep together dust and rubbish left by the last tenants. In this strange new house, in a strange new city, Hannah stood, looking mournfully down through the grimy panes upon the small yard. The voice of Het's ambition broke in upon her reverie.

"We must have dresses and bonnets like other young ladies."

"We have got dresses and bonnets," said Ho, pausing open-mouthed with brush and dustpan raised and wonder rising in her small green eyes at this last vagery of her elder sister's.

"Dresses!" cried imperious Het, with a toss of her well-set head and a flaring of her commanding nostrils. "Dresses! brown ginghams and sun-bonnets! You may wear them all your life if you want to, dust-grubber! I mean muslins and merinoes and straw-bonnets with ribbons, and, oh, if I could only have a silk dress and a broché shawl! I must have them!"

"You must have 'em if you can get 'em, I suppose," said Ho, resuming operations with a sniff, aggrieved, and not a little sulky because of the opprobrious epithet parenthetically thrust at her, and which Het has quite forgotten in her swelling visions.

Amusing this epithet even to timid Hannah, inwardly fluttering at the signs of a rising quarrel; for, though the dust had insinuated itself into every crease of Ho's by no means handsome face, and a sooty smooch disfigured her nose and forehead, Het's more classic features were only a shade less dirty and her occupation was identical.

"Perhaps," moved Hannah, dipping her scrubbing-brush into the pail of hot water, procured of a neighbor and ready waiting for her use—"perhaps father may get rich."

And in this pleasing dream the others forgot their little unpleasantness.

But Farmer Allen did not get rich as an expressman. He had not been over-sanguine of success in this late experiment.

He had chosen for his wife a delicate woman, entirely without capacity, when he needed a helpmate, and through slow-dragging years all his exertions had been hampered by this mistake. Now, just as his girls were growing equal to fill the long need, a crisis had come at which something must be done, and he had carried out a plan considered of years before.

When the conviction forced itself upon him that his second mistake was a fatal one, his health and spirits rapidly declined. Loss of appetite, nervous depression, the change in his habits of life, a severe cold caught through some imprudence, all worked together upon an apparently rugged constitution, and, after a brief struggle against overwhelming forces, the father took to his bed.

"I'm afraid your pa is going to die," sighed Mrs. Allen, looking over her teacup at the vacant chair opposite; and so it proved.

Het, who had begun to make money in a small way by working for their dressmaker-neighbor, shuddered as she thought what a nothing the dribblets of small change would be toward supplying the table and shelter, and seriously meditated dropping in time the responsibility she foresaw would one day be thrust upon her; but her natural affection, pride and energy soon asserted themselves, and she addressed herself to the task of procuring more work, while the mother took her place by her husband's bedside, and Ho kept things in order, showing only industry and cheerfulness.

These three watched the waning life, and saw the provision that had been laid by for a rainy day dwindling down to nothingness. Hannah alone was spared the knowledge of impending trouble, until one day, running in from school with her bag of books along across her shoulder, and her sunbonnet flying by its string in one plump hand, she burst into her father's sick-room and found young Doctor Wylder there.

To Hannah this handsome young man with earnest gray eyes was only "the doctor"—an omen of evil. She read in his kind, grave face the knowledge that her mother and sisters had had before; and, undisciplined child as she was, gave way to a wild abandonment of grief, sinking on her knees beside the unconscious man's bed, and sobbing over his listless, fallen hand.

The doctor's heart ached for the sorrow-stricken child, and for her sake—perhaps entirely—he did what he could for the sick man's family. For the sick man himself there was very little to be done.

In those after-days, when her father still lingered, Hannah saw more of Doctor Wylder, and came to admire and respect and love him even in a sort of reverent fashion.

To her he seemed wise and old, and she found him very kind; but her sleeping eyelids had been touched with the leaves of a magical plant, and the first mortal who came to her waking vision was not Doctor Wylder, that was all.

During the time when Farmer Allen's doomed experi-

ment was still in its hopeful stage, it had happened to Hannah to fall in with one who had proved to be her evil genius—a bright-eyed, innocent boy then.

Down in the small school in the basement of a white church building, where the boys and girls sat facing each other on either side of the room, these two had looked across in mischief or friendliness.

They had walked up the avenue together when school was out, and, down on the doorstep in the Summer evenings, by the light of the druggist's window, recited their geography lessons to each other, and ciphered out the next day's arithmetic examples.

This was only the beginning. The two played and romped with other school-children, until Jim Burroughs suddenly disappeared from the scene, because, as he explained, his father said he "knew enough."

After that Hannah found other friends; but Jim's roughish face beamed at her across the barrels and boxes of the grocery opposite when she passed on her way to school, and thither Hannah went for the family supplies with a big market-basket. Sometimes, when the basket was heavier than usual, Jim was sent home with it, and stopped long enough to bring down anathemas on his giddy head.

On such occasions Het would inquire, with an air of grandeur, why Hannah encouraged such a very ignorant, ill-mannered person to pay his addresses to her, or if she really intended to make an alliance with the noble family of Burroughs; and Ho would wish that somebody else beside that great, hulking rowdy would come with the groceries, and deliver her opinion that it was a disgrace to the house.

At this stage a few kindly words such as a judicious father or mother might have spoken, would have been sufficient to make Hannah drop this young acquaintance; but there was no one wise enough to speak them, and the girl saw only the injustice of sarcasms and vituperations hurled at unconscious Jim. She could not see any wide difference of caste between an expressman's daughter and a stage-driver's son.

A little later all was changed. Jim Burroughs became the hero of Hannah's dreams, and he was exalted by her fancy into something very superior to the actual fact.

He had told her that she was dear to him, and had stolen kisses when chance offered, and she was quite sure that she should never love anybody else as long as she lived, and almost as sure of his constancy as of her own.

It was after her father's death, when Hannah still went about with drooping head, that the first dangerous step was taken. Jim Burroughs was out of a place and disconsolate, and she had promised him some sea-mosses preserved on cards, which were among her treasures—mementoes of her country home.

Hannah being sent on one of Het's errands that evening, fell in with Jim Burroughs, and took her first lonely walk with him—the first of many.

In some way, though not through any fault of Hannah's, the boy guessed at the situation of affairs and found a sort of romance in it that suited him. He forced Hannah to confess that her sisters were opposed to him, and so worked upon her kindly disposition that, through sympathy for his wounded feelings, she was quite ready to go on in the way she had begun.

Het's business energy was something astonishing, and her skill and taste most admirable. In a few short months she far outrivalled the discomfited dressmaker who had been her teacher, and was on the road to fortune. Customers began to come in numbers, and Hannah's time out of school was consumed in running breadths and gathers,

much to the hindrance of her lessons, and altogether to the loss of her leisure hours, except for those too frequent evening walks, and even those were often much abridged.

The next step was a change of residence into one of the new brown-stone "fronts" in a neighboring street. Sewing-girls were hired, fashion-books subscribed for, and Miss Allen was known far and wide as "the most stylish dressmaker in the Twenty-second Ward," which, though not the height of her ambition, was certainly very gratifying. Not a few suitors had Hester, but she had pre-determined to wait for something more substantial than these had to offer.

She made an unfortunate choice, at length, though her intentions were doubtless of the best. A pink-and-white Englishman of the name of Brown, with a small income and a taste for pre-Raphaelite drawing, was considered by all concerned a very desirable match.

It was not the bride's fault that he was dissipated, and drank himself into a hasty decline shortly after the marriage. His income, which was to have enriched the dress-making establishment, died with him, and Het, now "Madame Le Brun," presided over her elegant parlors in widow's weeds, and was again solicitous of matrimonial offers, though rendered doubly cautious by the comparative failure of her first adventure.

Meanwhile Hannah's life had had one singular event.

It happened in this way: Jim Burroughs had persuaded her that they could not do without each other, and very honestly and fervently offered his heart, hand and fortune, such as they were, begging her to secure her mother's favor and consent, if possible; but to accept him, at all events, as she had a right to do.

Hannah, in fear and trembling, broached the subject to her mother, of whom personally she was not at all afraid, and from whom she had inherited her fatal cowardice.

Mrs. Allen secretly leaned to considering the young man's claims on some proper basis, and using Hannah's own common sense and the important factors of time and deliberation against him; but she did not dare to propose such a course to her other daughters.

She smiled weakly, and told Hannah little girls shouldn't talk about such things. Then Hannah tried Het in an amiable mood.

Het brightened at the idea of a real wedding, for there had been none in the family at that time. She questioned her sister as to Jim's prospects, and particularly as to what sort of a costume he would be able to get up for the grand wedding-party her imagination pictured.

Hannah's answers were not propitious. Jim's prospects were an interior clerkship, and they were to keep house in two little rooms, buying their furniture by piecemeal when they could.

The absence of a wedding-suit, which should be in keeping with the parlors, and with Hannah's possible bridal splendors, decided Het, and she turned the whole thing into ridicule, calling in Marghorite's too-ready aid.

For weeks the child's life was made a sort of torture. Her experience was so narrow that she thought she was undergoing life's severest troubles.

She told Jim simply that her mother laughed at her and thought she was too young to marry. She could not tell him the cruel words that rent her poor little, troubled heart.

Still, attracting him by her grace and beauty, and encouraging him by an artless exhibition of her true feelings, she put him off by ever new delays until the good resolutions he had made in the hope of winning her weakened. He lost the last new situation as he had lost many others—by carelessness.

The two lamented together their sad fate; and when Jim got on his feet again, he vowed he would be played with no longer. If Hannah was afraid of her family, he was not, he said; and by some means he prevailed upon her to go with him one Summer evening to a clergyman's house, and there become his wife. The agreement between them was that Hannah was to break the news the next day and Jim was to come in the twilight and take her to their selected home in spite of railings and protestations, if any there were. The agreement was broken on both sides.

The bride lay awake all night trying to gather courage to face her sisters. She went on trying the next day with no better success. The seamstress declared she looked like a ghost, and so she did, if pallor and fear are ghostly essentials. Hester was more than usually busy and not to be approached; that was the excuse the girl made to herself for not speaking; and, while she bent above her sewing, her heart thumped fiercely, and every peal of the door-bell threw her into a sickening panic. Jim did not come. Hannah picked up the knowledge by hazard, for she thought it prudent to ask no questions, that he had disappeared from the neighborhood on the night of their wedding, and that his parents did not know where he had gone, nor, as far as could be discovered, any of his companions.

When the parlors were decked for Hester's wedding, and the handsome bride held out her finger for the marriage-pledge, Hannah thought of the ring ignominiously hidden away in her pocketbook, never worn but for a few short moments. She wondered if she should ever put it on.

For a space of days, anxiety for the absentee added to her distracting troubles, but slowly the perception of his true character, which had long been hidden away under the glamour of love and fancy, asserted itself. A thousand things condoned, a thousand idle words forgotten, rose up to witness against him. He did not bear the test of absence, and, in time, it came to be that Hannah, instead of hoping and waiting, feared and waited. She had ceased to love. At length she ceased to fear, for her spirit was elastic and soared above the bonds that had borne it down so long.

Then came Francis Wylder.

The seed of love that had fallen in his heart long before had bided its time. It needed no fanning of sighs nor watering of tears.

At sight of the beautiful, impulsive child, grown to a graceful woman, fair and sweet as ever, it sprung to life and flourished and reached deep down into the soil that had sunned itself in patience.

Hannah never forgot the moment when she first stood face to face with Doctor Wylder after their long parting. The added years had done as much for him as for her. Far more. His face bore the stamp of earnest work and earnest thought in every line, yet physical and spiritual strength had kept it quite unmarred, so that his goodness had something of an angelic texture outwardly as well as inwardly.

One slanting ray from the setting sun fell through the long room upon the doorway as he entered. His white forehead was lighted by it and his wonderful gray eyes.

They were quite alone at the moment and his soul spoke to her without the aid of words, and hers answered; but over the fleeting rapture of an instant fell a pall black with the errors of the past.

Madame Le Brun sparkled at the sight of her visitor, until her penetration showed her that sparkling was of no avail, when she assumed a matronly attitude toward the two young people, and signified by her manner that she was ready to bestow her blessing upon them.

There were no struggles to be made in this second courtship. Even Marghorite, who had frowned on each and every of Hannah's escorts on all occasions, conceded that if the child must marry she had better marry some one who would be a credit to the family, and kept her little spite and jealousies to herself by a mighty effort.

The mother, who was kindly disposed, in as far as she was not utterly negative, was pleased to be able to express her approbation and encouragement freely.

The one most nearly interested alone held back. She could not wholly resist the pleasure of Francis Wylder's society, but when she saw that he was ready to speak she was stricken with terror. Sometimes she denied herself and refused his invitations, but he was not to be put off long. Het, who kept the family conscience, sounded her sister before the event, and discovering that something was wrong, set herself to right it.

"You wouldn't be such an idiot," she expostulated, "as to tell him about that Burroughs boy?"

From that text she exhorted and persuaded until Hannah, who regarded Het as an oracle of wisdom, was thoroughly impressed with the idea that so vulgar an affair as that long past courtship must be kept well out of sight, if not on her own account, for the sake of those nearest and dearest to her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alone in the moonlight, two lovers walked hand in hand. The man had told his story. The woman listened with a throbbing heart and prayed for strength. There was but one thing to do, it seemed to her—that was to refuse him, to cast his love away. But how to do it fitly! What power could help her to show him the gratitude and humility she felt, and yet to fling that precious, holy gift away, a good man's love, water for her thirst, food for her hunger, balm for her wounds, the open door to happiness? And she must turn her back upon it all.

Her silence pained him, and she felt it and faltered out her coward "No!" Oh, to have told him all! She loved Hester, but, in that moment, she rebelled most bitterly against the pride that had forbidden her to tell the truth—the little part of it her sister knew.

She longed to confess the whole. Better that she should be ashamed, and others through her, than his great heart should be wounded in such a shameless fashion.

He left her then, but he came again. He knew well that she loved him, and he could not take her "No." And so, through yearning love and shame and cowardice, and a hundred influences brought to bear upon her on every hand, Hannah committed a crime whose consequence she could not foresee.

The brief wedding-ceremony, followed by total separation, seemed so far away and unreal that she could not reason about it as a fact; and surely, she argued, if Jim had meant to claim her, he would have done so before, for it was five long years since they had parted. If he did not claim her, what harm could ever come to any one through the keeping of her secret? What good could come through revealing it? If Jim and she were of the same mind, who would be the wiser or the worse for those few forgotten promises they had made each other? Again—perhaps Jim, poor Jim! was dead. Thus she rang the changes through sleepless nights and dreaming days.

She needs must think of her first wedding when she promised to love, honor and obey another so utterly unlike the second, and she felt herself a hypocrite and a sinner, and cringed before the pure eyes regarding her with pride and joy.

The wedding was as grand a one as Madame Le Brun could compass. The dresses of the bride and bridesmaid



were a fine card for the establishment. The wedding was over and all the bridal fineries laid away, and life begun—a happy life for Hannah.

Her husband, seen by the light of everyday fact, was as fine and good as she had ever fancied him. Compared with the aimlessness of most that she had known, his daily work seemed something almost more than human. It became her highest ambition to share it in some humble

to put away the thought, but it would not be put away—for it was truth!

She turned her head again, and the man called her name—just "Hannah!"—in a husky voice, that had lost all intonation, tender or otherwise.

Regardless of all around, Hannah gathered her skirts about her and ran, swiftly and wildly, like as if she were an insane woman.



way. She let the past go on as an evil dream, and gave herself over to the joy of the present.

Like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky came her trouble. Light of heart, with a smile upon her lips and laughter in her merry eyes, she walked the familiar streets, and came suddenly upon a rough man—a stranger, as she thought.

He leered at her, and she avoided him scarcely with repulsion, so unimportant did he seem to her. He thrust his face a little closer, and something in the bloated features and swimming eyes brought back the well-remembered countenance of the boy, Jim Burroughs. She tried

But Jim did not follow; he only changed his reeking cud of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and stared.

She saw him again the very next time that she ventured out again. He haunted her footsteps continually, but he did not address her again. He lounged about the pavements before her house and Madame Le Brun's, stepped into doorways of stores where she was shopping, crossed ferries and rode in stages with her, sometimes without casting his eyes her way. Once, when she went to the theatre with her husband, he was the cabman who drove them.

At length she determined to confront him. When next they met, she walked up to him and held out her hand.

"Mr. Burroughs," she said, and her soft eyes looked up appealingly to his.

Jim was not in liquor, and his face broke into a genuine smile, with, perhaps, a touch of craftiness.

"So you do know me, Hannah?" he said.

"Please, let us go where we can talk," was all her answer.

Madison Park was near at hand, and there they went together and sat on one of the benches in sight of the playing fountain, flashing and spattering its diamond-spray drops in the sun.

"You know that I am married," she began, for he did not help her, and she was resolved to settle the matter for good or ill, then and there.

"I'd order," said Jim, with a comical twist of the mouth. "I've got our certificate here," and he slapped the breast of his coat.

His companion's eyes drooped.

"But I mean—again," she said.

"Yes, I know that, too."

The blood rushed to Hannah's cheeks, but she felt that this was no time for shame or anger, or anything but the business she had come about.

"My husband is a good man," she went on, keeping her voice under perfect control, "and we are living happily together. "I want to ask you, since it was so long ago, to let everything be as it is—not to bring trouble upon me."

"I don't know as I've said anything," said Jim, sulkily.

"Do you mean to?"

He laughed aloud.

"You were always a bright one, Hannah," he said.

"Maybe I do, and maybe I don't."

Hannah clasped her hands under cover of her mantilla in a secret gesture of despair.

She had said her say out, and gained nothing. There was one possibility she had not touched upon, and she tried it reluctantly.

"Do you want money?"

She had no intention in the question except the one of discovering his motive. If it were a case of blackmailing, she thought it best to know it at the start. Jim's answer set the thought at rest.

"No, I don't. I've got money. I want my little wife, and I don't see why another man should have her."

Then a single gesture showed her that she had done a dangerous thing in meeting him on equal grounds.

He would have laid his hand on her caressingly, but she rose and stepped into the path.

"Don't, Jim. I've been a wicked woman," she said, "and I shall suffer for it yet. Do your worst, if nothing else will satisfy you, but not that. I have forgotten those old days, and you surely have no right to complain."

Then she left him sitting on the bench, with his elbows on his knees, gazing fixedly at nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hannah's sisters, still living in the old neighborhood, heard of Jim Burroughs and his doings. He had been to California, and come back enriched. Rumor varied as to the extent of his wealth, but all Rumor's tongues were unanimous and emphatic in declaring that he was on the broad road to destruction.

After their meeting in the park, Hannah saw nothing of Jim for a time. Then his surveillance began again. He grew bolder. According to the state of intoxication he was in—and he was generally in one stage or another—he taunted and coaxed her. She never went out alone

for pleasure now, but there was a round of visiting she had taken up to aid her husband in his benevolent schemes, and that she would not abandon.

Jim Burroughs came to know the streets and houses where she was to be found, and the hours of her goings and comings. He started up in all sorts of odd corners, when she least expected to see him. Her very life was a burden to her because of him.

At length, one day, she said:

"I will end this. I will be brave for once, if it breaks my heart and his—my darling's."

When the evening meal was over she went to her husband's office. He did not see her when she entered.

His eyes were bent upon the glowing coals of the grate-fire, and suddenly it struck Hannah that he had altered sadly. His cheeks were sunken, and his mouth and forehead lined with care. For an instant, then, she thought of drawing back, but only for an instant.

There was a light stand at his elbow with a chair beside it. Hannah took the chair so that she sat facing him.

He turned his face toward her for an instant, and then averted it again.

"I have come to make a confession," she said.

He bowed his head silently, and settled himself with a hand shading his eyes to listen.

In her life with him she had learned the lesson of self-control, and her voice did not falter or break as she told him all her story, just the plain simple facts, with no pleadings for herself, no dwelling on her sorrow or her pain.

He made no sign nor motion but once, when she repeated some of Jim Burroughs's rough words, and then he uttered an exclamation of deep, fierce anger, but quickly smothered it.

She had told it all.

"And I am not your wife," she said.

"You are not my wife."

The words were an assent—whether a decree, a regret, or what other meaning they might have, Hannah could not guess.

He got up and left her, and she knelt before the chair where he had sat, and hid her face in her hands, now icy cold and shaking; her forehead was like fire.

She could hear his movements in the little inner room; she heard his feet tread the floor. She heard him at his desk; even the rustling of his paper and the sound of a swift-moving pen reached her ears.

It seemed to her like hours that she knelt and never stirred. Was he angry? Was he sorrowful? What would he do? He had said, "You are not my wife!"

Not his wife! The sounds went wailing through caverns of despair.

"To whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever?"—she whispered the words to herself, and they seemed to be her.

She heard the door close, and then the outer door, and his footfall on the pavement. She tried to think she had not heard it.

She dragged herself up and went into that room, where she strove to believe that she should find him sitting, and there a strange sight met her eyes—a large trunk marked with Francis Wylder's name and the name of a vessel bound for Anstralia.

She was not capable of thinking then, or she must have understood that her confession could not have preceded the preparation of that trunk.

She cried out insanely that he had left her because of her wickedness, and then she fell into seething seas of anguish, into flames of torture, into wild wanderings on

unknown shores, blind groping, mad with sorrow and pain; last of all, unconscious, dead!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hannah Burroughs lifted her wasted hands and raised her languid eyelids, and smiled like a child to think that she was alive and could move.

A mist spread before her eyes; then slowly a dear face grew out of it.

"You can hear me now?"

"Yes, Francis."

"And understand?"

She bowed her head.

"You are free. The man you were married to six years ago has no legal claim upon you any more."

"I am glad—so glad!"

"I have something else to say."

What more could there be? She listened in mild wonder. Nothing touched her deeply. She was not near enough to life for that.

"You thought me changed to you, Hannah."

She could not remember; but she bowed her head again, believing that memory would come.

"I knew of your marriage. Mr. Burroughs had written me letters misrepresenting everything. I tried to be kind. I wanted you to tell me in your own way, at your own time. I heard of your meetings as they looked to others' eyes. I did not watch you, but I saw you with him once or twice, and I saw the marriage register. I thought you regretted being married to me, and only feared the scandal. I did not know that you had never lived with him. The night you told me all I had prepared to go, to make it easy for you. Do you understand? I never ceased to love you. I loved you more than ever then."

Her eyes filled slowly with a happy light, and a sigh of ecstasy escaped her.

Then her husband looked at her tenderly, and said:

"You are not my wife."

After a little pause:

"We must be married again as soon as you are strong enough."

"Why could it not be now?" she asked.

And so it was. The pair who had never been disunited were reunited. It was required by law, and that the consciences of others might not be offended.

## DISCIPLINE.

"In all time of our tribulation . . . Good Lord, deliver us."—*Litany.*

When thine eyes with sad tears glisten,  
And thou yet canst praises bring,  
Angels hush their harps to listen  
As to songs they cannot sing:  
Nay, thy road when tempests darken,  
And the storm-cloud hides thy day,  
Stoops the Eternal God to hearken  
To the song that cheers thy way.

From its bed the diver cruel  
Tears agape the pearly shell;  
For its light the lustrous jewel  
Yields not to a gentler spell:  
Cruel, in thy soul's affliction,  
Seems to thee the ephastening hand?  
Nay, but thus Love's benediction  
Lifts thee to the Better Land!

All thy times of tribulation  
In His good Hand treasured lie;  
Grief, distress, reproach, temptation,  
Come to thee beneath His eye:  
Fear not! "As a watered garden  
Shall thy soul be," hear Him say:  
"Flood nor drouth shall drown nor harden,  
I will keep it night and day."

'Tis the mystery of trial:  
Thou must suffer with thy Lord:  
Thou must know how dread the vial  
On His sacred Head outpoured:  
So, when ended life's brief story,  
Ended sorrow, crying, pain,  
Thou shalt share His endless Glory,  
And in bliss eternal reign!

## KOMPERT'S STORIES OF JEWISH HOME LIFE.

### VI.

ANOTHER deeply affecting story is that called "Jahrzeit." We have learnt that Jews hold women of no account, for they contend that God created man in His image, but that this does not refer to woman, therefore it is customary for a Jew to repeat daily: "Blessed be God that He has not made me a woman." While the birth of a son is therefore a cause for rejoicing, the birth of a girl is a needful evil to be patiently endured. Part of this extreme desire for sons is rooted in the fact that men alone can really pray, that men only can repeat the Kaddish, a prayer that has become almost a corner-stone of Hebraism, for there is deemed inherent in it a marvelous power. It is held that this prayer spoken by children over their parents' graves releases their souls from purgatory, that it is able to penetrate graves and tell the dead parents that their children remember them. The Kaddish must be spoken during eleven months after the death of a parent, as well as on each anniversary of their death. This prayer has exercised a wondrous power of holding the dead and living together, and keeps alive the naturally strong family feeling of the Jews. Kompert shows how it not only often recalls sons from evil paths by making them remember the

virtues of a dead parent; it also keeps them Jews, for what would become of their parents if no one said Kaddish over them, or if this Kaddish be spoken by Christian lips? "Die Jahrzeit" is the story of a man blessed with five sons, who rejoiced daily at the thought that five mouths would utter Kaddish above him. To his intense sorrow, he lost them all in the flower of their age. Only a daughter remained to him, but of her he made little account—a girl can speak no Kaddish. Still in his way he loved her after a while, and was bowed down with grief when he discovered that she would not wed with the man he had chosen for her, but preferred instead a fascinating Hungarian, who did not hold in honor the Jewish faith. He gave her her marriage portion in strict honesty, but then repelled her from his threshold. Now, there was no one, not even a son-in-law, to say Kaddish for him. By the death of his wife he was left still more alone in the world, and grew morose and misanthropic. Years passed. One night his watchdog aroused him by barking; some one was crouching outside his door. He did not, and would not, recognize that it was his daughter, who, deserted by her husband, herself grown indifferent to the





GERMAN ART STATUARY—"MUSIC."—SEE PAGE 586.

tivate land and to enter trades—liberties which unhappily were in part again withdrawn in 1854. The news profoundly agitated the Ghetto. Prisoners who have been long confined in dark dungeons cannot at first accommodate themselves to light and liberty. Thus it was with this people. The news mounted into their brains like wine; they were storm-tossed, unrooted, unsettled. One among them, Kalb Schmoul, determined to take advantage of his Emperor's gracious act and buy himself fields. The story treats of his farming adventures. He met the peasants, who welcomed him cordially to their village, in a distrustful spirit; he would not comprehend that a Gentile should desire to do aught but hurt him. He does not know, either, how to set about his new occupation. Fortunately his shrewd commonsense, his Jewish adaptability to all conditions, ultimately helps him over all difficulties, while one of his sons becomes as true a peasant as could be found far and wide. But the mental struggles that he and his family go through, each according to the particular bias of their character, ably illustrates the thousand-year-old biblical curse that has pursued this nation like a dread shadow, "And upon them that are

old faith, had returned at last in remorse and anguish in order to keep beside her mother's grave the customary *Jahrzeit* memorial, and place upon it a little stone for memory. A cousin who had once loved her discovers her piteous condition and pleads in vain with the father to take her in. When the father refuses, he gives shelter to her and her boy, and plots how he can turn the hard heart of Jacob. At last it occurs to him that he will teach the child to say the Kaddish, that he may repeat it on the anniversary of his grandmother's death. The child has been taught no Hebrew, but rapidly learns by rote the formula. On the *Jahrzeit* Maier takes the boy to the synagogue, and his clear young voice repeating the prayer beside the stool of Jacob Löw attracts his attention; he asks whose child is this, and learning that it is his daughter's, and that, if he chooses, he now has a son to say Kaddish over him, his hard spirit is at last subdued. A reconciliation follows. The daughter once more returns to the strict observances of the faith she has only neglected, not abjured, and finally marries the cousin who has loved her so well and so long.

\* "At the Plow" is the second of Kompert's longer novels. It treats of the time when, in 1849, the Emperor of Austria repealed the cruel restrictions that retained the Jews within the Ghetto and left them free to buy and cul-

left of you I will send a faintness of heart in the lands of their enemies; and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them: and they shall flee, as fleeing from a sword; and they shall fall when none pursueth."

We have not space to follow into detail all Kompert's stories, and though we have named the best, each contains something of value, some distinctive trait, something that throws a light upon the traditions and customs of the Jewish people. We learn that the Ghetto, too, has its genealogies, its blue blood, of which it is no less proud than is the blue blood of castles and palaces. Many a Jew carries his head high in the Ghetto who seems to bow it humbly before his Christian fellow-citizens. Perchance he is sprung from the seed of Levi or of Judah, perchance he is an offspring from a great and learned scholar, a claim that entitles to aristocracy here. Many familiar traits do we find surviving. Thus in one of the tales is reproduced the fact of which we find evidences in the Bible that the Jews were fond at all times of making a bargain with their God. "If Thou wilt not grant our prayer on our account, do it at least for Thine own, for the glory of Thy name, as evinced through Thy people Israel. Let all the world behold that Thou favorest us. And if we are not pleasing in Thy sight, yet are we not what Thou hast made us?" We see how greatly the food



restrictions contributed to keep them in bondage, the necessity for observing the Sabbath making it difficult for them to work away from home or enter into service. The pictures of these Sabbaths, that cast an ennobling glamour over the whole week and over their whole lives, are among the most beautiful of Kompert's sketches. We are present also at the "Hamavdil," the ceremony of closing the sacred day, done by each house father in his house, a ceremony that typifies the separation of the Sabbath from the profane days of the week. We learn to know their superstitions, which are many, their belief in evil spirits and guardian angels. We come to understand that the reason why they eat fish so largely is because they hold that the souls of the righteous transmigrate into them (Num. xi. 22). We learn to see that there is something aristocratic in their exclusiveness which makes them believe that ten measures of wisdom came down to the world, of which Israel received nine. We are present at the Feast of Tabernacles, the New Year, when it is incumbent that every Israelite should hear the shouphar blown and cast his sins into a running stream; the Passover, at which a dish of bitter herbs, a hard-boiled egg, and the shank bone of a lamb are still placed upon the table to commemorate the bitterness of their Egyptian bondage and of the last midnight meal taken in Egypt. We assist at the great day of Atonement celebrated by a solemn fast, before which it is a sacred duty to effect a reconciliation with all persons with whom the Jews are at enmity, and to make reparation for every injury committed. We listen to the reading of the book of Esther during Purim, and are deafened by the execrations and the rattles wherewith elders and children drown the sound of Haman's name whenever about to be mentioned. We learn to regard the synagogue, not merely as a place of worship, but as a club, an exchange, a newsroom, where talk goes on uninterruptedly during the greater part of the service. We grow familiar with taliths or praying scarfs, with hand and head phylacteries, with Mezuzah, a parchment roll inscribed with portions of the Law, and fastened on doorposts that Israel may touch them and kiss their hands, thus recalling their God when going out and coming in. We live through the weeks of mourning for a relative that require the Jews to desist from business and sit for seven days upon low stools, read sacred works, and refrain from idle conversation. We witness the curious marriage customs and the way marriages are brought about through the medium of a matrimonial agent, who looks out for matches suitable in dowries, the young men going finally to regard their future wives as they might go to test the excellence of

their wares. And yet these Jewish marriages are often happy, and the Jews are faithful and affectionate couples. And, strangest of all, we are introduced to the custom of changing the name of a dying person in the hope of averting the sentence of death which it is apprehended may have been recorded against him in the Court of Heaven—a custom for which they find authority in Gen. xvii. 15, 16. The Mosaic is a stern religion, making great demands upon its followers; the life led by the Jews is one lacking in recreations. They are a serious people, not light-hearted, but anxious overmuch; the curse of a trembling heart (Deut. xxviii. 65), a life of doubt and fear, has not yet been wholly removed. Kompert has not omitted to introduce us to the ultra-orthodox called Chassidim, to those visionaries who believe that Jerusalem will be rebuilt, and who expect a temporal kingdom for Israel. But he depicts them as persons whose minds become one-sided and unhinged by too much study and too little contact with practical life. With pathetic humor he introduces some of these Talmudic scholars, quibbling over the dark sayings of the Mishna and Gemara, dealing with hyper-subtleties, whimsically searching for hidden meanings where probably none are hid, thereby leading to an unintentional falsification of the plain sense of Scripture in order to commend it to philosophic minds.

Thus Kompert's stories reveal to us the inside aspect



GERMAN ART STATUARY—"NIGHT,"—SEE PAGE 536.

of those lives which present such a sharp contrast to the mistaken ideas conceived of them by outsiders and fostered by the ignorant delineation of novelists. These tales are in brief the history of an old civilization that is fast disappearing before the light of a larger, grander day. It is a significant fact that the Jews advance in proportion to the countries in which they live. Thus, while in lands that have long given them their freedom they have become amalgamated with their fellow-citizens and distinguish themselves from them no more than other professors of different creeds, in the East and countries still uncivilized, where they are advanced in culture beyond the natives, they rigidly retain their exclusive habits and forms. A Jewish writer has said "every country has the Jews that it deserves," a testimony to their assimilative powers. The more enlightened, the more free the country, the sooner will the barriers break down that divide them from their fellow-creatures. Kompert teaches us to see the contradictions, the dissonances, the woes and struggles that agitate the heart of Israel. It is the last flicker of a dying religion that we meet with in his pages. But a religion, like a nationality, dies hard, and for some time must leave a deep scar behind it. Stubborn prejudices like those of Israel can only be overcome by mental forces strong as iron. A wrench from any religion is painful, but perhaps it is in none made more difficult than in Judaism. What must die is not their pure monotheism, their lofty ethics, which are identical with those of Christianity, but the foolish rabbinical traditions, the restrictive rites with which they have been overlaid. The Jews of to-day, as we have said, are in a transition state. They have been released from bondage, but they have not yet wholly cast off their fear of the Gentiles: even those who observe no ordinances still feel themselves most akin in Judaism, while those who have advanced yet further have another danger to encounter. It is this, that on parting with their religion they too often lower their moral tone. Not that they become immoral—immorality is foreign to their nature—but they grow to look at things coarsely, they develop a materialistic side, always dormant in the nation; with their religion they are too apt to lose their idealism. But all these faults are the faults of a transition period only, and above these, too, if left unmolested, they are rapidly rising. Is this, then, the moment to preach an anti-Jewish crusade? We ask the question of the land that has produced Goethe and Herder, in which was written the noble drama of "Nathan the Wise."

"The soul of a Jew presents a singular aspect. Imagine to yourself a book wherein are written the most beautiful things. You read, you read without ceasing, you are struck with the lovely eloquent melodies that fall upon your ear. You know not whence they come or whither they fly. All tells you that you are discovering something superior to humanity, something beautiful, magnificent, such as you have not found elsewhere. And yet all you see there does not spring from *naïveté* or simplicity, but from a higher sentiment, from something that seems as though it were biblical. You read on and on, and all of a sudden you start to find that the next pages are glued together; the melodies have ceased. You lose the tracks of that marvelous organism of faith, you cannot continue your reading. These leaves have been cemented together by the dross of life; it is the glue of humiliation that has thickened them. And, to the misfortune of the inhabitants of the Ghetto, you always come first upon these leaves, because they strike your eye, because they irritate your tact and annoy your vision, and also because man will not take the trouble to search into the depth of things. You renounce further attentive exploration of this book,

and that to your own detriment. And we, we suffer from it."

So writes Kompert to a Christian under his favorite disguise of Dr. Emmanuel, and he ends by invoking his friend to beware how he lets himself be repelled by the leaves which the dross of life has cemented together. It is a tender, earnest appeal to listen to his stories and the lessons they contain.

"The history of the modern Jew is tragical; and yet if one were to write about this tragedy, he would be laughed at. This is the most tragical thing of all." Thus spoke Heine. Kompert has written of the life-tragedies of his co-religionists, but few will close his pages with a laugh.

THE END.

#### GERMAN ART STATUARY.

At the recent International Exhibition in Australia there was an abundance of choice examples of Italian statuary, but the German sculptor was poorly illustrated. This is to be regretted, as the German style of sculpture is marked by a certain amount of massive grandeur, as shown in the two examples of which we furnish illustrations. They are from the chisel of the celebrated Bruhlowskim, of Dresden, and are entitled respectively "Night" and "Music." The figures are bold and well proportioned, and will be found of great service to students of art.

#### SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

SINCE Christmas Day, 1066, when William the Conqueror was crowned in Westminster Abbey, England has been governed by thirty-one Kings, four Queens and two Protectors of the Commonwealth. One King, William III., reigned in conjunction with his wife, and one Queen, Mary Tudor, associated her husband, Philip of Spain, with her in the Government. Four Sovereigns were of the Norman dynasty, and reigned 88 years; eight were Plantagenets, and reigned 245 years; three were of the House of Lancaster, and reigned 32 years; three of that of York, and reigned 24 years; five were Tudors, and reigned 117 years; six were Stewarts, and reigned 99 years; and there have been six Sovereigns of the House of Brunswick, which has existed now for 167 years. Kings have governed for 693 years, Queens for 106, and Protectors for 11 years.

The average reign of the Kings has been 22½ years; of the Queens, 26½ years; the average reign of all the Sovereigns being between 23 and 24 years. The average reign of the Kings of the House of Plantagenet, 31 years, is greater than that of any other reigning family; the average reign of the Yorkist Kings, eight years, the least of all. The youngest monarch at his accession was Henry VI., who was nine months old. The eldest, William IV., who succeeded his brother in his 65th year. The King who attained to the greatest age was George III., who was in his 82d year when he died; the King who died youngest was Edward V., who was murdered in his 13th year. No King prior to George II. attained the age of 70 years. The average age of the Norman Kings was 56½ years; of the Plantagenet, 53 years; of the Lancastrian, 44 years; the Yorkist, 30 years; the Tudor, 48 years; the Stuart, 55½ years; and of those of the present dynasty, 71 years.

The longest reign was that of George III., from the 25th October, 1760, to 29th January, 1820; the shortest that of Edward V., from 9th April to 25th June, 1483, excluding the so-called reign of 14 days of Lady Jane Grey. George III., when he had reigned as long as her present Majesty, was in his 67th year. The Queen is now only in her 63d



year, and, therefore, having regard to the exceptional longevity of the House of Brunswick, it is not improbable that her Majesty's reign may be the longest, as it is the most notable, of any.

The only Kings who died unmarried were William II., Edward V., and Edward VI.; the only Queen who died unmarried was Elizabeth. Of those sovereigns who were married, Richard I., Richard II., Richard III., Mary, Charles II., William III., Anne, George IV., and William IV., died without leaving issue surviving.

Horse accidents caused the death of William I. and William III.; William II. and Richard I. were killed by arrows; Richard III. was slain in battle; Charles I. was beheaded; Edward II., Richard II., and Edward V. were murdered; a surfeit of lampreys cost Henry I. his life; poison or a surfeit of peaches killed John. Poison is sus-

pected to have been administered to Edward VI., and the death of Henry VI. is by some historians laid to the charge of Richard Duke of Gloucester. Three kings, Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VI., died in prison; and one, James II., having abdicated the throne in 1688, died in exile in 1701.

The regnal years of the sovereigns prior to Edward I. date from their coronation. Since the time of that King, who was in Palestine at the death of his father, it has been a constitutional maxim that the "King never dies."

At the accession of her Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, ex-King of Hanover, was heir-presumptive to the Crown. There are now the Queen's eight children, twenty-four grandchildren, and great-grandchild between the Duke of Cumberland and the throne.

(From the French of Lemoine, by Ellice Hopkins.)

## THE F I L D - F L O W E R .

A SUNBROWN maid, a wild field-flower,  
Once loved a wealthy farmer's son,  
The poor haymaker had no dower  
But the rich heart her lover won;  
And as she wept, the father spake  
One day, "Come, mow this field of mine;  
If in three days is won the stake,  
Then in three days my son is thine."  
A sweet and tender tale I sing,  
Of love and grief a simple lay,  
A touching half-forgotten thing  
The mowers tell among the hay.

The fond maid listened, and half thought  
Of love and joy to die outright,  
And in her hand her scythe she caught,  
And labored sore both day and night.  
Fainting and well-nigh in despair,  
Fresh power she sought from Heaven above;  
Her love new strength still won from prayer,  
And all her simple prayer was love.  
A sweet and tender tale I sing,  
Of love and grief a simple lay,  
A touching half-forgotten thing  
The mowers tell among the hay.

Once as she tolled her yearning eye  
Fell on a little daisy near:  
"Poor simple flower, must thou, too, die  
For my sweet love its fruit to bear?"  
But as beneath her scythe it fell  
Its eye had such a pleading power,  
Her heart must needs with pity swell;  
Was she not, too, a poor field-flower?  
A sweet and tender tale I sing,  
Of love and grief a simple lay,  
A touching half-forgotten thing  
The mowers tell among the hay.

The third day duly to the vale  
Again the wealthy farmer came;  
Breathless she was and deathly pale,  
But her young eyes with rapture flame!  
"My girl, I did but jest," he said;  
"Here, these ten crowns your work will pay:"  
And by her scythe at eve lay dead  
One flower the more among the hay.  
Such is the sweet and touching tale  
The mowers tell among the hay,  
And every maid within the vale  
Weeps as she sings that simple lay.

## I N T H E L E M A R K E N .

In the interior of Southern Norway, to the east of the town of Kongsberg and its noted silver mines, lies Thelemarken, one of the most picturesque and romantic districts in the whole country. A Norwegian looks upon a carriage journey through Thelemarken as an exploit not to be undertaken without considerable inducement of some sort, and great was the perturbation in the native mind when English tourists began to pedestrianize and even camp out in these wild and barren regions. But travelers are still few and far between, for Thelemarken is traversed by not many good roads, and the best scenery cannot be approached by vehicles. The district contains several beautiful lakes, a number of remarkably fine waterfalls, and an abundance of wild mountain scenery. There are two main routes from Kongsberg across to Odde, along which clean and comfortable inns may be found; elsewhere they are miserably poor, and indeed in many parts there is no accommodation except at the farmhouses. Here the traveler may not unfrequently have to sleep on the piled-up hay in the barn, with ants and all sorts of insects making their presence unpleasantly evident. There is excellent trout-fishing in the lakes, and plenty of game in some of the mountain forests.

The primitive race who dwell among these wild lakes and mountains are noted for their costumes and jewelry, and for their skill in wood-carving. Their costumes are very striking, and farmers and peasants seem alike to take pride in their national attire. The men wear the typical white jacket, turned back at the cuffs with light-blue; the collars and pocket-flaps are also light-blue, and the effect is further heightened by an array of silver buttons. But this garment is cut marvelously short; only reaches, in fact, a little below the shoulder-blades. The trousers are made proportionately high to meet the jacket, so it will be readily imagined what a vast area of black trousers a tall man presents to view. The trousers are wide in leg, and usually have a stripe down the side. Belts are not worn; the knife and sheath are suspended to a button. On grand occasions, such as weddings, etc., little worked flowers appear on the edge and corner of the white jacket. On *fête* days also the men wear breeches worked with red and white round the buttons and up the seams; below these appear stockings with rich clocks, and in the matter of garters they display great taste and careful arrangement.

The women wear scarlet jackets as short as the men's,





FLATDAL, IN THELEMARKEN, SOUTHERN NORWAY.



skirts of homespun, closely kilt-plaited, dark-blue stockings, with elaborate cloaks of bright colors, and buckles on the shoes. Below the waist on Sundays and *fête* days there is a rich many-colored girdle, ending in knobs of brilliant-hued tassels. A dark-colored bodice, with flowers crewel-worked in relief, is often worn; and the Sunday apron is of silk, embroidered with crewel patterns. Upon the head they wear a chocolate-colored handkerchief, and colored ribbons are mingled with the plaited hair. On week days the women often wear large blue gaiters resembling cloth trousers.

But we must not omit to mention the old silver ornaments so prized in this locality. Besides the buttons already named, the men wear silver brooches on their shirt-fronts, and silver links at their necks and wrists. The patterns are very quaint and elaborate, and are mostly produced by simple hand labor. Norwegian silver ornaments are now often sold in London shops, but have in many cases been no nearer to Norway than Birmingham. The women on Sundays and holidays deck themselves with numerous brooches, studs, etc., treasures that have been handed down from mother to daughter, and added to as the opportunity offered.

One of the best places for observing the Sunday cos-

the preacher turns one of these, so that everybody knows at once how long he is going to preach.

Of the scenery of Thelemarken a sample is shown in the illustration on page 588, representing the grand deep valley of Flatdal. The snow-covered peaks in the distance appertain to the Skorvefjeld (4,440 feet), and beside the lake rises the Spaadomsnut, which, according to local tradition, is doomed at some time to fall into the lake, and then the end of the world will quickly follow. Not far off is another picturesque lake, the Siljordsvand, beside which stands the Lifjeld, a mountain on which two French aeronauts descended in 1870, after a fifteen hours' journey from Paris.

But we must not linger over the lakes and mountains and waterfalls, or we should have to tell of the wonderful Rjukanfos ("foaming fall"), 800 feet in height, and many other striking features of this wild district. We alluded just now to the skill of the inhabitants in wood-carving. This is applied on a large scale to the external decoration of houses, especially to the detached building called the *stabur*, storehouse. The proprietor and his friends lavish their carving talent on the exterior of this structure, and within are good old coffers in which are preserved the silver tankards and brooches and bridal



NAVIGATION IN A CAMBODIA FOREST, CHIN-INDIA.

tumes of Thelemarken is the old church at Hitterdal, a grotesque-looking timber-built edifice dating from the twelfth century, with a wonderful episcopal chair of still earlier date. "At the Sunday morning service," says a modern writer, "the peasantry in holiday attire occupy the eight rows of seats in the body of the church, the women on the north, the men on the south side. The officiating clergyman during the reading of the prayers and the singing, stands in the chancel in long black gown, with large white frills and cuffs. The clerk, who seems to have no definite place or official dress, lolls against the wall with his hands in his pockets, and with little assistance from the congregation makes all the responses and does all the singing." The Norwegians are good churchgoers, when there is a chance, that is, for some of the Thelemarken churches are grouped under one pastor, who is obliged to take two or three Sabbaths to go his round. We are told that the people "are uniformly well-educated and intelligent, often unaffectedly pious and devout, and generally a God-fearing, law-abiding race." In the church at Kongsberg there is a curious preaching arrangement. Close beside the pulpit, and opposite to the king's pew, are four time-glasses—a quarter-hour, half-an-hour, three-quarters, and one hour, respectively. Before commencing,

the crown handed down among the *bønder*, or farmers, from generation to generation. The carved lintels and door-posts are often wonderful specimens of workmanship. The house-building is characterized by huge squared timbers of immense solidity; the ornamentation is done with the ordinary knife that every peasant wears. This instrument is used with great adroitness, sweeping curves being cut with the left-hand thumb used as a lever. The principal timbers of the house are numbered, so that it can be easily rebuilt if it is desired to remove it elsewhere.

Our readers will rightly conclude that Thelemarken presents grand scenery for the lover of nature in her wilder moods, and that its primitive inhabitants, with their picturesque dwellings and striking costumes, form a deeply-interesting study. Comparatively few travelers, however, visit it, for it is only those who can endure considerable fatigue and rough food and lodging that can penetrate into the grandest valleys of this romantic corner of Gamle Norge.

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#### NAVIGATION IN A FOREST.

LIEUTENANT GARNIER, in his very interesting "Travels in Chin-India," gives a singular account of the manner in.



which he traversed a forest in Cambodia, which, at certain seasons of the year, the rain converts into a lake, with the trees growing out of the water. Our engraving on page 589, which is an exact copy of Lieutenant Delaporte's sketch, gives such a vivid idea of the scene as to require little description. The forest through which the canoe is being navigated is in the vicinity of the Cambodia River, one of the principal rivers of the Southeast of Asia. It rises in Thibet, then intersects the Chinese province of Yun-nan, traverses Laos and Cambodia, divides the Lian-mese and Anamese dominions, separates into numerous channels, and enters the Chinese Sea by several mouths, near latitude 10 degrees north latitude, 106 degrees east longitude.

#### CUTTING OF JEWESSES' HAIR.

There is a remarkable mystery surrounding the origin of the custom of the Jewish women cutting off their hair and donning a wig on their marriage. Even in the present day the custom is still observed by the ultra-orthodox. The effects of the custom were supposed to give a clew to its origin. There was undoubtedly too much reason in the Middle Ages for Jewesses to be eager to make themselves as unattractive as possible. The custom of cutting off the hair of the bride on the wedding-day is not mentioned in the Talmud. According to Mishnah Ketuboth vii. 6, it is contrary to Jewish custom for married women to appear in the street with head uncovered. Out of modesty the custom was also observed in the house, and in order to remove the possibility of yielding to temptation, the hair—serving no longer as an ornament, but being a superfluous weight on the head—was entirely cut off. According to Mishnah Nazir iv. 5, the cutting off the hair is considered a disfigurement which the husband could veto in case of his wife being a Nazarite. Some few believe that the custom dates from the very earliest times, and they found their opinion upon the allusion thereto in Deut., chap. xxi. 12. Referring to the mode prescribed for taking a captive woman for wife the text says: "Then thou shalt bring her home to thine house, and she shall shave her head."

#### A HINDOO CONCEPTION OF JESUS CHRIST.

Why have I cherished respect and reverence for Christ? . . . Why is it that, though I do not take the name of Christianity, I still persevere in offering my hearty thanksgiving to Jesus Christ? There must be something in the life and death of Christ; there must be something in His great Gospel which tends to bring comfort and light and strength to a heart heavy-laden with iniquity and wickedness. . . . I studied Christ ethically, nay, spiritually; and I studied the Bible also in the same spirit; and I must acknowledge, candidly and sincerely, that I owe a great deal to Christ, and to the Gospel of Christ. My first inquiry was, What is the creed taught in the Bible? Must I go through all the dogmas and doctrines which constitute Christianity in the eye of the various sects, or is there something simple which I can at once grasp and turn to account? I found Christ spoke one language and Christianity another. I went to Him prepared to hear what He had to say, and was immensely gratified when He told me, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and love thy neighbor as thyself"; and then He added, "This the whole law and the prophets"; in other words, the whole philosophy, theology and ethics of the law and the prophets are concentrated in these two great

doctrines of love to God and love to man; and then, elsewhere, He said, "This do ye and ye shall inherit everlasting life." If we love God we become Christ-like, and so attain everlasting life. . . . Christ never demanded from me worship or adoration that is due to God the Creator of the universe. . . . He places Himself before me as the spirit I must imbibe in order to approach the divine Father, as the Great Teacher and Guide who will lead me to God. There are some persons who believe that if we pass through the ceremony of baptism and sacrament we shall be accepted of God; but if you accept baptism as an outward rite, you cannot thereby render your life acceptable to God, for Christ wants something internal, a complete conversion of the heart, a giving up of the yoke of mammon and accepting the yoke of religion, and truth, and God. He wants us to baptize our hearts, not with cold water, but with the fire of religious and spiritual enthusiasm. He calls upon us not to go through any outward rite, but to make baptism a ceremony of the heart, a spiritual enkindling of all our energies, of all our loftiest and most heavenly aspirations and activities. That is true baptism. So with regard to the doctrine of the sacrament. There are many who eat the bread and drink the wine at the sacramental table, and go through the ceremony in the most pious and fervent spirit, but, after all, what does the sacrament mean? If men simply adopt it as a tribute of respect and honor to Christ, shall He be satisfied? Shall they themselves be satisfied? Can we look upon them as Christians, simply because they have gone through this rite regularly for twenty or fifty years of their lives? I think not. Christ demands from us absolute sanctification and purification of the heart. In this matter, also, I set Christ on one side, and Christian sects on the other. What is that bread which Christ asked His disciples to eat; what that wine which He asked them to taste? Any man who has simple intelligence in him would at once come to the conclusion that all this was metaphorical, and highly and eminently spiritual. Now, are you prepared to accept Christ simply as outward Christ, an outward teacher, an external attachment and propitiation, or will you prove true to Christ by accepting His solemn injunctions in their spiritual importance and weight? He distinctly states every follower of His must eat His flesh and drink His blood. If we eat, bread is converted into strength and health, and becomes the means of prolonging our life; so, spiritually, if we take truth into our heart, if we put Christ into the soul we assimilate the spirit of Christ to our spiritual being, and then we find Christ incorporated into our existence, and converted into spiritual strength and health and joy and blessedness. Christ wants something that will amount to self-sacrifice; a casting away of the old man and a new growth in the heart. I thus draw a line of demarcation between the visible and outward Christ, and the invisible and inward Christ, between bodily Christ and spiritual Christ, between the Christ of images and pictures, and the Christ that grows in the heart, between dead Christ and living Christ, between Christ that lived and that was, and Christ that does live and that is. . . . To be a Christian, then, is to be Christ-like. Christianity means becoming like Christ; not acceptance of Christ as a proposition, or as an outward representation, but spiritual conformity with the life and character of Christ. And what is Christ? By Christ I understand One who said "Thy will be done"; and when I talk of Christ I talk of that spirit of loyalty to God, that spirit of absolute determinedness and preparedness to say at all times and in all circumstances, "Thy will be done, not mine." . . . This prayer about forgiving an enemy and loving an enemy, this transcendental

doctrine of love to man is really sweet to me; and when I think of that blessed Man of God, crucified on the Cross, and uttering those blessed words: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Oh, I feel that I must love that Being! I feel that there is something within me which is touched by these sweet and heavenly utterances! I feel that I must love Christ, let Christians say what they like against me, that Christ I must love, for He preached love for an enemy. . . . When every individual man becomes Christian in spirit—repudiate the name if you

like—when every individual man becomes as prayerful as Christ was, as loving and forgiving toward enemies as Christ was, as self-sacrificing as Christ was, then these little units, these little individualities, will coalesce and combine together by the natural affinity of their hearts, and these new creatures, reformed, regenerated in the child-like and Christ-like spirit of devotion and faith, will feel drawn toward each other, and they shall constitute a rare Christian Church, a real Christian nation.—*Keshub Chunder Sen's Lecture on "Christ and Christianity."*

### THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the king  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose, "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis by our guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"Those clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth that we have kept—  
We knew how sharp it pierced and stung!  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;  
But for our blunders—oh, in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no blossoms for mistakes;  
Man crown the knave, and scourge the tool  
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The king, and sought his garden cool,  
And walked apart and murmured low,  
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

### THE NEW HOTEL-DE-VILLE OF PARIS.

THE 14th of July last, the ninety-third anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, was celebrated throughout France with great *éclat*. In Paris an added interest was given to the day's festivities by the inauguration of the new Hotel-de-Ville, or City Hall, which has been about completed at a cost of some \$6,000,000. A leading feature of the opening was the grand banquet in the Hall of State, for which four hundred and fifty covers were laid. The diplomatic corps, the municipality, consul-general and Government bodies, and the mayors of the chief French and foreign towns, including the Burgomaster of Berlin, were invited, and the President of the Republic, with his Ministers, were also present.

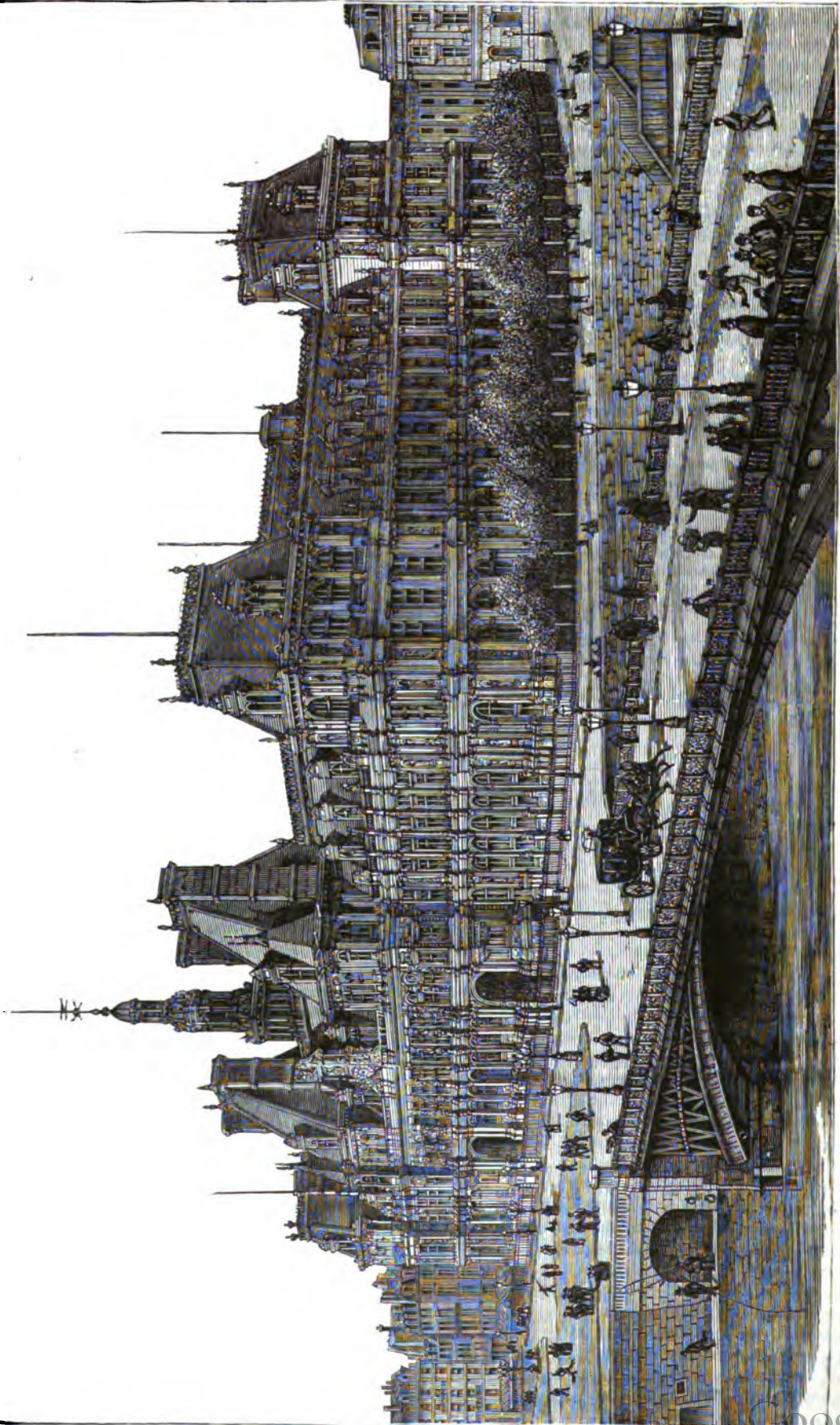
The new structure takes the place of the old Hotel-de-Ville which was destroyed by the Commune eleven years ago, and which had been the scene of some of the grandest, some of the gayest, and some of the gloomiest, episodes in the always dramatic annals of France. Facing to the west, between the magnificent extension of the Rue de Rivoli on the one hand and the Quays of Lepelletier and La Greve on the other, it was one of the most conspicuous as well as one of the most interesting monuments of the capital.

The new building stands on the old site and reproduces in general effect the old structure. A portion of the old building, of great architectural beauty, which had not been irreparably damaged by the flames, was to be retained, but through some jobbery or misunderstanding it was entirely demolished, and the present building is thus entirely new.

A curious feature is the great table around which the rulers of the city will sit and deliberate. It is forty-five by eighty-five feet in dimensions. Another novel feature of the building will be one hundred and six statues, each eight feet high, which are to be placed in niches on the four *façades*. These statues will represent eminent persons born in Paris, and forty of them will be literary celebrities. Among the names chosen for this distinction are D'Alembert, Béranger, Boileau, P. L. Courier, La Bruyère, Marivaux, Alfred de Musset, Molière, Perrault, Regnard, the Dukes de Larochehoucauld and De Saint-Simon, Scribe, Eugene Sue, Turgot, Voltaire, Mme. de Sevigné, Mme. Roland, Mme. de Staël and the Baronne Dudevant (George Sand). Twenty-four niches will be left vacant to be filled up as the occasion may arise. Altogether the building is to be embellished by 254 statues and 141 bas-reliefs.

MODERN majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.—*Carlyle*.

ONE pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it. Work while it is day. The night cometh.—*Christian Treasury*.



THE NEW HOTEL-DE-VILLE, OR CITY HALL OF PARIS, INAUGURATED JULY 14TH.



## WEIGHED AND WANTING.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Mary Marston," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—DIFFERENCE.

ABOUT noon the next day, Lord Gartley called. Whether he had got over his fright, or thought the danger now less imminent, or was vexed that he had *appeared* to be afraid; I do not know. Hester was very glad to see him again.

"I think I am a safe companion to-day, she said. "I have not been out of the house yet. But till the bad time is over among my people, we had better be content not to meet, I think."

Lord Gartley mentally gasped. He stood for a moment speechless, gathering his thoughts, which almost refused to be gathered.

"Do I understand you, Hester?" he said. "It would trouble me more than I can tell to find that I do."

"I fear I understand you, Gartley!" said Hester. "Is it possible you would have me abandon my friends to the smallpox, as a hireling a sheep to the wolf?"

"There are those whose business it is to look after them."

"I am one of those," returned Hester.

"Well," answered his lordship, "for the sake of argument we will allow it *has* been your business; but how can you imagine it your business any longer?"

Indignation, a fire always ready "laid" in Hester's bosom, but seldom yet lighted by Lord Gartley, burst into flame, and she spoke as he had never heard her speak before.

"I am aware, my lord," she said, "that I must by-and-by have new duties to perform, but I have yet to learn that they must annihilate the old. The claims of love cannot surely obliterate those of friendship! The new should make the old better, not sweep it away."

"But, my dear girl, the thing is preposterous!" exclaimed his lordship. "Don't you see you will enter on a new life! In the most ordinary cases, even, the duties of a wife are distinct from those of an unmarried woman."

"But the duties of neither can supersede those of a human being. If the position of a wife is higher than that of an unmarried woman, it must enable her to do yet better the things that were her duty as a human being before."

"But if it be impossible she should do the same things?"

"Whatever is impossible settles its own question. I trust I shall never desire to attempt the impossible."

"You have begun to attempt it now."

"I do not understand you."

"It is impossible you should perform the duties of the station you are about to occupy and continue to do as you are doing now. The attempt would be absurd."

"I have not tried it yet."

"But I know what your duties will be, and I assure you, my dear Hester, you will find the thing cannot be done."

"You set me thinking of more things than I can manage all at once," she replied, in a troubled way. "I must think."

"The more you think, the better satisfied you will be of what I say. All I want of you is to think; for I am certain if you do, your good sense will convince you I am right."

He paused a moment. Hester did not speak. He resumed.

"Just think," he said, "what it would be to have you

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coming home to go out again straight from one of these kennels of the smallpox! The idea is horrible! Wherever you were suspected of being present, the house would be shunned like the gates of death."

"In such circumstances I should not go out."

"The suspicion of it would be enough. And in your absence, as certainly as in your presence, though not so fatally, you would be neglecting your duty to society."

"Then," said Hester, "the portion of society that is healthy, wealthy, and—merry, has stronger claims than the portion that is poor and sick and in prison!"

Lord Gartley was for a moment bewildered—not from any feeling of the force of what she said, but from inability to take it in. He had to turn himself about two or three times mentally before he could bring himself to believe she actually meant that those to whom she alluded were to be regarded as a portion of the same society that ruled his life. He thought another moment, then said:

"There are the sick in every class: you would have those of your own to visit. Why not leave others to visit those of theirs?"

"Then of course you would have no objection to my visiting a duchess in the smallpox?"

Lord Gartley was on the point of saying that duchesses never took the smallpox, but he did not, afraid Hester might know to the contrary.

"There could be no occasion for that," he said. "She would have everything she could want."

"And the others are in lack of everything! To desert them would be to desert the Lord. He will count it so."

"Well, certainly," said his lordship, returning on the track, "there would be less objection in the case of the duchess, inasmuch as every possible precaution would in her house be taken against the spread of the disease. It would be horribly selfish to think only of the person affected!"

"You show the more need that the poor should not be deserted of the rich in their bitter necessity! Who among them is able to take the right precautions against the spread of the disease? And if it spread among them, there is no security against its reaching those at last who take every possible care of themselves, and none of their neighbors. You do not imagine, because I trust in God, and do not fear what the smallpox can do to me, I would therefore neglect any necessary preventive! That would be to tempt God: means as well as results are his. They are a way of giving us a share in His work."

"If I should have imagined such neglect possible, would not yesterday go far to justify me?" said Lord Gartley.

"You are ungenerous," returned Hester. "You know I was then taken unprepared! The smallpox had but just appeared—at least I had not heard of it before."

"Then you mean to give up society for the sake of nursing the poor."

"Only upon occasion, when there should be a necessity—such as an outbreak of infectious disease."

"And how, pray, should I account for your absence—not to mention the impossibility of doing my part without you? I should have to be continually telling stories; for if people came to know the fact, they would avoid me, too, as if I were the pest itself!"

It was to Hester as if a wall rose suddenly across the path hitherto stretching before her in long perspective. It became all but clear to her that he and she had been going on without any real understanding of each other's views in life. Her expectations tumbled about her like a house of cards. If he wanted to marry her, full of designs and aims in which she did not share, and she was going to marry him, expecting sympathies and helps which he had not the slightest inclination to give her, where was the hope for either of anything worth calling success? She sat silent. She wanted to be alone that she might think. It would be easier to write than talk further! But she must have more certainty as to what was in his mind.

"Do you mean, then, Gartley," she said, "that when I am your wife, if ever I am, I shall have to give up all the friendships to which I have hitherto devoted so much of my life?"

Her tone was dominated by the desire to be calm, and get at his real feeling. Gartley mistook it, and supposed her at length betraying the weakness hitherto so successfully concealed. He concluded he had only to be firm now to render future discussion of the matter unnecessary.

"I would not for a moment act the tyrant, or say you must never go into such houses again. Your own good sense, the innumerable engagements you will have, the endless calls upon your time and accomplishments, will guide you—and I am certain guide you right, as to what attention you can spare to the claims of benevolence. But just please allow me one remark: in the circle to which you will in future belong, nothing is considered more out of place than any affectation of enthusiasm. I do not care to determine whether your way or theirs is the right one; all I want to say is, that, as the one thing to be avoided is peculiarity, you would do better not to speak of these persons, whatever regard you may have for their spiritual welfare, as *your friends*. One cannot have so many friends—not to mention that a unity of taste and feeling is necessary to that much-abused word, *friendship*. You know well enough such persons cannot be your friends."

This was more than Hester could bear. She broke out with a vehemence for which she was afterward sorry, though nowise ashamed of it.

"They *are* my friends. There are twenty of them would do more for me than you would."

Lord Gartley rose. He was hurt.

"Hester," he said, "you think so little of me or my anxiety about your best interests, that I cannot but suppose it will be a relief to you if I go."

She answered not a word—did not even look up, and his lordship walked gently but unhesitatingly from the room.

"It will bring her to her senses!" he said to himself. "How grand she looked!"

Long after he was gone, Hester sat motionless, thinking, thinking. What she had foreboded—she knew now she had foreboded it all the time—at least she thought she knew it—was come! They were not, never had been, never could be at one about anything! He was a mere man of this world, without relation to the world of truth! To be tied to him for life would be to be tied indeed! And yet she loved him—would gladly die for him—not to give him his own way—for that she would not even marry him; but to save him from it—to save him from himself, and give him God instead—that would be worth dying for, even if it were the annihilation unbelievers took it for! To marry him, swell his worldly triumphs, help gild the chains of his slavery, was not to be thought of! It was one thing to die that a fellow-creature might have all

things good! another to live a living death that he might persist in the pride of life! She could not throw God's life to the service of the stupid Satan! It was a sad breakdown to the hopes that had clustered about Gartley!

Was it then all over between them? Might he not bethink himself, and come again, and say he was sorry he had so left her? He might, indeed; but would that make any difference to her? Had he not beyond a doubt disclosed his real way of thinking and feeling? If he could speak thus now, after they had talked so much, what spark of hope was there in marriage?

To forget her friends that she might go into *society* a countess! The thought was as contemptible as poverty-stricken. She would leave such ambition to women that devoured novels and studied the peerage! One loving look from human eyes was more to her than the admiration of the world! She would go back to her mother as soon as she had found her poor Corney, and seen her people through the smallpox! If only the house was her own, that she might turn it into a hospital! She would make it a home to which any one sick or sad, any cast out of the world, any betrayed by seeming friends, might flee for shelter! She would be more than ever the sister and helper of her own—*living faster than ever to the skirts of the Lord's garment, that the virtue going out of Him might flow through her to them!* She would be like Christ, a gulf into which wrong should flow and vanish—a sun radiating an uncompromising love!

How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion! How hard is the doing of the thought, in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties! Hester knew this, but, God helping, was determined not to withdraw hand or foot or heart. She rose, and having prepared herself, set out to visit her people. First of all she would go to the bookbinder's, and see how his wife was attended to!

The doctor not being there, she was readily admitted. The poor husband, unable to help, sat a picture of misery by the scanty fire. A neighbor, not yet quite recovered from the disease herself, had taken on her the duties of nurse. Having given her what instructions she thought it least improbable she might carry out, and told her to send for anything she wanted, she rose to take her leave.

"Won't you sing to her a bit, miss, before you go?" said the husband, beseechingly. "It'll do her more good than all the doctor's stuff."

"I don't think she's well enough," said Hester.

"Not to get all the good on it, I dare say, miss," rejoined the man; "but she'll hear it like in a dream, an' she'll think it's the angels a-singin' an' that'll do her good, for she do like all them creaturs!"

Hester yielded and sang, thinking all the time how the ways of the open-eyed God look to us like things in a dream, because we are only in the night of His great day, asleep before the brightness of His great waking thoughts. The woman had been tossing and moaning in undefined discomf, but as she sang she grew still, and when she ceased lay as if asleep.

"Thank you, miss," said the man. "You can do more than the doctor, as I told you! When he comes, he always wakes her up; you make her sleep true!"

## CHAPTER XL.

### DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP.

In the meantime yet worse trouble had come upon the poor Frankses. About a week after they had taken possession of the cellar, little Moxy, the Serpent of the Pra-

ries, who had been weakly ever since his fall down the steps, by which he had hurt his head and been sadly shaken, became seriously ill, and grew worse and worse. For some days they were not much alarmed, for the child had often been ailing—oftener of late since they had not been faring so well; and even when they were they dared not get a doctor to him for fear of being turned out and having to go to the workhouse.

By this time they had contrived to make the cellar a little more comfortable. They managed to get some straw, and with two or three old sacks made a bed for the mother and the baby and Moxy on the packing-case. They got also some pieces of matting, and contrived to put up a screen betwixt it and the rickety door. By the exercise of their art they had gained enough to keep them in food, but never enough to pay for the poorest lodging. They counted themselves, however, better off by much than if they had been crowded with all sorts in such lodging as a little more might have enabled them to procure.

The parents loved Moxy more tenderly than either of his brothers, and it was with sore hearts they saw him getting worse. The sickness was a mild smallpox—so mild that they did not recognize it, yet more than Moxy could bear, and he was gradually sinking. When this became clear to the mother, then indeed she felt the hand of God heavy upon her.

Religiously brought up, she had through the ordinary troubles of a married life sought help from the God in whom her mother had believed—but with every fresh attack of misery, every step further down on the stair of life, she thought she had lost her last remnant of hope, and knew that up to that time she had hoped, while past seasons of failure looked like times of blessed prosperity. No man, however little he may recognize the hope in him, knows what it would be to be altogether hopeless. Now Moxy was about to be taken from them, and no deeper misery seemed, to their imagination, possible! Nothing seemed left them—not even the desire of deliverance. Margaret Franks, in the cellar of her poverty, the grave yawning below it for her Moxy, felt as if there was no heaven at all, only a sky.

But a strange necessity was at hand to compel the mother to arouse afresh all the latent hope and faith and prayer that were in her.

By an inexplicable insight the child seemed to know that he was dying. For, one morning, after having tossed about all the night long, he suddenly cried out in tone most pitiful:

“Mother, don’t put me in a hole.”

As far as any of them knew, he had never seen a funeral—at least to know what it was—had never heard anything about death or burial; his father had a horror of the subject!

The words went like a knife to the heart of the mother. She sat silent, neither able to speak nor knowing what to answer.

Again came the pitiful cry:

“Mother, don’t put me in a hole.”

Most mothers would have sought to soothe the child, their own hearts breaking the while, with the assurance that no one should put him into any hole, or anywhere he did not want to go. But this mother could not lie in the face of death, nor had it ever occurred to her that no person is ever put into a hole, though many a body.

Before she could answer, a third time came the cry, this time in despairing though suppressed agony:

“Mother, don’t let them put me in a hole.”

The mother gave a cry like child’s, and her heart within her became like water.

“Oh, God!” she gasped, and could say no more.

But with the prayer—for what is a prayer but a calling on the name of the Lord?—came to her a little calm, and she was able to speak. She bent over him and kissed his forehead.

“My darling Moxy, mother loves you,” she said.

What that had to do with it she did not ask herself. The child looked up in her face with dim eyes.

“Pray to the heavenly father, Moxy,” she went on—and there stopped, thinking what she should tell him to ask for. “Tell Him,” she resumed, “that you don’t want to be put in a hole, and tell Him that mother does not want you to be put in a hole, for she loves you with all her heart.”

“Don’t put me in a hole,” said Moxy, now using the definite article.

“Jesus Christ was put in the hole,” said the voice of the next elder boy from behind his mother. He had come in softly, and she had neither seen nor heard him. It was Sunday, and he had strolled into a church or meeting-house—does it matter which?—and heard the wonderful story of hope. It was remarkable, though, that he had taken it up as he did, for he went on to add, “but He didn’t mind it much, and soon got out again.”

“Ah, yes, Moxy!” said the poor mother, “Jesus died for our sins, and you must ask Him to take you to heaven.”

But Moxy did not know anything about sins, and just as little about heaven. What he wanted was an assurance that he would not be put in the hole. And the mother, now a little calmer, thought she saw what she ought to say.

“It ain’t your soul, it’s only your body, Moxy, they put in the hole,” she said.

“I don’t want to be put in the hole,” Moxy almost screamed. “I don’t want my head cut off!”

The poor mother was at her wit’s end.

But here the child fell into a troubled sleep, and for some hours a silence as of the grave filled the dreary cellar.

The moment he woke the same cry came from his fevered lips, “Don’t put me in the hole,” and at intervals growing longer as he grew weaker, the cry came all the day.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### DELIVERANCE.

HESTER had been to church, and had then visited some of her people, carrying them many words of comfort and hope. They received them in a way at her hand, but none of them, had they gone, would have found them at church. How seldom is the man in the pulpit able to make people feel that the things he is talking about are things at all! Neither when the heavens are black with clouds and rain, nor when the sun rises glorious in a blue perfection, do many care to sit down and be taught astronomy! But Hester was a live Gospel to them—and most when she sang. Even the name of the Saviour, uttered in her singing tone and with the expression she then gave it, came nearer to them than when she spoke it. The very brooding of the voice on a word seems to hatch something of what is in it. She often felt, however, as if some new, other kind of messengers than she or such as she, must one day be sent them; for there seemed a gulf between their thoughts and hers, such as neither they nor she could pass.

Mr. Christopher, thrown at one time into daily relations with a good sort of man, had tried all he could to rouse him to a sense of his higher duties and spiritual privileges, but entirely without success. A preacher came round, whose



Gospel was largely composed of hell-fire and malediction, with frequent allusion to the love of a most unlovely God, as represented by him. This preacher woke up the man. "And then," said Christopher, "I was able to be of service to him, and get him on. He speedily outgrew the lies his prophet had taught him, and became a devout Christian; while the man who had been the means of rousing him was tried for bigamy, convicted and punished."

This Sunday Hester, in her dejection and sadness about Gartley, over whom—not her loss of him—she mourned deeply, felt more than ever, if not that she could not reach her people, yet how little she was able to touch them; and there came upon her a hopelessness that was heavy, sinking into the very roots of her life, and making existence itself appear a dull and undesirable thing. Hitherto life had seemed a good thing, worth holding up as a heave-offering to Him who made it; now she had to learn to take life itself from the hand of God as His will, in faith that He would prove it a good gift. She had to learn that in *all* drearinesses, of the flesh or spirit, even in those that seem to come of having nothing to do, or from being unable to do what we think we have to do, the refuge is the same—He who is the root and crown of life.

The day was a close, foggy, cold, dreary day. The service at church had not seemed interesting. She laid the blame on herself, and neither on prayers nor lessons nor psalms nor preacher, though in truth some of these might have been better; the heart seemed to have gone out of the world—as if not Baal but God had gone to sleep, and His children had waked before Him and found the dismal gray of the world's morning full of discomfortable ghosts. She tried her New Testaments; but Jesus, too, seemed far away—nothing left but the story about Him—as if He had forgotten His promise, and was no longer in the world. She tried some of her favorite poems; each and all were infected with the same disease—with commonplace nothingness. They seemed all made up—words! words! words! Nothing was left her in the valley but the shadow, and the last weapon, All-prayer. She fell upon her knees and cried to God for life. "My heart is dead within me," she said, and poured out her lack into the hearing of Him from whom she had come that she might have Himself, and so be. She did not dwell upon her sorrows; even they had sunk and all but vanished in the gray mass of lost interest.

Even in her prayers Hester could not get near Him. It seemed as if His ear were turned away from her cry. She sank into a kind of lethargic stupor.

It had been dark for hours, but she had lighted no candle, and sat in bodily as in spiritual darkness. She was in her bedroom, which was on the second floor, at the back of the house, looking out on the top of the gallery that led to the great room. She had no fire. One was burning away unheeded in the drawing-room below. She was too miserable to care whether she was cold or warm. When she had got some light in her body, then she would go and get warm!

What time it was she did not know. She had been summoned to the last meal of the day, but had forgotten the summons. It must have been about ten o'clock. The streets were silent, the square deserted—as usual. The evening was raw and cold, one to drive everybody indoors that had doors to go in at.

Through the cold and darkness came a shriek that chilled her with horror. Yet it seemed as if she had been expecting it—as if the cloud of misery that had all day been gathering deeper and deeper above and around her had at length reached its fullness and burst in the lightning of that shriek. It was followed by another and yet

another. Whence did they come? Not from the street, for all beside was still; even the roar of London was hushed! And there was a certain something in the sound of them that assured her they rose in the house. Was Sarah being murdered? She was half-way down the stairs before the thought that sent her was plain to herself.

The house seemed unnaturally still. At the top of the kitchen stairs she called aloud to Sarah—as loud, that is, as a certain tremor in her throat would permit. There came no reply. Down she went to face the worst: she was a woman of true courage—that is, a woman whom no amount of apprehension could deter when she knew she ought to seek the danger.

In the kitchen stood Sarah, motionless, frozen with fear. A candle was in her hand, just lighted. Hester's voice seemed to break her trance. She started, stared, and fell a-trembling. She made her drink some water, and then she came to herself.

"It's in the coal-cellar, miss!" she gasped. "I was that minute going to fetch a scuttleful! There's something buried in them coals, as sure as my name's Sarah!"

"Nonsense!" returned Hester. "Who could scream like that from under the coals? Come; we'll go and see what it is."

"Laws, miss! don't you go near it now. It's too late to do anything. Either it's the woman's sperrit as they say was murdered there, or it's a new one."

"And you would let her be killed without interfering?"

"Oh, miss, all's over by this time!" persisted Sarah, with white lips trembling.

"Then you are ready to go to bed with a murderer in the house!" said Hester.

"He's done his business now, an' 'll go away."

"Give me the candle. I will go alone."

"You'll be murdered, miss—as sure's you're alive!"

Hester took the light from her, and went toward the coal-cellar. The old woman sank on a chair.

I have already alluded to the subterranean portion of the house, which extended under the great room. A long vault, corresponding to the gallery above, led to these cellars. It was rather a frightful place to go into in search of the source of a shriek. Its darkness was scarcely affected by the candle she carried; it seemed only to blind herself. She tried holding it above her head, and then she could see a little. The black tunnel stretched on and on, like a tunnel in a feverish dream, a long way before the cellars began to open from it. She advanced, I cannot say fearless, but therefore only the more brave. She felt as if leaving life and safety behind, but her imagination was not much awake, and her mental condition made her almost inclined to welcome death. She reached at last the coal-cellar, the first that opened from the passage, and looked in. The coal-heap was low, and the place looked large and very black. She sent her keenest gaze through the darkness, but could see nothing; went in and moved about until she had thrown light into every corner: no one was there. She was on the point of returning when she bethought herself there were other cellars—one, the wine-cellar, which was locked: she would go and see if Sarah knew anything about the key of it. But just as she left the coal cellar, she heard a moan, followed by a succession of low sobs. Her heart began to beat violently, but she stopped to listen. The light of her candle fell upon another door, a pace or two from where she stood. She went to it, laid her ear against it, and listened. The sobs continued a while, ceased, and left all silent. Then clear and sweet, but strange and wild, as if from some region unearthly, came the voice of a child: she could hear distinctly what it said.

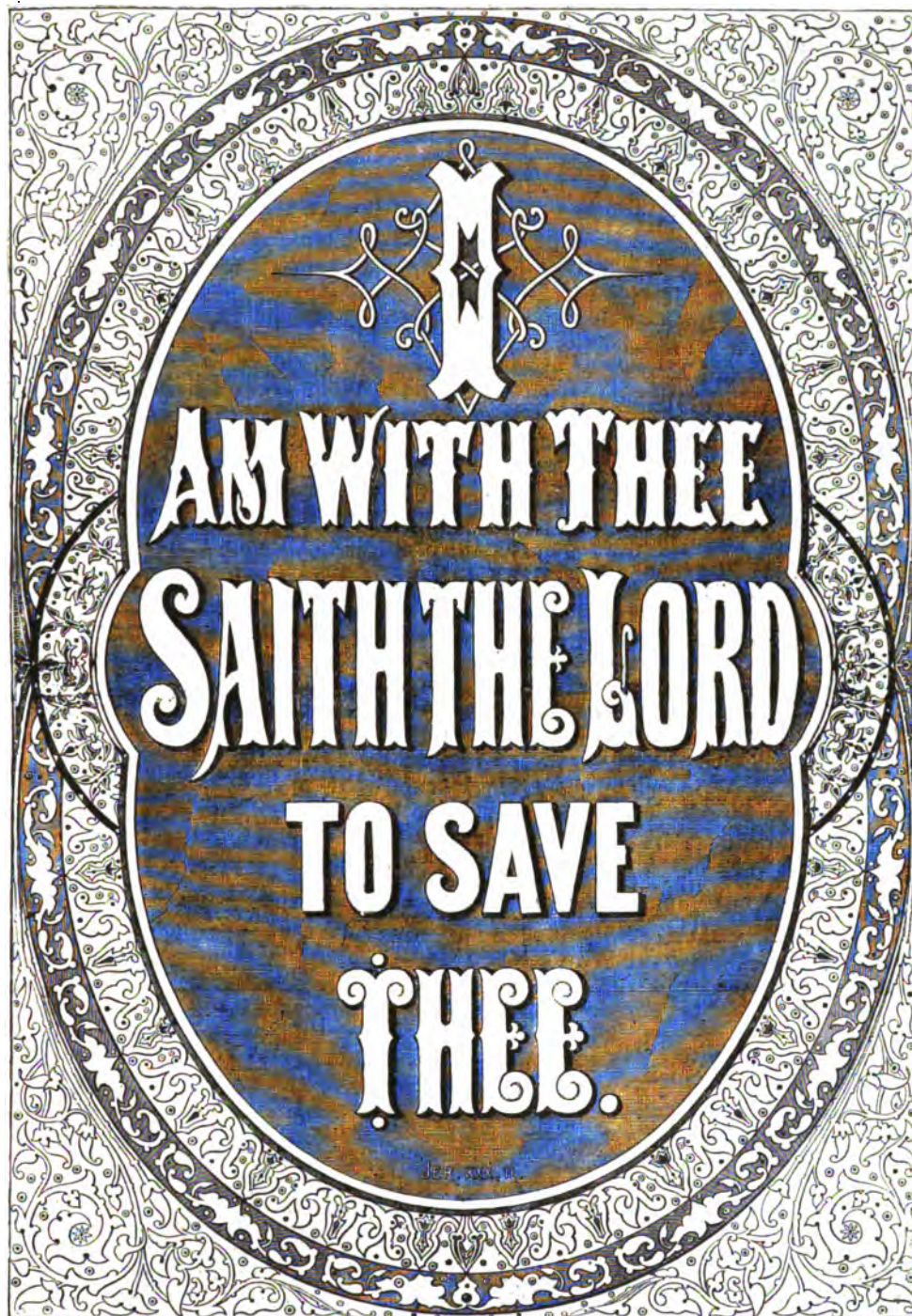
"Mother," it rang out, "you *may* put me in the hole."  
And the silence fell deep as before.

Hester stood for a moment horrified. Her excited imagination suggested some deed of superstitious cruelty in the garden of the house adjoining. Nor were the sobs

we never use. I 'aint been into it since the first day, when they put some of the packing-cases there."

"Give me the key," said Hester. "Something is going on there we ought to know about."

"Then pray send for the police, miss!" answered Sarah,



and cries altogether against such supposition. She recovered herself instantly, and ran back to the kitchen.

"You have the keys of the cellars—have you not, Sarah?" she said.

"Yes, miss, I fancy so."

"Where does the door beyond the coal-cellar lead out to?"

"Not out to nowhere, miss. That's a large cellar as

trembling. "It ain't for you to go into such places—on no account!"

"What! not in our own house?"

"It's the police's business, miss!"

"Then the police are their brothers' keepers, and not you and me, Sarah?"

"It's the wicked as is in it, I fear, miss."

"It's those that weep, anyhow, and they're our



business, if it's only to weep with them. Quick! show me which is the key."

Sarah sought the key in the bunch, and noting the coolness with which her young mistress took it, gathered courage from hers to follow, a little way behind.

When Hester reached the door, she carefully examined it, that she might do what she had to do as quickly as possible. There were bolts and bars upon it, but not one of them was fastened; it was secured only by the bolt of the lock. She set the candle on the floor, and put in the key as quietly as she could. It turned without much difficulty, and the door fell partly open with a groan of the rusted hinge. She caught up her light, and went in.

It was a large, dark, empty place. For a few moments she could see nothing. But presently she spied, somewhere in the dark, a group of faces, looking white through the circumfluent blackness, the eyes of them fixed in amaze, if not in terror, upon herself. She advanced toward them, and almost immediately recognized one of them—then another; but what with the dimness, the ghostliness, and the strangeness of it all, felt as if surrounded by the veiling shadows of a dream. But whose was that pallid little face whose eyes were not upon her with the rest? It stared straight on into the dark, as if it had no more to do with the light! She drew nearer to it. The eyes of the other faces followed her.

When the eyes of the mother saw the face of her Moxy who had died in the dark, she threw herself in a passion of tears and cries upon her dead. But the man knelt upon his knees, and when Hester turned in pain from the agony of the mother, she saw him with lifted hands of supplication at her feet. A torrent of divine love and passionate pity filled her heart, breaking from its deepest God-haunted caves. She stooped and kissed the man upon his upturned forehead.

Many are called but few chosen. Hester was the disciple of Him who could have cured the leper with a word, but for reasons of His own, not far to seek by such souls as Hester's, laid His hands upon him, sorely defiling Himself in the eyes of the self-respecting bystanders. The leper himself would never have dreamed of His touching him.

Franks burst out crying like the veriest child. All at once in the depths of hell the wings of a great angel were spread out over him and his! No more starvation and cold for his poor wife and the baby! The boys would have plenty now! If only Moxy—but he was gone where the angels came from—and theirs was a hard life! Surely the God his wife talked about must have sent her to them!—Did He think they had borne enough now? Only he had borne it so ill! Thus thought Franks, in dislocated fashion, and remained kneeling.

Hester was now kneeling also, with her arms round her whose arms were about the body of her child. She did not speak to her, did not attempt a word of comfort, but wept with her: she, too, had loved little Moxy! she, too, had heard his dying words—glowing with reproof to her faithlessness who cried out like a baby when her father left her for a moment in the dark! In the midst of her loneliness and seeming desertion, God had these people already in the house for her help! The back-door of every tomb opens on a hill-top.

With awe-struck faces the boys looked on. They, too, could now see Moxy's face. They had loved Moxy—loved him more than they knew yet.

The woman at length raised her head, and looked at Hester.

"Oh, miss, its Moxy!" she said, and burst into a fresh passion of grief.

"The dear child!" said Hester.

"Oh, miss! who's to look after him now?"

"There will be plenty to look after him. You don't think He who provided a woman like you for his mother before He sent him here, would send him there without having somebody ready to look after him?"

"Well, miss, it wouldn't be like Him—I don't think!"

"It would *not* be like him," responded Hester, with self-accusation.

Then she asked them a few questions about their history since last she saw them, and how it was they had sunk so low, receiving answers more satisfactory than her knowledge had allowed her to hope.

"But oh, miss!" exclaimed Mrs. Franks, bethinking herself, "you ought not to ha' been here so long; the little angel there died o' the smallpox, as I know too well, an' it's no end o' catching!"

"Never mind me," replied Hester; "I'm not afraid. But," she added, rising, "we must get you out of this immediately."

"Oh, miss! where would you send us?" said Mrs. Franks, in alarm. "There's nobody as'll take us in! An' it would break both our two hearts—Franks's an' mine—to be parted at such a moment, when us two's the father an' mother o' Moxy. An' they'd take Moxy from us, an' put him in the hole he was so afraid o'!"

"You don't think I would leave my own flesh and blood in the cellar!" answered Hester. "I will go and make arrangement for you above, and be back presently."

"Oh, thank you, miss!" said the woman, as Hester set down the candle beside them. "I do want to look on the face of my blessed boy as long as I can! He will be taken from me altogether soon!"

"Mrs. Franks," rejoined Hester, "you mustn't talk like a heathen."

"I didn't know as I was saying anythink wrong, miss!"

"Don't you know," said Hester, smiling through tears, "that Jesus died and rose again that we might be delivered from death? Don't you know it's He and not Death has got your Moxy? He will take care of him for you till you are ready to have him again. If you love Moxy more than Jesus loves him, then you are more like God than Jesus was!"

"Oh, miss, don't talk to me like that! The child was born of my own body!"

"And both you and he were born of God's own soul; if you know how to love, He loves ten times better."

"You know how to love, anyhow, miss! the Lord love you! An angel o' mercy you have been to me an' mine."

"Good-by, then, for a few minutes," said Hester. "I am only going to prepare a place for you." Only as she said the words did she remember who had said them before her. And as she went through the dark tunnel she sang with a voice that seemed to beat at the gates of heaven, "Thou did'st not leave his soul in hell."

Mrs. Franks threw herself again beside her child, but her tears were not so bitter now; she and hers were no longer forsaken! She also read her New Testament, and the last words of Hester had struck her as well as the speaker of them:

"And she'll come again and receive us to herself!" she said. "An' Christ 'ill receive my poor Moxy to himself! If he wasn't, as they say, a Christian, it was only as he hadn't time—so young, an' all the hard work he had to do—with his precious face a grinnin' like an angel between the feet him, a helpin' of his father to make a livin' for us all! That would be no reason why he as did the will o' his father shouldn't take to him. If ever there was a child o' God's makin' it was that child! I feel as if God must ha' made him right off, like!"



Thoughts like these kept flowing through the mind of the bereaved mother as she lay with her arm over the body of her child—ever lovely to her, now more lovely than ever. The smallpox had not been severe—only severe enough to take a feeble life from the midst of privation, and the expression of his face was lovely. He lay like the sacrifice that sealed a new covenant between his mother and her Father in heaven.

Not a word passed between husband and wife. Their hearts were too full for speech, but their hands found and held each the other. It was the strangest concurrence of sorrow and relief! The two boys sat on the ground with their arms about each other. So they waited.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## ON THE WAY UP.

HEARING only the sounds of peaceful talk, Sarah had ventured near enough to the door to hear something of what was said, and set at rest by finding that the cause of her terror was but a poor family that had sought refuge in the cellar, she woke up the better, and was ready to help. More than sufficiently afraid of robbers and murderers, she was not afraid of infection: "What should an old woman like me do taking the smallpox! I've had it bad once already!" She was rather staggered, however, when she found what Hester's plan for the intruders was.

Nothing more, since the night of the concert, had been done to make the great room habitable by the family. It had been well cleaned out and that was all. Now and then a fire was lighted in it, and the children played in it as before, but it had never been really in use. What better place, thought Hester, could there be for a smallpox ward! Thither she would convey her friends rescued from the slimy embrace of London poverty!

She told Sarah to light a great fire as speedily as possible, while she settled what could be done about beds. Almost all in the house were old-fashioned wooden ones, hard to take down, heavy to move, and hard to put up again; with only herself and Sarah it would take a long time! For safety, too, it would be better to hire iron beds which would be easily purified—only it was Sunday night, and late! But she knew the little broker in Steevens's Road; she would go to him and see if he had any beds, and if he would help her to put them up at once!

The raw night made her rejoice the more that she had got hold of the poor creatures drowning in the social swamp. It was a consolation, strong even against such heavy sorrows and disappointments as housed in her heart, to know that virtue was going out of her for rescue and redemption.

She had to ring the bell a good many times before the door opened, for the broker and his small household had retired for the night; it was now eleven o'clock. He was not well pleased at being taken from his warm bed to go out and work—on such a night, too! He grounded what objection he made, however, on its being Sunday, and more than hinted his surprise that Hester would ask him to do such a thing. She told him it was for some who had nowhere to lay their heads, and in her turn more than hinted that he could scarcely know what Sunday meant if he did not think it right to do any number of good deeds on it. The man assented to her argument, and went to look out the two beds she wanted. But what in reality influenced him was dislike to offending a customer; customers are the divinities of tradesmen, as Society is the divinity of society: in her, men and women worship themselves. Having got the two bedsteads extracted

piecemeal from the disorganized heaps in his back shop, he and Hester together proceeded to carry them home—and I cannot help wishing Lord Gartley had come upon her at the work—no very light job, for she went three times, and bore good weights. It was long after midnight before the beds were ready—and a meal of coffee, and toast, and bread-and-butter, spread in the great room. Then at last Hester went back to the cellar.

"Now, come," she said, and taking up the baby, which had just weight enough to lie and let her know how light it was, led the way.

Franks rose from the edge of the packing-case, on which lay the body of Moxy, with his mother yet kneeling beside it, and put his arm round his wife to raise her. She yielded, and he led her away after their hostess, the boys following hand-in-hand. But when they reached the cellar-door, the mother gave a heart-broken cry, and turning ran and threw herself again beside her child. They all followed her.

"I can't! I can't!" she said. "I can't leave my Moxy lyin' here all alone! He ain't used to it. He's never once slep' alone since he was born. I can't a-bear to think o' that lovely look o' his lost on the dark night—not a soul to look down an' see it! Oh, Moxy! was your mother a leavin' of you all alone!"

"What makes you think there will not be a soul to see it?" said Hester. "The darkness may be full of eyes! And the night itself is only the black pupil of the Father's eye. But we're not going to leave the darling here. We'll take him, too, of course, and find him a good place to lie in."

The mother was satisfied, and the little procession passed through the dark way, and up the stair.

The boys looked pleased at sight of the comforts that waited them, but a little awed with the great lofty room. Over the face of Franks, notwithstanding his little Serpent of the Prairies had crept away through the long, tangled grass of the universe, passed a gleam of joy mingled with gratitude; much was now begun to be set to rights between him and the high government. But the mother was with the little body lying alone in the cellar.

Suddenly, with a wild gesture she made for the door.

"Oh, miss!" she cried "the rats! the rats!" and would have darted from the room.

"Stop, stop, dear Mrs. Franks!" cried Hester. "Here, take the baby; Sarah and I are going immediately to bring him away, and lay him where you can see him when you please."

Again she was satisfied. She took the baby, and sat down beside her husband.

I have mentioned a low pitched room under the great one; in this Hester had told Sarah to place a table covered with white; they would lay the body there in such fashion as would be a sweet remembrance to the mother; she went now to see whether this was done. But on the way she met Sarah coming up with ashy face.

"Oh, miss!" she said, "the body mustn't be left a minute; there's a whole army of rats in the house already! As I was covering the table with a blanket before I put on the sheet, there got up all at once behind the wainscot the most uprageous hurry-sourry o' them horrid creatures. They'll be in wherever it is—you may take your Bible-oath! Once when I was——"

Hester interrupted her.

"Come," she said, and led the way.

She looked first into the low room to see that it was properly prepared, and was leaving it again, when she heard a strange sound behind the wainscot as it seemed.

"There, miss!" said Sarah,

Hester made up her mind at once that little Moxy should not be left alone. Her heart trembled a little at the thought, but she comforted herself that Sarah would not be far off, and that the father and mother of the child would be immediately over her head. The same instant she was ashamed of having found this comfort first, for was He not infinitely nearer to her who is lord of life and death?

They went to the cellar.

"But how," said Hester, on the way, "can the Frankses have got into the place?"

"There is a back door to it, of course!" answered Sarah. "The first load of coals came in that way, but master wouldn't have it used; he didn't like a door to his house he never set eyes on, he said."

"But how could it have been open to let them in?" said Hester.

When they reached the cellar, she took the candle and went to look at the door. It was pushed to, but not locked, and had no fastening upon it except the lock, in which was the key. She turned the key, and taking it out, put it in her pocket.

Then they carried up the little body, washed it, dressed it in white, and laid it straight in its beauty—symbol—passing, like all symbols—of a peace divinely more profound—the little hands folded on the breast under the well-contented face, repeating the calm expression of that conquest over the fear of death, that submission to be "put in the hole," with which the child-spirit passed into wide spaces. They lighted six candles, three at the head and three at the feet, that the mother might see the face of her child, and because light, not darkness, befits death. To Hester they symbolized the forms of light that sat, one at the head and one at the foot of the place where the body of Jesus had lain. Then they went to fetch the mother.

She was washing the things they had used for supper. The boys were already in bed. Franks was staring into the fire; the poor fellow had not even looked at one for some time. Hester asked them to go and see where she had laid Moxy, and they went with her. The beauty of Death's courtly state comforted them.

"But I can't leave him alone!" said the mother; "all night, too!—he wouldn't like it! I know he won't wake up no more; only, you know, miss——"

"Yes, I know very well," replied Hester.

"I'm ready," said Franks.

"No, no!" returned Hester. "You are worn out and must go to bed, both of you; I will stay with the beautiful thing, and see that no harm comes to it."

After some persuasion the mother consented, and in a little while the house was quiet. Hester threw a fur cloak round her, and sat down in the chair Sarah had placed for her beside the dead.

When she had sat some time, the exceeding stillness of the form beside her began to fill her heart with a gentle awe. The stillness was so persistent that the awe gradually grew to dismay, and fear, inexplicable, unreasonable fear, of which she was ashamed, began to invade her. She knew at once that she must betake her to the Truth for refuge. It is little use telling one's self that one's fear is silly. It comes upon no pretense of wisdom or logic; proved devoid of both, it will not therefore budge a jot.

She prayed to the Father, awake with her in the stillness; and then began to think about the dead Christ. Would the women who waited for the dawn because they had no light by which to minister, have been afraid to watch by that body all the night long? Oh, to have seen it come to life! move and wake and rise with the inform-

ing God! Every dead thing belonged to Christ, not to something called Death! This dead thing was His. It was dead as He had been dead, and no otherwise! There was nothing dreadful in watching by it, any more than in sitting beside the cradle of a child yet unborn! In the name of Christ she would fear nothing! He had abolished death!

Thus thinking, she lay back in her chair, closed her eyes, and thanking God for having sent her relief in these His children to help, fell fast asleep.

She started suddenly awake, seeming to have been roused by the opening of a door. The fringe of a departing dream lay yet upon her eyes; was the door of the tomb in which she had lain so long burst from its hinges? was the day of the great resurrection come? Swiftly her senses settled themselves, and she saw plainly and remembered clearly. Yet could she be really awake? for in the wall opposite stood the form of a man! She neither cried out nor fainted, but sat gazing. She was not even afraid, only dumb with wonder. The man did not look fearful. A smile she seemed to have seen before broke gradually from his lips and spread over his face. The next moment he stepped from the wall and came toward her.

Then sight and memory came together; in that wall was a door, said to lead into the next house; for the first time she saw it open!

The man came nearer and nearer; it was Christopher! She rose, and held out her hand.

"You are surprised to see me!" he said, "and well you may be! Am I in your house? And this watch! what does it mean? I seem to recognize the sweet face! I must have seen you and it together before! Yes! it is Moxy!"

"You are right, Mr. Christopher," she answered. "Dear little Moxy died of the smallpox in our cellar. He was just gone when I found him there."

"Is it wise of you to expose yourself so much to the infection?" said the doctor.

"Is it worthy of you to ask such a question?" returned Hester. "We have our work to do; life or death is the care of Him who sets the work."

The doctor bent his head low, lower and lower still, before her. Nothing moves a man more than to recognize in another the principles which are to himself a necessity of his being and history.

"I put the question to know on what grounds you based your action," he replied, "and I am answered."

"Tell me, then," said Hester, "how you come to be here. It seemed to my sleepy eyes as if an angel had melted his own door through the wall! Are you free of ordinary hindrances?"

She asked almost in seriousness, for, with the lovely dead before her, in the middle of the night, roused suddenly from a sleep into which she had fallen with her thoughts full of the shining resurrection of the Lord, she would have believed him at once if he had told her that for the service of the Lord's he was enabled to pass where he pleased. He smiled with a wonderful sweetness as he made answer:

"I hope you are not one of those who so little believe that the world and its ways belong to God, that they want to have his presence proved by something out of the usual way—something not so good; for surely the way He chooses to work almost always, must be a better way than that in which He only works now and then because of a special necessity!"

By these words Hester perceived she was in the presence of one who understood the things of which he spoke.

"I came here in the simplest way in the world," he



went on, "though I am no less surprised than you to find myself in your presence."

"The thing is to me a marvel," said Hester.

"It shall not be such a moment longer. I was called to see a patient. When I went to return as I came, I found the door by which I had entered locked. I then remem-

bered that I had passed a door on the stair, and went back to try it. It was bolted on the side to the stair. I withdrew the bolts, opened the door gently, and beheld one of the most impressive sights I ever saw. Shall I tell you what I saw?"

shining in the darkness, and the darkness comprehending it not—six candles, and only the upturned face of the dead, and the down-turned face of the sleeping! I seemed to look into the heart of things, and see the whole vast universe waiting for the sonship, for the redemption of the body, the visible life of men! I saw that love, trying



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bered that I had passed a door on the stair, and went back to try it. It was bolted on the side to the stair. I withdrew the bolts, opened the door gently, and beheld one of the most impressive sights I ever saw. Shall I tell you what I saw?"

"Do," said Hester.

"I saw," said Christopher, with solemnity, "the light

to watch by death, had failed, because the thing that is not needs not to be watched. I saw all this, and more. I think I must have unconsciously pushed the door against the wall, for somehow I made a noise with it, and you woke."

Hester's face alone showed that she understood him. She turned and looked at Moxey, to calm the emotion to which she would not give scope.



Christopher stood silent, as if brooding on what he had seen. She could not ask him to sit down, but she must understand how he had got into the house. Where was his patient? "In the next house, of course!" she concluded. But the thing wanted looking into! That door must be secured on their side! Their next midnight visitor might not be so welcome as this, whose heart burned to the same labor as her own! "But what we really want," she thought, "is to have more, not fewer, of our doors open, if they be but the right ones for the angels to come and go!"

"I never saw that door open before," she said, "and none of us knew where it led. We took it for granted it was into the next house, but the old lady was so cross——"

Here she checked herself; for if Mr. Christopher had just come from that house, he might be a friend of the old lady's!

"It goes into no lady's house, so far as I understand," said Christopher. "The stair leads to a garret—I should fancy over our heads here—much higher up, though."

"Would you show me how you came in?" said Hester.

"With pleasure," he answered, and, taking one of the candles, led the way. "I would not let the young woman leave her husband to show me out," he went on. "When I found myself a prisoner, I thought I would try this door before periling the sleep of a patient in the smallpox. You seem to have it all round you here!"

Through the door so long mysterious Hester stepped on a narrow, steep stair. Christopher turned downward, and trod softly. At the bottom he passed through a door admitting them to a small cellar, a mere recess. Thence they issued into that so lately occupied by the Frankses. Christopher went to the door Hester had locked, and said:

"This is where I came in. I suppose one of your people must have locked it."

"I locked it myself," replied Hester, and told him in brief the story of the evening.

"I see!" said Christopher; "we must have passed through just after you had taken them away."

"And now the question remains," said Hester, "who can it be in our house without our knowledge? The stair is plainly in our house."

"Beyond a doubt," said Christopher. "But how strange it is you should know your own house so imperfectly! I fancy the young couple, having got into some difficulty, found entrance the same way the Frankses did; only they went further and fared better!—to the top of the house, I mean. They've managed to make themselves pretty comfortable, too! There is something peculiar about them—I can scarcely say what, in a word."

"Could I not go up with you to-morrow and see them?" said Hester.

"That would scarcely do, I fear. I could be of no further use to them were they to suppose I had betrayed them. You have a perfect right to know what is going on in your house, but I would rather not appear in the discovery. One thing is plain, you must either go to them, or unlock the cellar-door. You will be taken with the young woman. She is a capable creature—an excellent nurse. Shall I go out this way?"

"Will you come to-morrow?" said Hester. "I am alone, and cannot ask anybody to help because of the smallpox, and I shall want help for the funeral. You do not think me troublesome?"

"Not in the least. It is all in the way of my business. I will manage for you."

"Come, then; I will show you the way out. This is No. 18 Addison Square. You need not come in the cellar-way next time."

"If I were you," said Christopher, stopping at the foot of the kitchen stair, "I would leave the key in that cellar-door. The poor young woman would be terrified to find that they were prisoners."

She turned immediately and went back, he following, and replaced the key.

"Now, let us fasten up the door I came in by," said Christopher. "I have got a screw in my pocket, and I never go without my tool-knife."

This was soon done, and he went.

What a strange night it had been for Hester—more like some unbelievable romance! For the time she had forgotten her own troubles! Ah, if she had been of one mind with Lord Gartley, those poor creatures would be now moaning in darkness by the dead body of their child, or out with it in their arms in the streets, or parted asunder in the casual wards of some workhouse! Certainly God could have sent them other help than hers, but where would *she* be then? a fellow-worker with his lordship, and not with God—one who did it not to *him*! Woe for the wife whose husband has no regard to her deepest desires, her highest aspirations!—who loves her so that he would be the god of her idolatry, not the friend and helper of her heart, soul and mind! Many of Hester's own thoughts were revealed to her that night by the side of the dead Moxy. It became clear to her that she had been led astray, in part by the desire to rescue one to whom God had not sent her, in part by the pleasure of being loved and worshiped, and in part by worldly ambition. Surer sign would God have sent her had he intended she should give herself to Gartley! Would God have her give herself to one who would render it impossible for her to make life more abundant to others? Marriage might be the absorbing duty of some women, but was it necessarily hers? Certainly not with such a man! Might not the duties of some callings be incompatible with marriage? Did not the providence of the world ordain that not a few should go unmarried? The children of the married would be but ill cared for were there only the married to care for them! It was one thing to die for a man—another to enslave God's child to the will of one who did not know Him! Was a husband to take the place of Christ, and order her life for her? Was man enough for woman? Did she not need God? It came to that! Was he or God to be her master? It grew clearer and clearer as she watched by the dead. There was, there could be no relation of life over which the Lord of life was not supreme! That this or that good woman could do this or that faithless or mean thing, was nothing to her! What might be unavoidable to one less instructed, would be sin in her! The other might need the sufferings and confusions that resulted; but for her must remain a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation!

When the morning came and she heard Sarah stirring, she sent her to take her place, and went to get a little rest.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

##### MORE YET.

BUT she could not sleep. She rose, went back to the room where the dead Moxy lay, and sent Sarah to get breakfast ready. Then came upon her an urgent desire to know the people who had come, like swallows, to tenant, without leave asked, the space overhead. She undid the screw, opened the door, and stole gently up the stair, steep, narrow and straight, which ran the height of the two rooms between two walls. A long way up she came to another door, and peeping through a chink in it, saw

that it admitted to the small orchestra high in the end-wall of the great room. Probably then the stair and the room below had been an arrangement for the musicians.

Going higher yet, till she all but reached the roof, the stair brought her to a door. She knocked. No sound of approaching foot followed, but after some little delay it was opened by a young woman, with her finger on her lip, and something of a scared look in her eye. She had expected to see the doctor, and startled and trembled at sight of Hester. There was little light where she stood, but Hester could not help feeling as if she had not merely seen her somewhere before. She came out on the landing, and shut the door behind her.

"He is very ill," she said; "and he hears a strange voice even in his sleep. A strange voice is dreadful to him."

Her voice was not strange, and the moment she spoke it seemed to light up her face: Hester, with a pang she could scarcely have accounted for, recognized Amy Amber.

"Amy!" she said.

"Oh, Miss Raymount!" cried Amy, joyfully; "is it indeed you? Are you come at last? I thought I was never to see you any more!"

"You bewilder me," said Hester. "How do you come to be here? I don't understand."

"He brought me here."

"Who brought you here?"

"Why, miss!" exclaimed Amy, as if hearing the most unexpected of questions, "who should it be?"

"I have not the slightest idea," returned Hester.

But the same instant a feeling strangely mingled of alarm, discomf, indignation and relief crossed her mind.

Through her whiteness Amy turned whiter still, and she turned a little away, like a person offended.

"There is but one, miss!" she said, coldly. "Who should it be but him?"

"Speak his name," said Hester, almost sternly. "This is no time for hide-and-seek. Tell me who you mean."

"Are you angry with me?" faltered Amy. "Oh, Miss Raymount, I don't think I deserve it!"

"Speak out, child! Why should I be angry with you?"

"Do you know what it is? Oh, I scarcely know what I am saying! He is dying! he is dying!"

She sank on the floor, and covered her face with her hands. Hester stood a moment and looked at her weeping, her heart filled with sad dismay, mingled with a kind of wan hope. Then softly and quickly she opened the door of the room and went in.

Amy started to her feet, but too late to prevent her, and followed trembling, afraid to speak, but relieved to find that Hester moved so noiselessly.

It was a great room, but the roof came down to the floor nearly all round. It was lighted only with a skylight. In the furthest corner was a screen. Hester crept gently toward it, and Amy after her, not attempting to stop her. She came to the screen and peeped behind it. There lay a young man in a troubled sleep, his face swollen and red and blotched with the smallpox; but through the disfigurement she recognized her brother. Her eyes filled with tears; she turned away, and stole out again as softly as she came in. Amy had been looking up at her anxiously; when she saw the tenderness of her look, she gathered courage and followed her. Outside, Hester stopped, and Amy again closed the door.

"You will forgive him, won't you, miss?" she said pitifully.

"What do you want me to forgive him for, Amy?" asked Hester, suppressing her tears.

"I don't know, miss. You seemed angry with him. I don't know what to make of it. Sometimes I feel certain it must have been his illness coming on that made him weak in his head and talk foolishness; sometimes I wonder whether he has really been doing anything wrong."

"He must have been doing something wrong, else how should you be here, Amy?" said Hester with hasty judgment.

"He never told me, miss; or of course I would have done what I could to prevent it," answered Amy, bewildered. "We were so happy, miss, till then! and we've never had a moment's peace since! That's why we came here—to be where nobody would find us. I wonder how he came to know the place!"

"Do you not know where you are, then, Amy?"

"No, miss; not in the least. I only know where to buy the things we need. He has not been out since we came."

"You are in our house, Amy. What will my father say! How long have you—have you been——"

Something in her heart or throat prevented Hester from finishing the sentence.

"How long have I been married to him, miss? You surely know that as well as I do, miss!"

"My poor Amy! Did he make you believe we knew about it?"

Amy gave a cry, but after her old way instantly crammed her handkerchief into her mouth, and uttered no further smallest sound.

"Alas!" said Hester, "I fear he has been more wicked than we knew. But, Amy, he has done something besides very wrong."

Amy covered her face with her apron, through which Hester could see her soundless sobs.

"I have been doing what I could to find him," continued Hester, "and here he was close to me all the time! But it adds greatly to my misery to find you with him, Amy!"

"Indeed, miss, I may have been silly; but how was I to suspect he was not telling me the truth? I loved him too much for that. I told him I would not marry him without he had his father's leave. And he pretended he had got it, and read me such a beautiful letter from his mother! Oh, miss, it breaks my heart to think of it!"

A new fear came upon Hester; had he deceived the poor girl with a pretended marriage? Was he bad through and through? What her father would say to a marriage, was hard to think; what he would say to a deception, she knew! That he would like such a marriage, she could ill-imagine; but might not the sense of escape from an alternative reconcile him to it?

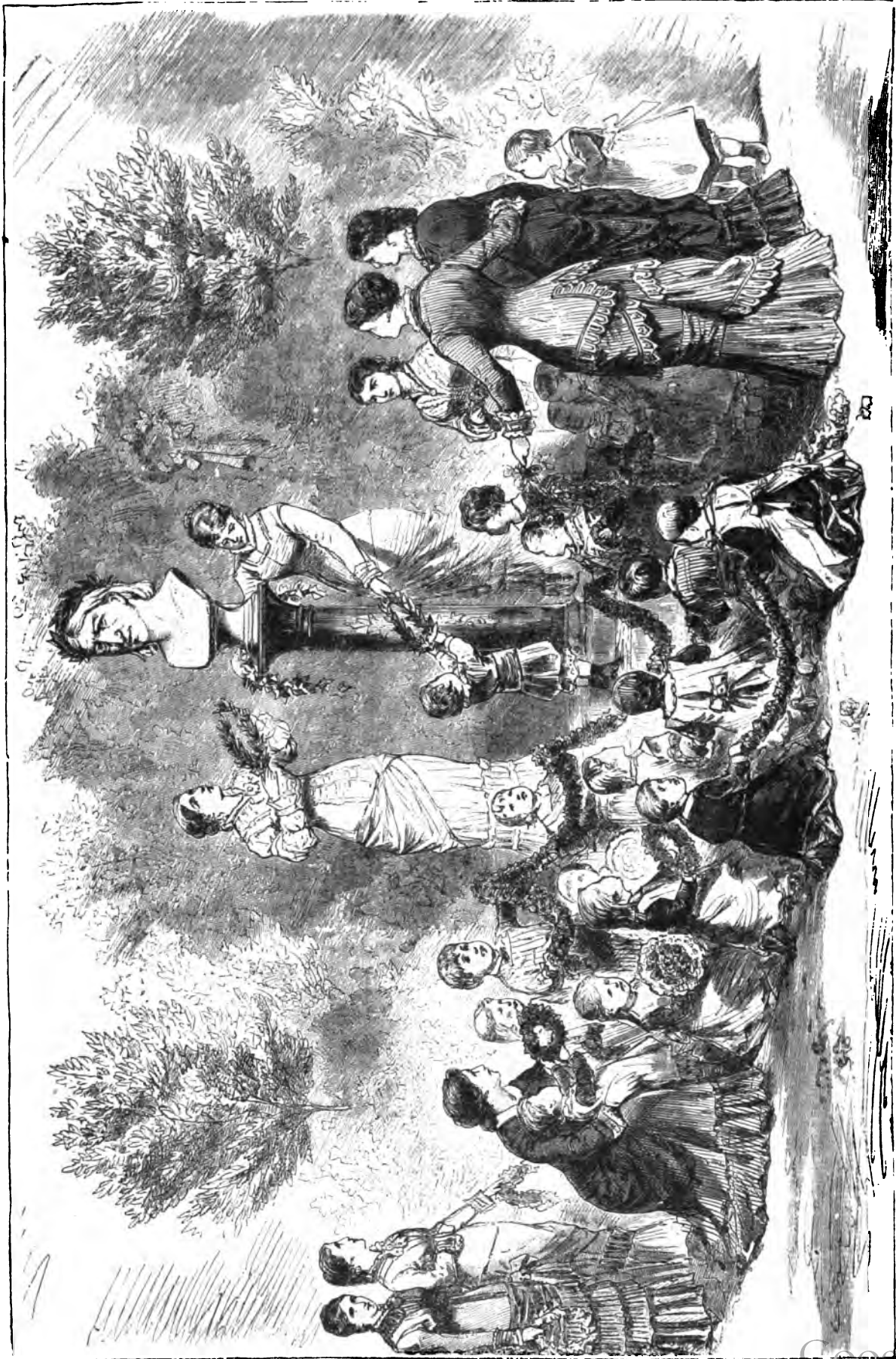
Such thoughts passed swiftly through her mind as she stood half turned from Amy, looking down the deep stair that sank like a precipice before her. She heard nothing, but Amy started and turned to the door. She was following her, when Amy said, in a voice almost of terror.

"Please, miss, do not let him see you till I have told him you are here."

"Certainly not," answered Hester, and drew back, "if you think the sight of me would hurt him!"

"Thank you, miss; I am sure it would," whispered Amy. "He is frightened of you."

"Frightened of me!" said Hester to herself, repeating Amy's phrase, when she had gone in, leaving her at the head of the stair. "I should have thought he only disliked me! I wonder if he would have loved me a little, if he had not been afraid of me! Perhaps I could have made him if I had tried. It is easier, then, to wake fear than love!"



CHILDREN CROWNING FROEBEL'S BUST ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH, APRIL 21ST, 1882.—SEE PAGE 600.

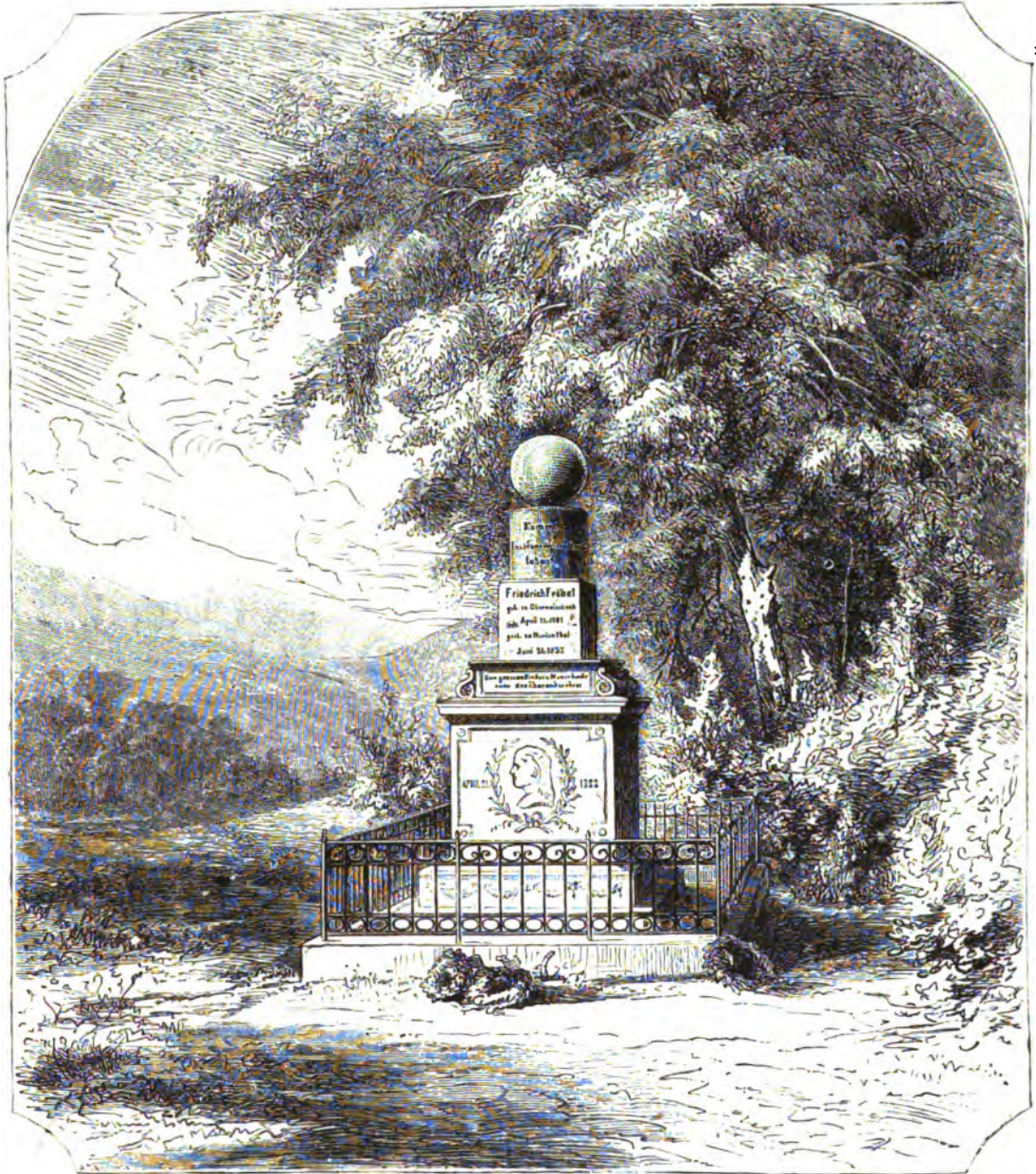


It may be very well for a nature like Corney's to fear a father; fear does come in for some good where love is wanting; but I doubt if the fear of a sister can be of any good.

"If he couldn't love me," thought Hester, "it would have been better he hadn't been afraid of me. Now comes the time when it renders me unable to help him!"

Then first it began to dawn upon Hester that there was

could think of to make the place more comfortable; it would be long before the patient could be moved. In particular she sought out a warm fur cloak for Amy. Poor Amy! she was but the shadow of her former self, but a shadow very pretty and pleasant to look on. Hester's heart was sore to think of such a bright, good, honest creature married to a man like her brother. But she was sure, however credulous she might have been, she had



PROEBEL'S GRAVE.—SEE PAGE 606.

in her a certain hardness of character distinct in its nature from that unbending devotion to the right which is imperative—belonging in truth to the region of her weakness—that self which fears for itself, and is of death, not of life. But she was one of those who, when they discover a thing in them that is wrong, take refuge in the immediate endeavor to set it right—with the conviction that God is on their side to help them; for wherein, if not therein, is he God our Saviour?

She went down to the house, to get everything she

done nothing to be ashamed of. Where there was blame it must all be Corney's!

It was with feelings still strangely mingled of hope and dismay, that, having carried everything she could at the time up the stair, she gave herself to the comfort of her other guests.

Left alone in London, Corney had gone idly ranging about the house when another man would have been reading, or doing something with his hands. Curious in correspondent proportion of his secrecy, for the qualities go

together, the moment he happened to cast his eyes on the door in the wainscot of the low room, no one being in the house to interfere with him, he proceeded to open it. He little thought then what his discovery would be to him, for at that time he had done nothing to make him fear his fellow-man. But he kept the secret after his kind.

Contriving often to meet Amy, he had grown rapidly more and more fond of her—became, indeed, as much in love with her as was possible to him; and though the love of such a man can never be of a lofty kind, it may yet be the best thing in him, and the most redemptive power upon him. Without a notion of denying himself anything he desired and could possibly have, he determined she should be his, but from fear as well as tortuosity, avoided the direct way of gaining her; the straight line would not, he judged, be the shortest; his father would never, or only after unendurable delay, consent to his marriage with a girl like Amy! How things might have gone had he not found her even unable to receive a thought that would have been dishonorable to him, and had he not come to pride himself on her simplicity and purity, I cannot say; but he contrived to persuade her to a private marriage—contrived also to prevent her from communicating with his sister.

His desire to please her, his passion for showing off, and the preparations his design seemed to render necessary, soon brought him into straits for money. He could not ask his father, who would have insisted on knowing how it was that he found his salary insufficient, seeing he was at no expense for maintenance, having only to buy his clothes. He went on and on, hiding his eyes from the approach of the "armed man," till he was in his grasp, and positively in want of a shilling. Then he borrowed, and went on borrowing small sums from those about him, till he was ashamed to borrow more. The next thing was to borrow a trifle of what was passing through his hands. He was merely borrowing, and of his own uncle! It was a shame his uncle should have so much and leave him in such straits!—he rolling in wealth and pay him such a contemptible salary! It was the height of injustice! Of course he would replace it long before any one knew! Thus by degrees the poor weak creature, deluding himself with excuses, slipped into the consciousness of being a rogue. There are some, I suspect, who fall into vice from being so satisfied with themselves that they scorn to think it possible they should ever do wrong.

He went on taking and taking until at last he was obliged to confess to himself that there was no possibility of making restoration before the time when his borrowing must be embezzlement. Then in a kind of cold despair he laid hand upon a large sum and left the bank an unconvicted felon. What story he told Amy, to whom he was by this time married, I do not know; but once convinced of the necessity for concealment, she was as careful as himself. He brought her to their refuge by the back way. She went and came only through the cellar, and knew no other entrance. When they found that, through Amy's leaving the door unfastened when she went to buy, there being no way of securing it from the outside, others had taken refuge in the cellar, they dared not, for fear of attracting attention to themselves, warn them away.

(To be continued.)

PRIDE had her beginning among the angels that fell, her continuance in earth, her end in hell.—*T. Adams.*

If He prayed who was without sin, how much more it becometh a sinner to pray!—*St. Cyprian.*

## FRIEDRICH FROEBEL AND THE KINDERGARTEN.

"*Kommt, laßt uns unsern Kindern leben*" (Come, let us live for our children). The man who spoke these words to the German people, and who devoted his life for children and their welfare, was Friedrich Froebel. He was born on April 21st, 1782, in the pastor's residence at Oberweisbach, in the Principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. At an early age his mother died, and several years of his young life were spent with his uncle, superintendent Hoffman, in Stadt Ilm. In 1805 he became a schoolmaster at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in 1807 he went to Switzerland, where he studied the Pestalozzian method of instruction.

In 1826 he published the first volume of his work on education, "*Die Menschenerziehung.*" He also edited subsequently a weekly journal, entitled, "*Wochenschrift für alle Freunde der Menschenbildung,*" and in both of these works he advocated a full and harmonious development of the human faculties.

His studies in the Pestalozzian system now bore fruit, and about 1837 he introduced the new method of infant training, in which he strove to obviate the difficulties and evils of the Pestalozzian system. He called his school a Kindergarten, or children's garden, and the first one of its kind was established at Blankenberg, Thuringia.

The school consisted of a series of large, well lighted and ventilated pleasant rooms, opening upon a garden, in which, besides the playground for all and a large garden-plot, there were single plots for each child old enough to cultivate them. In the large garden were flowers, useful vegetables, and trees, and birds were encouraged to make their home in the garden. The children admitted were anywhere from two months to fourteen years in age. They passed from three to five hours a day in the garden. The infants were accompanied by their mothers or nurses, or, in default of these, were placed in charge of teachers, young, well-educated women, who entered into the work from a sincere love for it, and for children. Froebel was very particular in the selection of teachers, deeming it as indispensable to the success of the institution. Not more than twenty-five children were allowed to be under the care of a single teacher, and the elder children were used in caring for the younger, and thus carrying out the system. No corporal punishment was allowed, exclusion from a game or from the gardens for a day or more being the only punishment which he found necessary.

This institution became the model for many similar ones in Germany and Switzerland. Thence it spread to England and America. The Duke of Meiningen gave Froebel the use of his mansion at Marienthal, near Liebenstein, for the establishment of a normal school where teachers were to be trained.

Froebel devised many games and exercises for his course of instruction, and as a part of the necessary apparatus prepared his six gifts, which have since been increased to twenty, which are used in all kindergartens. In the use of these an explanatory song, sung at first by the teacher, and afterward by the children, accompanies each exercise or game. The first consists of six soft balls of different colors, and a string; the colors are red, blue and yellow—green, violet and orange. They are moved horizontally, vertically and in circles before the infant by the teacher or an older child, who sings the song explaining the motions. By these balls the child obtains ideas of form, color, size and movement, as well as of his own individuality. The second gift is a cube, a cylinder, a wooden ball, a stick, and a string; these are rolled, whirled, dragged, and used in a great variety of ways, and from them the child acquires



ideas of form, size, sound, movement, and of development according to a fixed law. The third gift is a cube cut into eight equal cubes; these the child arranges into other forms, and receives new lessons in the law of development, gets a notion of angles, cubes, the laws of construction, and the division of units into halves, quarters and eighths. He should always be taught to construct from the centre. The fourth gift is a cube divided into eight equal planes. In the use of this the children unite around a table, and construct together their buildings and other objects. By means of this and the preceding gifts, the alphabet and the elementary principles of arithmetic and geometry may be taught. The fifth gift is an extension of the third: the cube is divided into twenty-seven small cubes, and three of these are divided diagonally into halves and three into quarters. This introduces the triangle, and gives scope for the construction of the arch and other architectural objects, and for practical perspective. The sixth gift is an extension of the fourth, the cube being divided into twenty-seven planes, of which six are again divided, three in height and three in breadth; in the use of these the children are taught to build from the teacher's dictation. A seventh gift is added, containing all the forms of the last four. To these gifts are subsequently joined movable lines or plaiting sticks, which are also used for construction, being united when necessary by softened peas, pasteboard and tissue-paper, to be combined into figures and objects, and soft clay for modeling, in which many of the children become very expert. Drawing in the net, that is, on a slate furrowed into squares, and subsequently on paper ruled with a pale ink in squares, and painting in the net, are also introduced. The gymnastic exercises are still plays, of which there are a great variety, intended to develop all the muscles; these, too, are all accompanied by songs explanatory and instructive. For older pupils Froebel established scholars' gardens, in which workshops took the place of the games.

During Froebel's life more than fifty kindergartens were established in Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland, Prussia, Saxony, and several of the minor states in Germany prohibited in 1851 the establishment of infant schools according to Froebel's system, on the supposition that it inculcated socialism and atheism. But as it very soon became evident that kindergartens, according to Froebel's original principles, though apt to be misused for party purposes, could not really injure the state, the prohibitions were recalled, and the system was rapidly introduced everywhere. Though strenuous efforts were made in several states for the establishment of such institutions in connection with the public schools, no government has as yet acceded to the demand, and the benefits of the kindergartens continue to be restricted to those classes which are able to pay for them. There are in Germany several institutions for the education of teachers for these schools, and several periodicals are devoted to a further development of Froebel's ideas.

The fundamental idea which actuated Froebel was to make the infant schooling attractive; that it should be a positive pleasure to learn, and to make mental food as much conducive to mental growth as bodily food is to bodily growth. The first condition was necessarily to associate children with children; next, that the place of assembly should be attractive, inspiring and congenial to childlike instincts. Instructive games, object lessons, and physical and mental gymnastics, the charms of music and poetry, and pleasant conversation are the essential elements of the kindergarten system. Froebel invented plays or games with building-blocks, colored papers, sticks and chips of wood, sticks of wire and soaked peas, worsted

stitching on perforated thick paper, weaving of strips of one color into slitted paper of another color, etc. These teach form, color, variety, construction, proportion, and tend to develop the inventive faculties of the child. Soon they advance to drawing on slates, or on paper, and modeling in clay or wax.

Not only the inventive process are thus stimulated, but the imagination is awakened and cultivated by this system. Music and poetry are the indispensable accompaniments of every kindergarten, and the child readily learns to associate ideas with things, and musical phrases with spoken words. Soon the child learns to reproduce from memory a description of some thing it has seen or heard, and then to describe something which it only imagines.

Froebel died at Marienthal, June 21st, 1852, after having lived to see his system very widely adopted in the instruction of children. On April 21st last, the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, his enthusiastic German admirers organized a Froebel festival, and the children covered his bust with wreaths of flowers, and sang around it their sweetest songs.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Michael Munkacsy.

We live in the days of the exhibition of single pictures. We have to remember, however, that isolation, with all its advantages, is not absolutely essential for a great work of art. A great picture is likely to be at its best when presented alone, and we ourselves may be more ourselves at a private interview. But a great picture may be exhibited anywhere, for it may be seen anywhere. It is one of the characteristics of a great picture that it can be seen; and it can be seen because the painter has fulfilled one of the first conditions of painting, which is to represent or make visible some scene which he has chosen for his subject.

Our first impression as we looked at Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate" was, that we saw it. Just as in listening to a good speaker, we hear what he has got to say, and we know at once the topic of his discourse. And on looking again to see how it was that we saw so readily what was before our eyes, we found that the artist had fallen back on one of the oldest and truest principles of art, "ars celare artem." The size of the canvas is some thirty feet by twenty, and while every inch is covered, so that there is not any appearance of blankness or vacuity, it is but barely half this great space that is occupied with figures. This is no chance estimate, for we have just measured a photograph of the picture which is now lying by our side as we are writing. The next point is, the figures are life-size, and the figures are all placed on the line of sight, and can therefore be easily seen; and they become more visible by the dark expanse of the neutral architecture above them, and by the lighter tessellated pavement on which they stand and sit.

The artist is justified in thus utilizing the architecture, for the scene he had to depict occurred within doors; and on looking into its darkness you discover an arch and other forms, which remind you of the late discoveries of the Palestine Exploration Society. A further proof of his remembrance of the realistic principles he has evidently adopted is to be found in the pavement. You are somewhat staggered at first at the presence of some Jews, in close contact with Pilate, who plainly belong to the Sanhedrim. You remember the record which distinctly tells you that they objected on religious grounds to enter the Judgment Hall. We are, however, told afterward in the same record, that there was a judgment-seat in a place called "The Pavement." To accommodate the prejudices



of the Jews, their tribunal, or judgment-seat, was in the stadium, or open court before the palace, of some height, and therefore called in the Hebrew "Gabbathan," and paved with mosaic work, with a door or passage communicating with the palace. From this tribunal the Governor could address the Jews without their apprehension of deilement.

Having looked at the place where the scene is laid, and how it has been turned to the artist's purpose, we may now consider his figures and the manner in which he has disposed them. It is in his composition that Munkácsy's great strength lies, and it is here also that we discover the school in which he was trained. The art-critics of France claim him to be "French." He has indeed been a resident among them for some ten years, but it was at Munich and Dusseldorf that he studied, and we have long been in possession of a reproduction of his first great work, "The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal."

On comparing this with his present picture, we find the same careful drawing and the same idea of composition, and these characteristics are emphatically German. Munkácsy, however, belongs to no school; and this fact, which is suggested by his work, is corroborated by his history, and we may, perhaps, be helped in our criticism of his picture by a rapid glance at the romance of his life.

Munkácsy is an Hungarian.

"Having been deprived of a mother's care, he also lost his father when scarcely four years old. The father had taken part in the insurrection of Hungary in the year 1818, and was thrown into prison, where he fell sick and died.

"Five helpless orphans were left before the prison-gate; but happily there was an equal number of uncles and aunts. One of the aunts takes little Miska to her home and becomes his second mother. But one night a band of robbers breaks into the house, plundering and killing, and leaving the lad between the four empty walls with the corpse of his foster-mother. Miska found a new asylum at the house of one of his uncles, the lawyer Recek. But the latter had also lost all his wealth during the revolution. Being too poor to give the boy a public school education, he apprenticed him to a joiner. After an apprenticeship of four years, Munkácsy became an independent journeyman. He had to work hard now, but he felt happy, because he was able to dispose of his leisure hours and satisfy his longing for instruction and knowledge."

The young carpenter is led to exchange his plane for a brush, through meeting with an artist who gives him some first lessons. Painting two or three pictures, which he sells,

"The young artist directed his steps to Vienna, where he studied in the Museums; and in the year 1866 he returned again to Pesth. There he was troubled with a disease of the eyes, which had almost put an end to his scarcely-begun career of a painter. He passed six months at the hospital, being half blind. When he left it, his first thought was to apply himself to his studies more than ever. With twenty florins in his pocket, he went to Munich, where he staid for two years, and then to Dusseldorf. It was in the latter city that he painted, 'The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal,' with which he laid the foundation of his reputation. The painter Knaus, to whom he had communicated his plan, disapproved greatly of the daring undertaking of a beginner risking himself with such an important group of figures. But Munkácsy, undismayed, quietly executed his painting; and in proportion as it advanced, his reputation spread in the city, till at last Knaus called at Munkácsy's studio and could not refrain from bursting forth in exclamations of admiration at the sight of the almost completed composition.

"Following the advice of his friends, Munkácsy sent his painting to Paris, where it caused excitement at the Salon of 1870, and was medaled by the jury."

We may now again turn to the picture, and we shall be all the more able and willing to see the genius which is to be found in it, as we look at it in the light of this episode.

The line of composition commences with a curve, form-

ing an arc of a circle in which Pilate is sitting, with the Jews on either side. At the point where this curve ends the Christ stands; and the line, somewhat more broken, is carried out of the picture by a vista through a porch, where we catch a view of the tops of some of the buildings in the city. The two rabbis, sitting in profile in the corner of the picture nearest the spectator, are amongst the quietest in the assembly. The stolid, handsome countenance of the one who is looking at the Christ, and can do so without moving a muscle, is evidently the foil to Pilate, who dares not lift his eyes, but, with downcast look, is the picture of perplexity. The perplexity of Pilate is one of the chief points of the picture, and we find that this prominence is given by the elevation of the figure, the contorted countenance, the right hand nervously grasping the body and half hiding itself under the left arm-pit, and the left hand with its uncertain twitching fingers. The quietness and dignity which you would expect in a governor sitting in judgment on a criminal, is here to be found in the accused. The self-possession of our Lord, which takes the form of self-assertion, and which is the prevailing expression of His face, is the point of the whole picture. It is this characteristic of Munkácsy's Christ that gives the character to his work. This conception has been challenged, and the challenge has been accepted by the artist, for we are told that the face of the Christ has been repainted, so that we have here his corrected and final judgment. It is very plain from the absence of the orthodox nimbus, as well as from other signs, that this is not intended to be an ecclesiastical work of art. There is no trace of the traditional portrait. The physiognomy is not Jewish. It is human. It is the portrait of a man, and of a man who believes in the truth which has been contested, and who as plainly believes in Himself. This is told by the language of the eye, and is corroborated by the suppressed irony that plays about the mouth. There is a compassion in the glance of the eye as it looks into the troubled, criminal heart of Pilate, which tells us that, insulted as He feels Himself to be, He is ever ready to have mercy and to forgive. The political French papers have said that we have here a Nihilist before a Czar. Nearly every art-critic has been arrested by this unusual expression of character. And we have here, doubtless, in Munkácsy's "Christ before Pilate," a new Christ. It is this that has impressed us, and believing as we do that this would have been an expression passing over our Lord's face, once and again, during this trial; and believing that the Christ in our day is again on His trial, and that He is the same to-day as He was yesterday, we take this picture, whether it was painted for this purpose or not, as a picture for the times.

We may, at first sight, demur to accept this representation of our Saviour, for we have been long acquainted with the typical portrait of the Old Masters, and also with the feeble and characterless conceptions of modern art. Our Saviour, however, is also our Lord; and we can imagine that the expression of His countenance would have been once and again somewhat similar to the present one; for instance, at the time when He expressly reminded His disciples of this fact. Such sayings, and such exhibitions of feeling, are perhaps more numerous in the records than we imagine. It is an opinion of many that the Christ of the Gospels is not the Christ of the painters. There are notable exceptions, but even these are only accepted when the historic circumstances are remembered. This is not an ideal portrait. And the Christ is not presented alone. Munkácsy had to paint Christ before Pilate, and if our criticism is to be worth anything, it must be in keeping with some of His own words that we



(Fragment of Michael Munkacsy's Picture.)  
"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

know He uttered. Such a physical type as is chosen by the painter always possesses what we call "an expressive countenance." And as we look at this face, we find its physiognomy justified by such words as these: "I am a king." "To this end was I born, and for this cause I

came into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

Whatever the emotions that may be moving the other features, the eye, whilst harmonizing with them, still retains an indelible trace of the abiding character of a

person. And so this eye of the Christ before Pilate tells us also that even Pilate is not beyond His pity. And Pilate indeed was to be pitied, and the artist has set him before us as a most pitiable object. Pilate would have heard about this Jesus of Nazareth once and again, and must have been conversant with the opinions respecting Him. There would seem also to have been some personal feeling in the matter, for he evidently shrinks, at the first, from entertaining the case, and passing a judgment upon it. When the Christ is brought before him, he tells the Jews to take Him and judge Him themselves. The Jews betray their animus by reminding Pilate that they cannot inflict capital punishment. He is forced to examine the case, and to examine it privately, and notwithstanding he is well aware how unwelcome his verdict will be, he is obliged to tell the Jews that he finds no fault in Him. The Jews clamor, and he finds what seems to be a way of escape. Jesus is said to be a Galilean; Herod of Galilee is in Jerusalem, and the responsibility shall rest with him. The Christ is sent, and sent back again, scourged indeed, but neither absolved nor condemned. Pilate again confronts the Jews, telling them again that he finds no fault in the accused, "no, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and behold nothing worthy of death hath been done by Him." Adopting for the nonce a Jewish custom, Pilate washes his hands and proposes a compromise; but just as he is doing this, he receives the well-known message from his wife. The compromise fails. As a last resource, he takes Jesus and scourges Him, and gives Him into the hands of the soldiers, and he then appeals to the Jews for pity on Him, as he presents Him with the mock crown and the mock robe. This appeal renders the Jews desperate, and they take political and personal ground with Pilate, and Pilate succumbs. "Then he delivered Him up therefore unto them to be crucified."

Look on this picture, and that presented by the times in which we live. We have never been obliged before to-day to give our verdict either for or against the Christ. Now a necessity is laid upon us. The adversaries of Christ press upon us to give our verdict against Him. We are troubled and perplexed, for we have long heard about Him, and have had each of us our own conviction. We would still remain neutral. We try, and try in vain, to escape from the spirit, the conversation, the literature—the question of the times. Again and again we wash our hands. But neither our silence, nor our words, nor our actions are of any avail. And so we are found sitting, conscious of the presence and of the claims of our Saviour, and like Pilate not daring to look at Him, as we puzzle over the answer which we must give to the question that is being forced upon us, "What think ye of Christ?"

We must not conclude this short paper without some reference to the subsidiary figures, and to the crowd and to the surging rabble. And just as we have not found any of the melodrama that has so offended us in other so-called great pictures, so we shall not find any of their tautology and their want of drawing. We shall see, on the other hand, that great painters are again like great speakers. They are thoughtful and careful from the beginning to the end of their work. There are no superfluous words, no unmeaning sentences. Once and again, as we have looked at this picture, we have been reminded of Raphael. Take, for instance, the group to be seen under the arm of the public accuser. They are having the argument to themselves just in the same way as the debaters in the "Paul at Athens." The fat man, straddling as he stands behind Paul, is here straddling as he sits somewhat also behind the Christ. The one is resting his hands in

his girdle, the other rests them upon his thighs. The woman and babe we find in "The Beautiful Gate," with the babe's head placed as a foil to the gnarled head of the beggar, has strolled into this picture, and their faces are used again as a foil, bringing out the impudence of one of the rabble, who rudely pushes before her to get a look at the Christ. The man with his arms a-kimbo, hidden under his toga, and his head bent with thought, as he stands before Paul, is not listening to what Paul is saying, but to what Paul has said. And such a man, in such an attitude, and doing the same thing, is to be found at Pilate's right hand. The use of the back of a figure, so common amongst the great masters, is here found in the soldier who is thrusting aside with his pike those of the rabble who are forcing themselves to the front. The crowd and the rest of the rabble, with one or two exceptions, are all there, but they are not seen. Their presence and their purpose are told by the rough who, with extended arms, is clamoring, in his ignorance, for the crucifixion of our Lord. There is another of them who has succeeded in climbing on some elevation, and is pointing frantically to the chief figures. By not making the crowd and rabble more conspicuous, the painter has made what we ought to see plainly, more visible. And by painting with equal individuality and carefulness every figure that is in the line of sight, we listen to him to the last, till he has told his tale.

We have thus taken the chiaroscuro and the composition of the picture, and tried to show our readers their character and purpose, as far as we have seen them. We will not attempt to describe its color, for color is one of those things which can only be understood by being seen.

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#### HIS IMPRESS.

BY MYRTA LOCKETT.

Oh! wherever I see the daisies nod  
I am thinking that there His feet have trod,  
And wherever I hear the Spring brook fall,  
Of the draught that flows for the thirst of all—  
In the Summer's rose, in the Winter's snows,  
Wherever a sparkle of beauty glows,  
I see all over the wonderful land  
The touch that was left by my Lord's bright hand!

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CYPRIAN, on his way to martyrdom, was told by the emperor that he would give him time to consider if he had not better cast a grain of incense into the fire in honor of the idol gods than die so ignominiously. Cyprian replied, "There needs not deliberation in the case." John Huss, at the stake, was offered a pardon if he would recant. "I am here, ready to suffer death." Thomas Hawkes in like circumstances said, "If I had a hundred bodies, I would suffer them all to be torn to pieces rather than recant."

JESUS, THE HEART'S KEY.—To Gotthold was shown a lock constructed of rings, which were severally inscribed with certain letters, and could be turned round until the letters represented the name "Jesus." It was only when the rings were disposed in this manner that the lock could be opened. The invention pleased him beyond measure, and he exclaimed, "Oh that I could put such a lock as this upon my heart!" Our hearts are already locked, no doubt, but generally with a lock of quite another kind. Many need only to hear the words, "gain," "honor," "pleasure," "riches," "revenge," and their heart opens in a moment; whereas to the Saviour and to His holy name it continues shut.



## THE HOME-PULPIT.

## FORWARD.

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."—JOSHUA I. 5.

MOSES was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried—only one person at the funeral, the same one who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness, but He has some one ready. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero of my text, put his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. In my text he gets live military equipment, and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, harbigeon for the breast. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "Oh," you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the chieftain of eternity promises to do just as much for us as for him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua.

I mean, as God may help me this morning, to encourage the faith of all good people while I tell you that God fulfills this promise of my text, although Joshua's first battle was with the Spring freshet; and the next with a stone wall; and the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards; and the next battle against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon around into his battalion, and the last, against the King of Terrors, Death—five great victories. For the most part, when a general starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle, in order that he may get his courage up, and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the taking of Sebastopol. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the Spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. There were times when you could walk across the Jordan, without getting your feet wet, and without any miracle. Colonel Molineux attempted to cross with some small boats at a certain season of the year, and he says part of the time the boats were in the water and part of the time they were carried on the backs of the camels, so very shallow was the stream. But Lieutenant Lynch tried to cross the Jordan in the time of the Spring freshet, and he says that the twenty-seven rapids of the Jordan knocked all to pieces his boats, though they were lined with copper and galvanized iron. You might as well talk of wading across the Hudson River at Yonkers as to talk of wading across the Jordan in the time of the Spring freshet. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us in time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and they see a

movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among those troops, and they are going to fly; or perhaps they are going to march across the River Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan. One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant, and they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an Almighty fiat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua march right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they got to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped, thirty miles of distance they halted, on this side the waters that rolled off toward the salt sea. But no, as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from these uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the Almighty hand is taken away, those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas! what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have staid parted? because, perhaps, we may want to go back. Oh, Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the water to let us come through, and kept it parted to let us go back if we are defeated!" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through, now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelite from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water forty feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead. Behind you, death and darkness and woe and hell. But you say: "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance, standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the bed of the river?" Anybody who knows anything about military life knows that those Canaanites had all the advantage. There they were, perfectly at home in the country, while the Israelites were all strangers. There they were, the Canaanites, all fresh troops; and out yonder the poor Israelites, worn out with the long travel. Why not the Canaanites double up Joshua's right wing and double up his left wing, and then pierce the centre, and scatter in wild rout and ruin the host of Joshua? I will tell you why. God had made a promise and He was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives

the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens—to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. "Take it, Joshua ought; take it, Joshua cannot," say the unbelieving Israelites. Where is the battering-ram to thunder down those walls? Why, the Canaanites will come out on the top of the wall and the archers will shoot death and destruction into the Israelitish host just as soon as they come near enough the wall. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the alain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of warfare. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns, on the seventh day, the peroration of the whole seven was to be a shout at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base. The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the walls; not so much as loosened a rock; not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled. He thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the Spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It isn't philosophy." And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand arguing it all out, and showing it was not possible that such a cause produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry, "Down, Jericho; down, Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to

rock. Stand from under. She falls. Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groans of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the débris of the wall, hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she had repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw that red cord they knew it was the divine indication they should not disturb the premises—making us think of the divine cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho even by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and the mountains and the metal bones and ribs of nature shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

"When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below;  
Thou, undismayed, shall o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them, and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeers. The Northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Everybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai the men of Ai will take you. Look at the Church of God on the retreat. The Borneesian cannibals ate up Munson, the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people. "Fall back, O Church of God. Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Borneesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say, "Fall back, O Church of God. Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back." Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains, and there are a great many people who say, "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" Friends of the Church have never any right to fall back. Joshua comes out from the encampment that day, and puts his hand against his forehead, shading his eyes, and says, "Why, I really believe those are our troops running. Yes, that is our army on the retreat"; and very soon the officers come up and they say: "Oh, general, we are all cut to pieces. Those men of Ai are the most terrible men we have ever seen. We are all cut to pieces."

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever saw the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "O Lord God, where-

fore hast Thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hands of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan. For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and out off our name from the earth." I am very glad Joshua said that. Before, it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us; but I find he is a man—he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down, face in the dust, back of the head up, groaning and sighing about everything being defeated. I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust. God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore lieth thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you, with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in the battle, he would undoubtedly have gone on to victory.

He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away." They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The battalion in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pur-

suit of this scattered or seemingly scattered battalion, Joshua stands on a rock. I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed and the Israelites gain the victory, and while I see the curling

smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Now forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troop. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word: "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right off." Joshua has a three days' march;



A SUNSET PROPHECY.—"I DRAG ME FROM MY BED OF PAIN."—SEE PAGE 615.

more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the Spring freshet, and knocked down the stone wall, and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and



gashed foreheads retreat the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstone into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens, with bullets of iron, pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Beth-horon. "Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are to get away, after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us."

See, the sun is going down. Oh! for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate. What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises, his face radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Aijalon." They halted. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their days, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged. Joshua got twelve additional hours for that day, and he overthrew in these additional twelve hours five kings—King of Jerusalem, King of Hebron, King of Jarmuth, King of Lachish, and King of Eglon. He got a day long enough to fight that Sedan, that Waterloo, that Gettysburg of the ages, and every man that goes forth to do battle for the Lord has a prolonged day of usefulness. John Summerfield was a consumptive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in the old Sands Street Church, in this city, preaching Christ, and when he stood on the anniversary platform in New York, pleading for the Bible until unusual and unknown glories rolled from that book. When he was dying his pillow was brushed with the wing of the angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's sun set? Did John Summerfield's day end? Oh, no! He lives on in the burning utterances in behalf of the Christian Church. He lives on in the fame of that Christ whose glories he declared. He lives on in the fame of that heaven into which so many were introduced through his instrumentality. Faint, weary and sick, he held on to the rail of the altar of the Methodist Church with one hand, while the other hand was lifted toward the opening heavens, and he seemed to say, "I cannot die now, I will not die now, I must not die now; I want to live on, and live on, and live on for Christ; I want to start an influence that will never end. I am only twenty-six years of age. Thou sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over America." And it stood still. Robert McCheyne was a consumptive Presbyterian. It was said when he preached he coughed so it seemed as if he would never preach again. His name fragrant in all Christendom, that name mightier to-day than was ever his living presence. He lived to preach the Gospel in Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Dundee, but he went away very early. He preached himself into the grave. Has Robert McCheyne's sun set? Is Robert McCheyne's day ended? Oh, no! His dying delirium was filled with prayer, and when he lifted his hand to

pronounce the benediction upon his family, and the benediction upon his country, he seemed to say, "I cannot die now, I want to live on and on, I want to start an influence for the church that will never cease; I am only thirty years of age. Sun of my Christian ministry, stand still over Scotland." And it stood still.

A long time ago there was a Christian woman very consecrated, and she had a drunken husband, and so on came the night of domestic trouble. She lost her children, and there came the night of bereavement. She was very ill, and there came the night of sickness. Her soul departed, and there came the night of death. But all those nights of trouble and darkness and sorrow and sickness were illumined by the grace of the Gospel, and people came many miles to see how cheerfully a Christian could be sick and how cheerfully a Christian could die. The moon that illumined that night of trouble was a reflection from the sun of righteousness. In the last hour of that night, that night of darkness and sickness and misfortune, as she lifted her hand toward heaven, those who stood nearest her pillow could hear the whisper, for she wanted to live in the generations that were to follow, consecrated to God; she wanted to have an influence long after she had entered upon her eternal reward, and while her hand was lifted and her lips were moving those who stood nearest her pillow could hear her say, "Thou moon, stand still in the valley of Aijalon."

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Joshua found them in a cave, and rolled a stone against the door of the cave. Then these five kings were brought out, and according to a custom of the ancients the major-generals put their feet on the necks of these five kings, and beheaded them, and then their bodies were put back into the cave, and the stone rolled up to the door. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI.—preached the funeral sermon over Charles I. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—King of Jerusalem, King of Hebron, King of Jarmuth, King of Lachish, King of Eglon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? What shall be the epitaph cut on the door of the tomb? Joshua i. 5: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." But before you fasten up the door, I want five more kings beheaded and thrust in—King Alcohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King Superstition, King Infidelity. Let them be beheaded and hurl them in. Then fasten up the door for ever. What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? For all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Walmer Castle. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a King who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his pasture the graveyards and cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do. Old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather, or great-grandfather seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and

then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept His promise all the way through—the promise of the text—as he lies there he tells the story one, two or three times; you have heard old people tell a story one, two or three times over, and he answers, "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed, all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part. Jehovah Jireh, we take Thee at Thy promise, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry-shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the wall of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Aijalon.

"CAN you climb?" a captain asked of a sailor-boy before taking him out in his ship. The trial was soon after made, and the poor boy's head began to grow dizzy as he mounted higher and higher on the rigging. "Oh, I shall fall!" he cried, looking down upon the sea. "Look up, my boy!" shouted the captain; and so he did, and gained the masthead. Thus it is with us. When we look below and see the waves, we fear we may sink; but when we look up to God with a hopeful spirit, we know we are safe.

ASKING A BLESSING.—There is nothing which it is right for us to do, but that it is also right to ask that God would bless it; and, indeed, there is nothing so little but the frown of God can convert it into the most sad calamity, or His smile exalt it into the most memorable mercy; and there is nothing we can do but its complexion for weal or woe depends entirely on what the Lord will make it. It is said of Matthew Henry that no journey was undertaken, nor any subject or course of sermons entered upon, no book committed to the press, nor any trouble apprehended or felt, without a particular application to the mercy seat for deliberation, assistance and success. . . . It is reported of Cornelius Winter, that he seldom opened a book, even on general subjects, without a moment's prayer. The late Bishop Heber, on each new incident of his history, or on the eve of any undertaking, used to compose a brief prayer, imploring special help and guidance. . . . A late physician of great celebrity used to ascribe much of his success to three maxims of his father, the last and best of which was, "Always pray for your patients."—*Dr. Hamilton.*

## A SUNSET PROPHECY.

BY MARION HARLAND

"Jerusalem the Golden!  
I languish for one gleam  
Of all thy beauty, folded  
In distance and in dream.  
My thoughts like palms in exile,  
Climb up to look and pray  
For a glimpse of that dear country  
That lies so far away!"

Up to my window thrills the fresh young voice.  
I drag me from my bed of pain,  
Where through the heartless sheen of sunny hours  
I and my old, old grief have lain.  
All the heat has passed from the western sky—  
(Pale-green, and barred with sunset glow)—  
'Mid the burnished leaves of the maple-boughs  
A girl swings lightly to and fro.

"Jerusalem the Golden!  
When sunset's in the West  
It seems the gate of glory,  
Thou city of the blest!"

Ah! but the way is long, the gate is high,  
The shining stair is hard to win;  
Glory is there—my load of care is here,  
Present my sorrow. Is it sin  
That voices spent with weeping cannot shout?  
Remember, Lord, the finger laid  
Upon Thy garment's hem, and turn to me  
With—"Daughter! peace! be not afraid!"

"Jerusalem the Golden!  
Where loftily they sing,  
O'er pain and sorrow olden,  
For ever triumphing!"

I think, were I this very hour to stand  
In that dear Land, unbound and free,  
I should not even hear the echoing psalms  
That tell the singers' mastery.  
With scarred hands crossed, with tired lids folded down  
On eyes that could know tears no more,  
I'd lie—a battered shallop, moored at last,  
In some calm inlet of the Shore.

Jerusalem the Golden!  
There all our birds that flew,  
Our flowers but half-unfolded,  
Our pearls that turned to dew!"

Our birds, that fled from frost and bitter skies;  
Our buds, that perished on the stalk;  
Dew-pearls, that slid between our careful hands,  
And wasted on Life's dusty walk!  
We weep, by day, the priceless, scattered gems,  
In deathless love, our withered flowers,  
And for the vanished songsters of our homes,  
Mourn sore in midnight's silent hours.

"Jerusalem the Golden!  
I toil on, day by day.  
Heart-sore each night with longing  
I stretch my hands and pray  
That midst thy leaves of healing  
My soul may find her nest  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
The weary are at rest!"

How long? how long, O Healer! Thou dost know  
It is not in me to "hold still";  
In meekness, like Thy saintly ones, to wait  
Th' unfolding of Thy gracious will.  
Yet, weak and restless, with blurred eyes I gaze  
Upward to Thine, and kiss the rod  
Which shows my chastened soul the steps that lead  
O'er heights Thy blessed feet have trod.

Still swings the girl 'mid scarlet maple-leaves,  
And chants her sunset prophecy.  
Sun-gleam and blossom, tree and singing-bird,  
Rapture to her, and soothing unto me.  
Down steadfast lines of light, set ladder-wise,  
To both, God's viewless angels come;  
"Jerusalem the Golden!" still she sings,  
And I—"Jerusalem my Home!"

## THE CHURCHES OF NEW YORK.

## III.

If this series had been intended to be chronological, it should have begun with the Dutch Church, for this Church is undoubtedly the oldest organized religious body in New York City. Its first services were held in a loft over



COLLEGIATE CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-NINTH STREET.

a horse-mill, in 1626. A few years after, a plain wooden building was erected near what is now Old Slip. In 1642, a large stone edifice was built within the fort, which stood on the plot of ground now known as the Battery. The first minister of the Dutch Church was the Rev. Everardus Bogardus, who came from Holland in 1633. He and his ten successors preached in the Dutch language. The first service in English was preached by the Rev. Archibald Laidlie, who was installed in the year 1764, and all the succeeding ministers, with the exception of Dr. Livingston and Dr. Kuypers, preached in English. The last Dutch sermon was preached in 1803.

Fifty years after the building of the church in the fort, the congregation removed to a new edifice in Garden Street, now Exchange Place. This building was rebuilt of stone in 1807, and totally destroyed in the great fire in December, 1836. In the meantime, a building had been erected in 1729, in Nassau Street; and a third on William Street, in 1769. The Garden Street church was then called the South Dutch Church; the Nassau Street building, the Middle; and the William Street, the North Dutch Church. The Middle Church was relinquished for sacred purposes in 1844, and sold to the United States Government for a post-office, leaving the North Dutch Church the furthest south of any place of worship of the denomination.

For a century and a half, the Dutch Church was centred in this one corporation, owning these three church buildings and their offshoots, but when independent churches were organized, each under the charge of a single person, the parent organization became known as the Col-

legiate Church, though this title does not appear on the record and has no official authority.

There seems to be a very intimate connection between the Dutch and Episcopal Churches in the early years of New York history. The Rev. Mr. Vesey, the first rector of Trinity Church, was originally a Dutch Church pastor, officiating in the Garden Street Church alternately with the Dutch, until Trinity was built, and he was inducted into office December, 1697, in the Dutch Church in Garden Street, Dominie Henry Selyns, pastor of the Dutch Church, and Dominie J. P. Nucella, of Kingston, officiating on that occasion.

In 1779, this minute is found on the records of Trinity Church: "It being represented that the old Dutch Church is now used as an hospital for his Majesty's troops, this corporation, impressed with a grateful remembrance of the former kindness of the members of that ancient church, do offer them the use of St. George's Church to that congregation for celebrating divine worship." The offer was accepted with a vote of thanks. General Burnet, son of Bishop Burnet, presented an organ to the Garden Street Church, which was destroyed during the Revolutionary War, and in 1669, Dominie DuBois baptized Samuel Provoost, who was afterward Rector of Trinity and the first Bishop of New York.

In 1737 a movement was begun to separate the Dutch Church of New York from the parent classis of Holland. This was warmly advocated and equally warmly opposed, and caused a schism in the church, but the Collegiate Church kept aloof from the party warfare, and was styled *neutral*. The schism was healed in 1769. Dr. Livingston was the prominent instrument in the peace-making between the two parties, and in 1770 he accepted a call from the Collegiate Church.

After the destruction of the Garden Street Church by fire in 1835, two congregations were formed in the upper part of the city: the one, occupying the fine church in Washington Square, for many years under the charge of Dr. Mancius S. Hutton; and the other, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. The Washington Square Church was dedicated in September, 1840. The church and property cost \$111,000.

In 1839 an elegant structure, based in its design upon ancient examples of Grecian architecture, had been erected in Lafayette Place, and when the Middle Church, in Nassau Street, was sold to the Government, its congregation took possession of the Lafayette Place structure, which thereafter became known as the Middle Dutch Church. The corner-stone was laid November 9th, 1836, and the church dedicated May 9th, 1839. Also, in the year 1836, a house of worship in Ninth Street, erected a short time before by a congregation of the same denomination, was purchased by the Consistory of the Collegiate Church. This Ninth Street church became a separate organization again in 1855.

The tide of residence still running up-town, lots at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street were purchased, and the corner-stone of the present building was laid, November 26th, 1851. The completed church was dedicated, October 11th, 1854. The material used in its construction is white marble, and the style of the architecture is what is technically known as the Romanesque. The church fronts on Fifth Avenue, its extreme width being 82 feet, and the extreme length of the main edifice 118 feet, behind which, and fronting on Twenty-ninth Street, is the lecture-room, 34 feet wide, making, with the main building, a total length of 147 feet. The central or main tower is 24 feet square, and the spire rises 215 feet from the ground. At each angle is an octagonal tower



rising to a height of 80 feet, terminating in spires with carved finials.

The main audience-room is 68 feet wide, 86 feet long and 50 feet high, and will comfortably seat 1,500 persons. Around three sides of the church runs a gallery. The organ is at the east end, and the pulpit at the west end of the church. The pulpit is in an arched recess 20 feet wide and 36 feet high. The present pastor of this church is the Rev. William Ormiston, a Scotchman, who was called on the retirement of the venerable Dr. Thomas DeWitt. Dr. Ormiston was installed on September 11th, 1870.

A mission-chapel had been established on Forty-eighth Street, and in 1869 it was determined by the Consistory to erect another church. The site at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street was selected, and in May, 1869, the corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies, conducted by Dr. DeWitt. The completed building was dedicated in 1873, and is one of the handsomest church edifices in the city. It cost upward of \$400,000. The principal spire is 250 feet high, and another rises 100 feet above the pavement. The interior is handsome and conveniently arranged, the organ being in the corner by the side of the pulpit, and not at the opposite end as had heretofore been the usual custom.

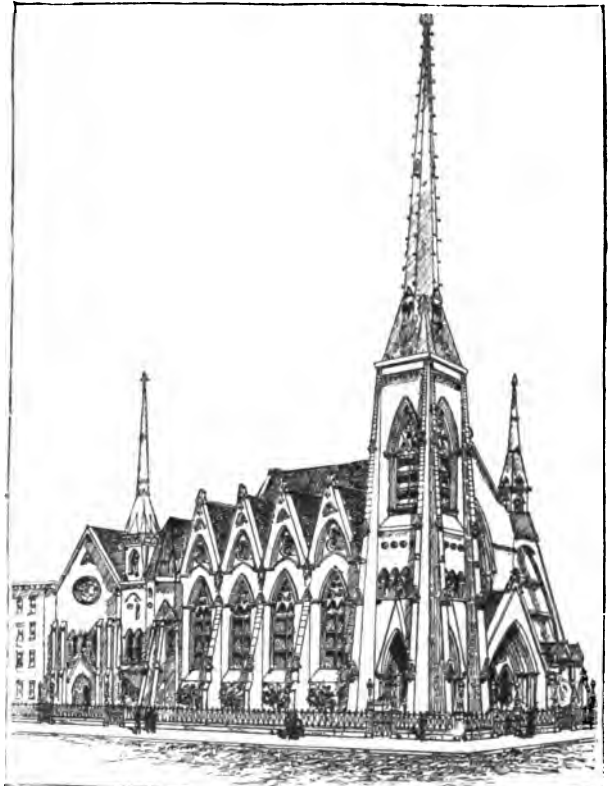
The names of the ministers who have succeeded in the pastorate of the Collegiate Church are: Everardus Bogardus, 1633-47; Joannes Backerus, 1648-49; Joannes Megapolensis, 1649-69; Samuel Drisius, 1652-71; Samuel Megapolensis, 1664-68; Wilhelmus Van Nieuwenhuysen, 1671-81; Henricus Selyns, 1682-1701; Gualterus Dubois, 1699-1751; Henricus Boel, 1714-54; Joannes Ritzema, 1744-95; Lambertus De Ronde, 1751-96; Archibald Laidlie, 1764-79 (the first one who preached in English); John H. Livingston, 1770-1810; William Linn, 1786-1808; Gerardus A. Kuypers, 1789-1833 (the last who preached in Dutch); John A. Abeel, 1795-1812; John Schureman, 1809-11 (died 1818); Jacob Brodhead, 1809-13 (died 1855); Philip Milledoler, 1813-25 (died 1852); Paschel N. Strong, 1816-25; John Knox, 1816-00; William C. Brownlee, 1826-60; Thomas DeWitt, 1827-74; Thomas E. Vermilye, 1839; Talbot W. Chambers, 1849; Joseph T. Duryea, 1862 (resigned 1868); James M. Ludlow, 1868 (resigned 1874) and William Ormiston, 1870.

## FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

### I.

It has been so often and broadly asserted that Christian Missions only commenced with the present century, that many persons have thoughtlessly accepted the statement. Nothing, however, can well be further from the truth. Its refutation is found at the very threshold of inquiry, for, beyond all doubt, the age of the apostles was intensely missionary, and not to speak of the first great missionary to the Gentiles, it afforded numerous illustrations of the highest types of personal zeal and consecration. Tradition affirms that nearly all of the first apostolic band, and most of their immediate successors, shared the fate of their Master and gained the crown of martyrdom. Although it is now impossible to describe accurately the nature of the organizations which bound them together, there can be no doubt that they proceeded in an orderly and methodical manner, recognizing the authority of Councils and Presbyteries, yet each claiming for himself as much liberty as is claimed by Presbyterians of the present day. Whatever the nature of their societies, the individual missionaries were eminently successful, for at a very early period Christianity had spread over nearly the

whole of the then known world. The miraculous gifts with which these early missionaries were endowed were unquestionably one of the most important elements in their success. There was another explanation, however, which should never be forgotten—namely, that in the apostolic times every one who became a Christian became also a missionary. No century of the Christian era has passed without its missionary heroes; and even the darkest age produced a missionary society, under the leadership of Columba, such as the world has not seen since his day. "So blest were his labors, so rapid the effects produced by the example of his virtues, that in a few years the greater portion of the British dominions were converted to the Christian faith." From the college at Iona, not only were above three hundred churches which Columba had himself established supplied with learned pastors, but many missionaries were sent to neighboring countries. The Roman Catholic Church entered upon mission work in heathen lands at a much earlier period than the Protestant Churches. The Reformation in the sixteenth century, instead of paralyzing that Church, seems to have inspired her with fresh zeal and led her to retrieve the losses sustained in Europe by that movement by extending her influence in other countries. The Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Capuchins, and especially the Jesuits, were great missionary societies which distinguished themselves by establishing missions in India, China, Japan, Africa and America, long before before the Protestants



COLLEGIATE CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-EIGHTH STREET.

thought of foreign missions. It could scarcely be expected, indeed, that the Reformed Churches should immediately enter upon missions to the heathen. For a length of time their hands were too full with their own affairs, and unhappily they too soon fell into such a condition of apathy as unfitted them for aggressive work.

The earliest Protestant missionary enterprise we read of emanated from Switzerland, in 1556, when fourteen Swiss

missionaries took their departure from Geneva, bound for Brazil, South America, where a French colony had been planted a short time before. The primary object of the colony was to provide an asylum for Protestants who were persecuted in their own country. The "mission" was undertaken for their benefit, as well as with the hope of converting the native population to the Christian faith. It failed, however, in both respects. Before the missionaries had time to acquire the language of the natives, they themselves became the objects of persecution at the hands of the man who had headed the enterprise, and before a year had passed, such of them as survived were glad to return to their native land. Three years later, the King of Sweden sent a missionary to Lapland, who laid the foundation of a Christian Church there. In course of time schools were established and the Bible was printed in the vernacular, but though that mission had survived the changes of more than three centuries, the progress has been limited. The Reformed Church of Holland instituted a mission to Ceylon in 1642. Its first efforts were directed to the conversion of the Roman Catholics, whom they already found there in large numbers. Schools and printing-presses were established, and proselytes were gained over, but, from whatever cause, it does not appear that the Protestant religion of that time was a whit more effectual for the regeneration of the Cingalese than the system which it largely replaced. The professed Christians of Ceylon rapidly declined in numbers, and those who nominally adhered to the new doctrines were scarcely to be distinguished from their pagan neighbors. The history of Dutch missions in Java is especially discouraging. They printed and circulated large editions of the Bible, but they neglected the education of the people, so that their labor was in vain, and the last state of the Javanese was as bad as the first. In 1631 they turned their attention to Formosa. Mr. Robert Junius, said to belong to a Scotch family which had settled in Holland, was sent to this island with a view to introducing Christianity among the natives, and he seems to have been remarkably successful. He is said to have baptized some six thousand adults, besides children. He instituted schools, and had as many as fifty trained native teachers employed under him. During twelve years he labored, chiefly in the northern districts, but he also planted twenty-three churches in the southern towns. When he left the island, other Dutch missionaries took up the work, but in 1661 the "foreign devils" were driven from Formosa, and no trace of their missionary labors seems to have been discernible when our Canadian missionary, Dr. G. L. Mackay, began his great work at Tamsui in 1872. The Dutch also extended their missionary efforts to India as early as 1630, and were indeed the first among the Protestants in that field.

To the Danish Lutherans must be assigned a very honorable place in the van of Protestant missions. If not the first to sow the good seed in India, they were the first to reap any substantial and lasting results. Ziegenbald and Plutschau, two young men educated at Halle, Saxony, were their first missionaries, who settled at Tranquebar, a Danish colony, in 1705. These were followed by Schultze and Dahl, and Schwartz, and Grundler, and Kiernander, men eminent for their piety, self-denial, and enthusiasm, whose success as missionaries has not been surpassed in modern times. It is a fact worth remembering, that at the death of Schwartz, in 1798, more than 50,000 converts to the Protestant faith had already been baptized in India alone. It is only fair to add, that the success of these Danish missionaries in India was in a large measure due to the English "Society for the Promotion of Christian

Knowledge," founded in 1698, which, impressed with the hopefulness of the work, came to their assistance and furnished a large portion of the funds requisite for carrying on the work efficiently. About 1825, the Danish missions in India were transferred to the S. P. G. Society, under whose auspices they were greatly extended, and have been crowned with marked successes, especially at Tanjore, Trichinopoly and Tinnivelly. The mission of Hans Egede to Greenland, commenced in 1721, under the patronage of the King of Denmark, is one of the most interesting episodes of Protestant missions. Attended by appalling difficulties, owing to its isolation, the rigor of its arctic climate, and the poverty of the people, it nevertheless was tolerably successful. It survived many years and was ultimately transferred to the Society next to be named, and whose history is a very remarkable one.

The United Brethren, or the "Moravians," as they are commonly called, trace their origin to the time immediately succeeding the death of Wyckliffe—"The morning star of the Reformation." In 1457, a number of the followers of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, the reformers and martyrs of Bohemia, formed themselves into a society under the name of *Unitas Fratrum*. The Bohemian Church, like that of the Waldenses, was always distinguished for its fidelity to the doctrines and discipline of the primitive Christians, and for many centuries had withstood the encroachments of the Roman See. At length, however, they became the subjects of merciless persecution, and were compelled to hide themselves in their mountain fastnesses or to seek an asylum in other countries. Their last bishop, Amos Comenius, took refuge in London, where the Church of Austin Friars was set apart for the use of the Protestant refugees from Bohemia, Moravia, Poland and Hungary. Amidst all their sufferings the Brethren labored incessantly for the Truth, and they were the first to avail themselves of the art of printing for the publication of the Bible, three editions of which were issued by them in the Bohemian language before the Reformation. In 1722 a remnant of the scattered brotherhood found a home in upper Lusatia, and a patron and warm friend in the person of Count Zinzendorf. On his estates they were permitted to build a humble village which they named Herrnhut—"The Lord's Watch," which has ever since been their headquarters. Zinzendorf placed himself at the head of this little community and came to yield nearly absolute authority in their Church, and although his character was not free from eccentricities which reflected on his prudence at times, he was a well-meaning and earnest man, while his followers were conspicuous examples of simple faith, piety and devotion; and their subsequent history affords a conspicuous illustration of what may be accomplished by a small number of people animated with a sincere desire to promote the interests of Christianity.

When their numbers were as yet scarcely six thousand persons, such was the missionary spirit of the United Brethren that in the short period of eight years, from 1731, they had sent their missionaries to Greenland, Lapland, the West Indies, and North and South America. With a zeal and perseverance unequalled by any other body of Protestants they have never flagged in their efforts, and now they present the unique spectacle of a Church having a larger number of communicants in its foreign mission stations than in its home field. In 1879 it had only 18,717 communicants at home, while the communicants in its mission stations numbered 23,843. The total number of adherents in the Home Church is only about thirty thousand, of whom four thousand are Esquimaux and Indians. The total yearly missionary

income of this Society is about \$250,000, one-half of which is contributed by the denomination. The expenditure is managed with the most scrupulous economy. Many of its agents labor gratuitously, and few of its missionaries receive more than \$600 per annum. The Brethren have indeed girdled the globe with their missions, for in addition to the countries already named, they are to be found in Australia and Africa, in Egypt, Thibet and Mongolia. Their Labrador mission is supported by a branch Society in London, which has its mission ship, the *Harmony*, that has made over a hundred voyages to these sterile shores. Several of the Moravian missions have become self-supporting, and all their converts are early trained in the grace of Christian liberality. In many respects the Brethren are a model missionary society. Apart from what they have accomplished themselves, the influence of their example upon others has been incalculable. In the long list of illustrious missionaries, there are no names better entitled to honorable mention than those of Christian David, who went from Herrnhut to Greenland, and Martin Schenk to the West Indies, George Smidt, the proto-missionary of South Africa, and Henry Rauch and David Zeisberger, who long and faithfully labored among the North American Indians.

Early in the history of the North American colonies efforts were put forth for the instruction of the native Indians in the Christian faith. Among the first who achieved any success in this direction was John Eliot, the minister of Roxbury, in the neighborhood of Boston, who, having acquired their language, was very successful in his ministrations, and in teaching them the arts of civilized life. In 1651 a number of them united to build a town, which they called Natick, and here the first Christian Church for the aborigines of New England was organized. On the Island of Martha's Vineyard, too, the Mayhews, father and son, labored with remarkable devotion during the long period of one hundred and fifty years for the conversion of the Indians, many of whom gave evidence of the work of grace in their hearts, while many others were only inoculated with the vices of the white man. The first Protestant Missionary Society in Britain was organized in 1649, under the title of "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England and the adjacent parts of America." It was intended that its influence should reach both the colonists and the natives, but as the days of elaborate reports and statistics had not yet arrived, little is known of the work done by this Society, which, fifty years later, merged in the now famous S. P. G. Society. In 1743 David Brainerd commenced his heroic work among the Indians in the neighborhood of Albany, under the auspices of "The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge," founded in Edinburgh in 1709, and which was probably the first Presbyterian Missionary Society in Scotland, though its efforts were directed rather to assist existing agencies than to plant missions of its own. During three years Brainerd labored incessantly, enduring great hardships, but also winning great triumphs, and at the end of that time finished his brief but splendid career with joy, in the thirtieth year of his age. It is scarcely necessary to add that in all the regions where these devoted men labored so long and so faithfully, there is now not so much as a vestige of the red men remaining. "The fate of the red man," says Sir Francis Bond Head in one of his official despatches, "is, without any exception, the most sinful story recorded in the history of the human race." The number of Indians in the United States is computed to be about 266,000, one-half of whom are nominal Christians. In addition to native pastors and teachers, 130 missionaries, under the

auspices of the various Protestant Churches, labor amongst them. The number in Canada is between seventy and eighty thousand. Those in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are for the most part Roman Catholics. In the Western Provinces the Church of England and the Methodists have been the most active in their efforts to convert and civilize. The first Protestant Church (Episcopal) in Ontario was built for the use of the Six Nation Indians near Brantford, by the British Government, in 1783. It is still used for divine service. Upward of 3,000 Indians are to be found in this settlement. They are chiefly Episcopalians and Methodists. The mission was nominally founded by the S. P. G. Society, and is now sustained by "The New England Company," a society in England which also assists other missions to the Indians in Canada. The "Church Missionary Society" maintains a mission within the Arctic Circle, at Fort McPherson, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where the Ven. Archdeacon McDonald has been laboring for the benefit of the Indians since 1852—the nearest to the North Pole of any Christian missionary, save the Danish and Moravian missionaries to the Esquimaux in the North of Greenland.

#### BOTANIC ORNAMENT AND USEFULNESS.

NATURE, the all-bountiful, while she has given to the inhabitants of tropical climes an animal and a vegetable product—silk and cotton—for the manufacture of their clothing, has not been less provident for the wants of the denizens of colder regions. Side by side with the fleece which forms the indispensable basis of all warm clothing grows the flax plant which supplies us with linen, and answers to the silk that supplies Asiatic nations with garments of surpassing delicacy and lightness. The *linum usitatissimum* is a plant more widely diffused than perhaps any other of those which are adapted to the use of man, and mention is made of it in the very highest antiquity. In Genesis xli. 42, we read: "And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestments of *fine linen*." This is the first scriptural, and therefore the earliest, mention of the product of the flax plant; but after this, allusion to it is of frequent occurrence. We learn in Chronicles, Second Book, i. 16, that Solomon purchased linen from the merchants of Egypt, in which country, as we have seen, it was cultivated in the time of Joseph, and where it was for many centuries more successfully cultivated than elsewhere. Herodotus, the father of history, who, the more he is studied the more surprisingly accurate and truthful he is found, speaks of Egypt as the great emporium of the flax trade, and tells us that *armor* was made of linen, a statement which is confirmed by Pliny, who saw the remains of the very corselet of linen which Herodotus mentioned. It had been the property of Amasis, King of Egypt, 600 years B.C., and was preserved in the temple of Minerva at Lindus, in Rhodes.

The extraordinary diffusion of the flax plant is one of its most curious features. In Northern Europe and in the torrid plains of India, in Ireland and in Siberia it is fully at home. The plant is extremely slender and graceful, growing usually to a height of some two feet, with a single stem, from which a corymb of light-blue flowers, diverges. From very ancient times the plant has been cultivated for purposes of manufacture in France, Great Britain and Ireland, Holland, Germany and Russia. In Germany, Prussia, Saxony, Hanover and parts of Austria are the regions in which flax is principally cultivated; but England is the principal linen manufacturing country of the





FAGOSTEMON PATCHOULY.

present day. German writers have long, although vainly, endeavored to arrest the decline of flax culture and manufacture in their country; while in Great Britain and Ireland the trade becomes yearly more extended.

The cause for the crushing out of this important branch of native industry lies probably in the fact that the invention and improvement of spinning machinery, as well as the general systematization of labor, has been carried to such a pitch in England as to render the cost of production so much less that German manufactures are unable to compete with their English brethren in point of price. Great attempts have been made in Germany to acclimatize the precarious manufacture of cotton on the banks of the Rhine and the Elbe, but here again British capital and skill, as well as unscrupulousness, interfered to prevent success. Such goods, however, as are manufactured in Germany, whether cotton or linen, bear a high reputation, and would be universally preferred to British manufactures if they could be afforded at as low a price. Dr. Francia, the despotic ruler of Paraguay, concerning whose extraordinary career so much curiosity was manifested after his death in 1840, prohibited at one time the introduction of British manufactured goods in favor of German cottons and linens, on account of the superior quality of the latter.

Flax is gathered by hand, the plants being pulled up by the roots, and fastened in small bundles, which are left for twelve or fourteen days in the field to dry. The bundles are then steeped in water, until the skin and

mucilaginous part of the stalk are entirely decomposed, and the tough fibre is set free. This operation is denominated water-rotting, and occupies some ten or twelve days. The fibre is bleached for an equal period, and is then scotched or bruised, and combed, when the fibre is ready to be spun.

Flax, in the language of flowers, is used as the emblem of fate. It was also used in Egyptian hieroglyphics as a symbol of the same idea, and it is considered probable that the origin of this emblematical representation lies in the use of its fibres for bowstrings. The following lines have reference to the subject :

“Of flax the bowstring was entwined  
That winged by fate the arrow sent;  
Of flax the Fates the web did wind,  
On human destiny intent.”

Dried flax is sometimes used as the emblem of utility, on account of the manifold usefulness of the plant. As is prettily said :

“Many a use hath the flax that grows  
Wheresoever the free wind blows.”

Far more beautiful, yet how much less useful than the humble flax plant, is the stately camellia? This magnificent flower, glorious in its proportions and its inimitable tints, soft as the gradations of color on the cheek of the fair one whom it ornaments, lacks, nevertheless, that enduring fragrance which is indispensable to the perfect flower. There are many varieties of the camellia, of which the most beautiful are the *C. japonica* and the *C. reticulata*; but all are of Asiatic origin. The plant is named in honor of Georgius Camellus, a Moravian missionary, who traveled in Asia in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and published a history of the Island of Luzon. It is a hardy plant, and easily cultivated in a warm room during Winter; nor can there be devised a more pleasing ornament to a parlor than a camellia plant in bloom. The flower greatly resembles a very large carnation, and has been thus poetically apostrophized :

“Thou beautiful but scentless art, like one in whom we find  
All outward graces, but who wants the graces of the mind;  
Round such the best affections can never be entwined.”



FLOWER OF CAMELLIA RETICULATA.

Another Asiatic plant, however, supplies the want that the perfumeless camellia occasions, and throws its delicate aroma, artfully extracted, around the lovely person that the flower grows more beautiful in adorning. The *Pegostemon patchouly*, or patchouly plant of the East Indies, furnishes that delicious scent with which all our readers are familiar. Our engraving represents admirably the handsome spike of lilac flowers as they may be seen growing in their native soil; but patchouly is only known in the United States in its dried state, and as an essence. The dried tops, with leaves and flowers, are imported in bundles of about one foot in length, and from these an essential oil is distilled, which, digested with weak alcohol, gives the essence of patchouly. The essence is only used in perfumery. Large quantities of the dried herb are annually exported from the East Indies, in chests and half chests, weighing one hundred and ten, and fifty-five pounds, respectively.

Besides the camellia, and very much more frequently than that plant, our houses are decorated with hyacinths during the inclement season which has now fairly descended upon us. These inexpensive and beautiful floral ornaments may be seen everywhere; in the mansion of the great and wealthy no less than in the humblest dwelling of the poor; and their gradual development, from the tiny shoot of tender green, which rises from the moistened bulb to the brilliant spike of closely set and many colored blossoms, is watched day by day, the long Winter through, by numberless households. The hyacinth is produced in countless varieties, and is one of the earliest blossoms seen in our gardens in the Spring. When cultivated in the house, the bulbs are placed in the well-known tapering glasses or bottles, nearly filled with water, into which their fibrous roots descend, and in which they flourish without hindrance.

The hyacinth derives its name from the Greek legend of the beautiful youth, who was turned into a flower, and whose name was Hyacinthus. The names of Hyacinthe and Jacinto are great favorites in France and Spain, from the fact that one of the saints in the Romish calendar is named St. Hyacinth. The celebrated battle of San Jacinto, or St. Hyacinth, will occur at once to all our readers.

## THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

XI.—The barren fig-tree cursed and withered (Matthew xxi. 17-22; Mark xi. 12-14, 20-24).

HAVING steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, our blessed Lord arrived at Bethany on Friday, or Preparation Day. It was there, in that favored village, very probably in the well-known and much-loved home of Martha and Mary, whose brother, Lazarus, He had so lately restored to life, that Jesus spent His last earthly Sabbath. On the next day, our Palm Sunday, the ancient prophecy (Zechariah ix. 9) was fulfilled, as Jesus made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the multitudes going before and crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David; Blessed is He

that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest" (Matthew xxi. 1-9). As He came within sight of the beautiful but doomed city, Jesus "wept over it" (Luke xix. 41); then moving onward across the Kedron, He reached His "Father's house," and in holy indignation once again "overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves." As often before, so it was now, the blind and the lame gathered round Him, and He healed them all, which deeds of mercy called forth the children's loud hosannas, and the sore displeasure of the chief priests and scribes.

"And now the eventide was come," and Jesus "went out unto Bethany." St. Matthew says, "He left them" (xxi. 17)—"left" Jerusalem finally. From that day until His death, her rejected King did not lodge one night within her walls. It would seem, from the Gospel narrative, that each evening He went back to Bethany, whence He returned to the Holy City in the morning.

The valley in which Bethany lay abounded in dates and figs; the name Bethany means "the place for dates";

Bethphage, "the place for the green or Winter fig," so called from the fruit remaining on the trees throughout Winter, having ripened after he leaves had fallen. It may, perhaps, have been a fig-tree of this variety that attracted our Lord's attention as He and His disciples journeyed from Bethany to Jerusalem in the early morning following the day of His triumphal entry. It was now springtime, and though not yet the season for fig-gathering (Mark xi. 13), some of the last year's fruit might have remained on some of the trees. One, in particular, held out this hope. Standing "in the way," it was conspicuous while yet afar off as its young leaves glistened in the sun.

Jesus, we are told by both Evangelists, was "hungry." Seeing this tree, He came to it seeking fruit; and finding none, nothing but leaves only, He pro-

nounced against it the curse of perpetual barrenness, saying: "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever" (Matthew xxi. 19). The Twelve heard this curse pronounced, and the following morning as they, with their Master, repassed the place, they witnessed its fulfillment—the fig-tree was "dried up from the roots" (Mark xi. 20). St. Matthew's account is somewhat different. He says: "Presently the fig-tree withered away"—as if a sudden and manifest withering of the tree followed immediately upon the curse pronounced—which amazed the disciples. "How soon," they exclaimed, "is the fig-tree withered away!"

With this exception, the details in both Gospels are alike. Both record that Jesus "was hungry"—one of the many proofs that He was really man; in all things pertaining to His human nature like unto us, sin only excepted. Why He had abstained from food that morning we are not told. The early hour of His leaving Bethany can scarcely account for it, for His friends there would have been sure to see to His every comfort. Perhaps other friends claimed that privilege in Jerusalem, whither He was hastening; or may it not have been because our



PHORMIUM TENAX, OR NEW ZEALAND FLAX.

blessed Lord may have passed the previous night not in the house, but in solitude on the slopes of Olivet ?

This miracle, so different in its character from all the others recorded in the Gospels, contains symbolic teaching of a deeply searching nature. And first to the Jews.

It was, at the most, but a few weeks since our Lord, having solemnly warned them that repentance alone could save them (Luke xiii. 3-5), spoke to them the parable of the barren fig-tree, in which, had they not been spiritually blind, they must have seen a type of themselves—the Jewish people at large. As the fig-tree was not left by the roadside, but planted in a vineyard, so were the Jews blessed above all nations. "Unto them were committed the oracles of God" (Romans iii. 2) : The Temple, with its rites and ceremonies, was theirs ; they had all the externals of righteousness. Good reason had the owner of the vineyard to ask, "What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?" (Isaiah v. 4). Yet for three years He came seeking fruit and found none, and at last the sentence was pronounced against it—"Cut it down ; why cumbereth it the ground?" (Luke xiii. 6-9). How graphic the picture ! For nearly three years Jesus, the Son of God, had come seeking fruit from the nation so blessed above all people, and found none. How often, like the dresser of the vineyard, had He said, "Let it alone," to see whether it would bring forth fruit—but it did not ! And now, by the speedy fulfillment of the curse pronounced against the fruitless fig-tree in the valley of Bethany, Christ repeats with terrible emphasis the lesson of the parable.

But not by the Jewish nation only is the lesson taught by this miracle needed. As hypocrisy—promising much and doing little—was the fault of the Jew, so every fruitless branch of the visible Church of Christ, every professing Christian who, to the eye of Him who searcheth the heart, is but a mere professor—having a name to live, while destitute of spiritual life—all these are in imminent

danger of becoming as the withered fig-tree. For the curse pronounced upon that tree was not because it bore bad fruit, poisonous fruit ; it was simply its unfruitfulness that caused that heavy sentence of perpetual barrenness to fall upon it—because when Jesus, being hungry, came to it for fruit, He found "nothing but leaves," which, however beautiful and abundant, could not be a substitute for food, the end for which the tree was made.

This, then, is the lesson conveyed by the withered fig-tree ; that profession without performance finds no favor with Christ ; that unfruitful members, they who, professing to belong to Christ, yet lack the one thing needful—the fruits of the Spirit—are "nigh unto cursing," as they who bring forth "thorns and briars." How many there are who rest satisfied with bearing "leaves only"—foremost in good works, diligent in the observance of religious duties, there they stop short. With all this show of life they bear no fruit unto God ; their religion is but a pretense which may, and often does, deceive man, but cannot deceive God. Of such the great Searcher of hearts declares, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead" (Rev. iii. 1).

How strikingly in accordance with the entire ministry of Him who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them, was this withering of the fig-tree, instead of the infliction of heavy judgment upon one of the many hypocritical professors who surrounded Him ! In tenderest compassion for those who were resisting the invitations of His grace, Jesus would show them by a sign what should be their doom unless they repented, and for this purpose he selected a tree. With this single exception, all our Lord's miracles were works of mercy, not of judgment ; and had He not by this one, manifested His righteous condemnation of the impenitent and unfruitful, man might forget that God judges of the outer life by that which is within—the state of the heart as seen by His omniscient Eye" (see Hebrews iv. 12, 13).

## THE COLLECTION BASKET.

### A LETTER (No. 2) FROM WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE: Since I last wrote you from this place, the autumnal season has commenced. The vegetation, which had begun to droop and wither, by the continued drouth, has been revived, and all nature is clothed with its fresh robe of green. The country was never more attractive for rides and rambles than now. As you ascend the hill-tops, behind the cottage, and then look down on the valley below, the scene is a beautiful one. Everywhere, amid picturesque forests and dales, you see the residences of the inhabitants, and the tall church-spires pointing heavenward, and one striking palatial residence, erected by the late Le-Grand Lockwood, at a cost of \$700,000, resembling, with its spacious grounds covered with trees and verdant shrubs, an English palace. Yesterday we drove away toward the water, amid soft autumnal breezes, and in view of the waters, blue and sparkling, of Long Island Sound, to a charming residence now in possession of a New York family. The smooth, white pebbly roads, the grand old forest-trees, and the lakes which every now and then rose to view—the mansion, standing amid leafy solitudes and creeping ivies, all served to enhance the beauty and variety of the scenery ; and we returned home just as the sun was setting behind the hills, and pouring its brilliance, amid golden, amber clouds, over the whole landscape. I have already spoken of some places and scenes of interest about here ; but of all others, I know of none invested with a deeper interest or charm to the writer than the two following, viz. : the "old homestead of my grandfather"; the other, "the home of my father"; and with your permission, I will proceed to speak of these places and some historical incidents connected therewith. Both of them lie at the distance of about eight miles from Walde-

grave Cottage, and make a very pleasant drive. The former, which was burned accidentally not long since, was an old and dilapidated structure, which had stood for something like one hundred years, and was built in the style of that period. It had large, square windows, a huge iron latch to the door ; a large stone chimney ran up through the centre of the house, and a tall well-sweep stood near by, from which you might draw a most refreshing draught of cool water on a hot Summer's day. I remember there was a very large fireplace in the sitting-room, and there how often would his children and grandchildren assemble to listen to the oft-repeated story of those battle scenes in which he took part, and never seemed to tire of repeating them, or they of listening to him. Oh, how often in days gone by have I stopped to take a look at the old homestead ! There it stood, old, and going to decay. True, its rooms were deserted, and no longer echoed back the tread of the feet of former years. The broken panes were visible in the shattered windows. But, nevertheless, it was interesting, and around it still clung many golden associations of days that are past ; for it was once the residence of my grandfather—an old hero of the Revolution. Let me here give a brief synopsis of his history : He was born in April, 1757, in those stirring days when our forefathers were struggling under oppression and fighting for freedom and the right. Feeling the inspiration which then fired the hearts of the youthful sons of many of our countrymen, he set out at the early age of nineteen to join the ranks of the Continental Army, and proceeded to the City of New York, and was there at the memorable time of the Declaration of Independence. He was present when the soldiers demolished the statue of King George, near the Battery, on Broadway. He was in the battle at Flatbush, L. I., and saw the British take possession of the fortifications on Brooklyn Heights, after they had been quietly abandoned by the Americans during the night



of August 30th, 1776. He assisted likewise in erecting the fortifications at Red Hook, which was done during the night, that our army might, if possible, take advantage of the enemy. About this time he suffered much from exposure and hardships, as all our soldiers did; still he kept firmly to his post of duty, and marched on with the army into the County of Westchester, after the city had been evacuated by the Americans, and participated in and stood in the thickest of the fight at the famous battle of White Plains. After this indecisive engagement, as it proved to be, he still followed on with the army as far as Tarrytown and North Castle, and leaving the army he returned to his native place, and arrived home on Christmas Day, 1776. He joined the army a second time, and then started to aid in the capture of General Burgoyne, but had proceeded only as far as Ridgefield when the news came that Burgoyne was a prisoner. He then came home, and this was the last of my grandfather's participation in the Revolutionary conflict. He then took up his abode in that old homestead. He was soon married, and reared a family of three sons and two daughters. I will not attempt to trace their history nor depict the varied scenes of joy or sorrow which were witnessed there. None of that household are now living—and yet they are not dead: for they still live in the hearts and affections of their descendants. They still live in the deeds and actions of their lives. These give immortality to the man. These survive the corroding touch of Time. I often think how much force and beauty there is in the following lines of Longfellow:

"Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of the ancestral homestead.  
We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations."

But I hasten now, Mr. Editor, to give you a brief description of the home of my father, the late Rev. Samuel Nichols, D.D., which lies not far from the site of the old homestead just spoken of. It stands fronting the public green in the village wherein stood the church and schoolhouse where Dwight taught his pupils. A little way down the village street also may be seen the very identical house, having been altered, and now in possession of Mr. Frederick Bronson, where Dr. Dwight, the famous scholar and divine, resided for twelve years. This home of my father is a wide, low-roofed structure, with central hall and piazza, front and rear. Its rooms are large and commodious, and well adorned with fine pictures, the productions of one of his daughters, who is quite a distinguished artist. In this quiet and sequestered nook, looking out upon the green, covered with the grand old elms, my father spent the last days of life's quiet evening, and here he died some two years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. He was born November 14th, 1787. Fitted for college at Easton Academy, joined the Sophomore Class at Yale in 1809, and graduated in 1811. Shortly after his graduation he became an instructor in the academy at Fairfield, New York, where he married my mother, a lady of high Christian character, belonging to one of the old Knickerbocker families of New York. Her father died when she was but seven years of age, and she was left in the care of her grandfather, George Warner, a citizen of New York, a man much esteemed in his lifetime, and distinguished for his good deeds. He belonged to the Episcopal Church, and was a prominent and active leader in old Christ Church in 1794, when that church stood near the old Post Office, in Anthony Street, and afterward became connected with St. Stephen's Church, in Broome Street; and what was very singular, he was very much like a Methodist, for he held his revival meetings for exhortation and prayer, at which many converts were made, who joined the church under old Dr. Moore. He was a member of the Legislature, and while at Albany held his religious meetings, where many converts were made. What a surprise now would it be to see such a man at Albany! In 1815 my father became rector of St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, N. Y., where he remained twenty-two years. During his long connection with that parish he was a friend and companion of Chief Justice Jay, the associate and co-laborer of Washington, and this was no small honor and distinction to have been the honored friend and companion and spiritual adviser of such a man. As rector of that parish, he was faithful, earnest, beloved by his people. It was from this parish that he removed to his native place, to spend the declining years of life. There, soothed and encouraged by the filial love and attentions of his children and friends, he departed hence to meet his reward.

"Thus star by star declines  
Till all have passed away,  
And morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

Yours truly, GEORGE W. NICHOLS.

WALDEGRAVE COTTAGE,

Norwalk, Conn., September 21st, 1882.

#### H A R V E S T - T I M E .

HARK! the stalwart reapers  
Chant the harvest-song,  
As they bear the golden grain  
With sturdy arms along:—  
"Glory, praise and glory,  
Ever be to One  
Who gives and Who may take away—  
His will be done!"

Hark! the happy children,  
Bomping o'er the field,  
With their voices jubilant,  
Sweet praises also yield:—  
"Glory, praise and glory,  
Ever be to One  
Who gives and Who may take away—  
His will be done!"

So, to One above us,  
Let us also sing,  
Praising Him for earth's fair fruits  
It pleaseth Him to bring:—  
"Glory, praise and glory,  
Ever be to One  
Who gives and Who may take away—  
His will be done!"

#### A C O L D D A Y .

In this charming engraving the artist has depicted an incident familiar to every dweller in a Northern clime. Looking at the picture, we can almost hear the wind whistle and feel the chill embrace of the icy blast. The effect of motion, too, is admirably rendered; both by the attitude of the figure and by the streaming veil, the swaying boughs of trees, and the suggestive disorder of the lady's draperies.

A walk on a cold day, despite its discomforts, is not without its recompense. Facing the keen wind, one's blood seems to flow more briskly, and the tingling sensation that permeates every part gives a certain pleasurable sensation, and impels the pedestrian to a more rapid gait. Secure under the protection of warm wraps the fair one of our picture may laugh at Jack Frost and the dread gnomes of the cold Northland who do his bidding.

WE read in the account of the conquest of Mexico that Cortes, apprehensive lest his followers should wish to go back, came to the resolution of destroying the ships which had brought him to Mexico. Accordingly, taking counsel with a few of his most attached followers, he caused the vessels to be broken in pieces and sunk. When the Spaniards saw themselves shut up in a strange and populous country, with no means of retreat, the daring act had the effect of bracing his men to a pitch of resolution all but supernatural. Thus should those who wish to fortify themselves against the temptations to return to the world adopt such measures *as will create difficulties* in the way of their doing so.—*F. F. Trench.*





## T H E R E S A ' S   B O Y .

"AND some day you'll be bringing home a wife," said old Theresa, with a sigh.

Ben laughed in his own light-hearted fashion, and then he stooped and kissed her forehead tenderly.

"No, mother," he said, "*Nancy's* my wife. I'll live and die with her, and never want another."

Theresa shuddered. She knew how possible it was that Ben should go as others had gone, and she looked at the *Lively Nancy* dancing on the water and wondered if it might bet that the sea was to swallow up her darling and his new-found treasure, and she to live on as she had lived past other things.

He was young, this boy of Theresa's, to be the owner of any sort of a craft, even a little fishing-smack, looking bright and new enough with its fresh canvas and rigging, but so patched beneath that it would have been hard to tell which was patch and which was vessel. Whatever others might think, Ben believed the *Lively Nancy* as good as new, and was proud of her as he could have been of the finest merchantman that ever sailed.

These two said their Good-byes, and old Theresa

went to sit in the sun by the cottage-door, and knit and think a little, doubtless, of her dead past and of Ben's father, but more of the future, and of dear, brave Ben himself.

Before another day had gone by, clouds—gray banks, gigantic and formless—came creeping up over the Atlantic. They shut the sun out, and Theresa, by her curtained window, felt the long, thready fingers at their outer edges, trailing, like cold wet mist, over her throbbing heart.

It was to be a stormy passage, and there was nothing for her to do to dull thought. There were the boy's stockings to knit, truly, but long practice had made the work so familiar that she could laugh and weep and dream and seethe her soul in sorrow while the needles clicked.

A month of storms, and at the end of it Ben's vessel was broken, dismantled, wrecked, in sight of land. But

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the crew came ashore, every one, and Theresa fell on her knees when the lifeboat touched land, and the waiting crowd sent up their cheers.

She was a little startled when Ben came toward her, leading a young woman. The stranger, whose clothes were drenched with the salt spray, walked languidly, but her smile was as fresh as the dawn, and when Ben explained that he had saved her from another wreck in the first week of his voyage, Theresa breathed more freely.

"Her name is Miss Herder."

"Olive," interrupted the stranger, looking sweetly into

Theresa's eyes.

Here were two rescued ones, as it turned out, who had been picked up when more than half-drowned, the woman and a man, but little older than Ben. They seemed contented after their strange, eventful voyage, to rest by the cottage hearth, and take no thought of the days that were coming.

Old Theresa found a certain encouragement in the fact that they were old acquaintances, but still she was restless, for Ben was too happy, and that with the *Lively Nancy* probably disabled past all mending. She knew it wasn't natural



THERESA'S BOY.—"SHE WAS STARTLED WHEN BEN CAME TOWARD HER, LEADING A YOUNG WOMAN."

that he should take his misfortune so calmly. In a day or two the sky looked as if there had never been any clouds, and the young people went out upon the sands together, to look at the ocean from a safe distance.

It was after one of these excursions that Theresa, venting her mind to the pans and kettles and cooking-cogitations with the dinner, was surprised to see Ben coming back alone. He thrust the back of a wooden chair toward the fire and sat down.

His mother saw the life, the new roseate light that had troubled her so, had gone out of his face.

He was quiet for a while watching her, and presently he said:

"Mother, won't you go down to the bank and draw my money this afternoon, like a good woman?"

"For what?" asked Theresa.



"To lend to them, or give," said Ben, "I don't care which," and he motioned with his hand toward the sands, to signify whom he meant. "They were going to be married and settle in Ottawa, and they lost everything."

Theresa made no outburst. She only asked :

"And what will you do, Ben?"

He gave no answer for a while. Then he said :

"Go back to my old trade, perhaps. We were just as happy then."

Theresa looked at his altered face, and felt in one sad moment that it could never be as quiet as it had been.

"Oh, Ben!" she cried, "that woman has done it. I saw what she was from the first. Oh, why couldn't I have saved you from this?"

There were few words needed between this mother and son.

Ben started. He had thought his secret so safe; but he answered her as if they had talked it all over, and he had given up his point, that Olive Herder had not played the coquette, knowing that she belonged to another.

"Well, mother, girls are all like that, mostly. She didn't mean any harm."

"And you are going to give her your bread, too?"

"Yes, please."

"I sha'n't go, Ben."

But she did go; and Ben stepped into his little boat and climbed up to lie on the floating hull of the *Lively Nancy* while his mother was away, and the lovers, happy in each other's company, needed no other.

He was there again the next morning, dreaming in the sun, and when Theresa begged him to have a care, for the old hull was sinking, he only said, with a laugh :

"My life is insured, mother."

He knew so well what the danger was, and he was a good swimmer, too. Surely there was nothing to fear, yet Theresa was glad to see him safe ashore again.

The next day it was the same. It seemed as if the remains of his lost vessel had some strange fascination for him. He clambered down only to give the two travelers a parting word, and they went, blessing and thanking him.

Now Olive Herder's back was fairly turned, Theresa's hopes ran high. Surely a plant of such sudden growth must be short-lived and easy to root up. They would have their first dinner alone, and she would try to win her boy back by gentleness, and even let him talk a bit about the girl until he had talked her off his mind.

So thinking, Theresa went to the door. The wind was fresh, the sea was sparkling. Was it some strange trick that time and memory had played her? The wreck was gone. Gone, utterly. No coming back any more from those blue depths, under that smiling sea. She was slow to believe it—slow even when it was proved beyond all doubt. Ben had gone down with his ship.

#### DYING WORDS OF THE GREAT.

DR. JOHNSON, passing away amid a tumult of uneasiness and fear, said to one who stood close beside his bed, "God bless you, my dear!" The celebrated Dr. Adams, rector of the high school of Edinburgh, in some moments of delirium preceding his death, whispered, "It is growing dark, boys;" stretching forth his hand, "you may go!" Queen Elizabeth of England, lying on her royal couch, was heard to moan out the heartrending words, as she closed her eyes for ever, "All my possessions for one moment of time!" But the noble Wesley simply exclaimed, in calmness of spirit, "The best of all is, God is with us." Poor Robert Burns, out of his head when he

drew his last breath, cried, "Oh, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" How curious, indeed, that Lord Thurlow should have cried out, as he passed away, "I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying!"

"Ah! *mes enfans*, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time!" so said the brilliant wit of France, Scarron, as he lay dying that hour with a host of weeping friends around him.

It was a Christian philosopher like John Locke who exclaimed with his latest breath that solemn day, "Oh, the depth of the goodness and knowledge of God!" How strange to think that the great Mirabeau, after a life of such wild discord, should have cried out frantically, as he lay waiting for the last change, "Music! Let me die to the sound of delicious music!" Washington, with the smile of a saint, looked up into the face of his weeping wife for the last time as she bent over him at Mt. Vernon that dismal day, and calmly said, as he crossed his arms above his noble heart, "It is well." And the last words of Luther's friend, Melancthon, are wonderfully striking; it seems to me. The former asked him that hour if he desired anything. "No, Luther, no! Nothing, nothing but heaven!" he answered, and died with a smile upon his face. The ruling passion may be said to have been still strong with Chesterfield when he passed away, for the last words he uttered were, "Give Daytolles a chair!" Did poor Cowper say anything before he died—he who had always dreaded even the thought of dying? Why, it is said he sank to rest as peacefully as a little child. Ah, but what did Hobbes the deist say just before he gasped his last breath? "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark"; but the sweet Herbert said, "Now, Lord, receive my soul!" Dear Goldsmith's physician asked him a few moments before he ceased to breathe if his mind was at ease. His mournful answer was, "No, it is not!" And yet was not Goldsmith really as lovely a character, at heart, as any man who ever lived? The deaf Beethoven, whose whole soul had been full of glorious harmony throughout his life, cried out at last, "Now I shall hear!" May we not cherish the hope that Byron's thoughts were of God and heaven when he said at last, so wearily, "I must sleep now"? The sun was shining very brightly in the room where the great Humboldt lay dying, and he said, as he watched the beautiful rays, "How grand the sunlight! It seems to beckon earth to heaven!" John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died the same day, but one said with his last breath, "Independence for ever!" and the other, "I resign my soul to God—and my daughter to my country." Sir Thomas More said to an attendant, as he ascended the scaffold on the day of his execution, "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Beautiful Anne Boleyn, just before she knelt down to lay her head on the block, clasped her neck with her hand and said, "It is small, very small indeed!" What could have possessed Franklin to say to his friends on his deathbed, "A dying man does nothing well"? What a strange question for Cardinal Beaufort (or any other man) to ask at the last moment of life, "What! is there no bribing death?" Scott said, even when death was creeping very near, "I feel as if I were to be myself again." And Hood, tired out, whispered only the words, "Dying, dying!"

You lie nearest to the river of life when you bend to it  
You cannot drink but *as you stoop*.—*Evans*.

"WHAT is reconciliation?" the question was proposed at an Irish school examination, and the beautiful answer given, "Second friendship."

## THE DEATH OF HUSS.

In the streets of Constance was heard a shout,  
 "Masters! bring the arch-heretic out!"  
 The stake had been planted, the fagots spread,  
 And the tongues of the torches flickered red.  
 "Huss to the flames!" they fiercely cried;  
 Then the gates of the Convent opened wide

Into the sun from the dark he came,  
 His face as fixed as a face in a frame.  
 His arms were pinioned, but you could see,  
 By the smile round his mouth, that his soul was free;  
 And his eye with a strange bright glow was lit,  
 Like a star just before dawn quencheth it.

To the pyre the crowd a pathway made,  
 And he walked along it with no man's aid;  
 Steadily on to the place he trod,  
 Commending aloud his soul to God.  
 Aloud he prayed, though they mocked his prayer;  
 He was the only thing tranquil there.

But, eying the fagots, he quickened pace,  
 As we do when we see our loved one's face.  
 "Now, now, let the torch in the resin flare,  
 Till my books and body be ashes and air!  
 But the spirit of both shall return to men,  
 As dew that rises descends again."

From the back of the crowd where the women wept,  
 And the children whispered, a peasant stepped.  
 A goodly bavin was on his back,  
 Brittle and sere, from last year's stack;  
 And he placed it carefully where the torch  
 Was sure to lick and the flame to scorch.

"Why bring you fresh fuel, friend? Here are sticks  
 To burn up a score of heretics?"  
 Answered the peasant, "Because this year  
 My hearth will be cold, for is firewood dear;  
 And heaven be witness I pay my toll,  
 And burn your body to save my soul."

Huss gazed at the peasant, he gazed at the pile,  
 Then over his features there dawned a smile.  
 "O *Sancta Stuphilitas!* By God's troth,  
 This fagot of yours may save us both,  
 And He Who judgeth perchance prefer  
 To the victim the executioner!"

Then unto the stake was he tightly tied,  
 And the torches were lowered and thrust inside.  
 You could hear the twigs crackle and sputter the flesh,  
 Then "*Sancta Stuphilitas!*" moaned afresh.  
 'Twas the last men heard of the words he spoke,  
 Ere to heaven his soul went up with the smoke.

## NATHANAEL-BARTHOLOMEW.

THE theory that Nathanael was Bartholomew is of comparatively recent origin, and cannot be traced to any ecclesiastical writer earlier than the twelfth century, when it was first broached by Rupertus, a Benedictine monk. Of the early Fathers, St. Augustine says, expressly, that Nathanael was not an Apostle, and cites his rank and learning as the reason why he was not so honored. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world, not the noble and mighty." St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nyssen, and St. Gregory the Great advance the same opinion. No Liturgy, eastern or western, has ever introduced the story of Nathanael into its Lectionary for St. Bartholomew's Day. It does not appear in the Church's Tables of Lessons for the Day, and the Gospel for the Day is the same as that of the old Sarum Rite, and of the Roman use.

Yet all this is purely negative evidence, and, at most, should make people cautious in forming an independent opinion. The certain history of the persons and the acts of the Twelve Apostles closes pretty nearly where the New Testament leaves it, and all tradition concerning them, beyond this point, is doubtful, and has often been shown to be fictitious. Moreover, during the fiery trials of the first three centuries, saints are too common, and martyrdoms too frequent, to command that attention which they afterward excited. Nor, again, was the state of learning favorable to the production of detailed records. The Greek and Latin Fathers of the fourth and succeeding centuries, therefore, are not more competent witnesses to facts of this character than modern Biblical scholars and critics. They certainly were not better informed in Jewish antiquities; but rather had a prejudice against such inquiries.

The Liturgies and Lectionaries of the Church were already well settled by the close of the sixth century, and the Gospels, for the feasts and fasts, were even then venerable with age. The theory of Rupertus, therefore, six centuries later, that Bartholomew was Nathanael, had little chance of obtaining formal recognition at the time, and

has not affected the Church's Lectionary, after six hundred years more of frequent change and revision.

And yet the grounds of that opinion are very strong. "Bartholomew" is a patronymic, and signifies "the son of Tholmai;" as "Bar-Jona" signifies "the son of Jonas." There is no antecedent improbability that Bartholomew's proper name was Nathanael, and it is known from Josephus that there was a noble family of the name Tholmai in Judæa at that time.

Again, St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke do not once mention Nathanael, while St. John does not mention Bartholomew. St. John was of good family himself, and would be less attracted by the dignity of a patronymic than the other evangelists. Besides, St. John's Gospel was the latest, and was written chiefly for Gentiles who were ignorant of Hebrew manners; and for this reason also, St. John would be more likely to call a man by his proper name, and say "Nathanael," rather than "Bartholomew," if the two were identical.

Again, in St. John's Gospel, the call of Nathanael is related next after the call of Peter, Andrew, James, John and Philip; so that, on the face of the story, Nathanael appears to be the sixth apostle, while in the other lists of apostles Bartholomew holds the same place. Again, St. John names Nathanael among the seven disciples to whom Jesus showed Himself after His resurrection, at the sea of Tiberias; and that the word *disciples* here signifies *apostles*, appears from the remark of the evangelist, "This is now the third time that Jesus showed Himself to His disciples." It was His third manifestation to His apostles, but not the third to His disciples.

Finally, the traditional reason of the appointment of the story of the dispute among the twelve, which of them should be the greatest, is that the dispute arose out of St. Bartholomew's exceptional rank as the only nobleman in the company. St. Augustine argues against Nathanael's title to the apostleship on this very ground.

The decision must, therefore, lie between a negative



"Why bring you fresh fuel, friend? Here are sticks  
To burn up a score of heretics."

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authority and a positive free inquiry. By a curious train of circumstances, also, the real *status* of the question has reached just this point. Roman writers, in modern times, are quite indifferent to the theory of the identity of Nathanael and Bartholomew, while Protestant theologians almost universally accept it. The theory of Rupertus attracted little attention until it was taken up, in the sixteenth century, by Jansen, Bishop of Ghent, the famous opponent of the newly-founded Order of the Jesuits. Jansen's able expositions of Holy Scripture created much excitement, and were implicitly received by his disciples—the Port-Royalists, the Gallican party in the Church of France, and the French Protestants. Jansen's chief successor, also—Bishop Quesnel—obtained such reputation,

that his writings were translated into German and English, and became the arsenal of the reformation party against Roman interpretations of Holy Scripture.

It is impossible to decide the question, of course. But if, in the Gospel for the day, St. Philip is conceived of as advancing the claims of the Rabbi Nathanael-Bartholomew against the partisanship of the sons of Zebedee, for St. Peter there is presented a lively picture, not only of the cause of that first strife, but a prototype also of all the quarrels between Jansenist and Jesuit, Protestant and Romanist, and of a great many minor disputations that have disgraced the religion of Christ. Singularly enough, the secular history of St. Bartholomew's Day bears out this picture by its cruel and bloody record of fratricidal strife. Whatever opinion be held of the identity of Nathanael and Bartholomew, the Gospel

for the day was prophetic, and has become historic: "There was a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest."—*The Churchman*.

[In the Church of England, and the Episcopal Church in America, St. Bartholomew's Day is August 24th, and the Gospel for the day is St. Luke xxii. 24-30. The tradition of the Church about St. Bartholomew is that he converted Northern India, having there a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in Hebrew. He was martyred on the Caspian Sea, by being flayed alive. His emblem is a butcher's knife, in reference to the manner of his death.]

—♦♦♦♦—  
We live no more of our time than we spend well.—*Carlyle*



## TRIUNISMS; OR, PHENOMENA OF THE NUMBER THREE.

BY M. V. MOORE.

In all the realm of mystery, there is nothing so incomprehensible, so inscrutable, as the Trinity of God. Theologians, metaphysicians, writers of all degrees, have essayed the task of elucidation through the past centuries; and yet the world to-day knows but little more in that direction than did wise men of the first years of our Christian era, who beheld in Jesus the second person of "the adorable Trinity."

Has it ever occurred to the many that a triune principle or feature runs through nearly the whole of creation; that in all the worlds, objective and subjective alike, there is a triple alliance of attributes, facts, forces, natures, organisms, making up the vast minutiae of the whole universe or *Cosmos*?

Examination of the subject reveals a multitude of curious and remarkable facts and features. Many, very many, indeed, of the citations of this paper are utterly devoid of any real significance in connection with the great mystery of the Divine Trinity; they are introduced here merely as curious and cumulative evidences of the phenomena of the Number Three in nature, science and everyday life. It may be put down as a remarkable fact, also, that while many writers have indulged in long and learned disquisitions on the Number Seven, barely brief references have generally been made to the far more interesting and significant Number Three. What the significant and perfectly apparent facts connected with it could be made to lead us into, in considering the subject of the Trinity of God, is not a question to be discussed herein.

Proceeding with some of our illustrations, we notice, first:

The Great Creator God—Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

The Created World is Earth, Air, Water.

The Earth has three distinct divisions or organisms: the Animal, the Vegetable, the Mineral.

Man, the highest of the orders in the animal kingdom, is a trinity of Body, Mind and Soul or Spirit. Each of these, likewise, admits of a sub-division threefold. The body is essentially flesh, bone, blood. The mind has three distinguishing properties: \* the retrospective, or property of memory; the perceptive, or power to take cognizance

\* The *will* is sometimes classed as one of the mental faculties. It is, however, not one of the *primary* faculties of the mind; it is secondary, and has relation also to the soul, or spiritual nature of man.

of the present or occurring; it has reason also in regard to the unknown or the coming events. The soul or spirit is eternal, invisible, intangible.

Time is past, present, future.

Life is birth, death, resurrection.

The Sun is light, heat, power.

The Scriptures are historical, prophetic and revelation. Each of these elements is likewise thrice divisible. The historical is history of creation, history of the patriarchs, and history of nations up to Jesus. The prophetic is in regard to Messiah, in regard to kings, and in regard to nations. Revelation is biographical of the Christ, didactic or teaching His Gospel, and apocalyptic (or the vision of St. John).

The Christian—or "true"—religion is Catholic, Greek,



ST. BARTHOLOMEW, ALSO CALLED NATHANAEL.—SEE PAGE 627.

Protestant. Singularly, too, there are three of the "false" religions—Jewish, Mohammedan, Pagan.

Government is monarchy, aristocracy, democracy; giving us empires, kingdoms, republics, with threefold functions in each and all of those—the executive, the legislative and the judicial.

In Ecclesiastics, government is likewise of three Orders: Episcopal, Presbyterial, Independent.

The Ministry is also of three Orders: \* Bishops, priests and deacons, with their respective synonyms as used or adopted variously by different churches.

Baptism is of three kinds mentioned in Holy Writ—fire, water and the Holy Ghost. Furthermore, there are three modes of baptism as practiced among Christians—pouring, sprinkling, immersion.

Prayer is thanksgiving, praise, supplication. We have three modes or attitudes for prayer illustrated in the Bible—kneeling, standing, prostration. Jesus characterized it as asking, seeking, knocking.

The Lord's Supper is taken in three manners among Christians—kneeling, sitting, and the recumbent (or Oriental) postura.

Sin is threefold—thought, word or deed. The Scriptures even give us three classes of it—transgression, sin, iniquity.

The Enemy is the World, the Flesh, the Devil.

Salvation is repentance, regeneration, acceptance. In the great Mediatorial Work there are God, the Saviour, Man.

Leaving for some concluding paragraphs the many views that present themselves to us in regard to the triune phases of that Saviour Jesus and His life and utterances, let us examine a few of the wonderful connections this Number Three has with man and his history, as appears from Holy Writ and elsewhere.

We find that after the destruction of the world by the Deluge, the earth was peopled by three ancestors—Shem, Ham and Japheth. The Jewish nation has its three conspicuous patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob. Three great events mark their history—the Bondage, the Flight, the Wilderness. They had but three great leaders or generals, Moses, Aaron, Joshua. Bible-readers are familiar with the dreams Joseph interpreted—the vine with three branches, the three baskets, the three days.

Abraham entertained three angels at Mamre—who knows the significance of the three here? Could they have been representative of the triune God Himself? Abraham went three days' journey to sacrifice Isaac; and then the Lord promised him three great blessings—the great name, the great nation, and the Saviour of mankind through him in the far coming future.

Moses was hidden three months, and this circumstance is alluded to three times in recounting it. After three months Israel came to Sinai; after three days the Lord came down and gave the Commandments.

There were three cities of refuge on either side Jordan.

Daniel prayed three times each day, and singularly, too, this fact is mentioned three times. Paul, too, prayed three times for deliverance from that "thorn in the flesh." Can we suppose each of these three prayers addressed to each of the three persons in the one God?

\* I am aware of the fact that Sectarianism is not a unit on many of the ideas and illustrations herein. But I am not writing in the interests of denominationalism; it is not a unity on the doctrines or subjects of Baptism, the Sacraments, the Ministry nor the Trinity—not even on the subject and attributes of God Himself. Upon all speculative and deductive facts the minds of men are strangely at variance; but I believe that the majority of the propositions of this paper are admitted by the universal catholic Church; even by Romanism, Atheism and Infidelity.

Speaking of Daniel, there were three men—Daniel, Noah and Job—especially named and commended for their righteousness, three times, by the word of the Lord through Ezekiel.

Three months Paul was in Greece, and he spoke the space of three months in another place mentioned by him. He tells us also elsewhere he warned with tears day and night for three years. His thrice-repeated prayer is mentioned above. We find that he was scourged three times; three times he was shipwrecked, and three great missionary tours to foreign lands were embraced in his lifework as minister.

Three years Isaiah walked barefoot. Three years the dresser of the vineyard sought fruit before cutting down the barren vine. After the third year tithes were required. Three times in the year all the males were required to appear before the Lord.

For three transgressions the Lord promised he would not punish Israel. For three things the earth is disquieted—odious women, servants that reign, and fools filled to fatness. Three things mentioned by Solomon are never satisfied. Three things he tells us go well upon the earth. Three things are too wonderful for him.

In three languages the prophets were compelled to speak and write.

Three times was repeated to Peter the vision of the great sheet filled with all manner of beasts, and, strange to record, directly thereafter three men sought Peter.

When David had sinned, three alternatives were given him—three days of pestilence, three months of fight before his enemies, or three years of famine.\* (This is the account as given in Samuel. There is a slight variation in Chronicles, where it is written *seven* years of famine. This is equally interesting, as every *seventh* year was *Sabbatical*.)

There were three Hebrew children cast into the fiery furnace. Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly. Three afflictions came upon Job—physical pain, loss of property, loss of family. Three friends then came to comfort Job from a far country. What significance in this threefold consolation? These visitors are never again mentioned by same name in the Scriptures. Who and what do they represent?

Joshua selected three men from each tribe when the tabernacle was set up at Shiloh. Why only three? The spies of Joshua abode three days in concealment when sent to Jericho. Before the investment of the city the Lord repeated to Joshua three times the injunction to be strong and of good courage. And it is remarkable that the same injunction had been repeated three times before that by Moses.

Balaam was rebuked three times by the ass. Thrice he smote the animal. Afterward he blessed three times the people to whom he was sent to preach and prophesy.

Solomon had three steps at one of the doors of the temple; furthermore, he had three conspicuous pillars in that temple; these are commonly supposed to be his representative ideas of wisdom, strength and beauty. But who yet knows but what Solomon intended them as typical, in some measure, of ideas of the great Trinity?

The kingdom of heaven has been likened to leaven hid in "three measures"; and since we are told that one was caught up to the "third heaven," may we not suppose there are three degrees of bliss in the home of happy saints? We are told there are three Orders of the heavenly hosts—angels, cherubim and seraphim.

\* It is worthy of remark that Moslemism offers its subjects three alternatives—the Koran, slavery, or death.

Three angels came to John in the Isle of Patmos. Three unclean spirits were seen by him wandering there.

The mysterious apocalyptic number 666 mentioned in Revelations, and about which so much has been written, is divisible by three, and that product again divisible by it. Indeed very many of the numbers and figures of both Old and New Testaments are strange combinations of this significant number three—to enumerate all of which, or even all of the direct illustrations of its place in the Scriptures, would be not only tedious and monotonous, but render this article too long.

Let us refer to some of the curious and wonderful phenomena in connection with it and our everyday life. And strange to say, the one thing for which many of us live—"our living"—should be indulged in three times in the day—breakfast, dinner, supper. The day itself is morn, noon, night. "Masonic day" is divided into three equal parts, eight hours each.

Nearly all the secret societies of the land have three words or tokens, the principles or virtues of which they are supposed to inculcate or illustrate: as Faith, Hope and Charity, in one; and Love, Purity and Fidelity in another. France has had revolution after revolution over her talismanic three—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. The religion of the Druids was a strange combination of principles in trinities, and called Triads. The Church of England and its Sisterhood has established three sacraments or visible ordinances for the Church. One writer has said there are but "three great controlling passions—Love, Fear, Hope." And in the closing episode of life, we have "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

In whatsoever direction we look, whether with eye or mind, we are confronted by the threefold aspect of nature. All substances or bodies are either solid, liquid or aeriform. They must have one of the three forms. There are three of the latent and imponderable forces—light, heat, electricity. There are but three principal component gases—oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen. It has been a dream of the alchemist and philosopher for ages that there was but little limit to the transmutations of minerals and metals. Who knows but what in the alembic of the future all the solids may be found to be embraced in three primordial substances? If it were the province of this paper to deal in speculative theories, it might be shown what the new chemistry of the last few years has done in this direction. A recent entertaining writer\* has a very instructive chapter on the "Three States of Matter."

If we look into vegetable life, we see the stalk, the flower, the fruit. Taking the apple as the highest type of fruit, we find it has the skin or the rind, the body, and the seed. Suppose we go into the field, and pluck an ear of corn; we find here, shuck, grain, cob. Each of them is divisible thrice. Science now obtains from the grain, sugar, starch and a residuary element.

Take a section of any growing tree of the forest: we find bark, sap, wood. Botanists tell us that even the bark is also composed of three elements.

If we dig into the earth, we find only three of the metals found denominated "precious," and which are used as coin generally among the civilized nations—gold, silver and copper. Gold, the metal used as typical of religion, has three distinguishing properties—color, texture, weight.

Speaking of color, the philosopher tells us there are but three of the primary colors—yellow, red, blue—and that all others are but combinations of these. Grammarians tell us there are but three degrees of comparison, and

\* Professor J. P. Cooke, Jr

three genders among the sexes. The law adopts or prescribes three modes of identification among men—face, voice, handwriting.

As to man, it has already been noticed that he is a threefold being—body, mind, spirit. He is three in one in a variety of manners. The original Adam was written with only three letters of the Hebrew. To-day man appears in just three letters of the English. God is in three letters, or three syllables of Hebrew—*Je-ho-vah*. There is also the *Jah* of the Hebrew.

Dropping to the commonplace, we have three feet in a yard, three miles in a league. We find also that the seconds in a minute, the minutes in an hour, the hours in a day, the days in a full or leap year, are all divisible by three. The threefold cord of ecclesiastics has not only become an universal proverb, but it has its illustration in universal manufacture of cord, ropes, etc.

The three-pointed spear or trident of Neptune has a significance reaching beyond the ordinary conceptions of mythology. The Jewish priests used the three-pointed fork, also, when a sacrifice of flesh was to be seethed.

Returning to the contemplation of the sublime, let us study for a moment the connection this wonderful Number Three has with Jesus and His history. Nowhere is it more strangely and curiously illustrated.

Himself the central figure in the Divine Trinity, there is the further fact that he is called Son of God, Son of Man, Son of Mary. The three divisions of the Scriptures all testify of Him. The three witnesses in the vision of St. John also bore testimony of Him. In the flight into Egypt there were only three of them. There were three of the family so loved, and visited by Jesus—Mary, Martha, Lazarus. His first great command to the Apostles is threefold—Go, Preach, Baptize. The number of those chosen Apostles, the age (12) at which we first find Him disputing with the doctors in the Temple; even His years on earth, and many other numbers connected with His life, are all divisible by three.

He encountered three temptations—hunger, power and authority. Three times He rebuked Satan. Three times did He pray in Gethsemane during the "Night of Agony"; and He asked three friends—Peter, James and John—to remain there and watch with Him. Three Latin words expressed the sentence of Pilate—"Ibis ad crucem."

At the Crucifixion He was the central of the three crucified. Over Him were placed three inscriptions, representing three great eras in the world's history. There were three hours of darkness then. Three days He lay in the grave. There were three women mentioned as at the burial and resurrection. At the Transfiguration there were three witnesses in the flesh; there were three of the glorified; three tabernacles were desired by Peter. That same Peter had been questioned by Jesus three times, in three simple words, "Lovest thou Me?" Three times Peter denied. Three times crew the cock.

There were three things specially given to Jesus, we are told—Kingdom, Power, Glory. He represents Himself as a threefold character—the Way, the Truth, the Life.

Dr. Deems, in his masterly analysis of His teachings, notices that there were three things specially prayed for in the first or apostrophic part of His sublime prayer, and relating to God the Father; and in the second part, three petitions for humanity. In the great closing tragedy of His life, the last words that fell from His lips were, "It is finished!" One brief sentence, yet only three words!

Threefold humanity in one Person! Three persons in one God!

O mystery so unfathomable to human ken! Who can read aright the lessons to be drawn from the more than



curious interblending of a simple number with a sublime history!

**NOTE.**—Since this article was written, my attention has been called to Tupper's treatment of the subject. It has been many years since I read his works; and therefore trust that it will not be necessary for me to disavow any intention at imitation, or borrowing from so great an author. While he has some expressions similar to those used by me herein, it may be worth while to mention the fact that Tupper's article "Of a Trinity" is intended more as an argument against Unitarianism than anything else, as, for instance, this line (in part, slightly varied):

"—Let not thy calculating folly gainsay the unity of three."

He makes some interesting verse worth including herein:

"—The Maker hath stamped His name on every creation of His hand."

"I know not a matter or a spirit, that is not three in one."

"There be three grand principles."—"There be three grand unities."

"Three catholic divisors of the million sums of matter."

"Of three sole elements all nature's works consist."

"Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all the beasts of the field."—"Substance, coherence, and weight, fashion the fabrics of the earth."

"Beginning, middle, end."—"Cause, circumstance, consequent—*one*."

"The very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity of vapors."

"The noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow of Jehovah."

### THREE HEROES IN STATUARY.

The custom of perpetuating the memory of heroes in monumental statuary is not only a very old but a very good one, and modern nations are as much given to this form of commemoration as were the ancients. There have



STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, ERECTED AT COMPIÈGNE.



MONUMENT TO ROUGET DE LISLE, AUTHOR OF THE "MARSEILLAISE," ERECTED AT CHOISY-LE-ROU.

recently been erected in France and Italy three statues commemorating three heroes of widely different characters: Joan of Arc, the warrior for king and country; Rouget de Lisle, the patriotic singer of the French Revolution; and Arnold of Brescia, the Italian reformer whose work antedated Luther's.

At this late day it is unnecessary to go into an elaborate discussion of the character of the Maid of Orleans. She has been the subject of many pens, and her story is found in prose, in poem, in drama and in opera. She was born January 6th, 1412. In the Summer of 1425, being then but thirteen years old, she claimed to have heard a voice from Heaven commanding her to go and deliver the Kingdom of France, which was then threatened and almost entirely overcome by the English. She was received by the French King, Charles VII., in March 1429, and on the 18th of May she helped to raise the siege of Orleans, and on June 8th, participated in the great battle in which the English were defeated. She was present at Charles's coronation at Rheims on July 17th, 1429. On May 23d, 1430, she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians in a sortie at Compiègne, and on January 12th, 1431, her trial for heresy begun. Having been made to sign a form of abjuration May 23d, she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, but having recanted her submission she was, on May 30th, condemned to be burnt at the stake, which condemnation was carried out the following day, May 31st, 1431. Fourteen years after, July 7th, 1456, tardy justice was dealt her memory, and her memory was

annulled at Rouen. Such are the recorded events of her life, and to keep them ever before the French the citizens of Crotoy and Compiègne have, last year, erected a fresh statue to her memory.

But after a hundred works have described her death, and thousands of reverent pilgrims have wept over the scene of her martyrdom in the Place de la Pucelle, of Rouen, it is a shock to hear, not only that the English were not responsible for her martyrdom, but that the heroic damsel was never burned at all, having lived to be a respected matron and well-to-do *citoyenne*. This is, nevertheless, what Father Vignier asserts to be the fact, and M. Delapierre has confirmed with documents, regarding the authenticity of which there cannot be much skepticism. There always was a belief that the woman executed in 1431 was not the real "Maid," and at different towns during the subsequent years numerous impostors were punished for attempting to pass themselves off as the authentic martyr. M. Vignier, however, found in the archives of Mentz a contemporary account of the arrival of Jeanne in that city on the 20th of May, 1436, and her recognition by her two brothers.

This paper further more mentions that in due time she was married to a *Sieur de Hermoise* or *Armoise*, and though it might be admitted that the document discovered was a modern forgery, it

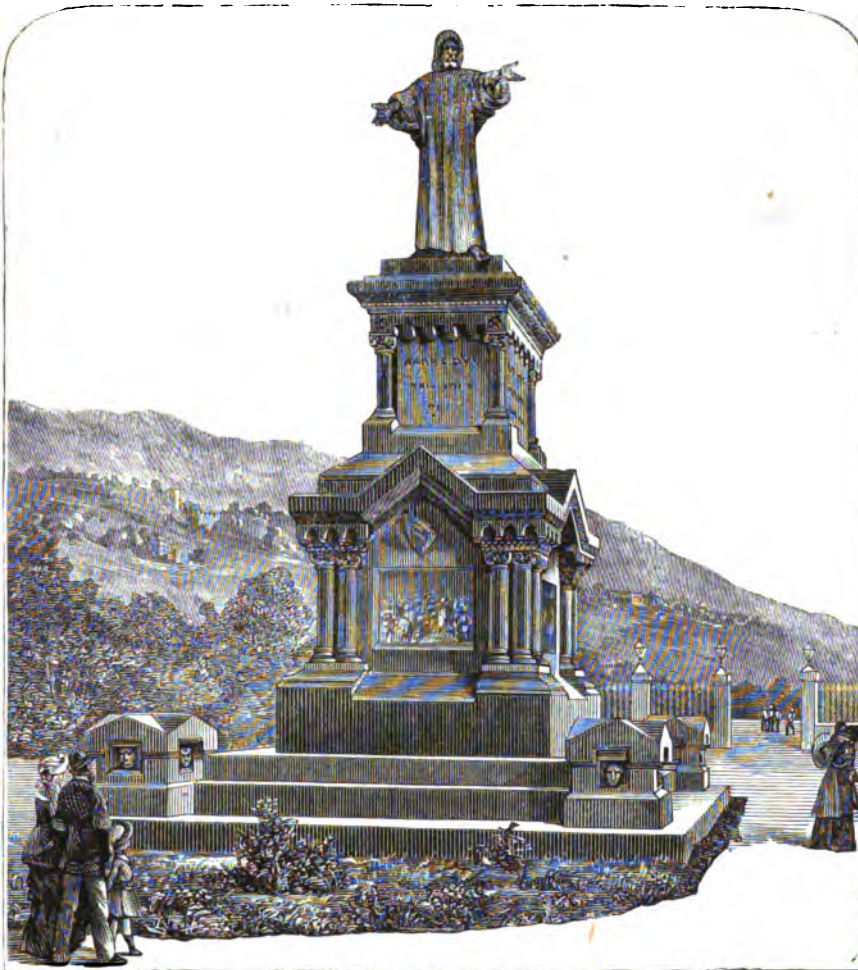
is certainly staggering to disinter from a family muniment-chest of a *M. des Armoise*, of Lorraine, a contract of marriage between "Robert des Armoise, Knight, with Jeanne d'Arco, surnamed the Maid of Orleans." This also might have been a coincidence, though rather a striking one, but among the archives of the *Maison de Ville*, of Orleans, under dates 1435 and 1436, are records of certain payments made to messengers bringing letters from "Jeanne the Maid" to her brother, John du Lils, or Lys. Now, the surname is well known to have been that under which, as a reward for long service, the *Arc* family are ennobled. So here—unless we at once cut the knot by declaring the entire mass of documents (those in Mentz, in Lorraine, and in Orleans) to be gross

forgeries, which has not yet been attempted—is a curious network of facts, out of which it is rather difficult to escape from the conclusion that there must have been some mistake about the Maid of Orleans having been incinerated in that lively city on the Seine, in which stands one of her many statues erected to attest the truth of the event. Most curious of all—and M. Delapierre, in his "Doutes Historiques," adduces numerous other data tending in the same direction—in the Orleans accounts, under date of August 1st, 1439 (eight years after she ought to have been dead), there is an entry of 210 livres presented to Jeanne d'Armoise by the Town Council for services rendered by her at the siege of 1429. It is difficult to get over these facts.

The composer of the famous "Marseilles Hymn"—that stirring revolutionary song which a Frenchman cannot

hear without his blood rising—was *Rouget de Lisle*, a young soldier who was stationed in 1432 at a garrison in *Strasbourg*. *De Lisle* had been born and reared in the mountainous province of *Jura*, and was by nature both a poet and a musician. His popular talents made him the delight of the garrison, and a welcome visitor at the house of a poor but music-loving family of the town. One day, while the Revolution was sweeping over the land, *De Lisle* was a guest at the frugal dinner of the family, when his host brought forth the last bottle of wine which

his cellar contained. Together he and *De Lisle* drank to the freedom of France, and late at night the young soldier-musician went to his room. Not to sleep, however. His active brain, fired by the wine and inspired by the stirring events of the day, would not let him rest until he had composed both the air and the words of the immortal song. The wild enthusiasm of his friends over his production was shared by the whole nation, and the song was soon upon every lip. It took its name from the *Marseillaise*, a band of savage men who were sent by *Barbaroux* to aid the Revolution at the capital, and who sang its martial notes as they advanced toward Paris. By the irony of fate, *De Lisle*, who was a warm Republican, was denounced and proscribed as a Royalist, and forced to flee from the



MONUMENT TO ARNOLD OF BRESCIA, THE REFORMER, INAUGURATED AT BRESCIA, ITALY, AUGUST 14TH.

country to which he had given a new and endearing national hymn. Due honor has been paid him ninety years later, by the rearing of a statue at Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris, which was inaugurated with much ceremony, July 23d.

Arnold of Brescia was a religious reformer in Italy about the beginning of the twelfth century. Distinguished for scholarship and eloquence, he became conspicuous as the assailant of the venality, luxury and worldliness of the Roman clergy, and of the secular authority of the Church, and so great was his influence upon popular opinion that he was condemned by the Council of Lateran in 1139 as a disturber of the peace, forbidden to preach and banished to Italy. There he preached successfully for some years, but a popular movement in Rome having restricted the authority of the Pope to spiritual affairs, he, in 1145, went to that city and took direction of the new movement. A reaction, however, compelled him to quit the city, and later on, in 1155, he was arrested at the instigation of Pope

Adrian IV.—the celebrated Nicholas Brakespeare, the only English Pope—and executed, his body being thrown into the Tiber. He was, no doubt, one of the leaders of liberal thought in Italy, and the honor now paid to his memory shows that he made a lasting impression upon the life and history of the Italian people. The monument just erected at Brescia is surmounted by a colossal statue, in bronze, of the reformer, the alto relieves being also in bronze. The main part of the monument is of stone of various tints. The statue was cast by Nelli, of Rome. The entire cost of the monument was \$30,000. The inscription of the monument on the side facing the city is as follows: "To Arnaldo, the precursor in martyrdom of free Italian thought; his own Brescia, set free, decrees a tardy vindication. 1860." On the other face of the monument was inscribed the words: "Turigo, mindful of her guest, Rome redeemed, and Italy his mother, consecrate this expiatory bronze as their united contribution. 1882."

## WIT, WISDOM, AND PATHOS OF CHILDHOOD.

[We shall thank our friends for original contributions to this Department.]

A LITTLE girl girl was asked by her mother on her return from church how she liked the preacher. "Didn't like him at all," was the reply. "Why?" asked her mother. "'Cause he preached till he made me sleepy, and then hollered so loud that he wouldn't let me go to sleep."

A little five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the papers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady; "that's only lying."

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.—*Mother*: "Come, dearie, put dolly away now, for it's time to say your prayers and go to bed. *Little Girl*: "Make Dolly say she pay's, too; me has to p'ay all time. *Mother*: "Only twice a day, dearie, and you ought not to be too lazy to do that when God watches over you every minute of the day." With a resigned expression the little one began:

"Now me is doin' fast 'sleep,  
P'ay Dod soul to teep;  
Me should die—"

Suddenly pausing, the little one looked up with a yawn, and asked: "Tan't rest of it do till mornin', mamma?" *Mother*: "Oh, no, my child; you must say it all, or God won't hear any of it." With a despairing sigh the child dropped her head again and continued: "Dod b'ess papa, mamma, dammas and dampas, sisters and budders, and big kitty and little kitty—and—my—dolly—and—" The little voice suddenly became inaudible, and the mother, after waiting a moment, said, gently: "Well, finish, dearie." The half-sleeping child continued:

"Mouse run in his hole to spin,  
Miss pussy pass' by and her peep'd in  
De window—"

"But, my child," interrupted her mother, "you mustn't say that in your prayers." *Little Girl*: "Oh, Dod, p'eas don't listen no more; me so s'leepy. Amen!"

A little girl hearing a good deal of political talk, said she was glad she wasn't a "politia."

Frank, four years old, is loaned a nice wheelbarrow by his aunt, who wishes to let him have it half the time. "Well, auntie," says Frank, "I will have it days, and you may have it nights."

One day we had some Dutch cheese on the table, and I asked Mary if she would have some. She answered: "If you please." Willie, two years younger, was asked the same question. He didn't want any, but wishing to be as polite as his cousin, made a low bow, and said: "If you not please."

When we "old folks" were children, our mothers impressed on our minds that we must not play on the Sabbath or go to our neighbors' houses, unless necessity called us. We had a neighbor who had some lambs, and our little brother, five or six years old, wanted very much to see them one Sabbath. He slyly crept over the fence, and made toward the sheep-fold, forgetting an open well that was close by, until he found that he was at the bottom of it. Fortunately, the well was not deep, and his lusty screams soon brought some one to his help. He was fished out, and was more forcibly impressed than ever before that if he run away on the Sabbath, even to see lambs, he would get into trouble.—*Mrs. M. A. G.*

One day little Mellie had been a very naughty boy, and his mamma, to punish him, put him in a room by himself, and listened just outside of the door. Very soon she heard him praying, "O Lord, burn that wicked mother up. Put her in a big fire and burn her up, Lord. Make me a good boy. Amen. Mother, let me come out; I've been praying to the Lord to make me a good boy."

Little Minnie and Lizzie, who are cousins, were playing, when they began disputing their ages. Minnie said, "I'm older than you are!" "No, you're not; I'm the oldest," said Lizzie. "Yes I am," said Minnie, "for I came down to Aunt Nannie's and said, 'Aunt Nannie, where is Lizzie?' And Aunt Nannie said, 'Lizzie ain't born yet.'"

One bright sunshiny day little Sadie was taking a walk with a lady, when she stopped suddenly and said, "Look at the moon; it is going out, ain't it?" One night this same little Sadie, with a sister a few years older, had gone to bed. There was a very heavy thunderstorm, which made the eldest cry. Little Sadie crept up to her sister and said, "Don't cry, Lulu; God will take care of us."



A CHILD'S QUERY.—The comparative absence of the male members of the churches from the weekly prayer-meeting has often been a subject of comment by adults, but it remained for a little four-year-old to give public expression to it in a rather unusual manner. Todd, the son of a minister who lived within sight of the church of which he was an attendant, had a way of his own of appearing where he was least looked for, and of giving vent to his thoughts in language peculiar to himself. One Summer evening he had been put to bed and was soon sound asleep. His parents, leaving the house in the care of a servant, started for the place of prayer. The sex whose pitying eyes lingered last upon the cross, and whose loving hearts were first impelled to seek the tomb of the Master, was well represented, whilst there were but two or three of the brethren present. Soon after his father and mother had left home, Todd, whose slumbers had been disturbed, arose, and, knowing where they had gone, started in pursuit. No one stopped him on the way. The church-door stood invitingly open. Unperceived he entered and noiselessly made his way up the aisle. We may imagine the surprise of the worshipers when, rising from their knees, they were confronted by the little white-robed creature standing in front of the desk. As soon as they were seated, with a puzzled look he turned to his father, and in a voice audible to all, he exclaimed, in his baby-way, "Where is all 'e mens, papa?" "Often afterward," said his father when telling the story, "when I have studied hard to produce a sermon suited, as I thought, to the wants of many of my parishioners, and have appeared in the pulpit to be greeted by their vacant sittings, the image of Todd on that memorable evening comes back to me, and in my heart I have been sorely tempted to point as he did to the empty pews, and in his expressive language query, 'Where is all 'e mens?'"—*Miss A. S.*

A little boy was playing in the garden, when he suddenly began to kick and throw up dirt at a great rate. His mother called from the window, "Celsus, what are you doing that for?" "I'm throwing dust up in the sky so God will make me a little sister."

Little Venie was very fond of sweet cake. A lady, living near, made quite a pet of her, having lost a little girl of the same age. Sometimes Venie would ask for cake. One day mamma took her little girl and called on Mrs. G—, but before starting, said, "If you ask for cake I will punish you when you get home." When mamma was preparing to leave, Venie said, "Oh, mamma! don't go yet; I want you to ask Mrs. Grummond how she makes her cake." The hint was taken, and the cake brought immediately.—*Miss L. B.*

Little Jessie, of Maryland, approaching four years of age, a few mornings since insisted that her papa should carry her down stairs perched aloft upon his shoulders. Her papa consenting, asked on the way down if she was not afraid he would let her fall. "No, sir," she promptly replied. "Why not?" he asks. "'Tause you don't want me to die." "But give me another reason," he repeated. "'Tause you don't want me get sick and take medicine." "But give me another reason," he again repeated, when, seemingly slightly puzzled, and with an apparent mustering of her reflective faculties, she grasped the supreme reason, "'Tause—'tause you love me.—*E. B.*

Little Nell mashed her finger in the door the other day, and came up crying and holding it in her other hand. All at once she stopped, as if listening; then looking up through her tears, exclaimed: "Mamma, there's a little heart in my finger: I feel it throbbing."

Sometimes little Florence coaxed and even cried for the dainty little cakes she knew were stored away in auntie's cupboard; and auntie did not like for her to have them "between meals" because they made her sick. So one day when she cried, Uncle Ellis took her upon his lap and told her of the poor little Irish children, away across the ocean, who had not even bread and meat enough to keep them from being hungry. After that Florence did not cry for dainties between meals, but, sometimes, after coming to the table she would fold her hands and look at the food thoughtfully and then ask: "Uncle Ellis, do you s'pose those little Irish chillens have any bread to-day?" or, "Uncle Ellis, do you s'pose those little Irish chillens have any meat to-day?" Uncle would answer that he "hoped so," and the sympathetic child would be satisfied.

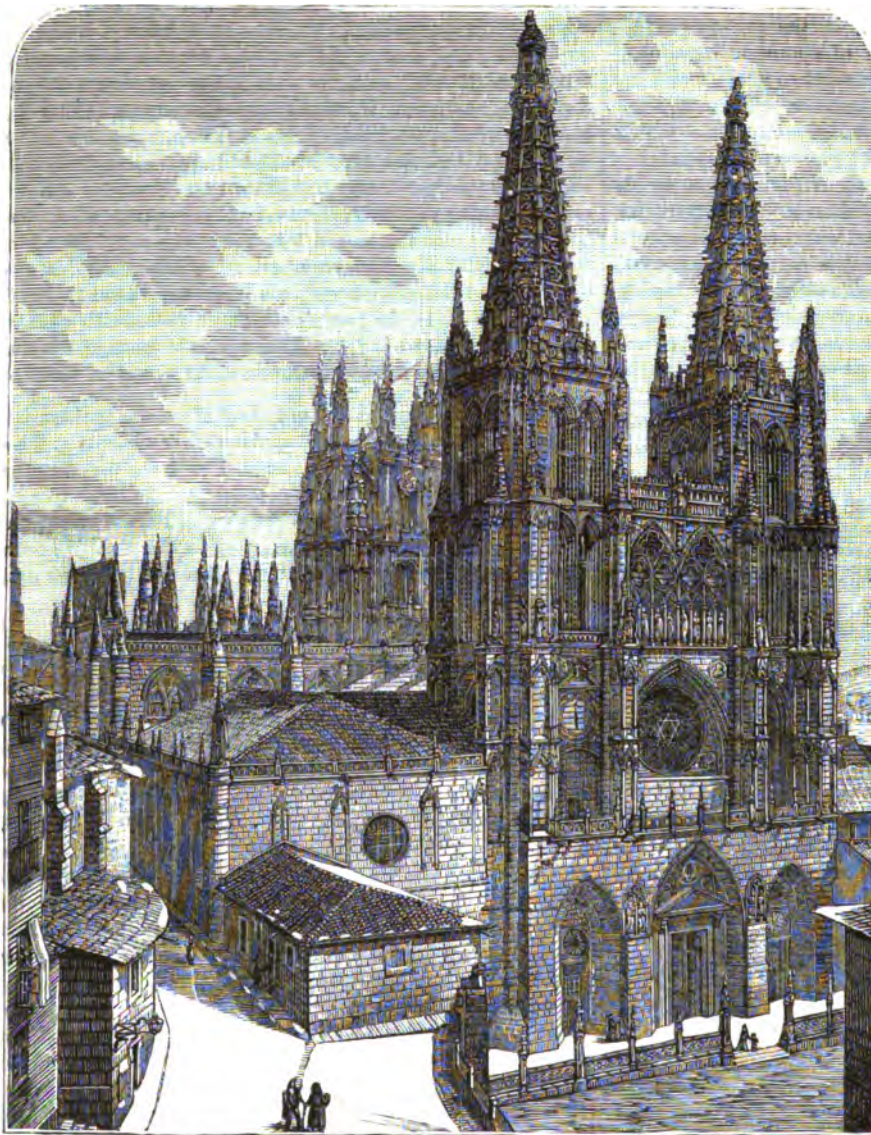
A little four-year-old did not obey when her mother first called her. So her mother spoke rather sharply. Then she came in and said: "Mamma, I've been very kind to you to-day, and I don't want you to speak so large to me."

A lady, when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked in the most innocent way by her little son of five years if those were the nails that held up heaven.

## THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

Burgos is renowned for its beautiful cathedral, and the bones of the *Cid*. The former is the most superb piece of Gothic architecture in Europe. It is the shrine to which all ecclesiastical architects come for inspiration, and is to-day in splendid preservation. This famous cathedral is built on the slope of a hill, but its general effect is spoiled by the miserable buildings which surround it. It dates from 1221. The vast front, surmounted by two picturesque steeples of open work, 300 feet high, flanking a fine rose window, was added in the fifteenth century, and is crowned by spires of most delicate open stone-work. The gorgeous central lantern, an octagon, 180 feet high, surrounded by eight light turret spires of open-work, was completed in 1567. The interior, 300 feet long, 250 feet wide at the transept, and 195 feet high, is wondrously beautiful in effect. In the choir are 103 stalls of walnut and boxwood. Renaissance work, carved with subjects from the Old and New Testaments, dated 1497 and 1512. At the end is a gorgeous chapel of the Condestable, built in 1487. The lofty *reja*, or iron-railing, is the finest piece of Renaissance iron-work known. There are fourteen chapels surrounding the church, all equally distinguished for beauty and harmony of construction, while in that of *La Presentacion* is a painting of the Virgin and Child by Michael Angelo. The cloisters are extremely beautiful. In a vaulted chamber is the *Cops del Cid*, a trunk clamped with iron and now attached to the walls, which the *Cid* filled with sand, and then pledged to the Jews as full of gold for a loan of 600 marks, which he afterward honestly repaid.

The staircase shown in the illustration is in the north arm of the cross between the chapels of St. Nicholas and the Nativity on one side and the sumptuous chapel of the Conception of our Lady, and formerly led to the High Door, but that was hermetically closed in 1786, for the reason that it let too much cold into the church, why meteorologists must explain. The ancient church used the door for centuries, and there was no inconvenience. Even this magnificent staircase is nearly four centuries old, having been projected in 1516 by Bishop Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, and designed by Diego de Sylve, an architect who is one of the great glories of Burgos. The



THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 635.

ironwork was heavily gilded, so that in the seventeenth century it was known as the Golden Stairs. It was completed in 1522, and, though the door is closed, the platform to which it leads is used now in holy week for the rich repository for the Eucharist, and no nobler or more striking use could be made of this magnificent work than to lead up to the mass of lights and flowers, jewels and art, that looms above it.

### The Christianization of the Negro in the Southern States.

BY PROFESSOR JOSEPH T. DERRY.

In the year 1620 some Dutch traders brought twenty negroes to Jamestown, Va., and sold them to the settlers. As their labor was found profitable, more were brought over, and thus negro slavery was introduced into the Colonies. At the breaking out of the War of the Revolution there were in the thirteen States nearly 500,000 negro slaves. In many of the Colonies there had always been strong opposition to the introduction of negroes. The Colony of Virginia passed laws restraining the traffic, but King George III. issued instructions, under his own hand, commanding the Governor, "under pain of the highest displeasure, to assent to no law by which the importation

of slaves should be in any respect prohibited or obstructed." A memorial was then addressed to the King himself, asserting that the importation of slaves from the coast of Africa "was a trade of great inhumanity, and dangerous to the very existence of his majesty's American dominions," and praying that the interests of the few British traders, who "might reap emolument from this sort of traffic," might be disregarded when placed in competition with the interests of the entire Colonies. The King, however, would not listen to this petition, and the trade continued. New England and British seamen engaged in this traffic, and sold the slaves to Southern planters. In 1780, while the War for Independence was at its height, Pennsylvania provided for the gradual emancipation of her slaves. In the same year Massachusetts abolished slavery. Rhode Island and Connecticut introduced gradual emancipation. New York passed a gradual emancipation Act in 1799, and in 1817 passed another Act declaring all slaves free on the Fourth of July, 1827. New Jersey passed a gradual emancipation Act in 1804. Thus slavery was gradually abolished in all those States where slave labor was unprofitable. But in the South, what had once been opposed by many as a moral and political evil, came to be

recognized as a social necessity. The horrors of the African slave trade were as much condemned in the South as in any portion of the world. In Georgia a State constitution was adopted in 1798, one clause of which forbade the further importation of negroes from Africa. This was ten years before a like measure was adopted by the United States Congress. The Southern people did not keep the negro in slavery because they loved oppression; but they conscientiously believed that the emancipation of such a vast number of people of an inferior race dwelling in their midst would bring irretrievable ruin upon whites and blacks alike. As proof of the correctness of their views, they pointed to Hayti and Jamaica, which since emancipation had been transformed from prosperous and fertile countries to the abodes of thriftlessness, ignorance and degradation. The constant and bitter agitation of the slavery question in the halls of Congress and in the journals of the country, together with the incendiary documents which were continually being sent broadcast throughout the land, and even into the cabins of the slaves, caused many of the Southern States to pass very stringent laws against the education of the negroes. Yet many a slave was taught to read and write by his young master or mistress, and it was often a matter

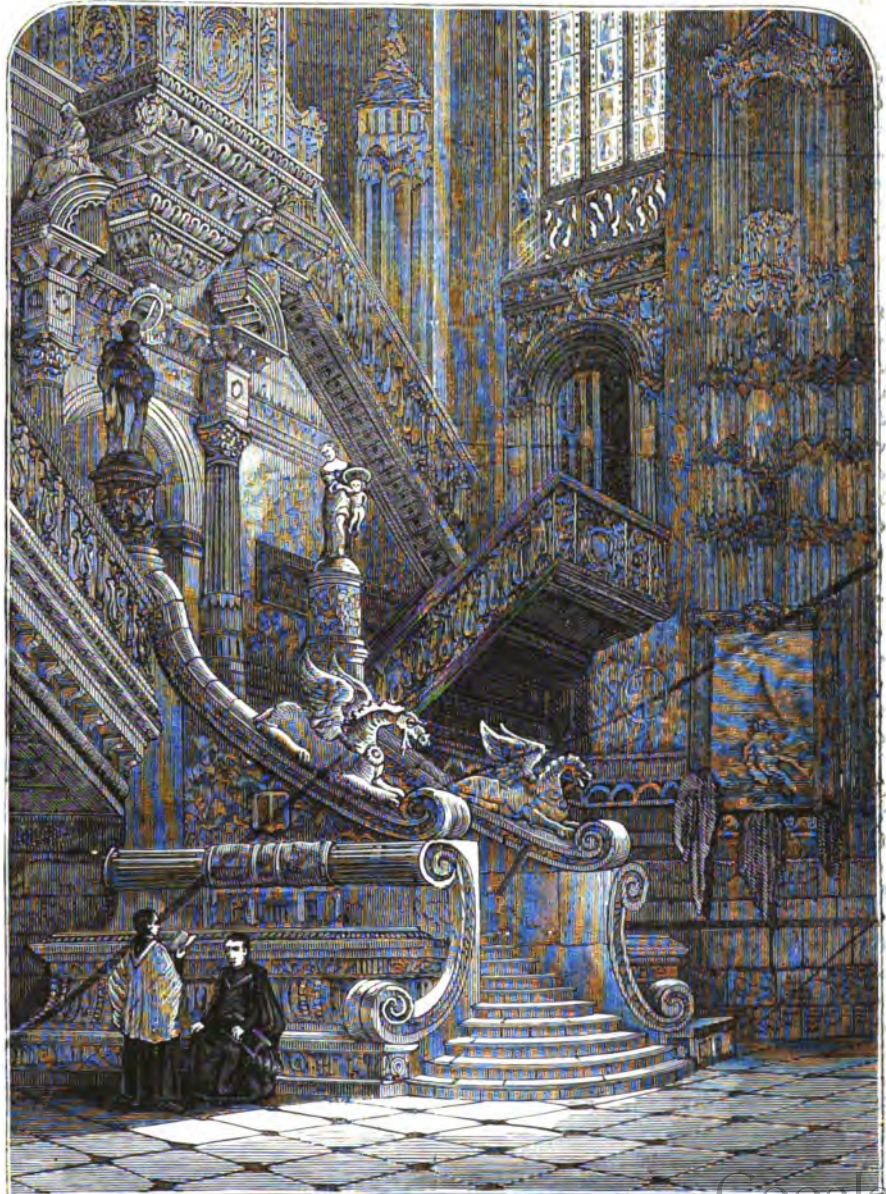


of surprise to strangers visiting Southern cities to see the galleries of the churches filled with well-dressed servants, who not only had their hymn-books, but who knew how to use them, too.

Great attention was almost universally paid to the religious training of the blacks. As much as we may condemn the manner in which they were brought to this country, yet it cannot be denied that God has overruled it all to the good of the African race. There can scarcely be a doubt that their long subjection to a superior race has been to the negroes an incalculable blessing. In no other way have so many of that race ever been brought under Christian influence and training. The thorough conversion of the negroes from paganism to Christianity was effected by the earnest labors of Christian ministers, assisted in many instances by the co-operation of God-fearing masters and the zealous labors and careful instruction of the pious women of the South. Mr. Draper, in his "History of the Civil War," pays a deserved tribute to the women of the South, but at the same time does great injustice to the labors of the Christian ministry. On page 100, Vol. II, he says: "Justice has not been done to the white women of the South for their conduct to the slave population. Through their benevolent influence, and not through any ecclesiastical agency, was the Christianization of this African race accomplished — a conversion which was neither superficial nor nominal, but universal and complete. The paganism of the indigenous negro had absolutely disappeared from the land. Nor must it be supposed that this wonderful change was accomplished merely by the passive example of the virtues which adorn the white woman; she took an active interest in the well-being of those who were thus cast upon her hands, administering consolation to the aged, the sick and the dying, and imparting religious instruction to the young. The annals of modern missionary exertion offer no parallel success."

The women of the South, indeed, deserve all honor for their labors in behalf of the lowly sons and daughters of Africa; but justice to them does not demand that injustice should be done to the zealous labors of the Christian ministry of the Southern States. I propose in this article to give a sketch of the work accomplished among the Southern slaves by the preaching of the Gospel. I have before me the minutes of the Methodist Conferences annually held in America from 1773 to 1813. The first statistical report was made in 1786, the

year after the separate organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By this report, which embraced every State in the Union, we find that the Methodist Church in America numbered at that time 18,791 whites and 1,890 colored members. According to the report for 1813 the total membership of the Methodist Church in the United States was 214,307, of whom 42,859 were colored. Of the colored membership, 13,771 were embraced in the bounds of the South Carolina Conference, which then included both South Carolina and Georgia. In the report of the South Carolina Conference for 1844, we find the colored membership to be 39,495, and the Georgia Conference of 1845 reports a colored membership of 13,994. The General Conference of 1844 was the last in which the Northern and Southern Conferences met in one assembly. At that time the total colored membership of the Southern Conferences was in round numbers 120,000. In 1860 the total colored membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church South was 200,000. These statistics show only what was accomplished by one Christian denomination. Other denominations, especially the Baptists, were very zealous in preaching the Gospel to



STAIRCASE OF THE PUERTA ALTA IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.—SEE PAGE 655.



the negroes. The Baptist denomination numbered more colored members than any other, embracing within the limits of the Southern States a membership of probably 300,000. Most of the negroes were either Methodists or Baptists, and it is safe to say that the entire negro population were believers in Christianity, and that at least one-third of the adult negroes were members of some branch of the Christian Church.

Almost every church edifice built in the South had a place in it (generally the gallery) set apart for the negroes, and besides, they had numerous churches of their own, built for them by the money of their masters. In the rice-fields of Carolina and Georgia, where only negroes could live with safety, devoted missionaries labored with true apostolic zeal and laid down their lives in their Master's cause.

Special missions to the plantation slaves were inaugurated in the southern portion of the Methodist Church in 1829. The Rev. William Capers, afterward a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was the originator of these missions. In the Autumn of 1828, as I learn from Bishop Wightman's life of Bishop Capers, the Hon. Charles C. Pinckney visited Mr. Capers to ascertain whether a Methodist exhorter could be recommended to him as a suitable person to oversee his plantation, stating as his reason for the application the well-known interest manifested by Mr. Capers in the religious welfare of the colored population, and the fact that the happy results which had attended the pious labors of a Methodist overseer in the plantation of one of his Georgia friends had directed his attention to the subject. "Mr. Capers told Mr. Pinckney that he doubted whether he could serve him in that particular way, but that, if he would allow him to make application to the bishop and Missionary Board at the approaching session of the Conference, he would venture to promise that a minister, for whose character he could vouch fully, should be sent to his plantation as a missionary, whose time and efforts should be devoted *exclusively* to the religious instruction and spiritual welfare of his colored people. To this proposal Mr. Pinckney gave his cordial assent. Soon after Colonel Lewis Morris and Mr. Charles Basing, of Pon Pon, united in a similar request. These were gentlemen of high character, who thus took the initiative in a course of missionary operations which may justly be termed the glory of Southern Christianity. They were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but availed themselves of the earliest opening, which the peculiar itinerant organization of the Methodist Church afforded, for furnishing religious instruction to their slaves at the hands of men deemed competent and safe in the judgment of Mr. Capers."

At the suggestion of Mr. Capers, the South Carolina Conference of 1829 established two missions—one, to the blacks south of Ashley River, to which the Rev. John Honour was appointed missionary; the other, to the blacks on the Santee River, who were served by the Rev. J. H. Massey. Mr. Capers, in addition to his duties as presiding elder, was appointed superintendent of these missions. During the year Mr. Honour died from a bilious fever contracted by exposure in the swamps where his mission lay. Bishop Wightman says: "Thus the very outset of the enterprise cost the life of a missionary. But this sacrifice furnished proof that the heroic spirit of the ancient faith was not yet extinct in the Church, and that Methodist preachers knew how to die at their posts, though these might lie among the rice-fields and negro quarters."

In looking over the minutes of the different Conferences one can find recorded the deaths of many others who died

while in charge of colored missions. I have not at present the means of ascertaining the number of colored charges in the different conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, but at the close of the war there were in Georgia alone more than fifty colored charges. Often some of the most talented ministers of the Conference were sent on these charges, and they were assisted in their labors among the slaves by licensed colored preachers and exhorters.

The chief reason assigned by the Southern delegates to the General Conference, held in New York in 1844, for desiring to bring about a separation of the Southern from the Northern Conference, was that the action of the General Conference in the case of Bishop Andrew, and the continual agitation of the slavery question by the Northern Conference, would completely shut off the Methodist preachers of the South from every opportunity to preach the Gospel to the slaves. On that occasion the Rev. Wm. Capers said: "Never, never have I suffered as in view of the evil which this measure threatens against the South. The agitation has begun there; and I tell you that though our hearts were to be torn from our bodies, it could avail nothing when once you have awakened the feeling that we cannot be trusted among the slaves. *Once you have done this, you have effectually destroyed us.* I could wish to die rather than live to see such a day. As sure as you live, there are tens of thousands whose destiny may be periled by your decision on this case. When we tell you that we preach to a hundred thousand slaves in our missionary field, we only announce the beginning of our work—the beginning—openings of the door of access to the most numerous masses of slaves in the South. When we add that there are two hundred thousand now within our reach who have no Gospel unless we give it to them, it is still but the same announcement of the beginning of the opening of that wide and effectual door, which was so long closed, and so lately has begun to be opening, for the preaching of the Gospel by our ministry to a numerous and destitute portion of the people. Oh, close not this door! Shut us not out from this great work, to which we have been so signally called of God." The Southern Methodist Church has been true to its mission of preaching the Gospel to the negro population, and the same may be said of other Christian denominations, notably the Baptists, the fruit of whose zealous labors may be seen in the great number of colored people embraced in the membership of that denomination. The reason why I have quoted so largely from Methodist records is that the statistics of that denomination have been more accurately kept, and hence information with regard to the work done by them was more easily obtained. To show the spirit which actuated the Christians of the South at the close of the war, and which still actuates them, I will quote a report and accompanying resolutions passed by the Georgia Conference, held in the City of Macon, in November, 1865. The report and resolutions relate to "Houses of Worship for Colored People," and are as follows: "The Special Committee on the Report of the Board of Managers of the Georgia Conference Missionary Society in regard to the colored people, beg leave further to report that, whereas applications have been made by several colored charges for the transfer of titles to church edifices and church lots, and for permission to withdraw from the Methodist Episcopal Church South, therefore we recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

"Resolved, I. That as the titles of the houses of worship, used by such colored charges, are vested in Trustees for the use of colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, so that the Georgia Conference has no power to convey this property

to any other organization whatever; and applications therefore must await the action of the Quarterly Conferences under the direction of the next General Conference; *nevertheless*, that where none of the members of such charges continue to be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, we recommend to the Quarterly Conference and Trustees of said church property, that the colored people who were lately members of our Church be permitted to use them to worship in.

"Resolved, II. That as some of our colored churches have selected colored pastors for the ensuing year, and we are desirous that all our colored members should continue to be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, that the bishops be requested to appoint such persons as supplies for said Church, under the general supervision of the preacher in charge for the ensuing Conference year."

The houses of worship here alluded to were built by the money of the white people in the days of slavery and belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Most of the colored membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church South united with the organization known as the African Methodist Episcopal Church. This body of Methodists in Georgia numbers more than forty thousand members. Another organization, known as the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America, whose bishops were ordained by the bishops of the Southern Methodist Church, embraces fourteen thousand members, and consists of those colored people who retained their connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church South until thus separately organized. The Northern Methodists have a membership of twelve thousand among the negroes of Georgia. These various Methodist bodies in Georgia number more than sixty-six thousand members, while the colored Baptists of the State number about eighty-two thousand. The numbers belonging to other Christian denominations is comparatively small. I have no means of ascertaining how many.

Never was I more astonished than when I saw the statement in Mr. Draper's history that the Christianization of the negro in the Southern States was accomplished without any ecclesiastical agency.

Born and brought up in Georgia, I have from my earliest childhood been a witness of the labors of the Church among slaves. Many a country church have I attended where the greater part of the congregation consisted of negro slaves. Some of the best men that I ever knew were missionaries to the colored people, supported by the missionary funds raised by contributions of the whites. One of the largest Sunday-schools that I ever saw was the colored Sunday-school held in the basement of Cumberland Street Church, in Charleston, S. C. The missionaries to the colored people labored just as zealously as did those ministers who had charge of white congregations. They preached on the Sabbath, had their prayer-meetings and class-meetings, instructed their flock in the catechism and in the doctrines of the Church, visited them when sick or in affliction, prayed at the bedside of the dying, and were looked upon with love and veneration by these lowly children of Ham. Of the older preachers of the Georgia Conferences, there is scarcely one who has not at some time been a missionary to the blacks, and not one who has not preached and worked among them. Whenever one of these holy men is called from his earthly labors to his eternal reward, the large number of negroes who follow him remains to the grave, and speak in glowing terms of his piety and virtues, bear strong testimony to the love which they bear to him who first pointed them to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

How many recollections crowd upon my mind of happy homes in Georgia, where each morning and evening the whole family, including servants, gathered in the large

sitting-room, listened to the reading of God's holy word, sang together a hymn of praise, and bowed around one common mercy-seat to invoke the blessing and guidance of Almighty God! In all these homes the missionary who labored on the colored missions was a welcome guest. Sometimes the missionary was himself the head of the family, or else a well-beloved son. I could mention friends of my boyhood and of my college days now holding high and honored positions in our Conferences who began their ministerial career, as missionaries to the negroes. I could name distinguished ministers, who even after they became prominent, served on such missions. The good accomplished among the Southern negroes by the Christian ministry of the South can never be fully known until that day when the Lord shall come to make up His jewels. Eternity's day will reveal an host of the children of Ham who through their instrumentality were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

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#### DARKLY NOW.

We see so darkly now:  
Oh! could I place  
My soul where thine must meet it, face to face,  
Thy justice would allow  
That I am wronged:  
But—we see darkly now.

We see so darkly now,  
That I may die,  
Nor e'er the wrong thou think'st of me deny;  
Nor ever tell thee how  
Thou art beloved:  
We see so darkly now.

We see so darkly now,  
Yet One hath grace  
To make us, e'en on earth, see face to face,  
To Him my heart I bow  
In hope; albeit  
We see so darkly now.

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#### THE POET LAUREATE'S HOME

TENNYSON'S home in Surrey is thus described: "Some ten years ago Tennyson built a house on the northern slope of Blackdown, a lordly hill two miles to the north-east of our village, and just opposite Hindhead, these being the two eminences which guard the valley east and west. The house is a large, imposing stone structure, built in a free treatment of domestic Gothic of the Tudor period, the entrance being a large porch with five pointed arches. The laureate can be as solitary here as the most confirmed anchorite, since his is the only residence on the hill. A carriage road winds up Blackdown on the western side as far as Tennyson's, enabling too many persons to come near the house for the poet's pleasure. Very many distinguished men are slowly drawn up that hill on flying visits to the laureate—the Duke of Argyle and his Scotch gillie being on the ascent when we were last that way. Tennyson naturally dislikes to find persons creeping around his grounds and plucking leaves from his plants as mementos, as they constantly do at Freshwater. Once, seeing a face peering at him while eating his dinner, the exasperated poet left the table, exclaiming that he could no longer take his meals in comfort without being watched."

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HE whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement possesses, as it were, an extra sense.—*Bulwer Lytton*.





VOODOOISM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.—SEE PAGE 636.



## A NOTABLE FEMALE REFORMER IN INDIA.

We give on this page a portrait of Shrimant Sarasvatibai, *alias* Tapasvini Bai Saheb (i. e., Female Ascetic), of Nepal, in Northern India, who is just now attracting great attention in that part of the globe. Her Highness was born in the Samvat year 1895 (corresponding to the English year 1839). Her parents belonged to a royal Brahmin family, and were held in much esteem and reverence chiefly by the Rajahs of Nepal, and generally by all the States of India. At the early age of nine, she applied herself to study, and rapidly acquired mastery over the Sanskrit, Marathi, Hindoostani, Kanarese, and has likewise made some progress in the English language. In addition to this acquisition she studied the four Vedas, viz., Rig-Veda, Yajur-Veda, Sama-Veda and Atharva-Veda, and at considerable sacrifice made herself acquainted with *Atma-Dnyana*, or what is commonly known as the "knowledge of Spirit." In all these languages, whether on the subject of Theology, Socialism, or other similar subjects, she speaks with grace and fluency for hours together. From her youth she determined to lead a life of celibacy, and accordingly renounced all mundane concerns and temporal affairs. For the last twenty years—that is, from the twenty-third year of her age up to the present moment—she has been giving alms to the needy, curing the suffering poor, imparting knowledge in various branches of Theology, etc., and has been always ready to help those really in need. She has also been engaged in refuting the arguments of Materialists and Atheists generally, and the opponents of the Vedic Religion in particular. She has traveled over numerous parts of India, especially the holy places, such as Allahabad, Benares, Mathura, Hardwar, Dwarka, Rameshwar, Badrinarayan, Naimisharanya, etc., and she is known to several high British officials in India. She recently paid a third visit to Bombay, and was received with much cordiality and utmost courtesy, by all the leading and educated members of the native community. She has always taken a warm interest in female education; her views on the subject were so far advanced that she recommended a Sanskrit school to be established in Bombay for the purpose of training *females* specially in that language.

While staying in Bombay she gave lectures on Female Education in the Prarthana Samaj Mandir, and left Bombay for Nasik, having returned from a pilgrimage to Dwarka. While at these places, she was as usual very

active; she delivered a series of lectures on Female Education in Petha's Wada, at Nagpur and Barhanpur, which were listened to with much interest by all classes of the people. She is now at Benares on her way to Darbhanga and Nepal.

## THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED.

THE disciple whom Jesus loved?" you say; that was St. John the Apostle, the son of Zebedee and Salome, and the brother of James the Great, and at first a disciple of John the Baptist. But did not Jesus love *all* His disciples? And if so, why is St. John distinguished in this way above the rest? Let me explain to you.

In the sunny lands of the East, the shepherd, as you know, does not drive his sheep, but goes before them, leading them first to the dewy pastures, then to the softly murmuring waters, and at noon to the grateful shade. His sheep and lambs all follow him; but there are two classes of them.

There are those who care to follow him only at a distance. They think more of the herbage by the way than of his presence; and away they go, first to one side and then the other, cropping the green grass that so temptingly offers itself, and quite content if the shepherd be just within view.

But there are others that keep close to his side, and that nothing can tempt, even for a short time, to wander from him. They love to hear his voice, to take choice morsels from his hand, and a word of endearment from him is better to them than the brightest flowers, or

the softest, greenest grass. Now, though the shepherd loves all his sheep, and calls them all by their names, he will surely love those best that keep the closest to him. He will speak the most gently to them, and whisper to them sweetest words of love, that the others at a distance could never hear.

So it was with St. John. When Jesus was with His twelve, some would walk behind Him, and some, perhaps, before Him; but this son of Zebedee was always at His side, taking with Him step for step, looking at the same thing, listening with widely open ear to His holy words, catching His faintest utterance, watching His every movement, and drinking in the light and love which beamed from His face.

And then, with his loving disposition, John was full of zeal for his Master's cause. He did not understand at first that Jesus had not come to destroy men's lives, but to



A NOTABLE FEMALE REFORMER IN INDIA.

save them ; and he had a good deal to learn of his Lord's greater heart of Love. But was it any wonder, loving his Master as he did, that Jesus should love him more tenderly than the rest, or that He should choose to have him always with Him ?

John, like some of the other Apostles, was a fisherman ; and yet there was a difference between them. Before Peter was called to follow Jesus, he was a poor fisherman, without a boat, and compelled to hire himself out to master-fishermen. But Zebedee, John's father, was prosperous, and not only had a boat of his own, but hired other men.

In this way he caught a great many fish, and it is thought that while James helped his father to fish in the Sea of Galilee, John spent a good deal of his time in Jerusalem in disposing of the fish so caught ; and he knew some of the leading men of that great city, numbering amongst his acquaintances even the high priest.

I have told you that as John loved always to be by the side of Jesus, so Jesus liked to have John always with Him.

It was John who, with Peter and James, went up the Mount of Transfiguration, when the bowed form of the lowly Saviour, as He kneeled in prayer, was suddenly changed, and His countenance was brighter than the sun, and His raiment was white and glistening.

All the disciples, except the traitor Judas, went with Jesus into the Garden of Gethsemane ; but only John and the other favored two were allowed to witness His sorrow and anguish there. The other disciples were left at a distance, but these three went with Him further into the seclusion, and saw Him kneeling under the shady olive, and heard His heart-wrung prayer.

When Jesus was seized by the ruffianly mob, headed by the traitor Judas, even John, like the rest of the Apostles, ran away in affright.

But it was not for long. His burning love for the Master with whom he had so closely walked soon overcame his fear, and he turned again, and followed Jesus to the place of trial.

Knowing the high priest, John was admitted into the palace, and he got the servants to let in Peter, also.

There he stood, looking sadly on, listening to the bitter words of the false witnesses, gazing on the mild, pitying face of the accused, but innocent, Jesus, learning fresh lessons of love, and taming his heart of fire that it might become more like his Lord's.

He saw the high priest rend his clothes, and heard the dreadful sentence pronounced by the Jewish Council—"He is guilty of death !"

He heard Peter say, in his fear and confusion, "I know not the man !" And as he thought of his own weakness and that of all the rest in deserting their dear Friend and Teacher in His hour of trial, and then looked at the patient, loving face of Jesus, what wonder if great big tears welled up to his eyes, and coursed each other rapidly down his pale cheeks ?

John had been so full of zeal that the Lord had called him and his brother "Sons of Thunder." "Shall we bring down fire from heaven and consume them ?" they had said one day when the Samaritans opposed Jesus. But as he stood in that palace, how his heart must have softened, till in the end all thought of vengeance had quite died away, as he spelled over the new lesson of love that he felt he had scarcely yet begun to learn.

He followed Jesus to Golgotha, the place of His crucifixion, watching sadly the bleeding Victim bending under the weight of the Cross ; he heard the mockings and the jeerings of the brutal soldiers, as well as the still more

heartless Jews, who stood around ; he saw the blood trickling from the wounds made by the Crown of Thorns placed on the meek brow.

He knew that the Master who had been so wondrously changed on the mount could have destroyed by a breath His cruel persecutors. Yet there He willingly hung, patiently bearing all the insults heaped upon Him, and even praying that His tormentors might be forgiven.

How was it all ? John wondered. What was that that his old master, John the Baptist, had one day said to him ?—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Lambs, he knew, had all along been slain in the Temple as a sacrifice for sin. So, then, Jesus was the one pure Lamb, dying, like the little lambs slain by the priests, for others—dying for the whole world, including even those who had crucified Him.

That was why He did not come down from the Cross and avenge Himself. Oh, what love ! what depths of love ! Some might, perhaps, die for a friend, but Jesus was dying for His enemies—for even those who were mocking Him in death !

How deeply the lesson sank into John's heart, never, never to be forgotten. From that time the one idea in his mind was that of love, as he had learned it in the palace of Caiaphas, on the road to Calvary, and by the Cross.

"God, the Great Father, is love," he afterward wrote in his letters to the Christians, "because He sent His dear Son into the world to die for it. Jesus, His holy Son, is love, because He suffered shame and misery and death for those who hated Him. And those who say they are disciples of Jesus must have the same love in their hearts ; otherwise, it is quite clear that they cannot belong to Him."

By the Cross John would, no doubt, have staid to the last, had he not had a sad, but loving, duty to fulfill.

Among the women who were standing there, weeping bitterly, was Mary, the mother of Jesus. She could not then understand why all this trouble had come about, and why her dear and loving son should be nailed to the Cross of shame ; and her motherly heart was breaking. It was too much for her, and she must not stay to see the end.

The dying Jesus saw her grief, and then looked at John, who had loved Him so tenderly, and who, He knew well, would love His mother for His sake.

"Take her, John," He said, "and be a son to her." And then He told Mary to be a mother to John.

Understanding the wish of Jesus, John took Mary straight away to his own home, and from that time he comforted and protected her till she fell peacefully asleep.

Having cared for Mary, the faithful disciple went back to the Cross. The crowd went away smiting their breasts, but John remained with the weeping women. He must see the last of his dear Master.

The Roman soldiers came and broke the legs of the thieves, and John saw the cruel spear thrust into the side of Jesus.

How he thanked God that not a bone of Him was broken ! Oh, if there were only some means of rescuing that sacred body from the general fate of the crucified ! How could he bear to see it thrown with the bodies of malefactors ? Surely God would never permit it ! If he had only ever so little influence with the Romans, he would go to them, and beg humbly to have the body given to him.

But the good Father in heaven had arranged it all. There was Joseph of Arimathea, a rich man, who loved the great Teacher, and he had been to Pilate and got permission to bury the body.

He had a new grave in his garden, out out like a room in the rock, and intended for his own resting-place; but he would give it up for the gentle Master.

How John thanked God! And how gratefully he helped Joseph and Nicodemus to perform the last sad offices for Him whom he had so loved! And how reverently they wrapped the pale form in its winding-sheet, and laid it on the stone slab in the silent chamber!

It was a hurried funeral; but the body of Jesus was safe, and was honorably buried in a rich man's tomb. And John hurried to carry comfort to Mary.

Breathlessly John ran to the sepulchre when he heard that Jesus was risen. And what joy when he looked once more into that dear face, and heard again that loving voice! And what still greater joy when he saw Him taken up into heaven, and heard the angels say that He would come again as He had gone up! How joyfully with Peter he went up to the Temple! and how nobly during his after long life did he do the work of an apostle!

His brother James was martyred, and one after another of the Twelve passed away, while John lived on, and it was rumored that he was not going to see death.

He survived the destruction of the once holy city, Jerusalem. He heard of the crucifixion of Peter and the beheading of St. Paul; and he was left alone—but not without much suffering.

During the persecution under the Emperor Domitian, tradition says, he was led to Rome, and there thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil; but he was taken out unharmed, the bubbling liquid having no power to injure him. Whether this is true or not is not now known; but we are

told in the Bible that a great trial came to this only surviving apostle. The Romans, with refined cruelty, sometimes banished people to lonely barren islands out in the sea, leaving them there alone to perish. And St. John was sent to Patmos, a rugged dismal island in the Ægean Sea.

He would go mad there, no doubt, his persecutors thought, with no sound to greet his ear but the hooting of wild birds, or the dashing and splashing of the roaring waves against the rocks.

But no. This faithful disciple was led more clearly than ever to see how Jesus loved him; for the desolate, dreary waste was made to him a paradise. And John had great and glorious visions, which made him forget all earthly sorrows, and which have come down to us in that wonderful Book of Revelation.

In his epistles, as I have told you, he wrote a great deal about love. He never forgot the wondrous love of the Saviour whom he had seen die; and when he became an old man, with whitened hair, he wrote, as if he could still see the scene witnessed on Calvary, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." And it is said that when too aged and feeble to walk to God's house, he was carried thither in a chair, smiling, and saying to all around him, "Little children, love one another."

Now I must leave you with these beautiful words, echoed by the white-bearded apostle from the lips of his divine Master. Think of them; practice them. That will be like walking with John, close to the side of the Good Shepherd; and then you, too, will be numbered amongst the disciples whom Jesus loves.

## ESSAYS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### A MODEL TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

THE Jews had been condemned to death, but through Esther they had been told that they might fight for their lives, with some prospect of deliverance. The mules and camels and swift dromedaries carried the good news all through the land, and the Jews had a time of feasting, and what the Bible calls, in the eighth chapter of Esther, "a good day."

What is "a good day"? Does it depend upon the length of the day? No. Some of the most disastrous days we have ever had were in the Summer time, when the days were long; while some of the happiest have been in the holidays, which are always short. A good day does not depend upon the amount of money we make. A man may make a thousand dollars in a day, and yet be unfortunate; while a man may lose a thousand dollars another day, and be happy.

We shall give some of the characteristics of a good day. It begins about six or seven o'clock. We have not much sympathy with this glorification of early rising. In the country, where people may retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, a rousing bell at five o'clock in the morning may not be unchristian; but where, because of the imperious customs of city life, we have engagements taking us late into the night, a good day will be found to begin at six or seven o'clock in the morning. Great damage has been done to people by the stereotyped story of Napoleon, who slept only three hours; but remember that you have neither Napoleon's work to do nor Napoleon's brains. Albert Barnes went every morning to his study at four o'clock, and did a glorious work

for God and the Church. The first penalty he paid was the loss of his sight; the second, the breaking down of his entire health. It would have been better if he had spread the work over more years; then we might have had him to this day, with all his illustrious faculties devoted to God. If we have twenty miles to ride, and in the first ten miles we drive our horse so fast that we can go no further, we are not a wise driver.

We ought to rise in the morning rested; and in the vast majority of cases we shall find a good day beginning at six or seven o'clock. Further, a good day begins with God. A wise merchant would no more think of going to business without communion with Christ, than of going to the store without coat, or hat, or shoes. We used to have a very poor watch, and we had to set it every morning in order that we might make from it a guess about the time of day. Our souls are poor timepieces, utterly disordered; and every morning we need to set them by the Sun of Righteousness. Before we start off to the shop we need to pray for patience. We shall be harassed and perplexed; men will wrong us, and impose upon us, and cheat us; and before the day is past, if you have not laid in a large supply of patience, you will half swear with your lips, and perhaps make a whole swear with your hearts.

You need to pray in the morning for help in business. If you want money, ask for it. God's hand is on all business affairs. He controls the machinations of all gamblers. You will not make a dollar unless God wills that you make it; or lose it unless God wills that you lose it. If you want success in worldly matters, at the throne of grace every morning ask for it.





A WAYSIDE SHRINE.—SEE PAGE 646.

Further, a good day is one that accomplishes something positive in a religious way. You will pass five hundred or a thousand men in the street. They will all, in a very short time, be in eternity. Over which one of the five hundred men that you met to-day did you exert a positively religious influence? A merchant comes in from Chicago to buy a bill of goods. But that is only a subordinate fact in that man's history. God sent him there, perhaps, to see what you would do for his soul. Ask him

where he goes to church; and if he goes to church you will immediately have a line of influence between your heart and his. If he goes nowhere to church, then you have a point at which, in a courteous manner, you may move upon his soul. You may go into a young man's store and find him discouraged. His countenance is clouded. Ask what is the matter. Tell him of your own early struggles, and how, by the grace of God, you got out of them. Stop on your way to and from business, at



the houses of suffering and sickness. One "Good-morning," or "Good-evening," may bring comfort and heaven to a suffering soul. That is a good day on which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this. Never put upon any one an unnecessary burden. Never tell a man what mean things you have heard of him. If you find in a newspaper an unpleasant paragraph in regard to him, do not cut it out and send it to him by post. Do not write him a valentine. About the best man in the world we could rake up in society enough unpleasant things to make him miserable.

That is a good day in which you learn something new of the Bible. Do not keep treading around in just the same place, reading the same Psalms of David over and over again, because they are short, while you neglect other portions of the Gospel. If your friend writes you a letter written on four sides of a letter-sheet, you do not stop after you have read the first page. You do not treat him well unless you read the second page, the third page, and the fourth page, as well as the first. God our Father has written us a very long letter, all full of affection and counsel; and what a mean thing it is if we only read one or two of the pages when all of them demand our attention. How many verses could you quote to me of Obadiah, or Habakkuk, or Nahum, or Leviticus? Not one. Find out what part of the Bible you know the least about, and study it. Do not spend your entire time under one tree when there is around about you a great orchard.

Further, a good day ends with God. You will at the close of the day find that you have made many mistakes, said things you ought not to have said, and done things you ought not to have done. Confess it frankly in your prayer to God. Say: "O Lord, forgive me that I got angry with that customer!" "Forgive me that I lied just a little about those goods!" "Forgive me for kicking that beggar so roughly out of the shop!" Go to bed at peace with all the world. Soothe your feelings for slumber by a snatch of Christian song.

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light!  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

"Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done;  
That, with the world, myself and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be."

And in eternity, when God's ancient people, saved through the kindness of Esther, shall recount the good day they had after deliverance was proclaimed in Persia, you will look back and think of some day in your life begun in prayer, conducted in usefulness, and ended in thanksgiving, and you shall record that it was A GOOD DAY.

#### THE WAY TO KEEP FRESH.

How to get out of the old rut without twisting off the wheel, or snapping the shafts, or breaking the horse's leg, is a question not more appropriate to every teamster than to every Christian worker. Having once got out of the old rut, the next thing is too keep out. There is nothing more killing than ecclesiastical humdrum. Some persons do not like the Episcopal Church because they have the same prayers every Sabbath, but have we not for the last ten years been hearing the same prayers over and over again? the product of a self-manufactured liturgy that has not the thousandth part of the excellency of those petitions that we hear in the Episcopal Church. In many of our churches sinners hear the same exhortations that they

have been hearing for the last fifteen years, so that the impenitent man knows, the moment the exhorter clears his throat, just what is going to be said; and the hearer himself is able to recite the exhortation as we teach our children the multiplication table forward or backward. We could not understand the doleful strain of a certain brother's prayer till we found out that he composed it on a fast day during the yellow fever in 1821, and has been using it ever since. There are laymen who do not like to hear a sermon preached the second time, who yet give their pastors the same prayer every week at the devotional meeting, that is, fifty-two times in the year, with occasional slices of it between meals. If they made any spiritual advancement, they would have new wants to express and new thanksgivings to offer. But they have been for a decade of years stuck fast in the mud, and they splash the same thing on you every week. We need a universal church-cleaning, by which all canting and humdrum shall be scrubbed out.

If we would keep fresh, let us make occasional *excursions into other circles than our own*. Artists generally go with artists, farmers with farmers, mechanics with mechanics, clergymen with clergymen, Christian workers with Christian workers. But there is nothing that sooner freshens one up than to get in a new group, mingling with people whose thought and work run in different channels. For a change, put the minister on the hayrack, and the farmer in the clergyman's study.

Let us read books not in our own line. After a man has been delving in nothing but theological works for three months, a few pages in the Patent-office Report will do him more good than Doctor Dick on "The Perseverance of the Saints." Better than this, as a diversion, is it to have some department of natural history or art, to which you may turn—a case of shells or birds, or a season ticket to some picture-gallery. If you do nothing but play on one string of the bass viol, you will wear it out and get no healthy tune. Better take the bow and sweep it clear across in one grand swirl, bringing all four strings and all eight stops into requisition.

Let us go much into the presence of the natural world if we can get at it. Especially if we live in great thoroughfares, let us make occasional flight to the woods and the mountains. Even the trees in town seem artificial. They dare not speak where there are so many to listen, and the hyacinth and geranium in flower-pots in the window seem to know they are on exhibition. If we would once in a while romp the fields, we would not have so many last year's rose-leaves in our sermons, but those just plucked, dewy and redolent. We cannot see the natural world through the books or the eyes of others. All the talk about "babbling brooks" is a stereotyped humbug. Brooks never "babble." To babble is to be unintelligent and imperfect of tongue. But when the brooks speak, they utter lessons of beauty that the dullest ear can understand. We have wandered from the Androscoggin, in Maine, to the Tombigbee, in Alabama, and we never found a brook that "babbled." The people babble who talk about them, not knowing what a brook is. We have heard about the nightingale and the morning lark till we tired of them. Catch for your next prayer-meeting talk a chowink or a brown thresher. It is high time that we hoist our church-windows, especially those over the pulpit, and let in some fresh air from the fields and mountains.

#### EPITAPHIOLOGY.

People often ask us for appropriate inscriptions for the graves of their dead. They tell the virtues of the father, or wife, or child, and want us to put into compressed

shape all that catalogue of excellencies. Of course we fail in the attempt. The story of a lifetime cannot be chiseled by the stonecutter on the side of a marble slab. But it is not a rare thing to go a few months after by the sacred spot, and find that the bereft friends, unable to get from the pastor an epitaph sufficiently eulogistic, have put their own brain and heart to work and composed a rhyme. Now the most unfit sphere on earth for an inexperienced mind to exercise the poetic faculty is in epitaphology. It does very well in copy-books, but it is most unfair to blot the resting-place of the dead with unskilled poetic scribble. It seems to us that the owners of cemeteries and graveyards should keep in their own hand the right to refuse inappropriate and ludicrous epitaphs. Nine-tenths of those who think they can write respectable poetry are mistaken. We do not say that poesy has passed from the earth, but it does seem as if the fountain Hippocrane had been drained off to run a saw-mill. It is safe to say that most of the home-made poetry of graveyards is an offense to God and man. One would have thought that the New Hampshire village would have risen in mob to prevent the inscription that was really placed on one of its tombstones, descriptive of a man who had lost his life at the foot of a vicious mare on the way to the brook :

"As this man was leading her to drink,  
She kick'd and kill'd him quicker'n a wink."

One would have thought that even conservative New Jersey would have been in rebellion at a child's epitaph, which, in a village of that State, reads thus :

"She was not smart, she was not fair,  
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';  
All empty stands her little chair,  
She died of eatin' watermelon."

Let not such desecrations be allowed in hallowed places. Let not poetizers practice on the tombstone. Our uniform advice to all those who want acceptable and suggestive epitaphs is, take a passage of Scripture. That will never wear out. From generation to generation it will bring down upon all visitors a holy hush, and if before that stone has crumbled the day comes for waking up of all the graveyard sleepers, the very words chiseled on the marble may be the ones that shall ring from the trumpet of the archangel.

#### A WAYSIDE SHRINE.

Any traveler who has passed through Bavaria will recognize our illustration of a wayside shrine. In a niche in a rugged rock this pious tribute is snugly ensconced in its rude frame, the carved images of the crucified Saviour and his Virgin Mother being protected from rain and shine by an overhanging canopy. Gaudy little pictures decorate the shrine, while votive offerings of wreaths and flowers tell their own tale of devotion. Hither hie the old and the young, in sorrow or in joy, to offer up a prayer in thanksgiving, or tearfully implore the aid of the Great Master. Every passer-by stops and utters a short prayer—the women on their knees, the men uncovered. Our illustration represents a young girl in an agony of affliction at the foot of the shrine. She has brought a wreath of white flowers for "Our Blessed Lady."

The noblest works, like the temple of Solomon, are brought to perfection in silence.—*Helps.*

## INTERNATIONAL LESSONS FOR 1883.

### STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

#### FIRST QUARTER.

January 7.

1. The Ascending Lord. Acts 1: 1-14. Memory verses: 8-11.  
*Golden Text.*—And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up. Acts 1: 9.

January 14.

2. The Descending Spirit. Acts 2: 1-16. Memory verses: 1-4.  
*Golden Text.* And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Acts 2: 4.

January 21.

3. The Believing People. Acts 2: 37-47. Memory verses: 38-41.  
*Golden Text.* Then they that gladly received his word were baptized. Acts 2: 41.

January 28.

4. The Healing Power. Acts 3: 1-11. Memory verses: 6-8.  
*Golden Text.* Then shall the lame man leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb sing. Isa. 35: 6.

February 4.

5. The Prince of Life. Acts 3: 12-21. Memory verses: 13-16.  
*Golden Text.* In him was life; and the life was the light of men. John 1: 4.

February 11.

6. None Other Name. Acts 4: 1-14. Memory verses: 10-13.  
*Golden Text.* Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Acts 4: 12.

February 18.

7. Christian Courage. Acts 4: 18-31. Memory verses: 29-31.  
*Golden Text.* If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. 8: 31.

February 25.

8. Ananias and Sapphira. Acts 5: 1-11. Memory verses: 9-11.  
*Golden Text.* Lying lips are abomination to the Lord. Prov. 12: 22.

March 4.

9. Persecution Renewed. Acts 5: 17-32. Memory verses: 27: 29.  
*Golden Text.* We ought to obey God rather than men. Acts 5: 29.

March 11.

10. The Seven Chosen. Acts 6: 1-15. Memory verses: 6-8.  
*Golden Text.* Seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom. Acts 6: 3.

March 18.

11. The First Christian Martyr. Acts 7: 54-60, and 8: 1-4. Memory verses: 54-60.  
*Golden Text.* Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. 2: 10.

March 25.

12. Review; or, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

#### SECOND QUARTER.

April 1.

1. Simon the Sorcerer. Acts 8: 14-25. Memory verses: 20-23.  
*Golden Text.* Thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Acts 8: 21.

April 8.

2. Philip and the Ethiopian. Acts 8: 26-40. Memory verses: 35-38.  
*Golden Text.* And he went on his way rejoicing. Acts 8: 39.

April 15.

3. Saul's Conversion. Acts 9: 1-18. Memory verses: 1-6.  
*Golden Text.* And he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized. Acts 9: 18.

April 22.

4. Saul Preaching Christ. Acts 9: 19-31. Memory verses: 20-22.  
*Golden Text.* He which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. Gal. 1: 23.

April 29.

5. Peter Working Miracles. Acts 9: 32-43. Memory verses: 32-35.  
*Golden Text.* Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. Acts 9: 34.



May 6.

6. Peter Preaching to the Gentiles. Acts 10: 30-41. Memory verses: 42-44.

*Golden Text.* On the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. Acts 10: 45.

May 13.

7. The Spread of the Gospel. Acts 11: 19-30. Memory verses: 21-26.

*Golden Text.* And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord. Acts 11: 21.

May 20.

8. Herod and Peter. Acts 12: 1-17. Memory verses: 5-8.  
*Golden Text.* The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him. Psa. 94: 7.

May 27.

9. Paul and Barnabas in Cyprus. Acts 13: 1-12. Memory verses: 2-4.

*Golden Text.* Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. Acts 13: 2.

June 3.

10. At Antioch. Acts 13: 13-16, and 43-52. Memory verses: 47-49.

*Golden Text.* And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region. Acts 13: 49.

June 10.

11. At Iconium and Lystra. Acts 14: 1-18. Memory verses: 15-18.

*Golden Text.* Speaking boldly in the Lord. Acts 14: 2.

June 17.

12. End of First Missionary Journey. Acts 14: 19-28. Memory verses: 21-23.

*Golden Text.* Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Matt. 28: 19.

June 24.

13. Review; or, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 1.

1. Joshua, Successor to Moses. Josh. 1: 1-9. Memory verses: 6, 7.

*Golden Text.* Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Eph. 6: 10.

July 8.

2. Passing over Jordan. Josh. 3: 5-17. Memory verses: 7-9.

*Golden Text.* When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Isa. 43: 2.

July 15.

3. The Plains of Jericho. Josh. 5: 10-15, and 6: 1-5. Memory verses: 18-15.

*Golden Text.* By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days. Heb. 11: 30.

July 22.

4. Israel Defeated at Ai. Josh. 7: 10-26. Memory verses: 10-12.

*Golden Text.* Be sure your sin will find you out. Num. 32: 23.

July 29.

5. The Reading of the Law. Josh. 8: 30-35. Memory verses: 33-35.

*Golden Text.* I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Deut. 30: 19.

August 5.

6. The Cities of Refuge. Josh. 20: 1-9. Memory verses: 1-3.

*Golden Text.* Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. Heb. 6: 18.

August 12.

7. The Last Days of Joshua. Josh. 24: 14-29. Memory verses: 14-16.

*Golden Text.* Choose you this day whom ye will serve. Josh. 24: 15.

August 19.

8. Israel Forsaking God. Judg. 2: 6-16. Memory verses: 14-16.

*Golden Text.* And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers. Judg. 2: 12.

August 26.

9. Gideon's Army. Judg. 7: 1-8. Memory verses: 2, 8.

*Golden Text.* The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon. Judg. 7: 20.

September 2.

10. The Death of Samson. Judg. 16: 21-31. Memory verses: 28-30.

*Golden Text.* The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Psa. 68: 35.

September 9.

11. Ruth and Naomi. Ruth 1: 14-22. Memory verses: 16, 17.

*Golden Text.* Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Ruth 1: 16.

September 16.

12. A Praying Mother. I. Sam. 1: 21-28. Memory verses: 26-28.

*Golden Text.* I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. I. Sam. 1: 28.

September 23.

13. The Child Samuel. I. Sam. 3: 1-19. Memory verses: 10-13.

*Golden Text.* Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. I. Sam. 3: 9.

September 30.

14. Review; or, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

FOURTH QUARTER.

October 7.

1. Eli's Death. I. Sam. 4: 10-18. Memory verses: 17, 18.  
*Golden Text.* His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. I. Sam. 3: 13.

October 14.

2. Samuel the Judge. I. Sam. 7: 3-17. Memory verses: 12, 13.

*Golden Text.* Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. I. Sam. 7: 12.

October 21.

3. Asking for a King. I. Sam. 8: 1-10. Memory verses: 4-6.  
*Golden Text.* It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. Psa. 118: 9.

October 28.

4. Saul Chosen King. I. Sam. 10: 17-27. Memory verses: 18, 19.

*Golden Text.* And all the people shouted and said, God save the king. I. Sam. 10: 24.

November 4.

5. Samuel's Farewell Address. I. Sam. 12: 13-25. Memory verses: 23-25.

*Golden Text.* Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you. I. Sam. 12: 24.

November 11.

6. Saul Rejected. I. Sam. 15: 12-26. Memory verses: 24-26.

*Golden Text.* Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice. I. Sam. 15: 22.

November 18.

7. David Anointed. I. Sam. 16: 1-13. Memory verses: 6, 7.  
*Golden Text.* I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him. Psa. 89: 20.

November 25.

8. David and Goliath. I. Sam. 17: 38-51. Memory verses: 45, 46.

*Golden Text.* The battle is the Lord's. I. Sam. 17: 47.

December 2.

9. David's Enemy—Saul. I. Sam. 18: 1-16. Memory verses: 14-16.

*Golden Text.* And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. I. Sam. 18: 14.

December 9.

10. David's Friend—Jonathan. I. Sam. 20: 32-42. Memory verses: 41, 42.

*Golden Text.* A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. 18: 24.



DRAWING FROM LIFE.

December 16.

11. **David Sparing his Enemy.** I. Sam. 24: 1-17. Memory verses: 15-17.

*Golden Text.* But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. Matt. 5: 44.

December 23.

13. **Death of Saul and Jonathan.** I. Sam. 31: 1-13. Memory verses: 11-13.

*Golden Text.* The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death. Prov. 14: 32.

December 30.

13 Review; or, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

## DRAWING FROM LIFE.

THE young lad in the picture on this page is taking a lesson in drawing from life. He is a sturdy little fellow, and let us hope he may advance to the ability to draw from nature without any artificial aid.

## A Naughty Boy.

LITTLE TEDDY has been naughty. His mamma particularly told him not to go to the closet and take a piece of cake, but as soon as she left the room Teddy took the cake. Now, by doing this Teddy broke two of the commandments. First, the fifth, which tells us to honor our parents, and if we disobey we dishonor them; and next, the eighth, for by taking the cake from the closet Teddy stole it, because it was not his.

For these two sins, Teddy's mamma told him he must stand in the corner with his face to the wall until he could say he was sorry that he was so naughty, and would promise not to be naughty again. It was very hard for Teddy to do this. It was hard that he could not run about and play, and it was very hard that he should have to confess that he

had sinned; but that is what he must do, for only by confessing our sins can we gain forgiveness; and the blessed Apostle St. John tells us that "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness"; and St. James says, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another that ye may be healed."

Little Teddy did, at last, make up his mind to confess to his mamma that he had sinned, and promised to be good and obey her always in the future. And then how happy he felt! Mamma forgave him, and the blessed Saviour forgave him.

## ONLY A DAY.

"ONLY a day? Oh, mamma, what a shame! Why can't I stay longer?" and little Aidie Lealie stopped in the midst of a dance of joy before her mother. A look of disappointment replacing that of delight on her face, when she had heard of her intended visit to her cousins in the country.

"My dear child, you ought to be very pleased to be able to go at all, now your brother is ill and nurse away. I want you to help me with baby."

"But, mamma, why can't nurse come back? She has been away such a long time."

"Yes, dear, I know; her sister is worse and she cannot leave her. Poor little thing, you should be very thankful that you are not like her. I dare say she would be glad enough to run in the green fields if only for one day."

Aidie seemed anything but satisfied, but her voice fell into an awe-stricken whisper, as she said:

"Was she always like that, mamma?"

"No, dear; a year ago Milly was well and strong like you, but she fell down-stairs and injured her spine, and will never walk again;" and Mrs. Leslie left the room to attend to her sick boy.

Aidie looked thoughtfully out of the window.

Everywhere the sun shone brightly, and children of all ages were running gayly up and down the streets.

Her heart was filled with pity for Milly, who would never leave her couch to play in the sunbeams again, and she gave a sigh of content when she thought how happy she was in having the use of her legs.

The next day was the one intended for her visit. Too excited to sleep she rose early, and with Mrs. Leslie's help was soon ready to start.

Mrs. Leslie being unable to travel all the way with her little daughter, saw her in safety to the train, and put her in charge of the guard, who promised to look after her until she reached Fensley; there her Aunt Mattie would meet her.

On her journey Aidie amused herself by watching the changing scenes as they passed swiftly before her.

Now a cool, green meadow, in which calm-looking cows and playful lambs were grazing.

Then came an unbroken mass of waving, golden corn, dotted with bright scarlet poppies and graceful blues.

Her spirits rose higher and higher as she neared her destination, although deep down in her heart there lay a vain regret that her holiday

would end with the day. Mrs. Raynor, Aidie's aunt, was waiting at the little rustic station, and what pleased Aidie still more, she had brought her cousin Nettie.

What joyful greetings passed between them, and how briskly the two children walked down the quiet, peaceful lane which led to Wild Rose Cottage!

Aunt Mattie smiled more than once as their gay chatter fell on her ears. Sometimes they spoke in whispers, a delightful secret to be disclosed, which was not intended for her to hear; so the conversation was kept up until they reached the house.

"Here we are at last," and Mrs. Raynor, telling the children to do just as they liked, went in.

"Let us find Harry and May. I'm sure they are hiding somewhere," and Nettie, catching Aidie's hand in hers, ran fleetly across some fields, until almost breathless they stopped before an old decayed oak-tree.

"Harry, are you there? Here is Cousin Aidie, come down," she cried.

In answer to her call, a bright young face and a pair of merry blue eyes looked down upon them.



A NAUGHTY BOY.



"Can't you come up here? No end of fun. We've been on the lookout for you ever so long. We are all here."

Nettie turned anxiously to Aidie.

"Do you think you could climb up there?" she asked.

Aidie gazed dubiously down at her spotless white dress, and then at the tree, which was not over clean.

"Never mind your dress; I'll help you up," Harry said, with all a boy's recklessness of clothes. And before Aidie had quite recovered from her surprise, she found herself sitting comfortably between Nettie and her sister May.

"You'll never guess what I have there," Harry said, pointing mysteriously to a basket hanging above his head.

"No, what is it, let me see?" and Nettie tried, though ineffectually, to seize it.

"No, you don't," and Harry grasped it triumphantly.

Amidst breathless excitement he lifted the lid.

An exclamation of delight broke from all. It was full of nice cakes, tarts and fruit, and at the very bottom lay a bottle of pure sweet milk.

What a happy day that was!

Too quickly it came to an end for Aidie, and she fervently hoped they would lose the train, or something might happen to prevent her returning home.

But no, all went on smoothly, and soon after the sun had set, while yet the sky was covered with a crimson glow, Aidie bade farewell to all her cousins, and accompanied by her Aunt Mattie, was quickly whirled back to her London home.

"Oh, auntie, I wish mamma would live near you. I should like to be always close to the beautiful fields and woods," she said, as she gave a longing look at the last spot of green, just visible between the smoking chimneys of the houses they were passing. Aidie was reluctant to see the last glimpse of country disappear, to be replaced by foul alleys and dirty factories.

"But, Aidie, dear, dear, it would not be convenient for your papa to live so far away from his business, you know. 'Duty before pleasure'; so you must try and be content, and come and see me as often as your mother can spare you. I shall always be pleased to have you," and Mrs. Raynor gently kissed the rather weary-looking little face.

"Thank you, auntie, dear. Do ask mamma if I can't stay longer next time; one day is so short."

"I expect your mamma had her reasons for wanting you home to-night. Is it not so, Aidie?"

"Well, yes; nurse went to see her little sister, Milly, and she was so ill she could not leave her. Perhaps she is better now, so that nurse will come home soon," and Aidie looked seriously up into her aunt's face.

"Do you know what is the matter with her, Aidie?"

"Yes, mamma told me; she fell down-stairs and broke her spine. She can't run about like I can. She has to lie on a sofa all day."

"Poor little thing. How shocking! I must try and get your mamma to take me to her before I go home."

Aidie turned eagerly to her aunt, an unspoken request shining in her eyes.

Mrs. Raynor smiled; she understood what that glance meant, and softly patted the tiny hand she held in hers.

"And if mamma will let you, I dare say you will like to take her some flowers," she added, bending to smell the fragrant wild blossoms lying on her knee.

Aidie flashed a look of gratitude at her aunt; that was just what she wanted.

She was, however, prevented from speaking by the stoppage of the train, and Aunt Mattie, rising hastily, began collecting her wraps and parcels together.

Half an hour later Mrs. Raynor and Aidie were sitting in the cozy parlor at home with Mrs. Leslie hovering gladly round them.

The sisters had not met for many months, and they had so much to say to one another that Aidie was only able to eat her supper in silence, until hearing her mother mention Martha, drew her attention from her own thoughts to her aunt's promise.

"Oh, mamma, auntie wants to see little Milly, and may I go, too, and take her some flowers?" she said, pleadingly.

A grave look stole over Mrs. Leslie's face, and she placed her hand caressingly on Aidie's sunny curls.

"My darling, I would gladly have taken you, but it is too late; she has gone."

"Gone? why, mamma, where has she gone to?" Aidie asked, in some surprise.

"She has gone to her home, Aidie, in heaven, where she will never suffer pain again."

"Oh, mamma," and she burst into tears.

The suddenness of the news had completely unnerved her, and now she wept bitterly.

Mrs. Leslie drew her tenderly on her knees; there were tears in her own eyes as she thought of her delicate, ailing boy up-stairs, day by day fading, in spite of all her loving care.

"It was very sudden, Esther, was it not?" Mrs. Raynor said, breaking the silence that had fallen between them.

"Yes; this afternoon Martha had not been as usual to tell me how Milly was, so fearing something was wrong, I went round to her. She was fast sinking then, and while I was there she died. The end was very peaceful and quite painless."

"She was well this morning when I went away," Aidie broke in.

"Yes, dear, much better; but so many things may happen in a day, you see."

Aidie was silent. She felt the reproach, and knew she deserved it.

She had fancied the day only too short, and yet one life had drifted away to join the bright throng of angels in heaven, and she was sitting quietly at home after a pleasant holiday, full of health and spirits.

"I will never again complain when I cannot stay away longer," she thought that night long after she was safely tucked in bed; "and I will do all I can to help mamma with Percy and baby until nurse comes back."

With this good resolution she fell asleep, and did not forget it in the morning, but tried to be always a loving, useful little girl, daily winning her way to that heavenly home where there is no night, only one long, long day.

THE end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest.

EVERY gracious action is a seed of joy, and every sinful action the seed of anguish and sorrow to the soul that soweth it.

It is good policy to strike while the iron is hot; it is still better to adopt Cromwell's procedure, and make the iron hot by striking. The master-spirit who can rule the storm is great, but he is much greater who can both raise and rule it. To attain that grand power, one must possess the brave and indomitable soul of activity which prompted Edmund Burke to exclaim to his constituents, in his famous speech at Bristol, "Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on."

# RHYMES AND RHYTHMS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

## XXXII.—SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

THREE children march gayly one sunny day,  
With hearts as bright as the hour;  
While, only a mile or two away,  
Two children smile 'mid a shower.

So, sunshine and rain, pleasure and pain,  
Each day on some must fall;  
But the wise thing to do, if we only knew,  
Is to make the best of it all.

## XXXIII.—A RHYME OF THREE SKATERS.

THREE lasses in state set out to skate,  
All on a Winter's day!  
One said that the ice was far too thin!  
One cried that she slipped too much to begin!  
One shivered, and whispered she'd rather be in!  
And so you see, these lasses three  
Went home again as swift as could be!  
They hadn't skated, but proud and elated,  
They carried their skates for people to see,  
All on a Winter's day!

## XXXIV.—WINTER.

ALL the little birds are frightened,  
Chirping very sweet and loud;  
What shall we do, both I and you,  
Since Winter is so proud?

"With his snow he hides the grasses,  
With his breath he nips the trees;  
What use to seek, with claw and beak,  
For food 'mid things like these?"

Winter smil'd a very little,  
Said, "You discontented things,  
Why, don't you know that from my snow  
Arise your lovely Springs?"

"Here are haws and holly-berries,  
Eat them as good birds should do;  
And be content that I am sent  
To keep earth warm for you."

## XXXV.—THE WIND AND THE MOON.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.  
You stare  
In the air  
Like a ghost in a chair,  
Always looking what I am about:  
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.  
So, deep  
On a heap  
Of clouds, to sleep  
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—  
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed: she was there again!  
On high  
In the sky,  
With her one ghost eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain.  
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.  
"With my sledge  
And my wedge  
I have knocked off her edge!  
If only I blow right fierce and grim,  
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.  
"One puff  
More's enough  
To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bree,  
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;  
In the air  
Nowhere  
Was a moonbeam bare;  
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone:  
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;  
On down,  
In town,  
Like a merry-mad clown,  
He leaped and lolloped with whistle and roar.  
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;  
But in vain  
Was the pain  
Of his bursting brain,  
For still the broader the moon-scap grew,  
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,  
And shone  
On her throne  
In the sky alone,  
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,  
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!  
With my breath,  
Good faith!  
I blew her to death—

First blew her away right out of the sky—  
Then blew her in: what a strength am I!"

But the Moon, she knew nothing about the affair;  
For, high  
In the sky,  
With her one white eye,  
Motionless miles above the air,  
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

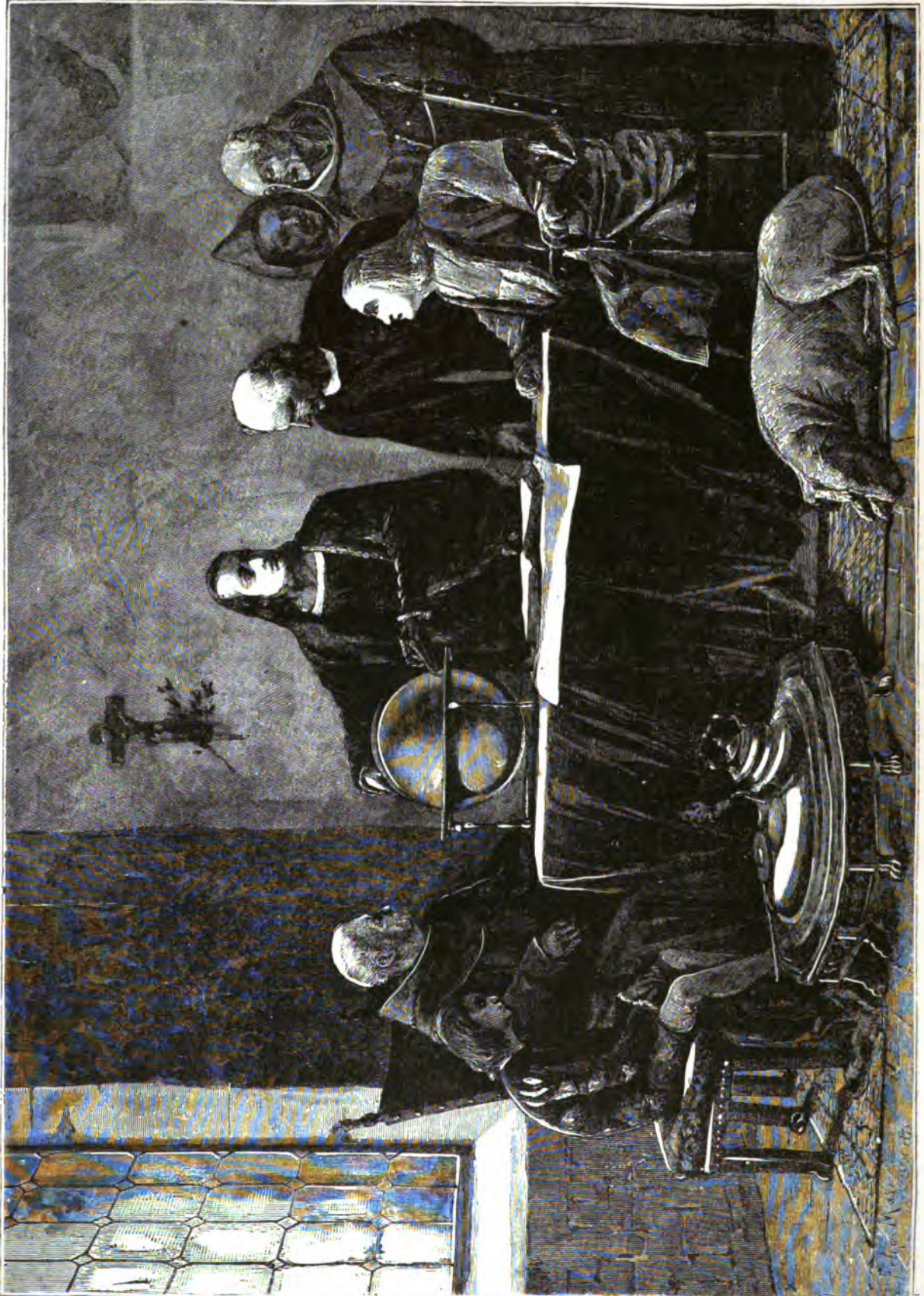
## XXXVI.—BABY IN THE CRIB, THINKING.

BEAUTIFUL little mamma,  
What do you think I'd do  
If you were a baby smiling,  
And I a mamma like you?  
I never would leave my baby  
Wailing to be caressed,  
But reach out my arms and take her,  
And gather her on my breast!  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you!

Beautiful little mamma,  
Sometimes I hear you sigh,  
Sitting alone at the window,  
Looking up at the sky.  
If I had a baby cooling,  
Trying to win a smile,  
I'd kiss her, and so be happy,  
And forget, forget for a while!  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you.

Beautiful little mamma,  
How would you like to be  
A wide-awake, patient baby,  
Nobody looking to see?  
If I were a beautiful mamma,  
And knew what my baby knew,  
I'd be at the crib to welcome  
After her nap was through!  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you.





COLUMBUS IN THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.



## COLUMBUS IN THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

IN Spain, the ancient Franciscan Convent of Our Lady of Rabida, near Palos, still stands, and preserves with jealous care all memories of the great navigator, Christopher Columbus, to whom its porch was the turning-point in his career—the spot where long discouragement and disappointment were gladdened by a ray of hope. Way-worn and weary, he sat down at its portal, to ask shelter for himself and his boy Ferdinand—sole companion of his wanderings. He did not dream that this solitary religious house was the studious retirement of a learned and far-seeing Franciscan, who left the noise and bustle of Court to devote his time to science. The convent door was opened by Father Marchena, who not only welcomed Columbus, but listened to him as no man had yet done. He caught the Italian's enthusiasm; and the great project, he resolved, should be tested. Confessor and trusted adviser of Queen Isabella, Marchena needed no influence to approach her and lay before her the plan which he had studied thoroughly, and could commend to her protection, both as a priest and as a man of learning.

The Convent of La Rabida preserves the iron cross which Father Juan Perez de la Marchena gave Columbus to plant in the New World, and which has been restored to its original position. It guards jealously the cell he occupied during his residence within its hospitable walls, and the inkstand which he used, and a facsimile of the royal decree for recruiting men for the great expedition.

## THE LATE DR. E. B. PUSEY.

EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford University, England, who died on September 16th last, was born, August 22d, 1800, being the second son of the Hon. Philip Bouverie, who assumed the name of Pusey by royal license. Dr. Pusey's father was the half-brother of the first Earl of Radnor, and his mother, Lady Cave, daughter of the fourth Earl of Harborough. He received his preliminary education at Eton College, and afterward entered Christ Church College, Oxford, whence he was graduated with high honors in 1822, and in the following year was elected a Fellow of Oriel, College.

John Henry Newman, though a year his junior in age, had graduated two years earlier than Pusey, at Oxford, and had preceded him in gaining a fellowship at Oriel, where he soon exercised a commanding influence, along with Hurrell Froude, an elder brother of the historian. These three men were the leaders of that reaction toward the doctrines of the Catholic Church, which is usually dated from 1833, though it was in vigorous existence several years earlier. Mr. Pusey took Orders in the Church of England about 1824, devoted himself for a time to biblical philology, and was chosen in 1828 Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, a post to which was attached a canonry at Christ Church. This professorship Mr. Pusey preserved until his death. With Newman



THE LATE REV. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

and Hurrell Froude Dr. Pusey was the leading spirit of the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," though his own contributions were only four in number—namely, Nos. 18, 66, 67 and 69; but they were of sufficient importance to fasten upon the movement headed by the three young Fellows of Oriel the name of "Puseyites," which, however, was not accepted either by Dr. Pusey or his colleagues. These tracts called forth a running fire of criticism, comment and denunciation, and Dr. Pusey enforced his doctrines in a vast number of letters, pamphlets, sermons, and other occasional publications, which brought him into great prominence before the public. When, in 1841, Dr. Newman wrote the celebrated "Tract No. 90," the last of the series, and endeavored therein to justify subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, with the mental reserve of interpreting them in accordance with "Catholic" doctrine, Dr. Pusey courageously defended his friend in a letter, which excited much attention.

In the Spring of 1848 Dr. Pusey preached before the University a sermon on the Eucharist, in which he was considered by some of his hearers to utter Romish doctrines about transubstantiation and the Mass. For this he was suspended by the Vice-Chancellor from preaching within the precincts of the University for two years, a sentence against which he protested as "unstatutable as well as unjust," vainly demanding a hearing and liberty to argue the matter. In February, 1846, Dr. Pusey preached again in Oxford, his sermon being a kind of sequel to that which led to his suspension, and containing neither retraction nor qualification of his former opinions. With

his return to the pulpit his popular importance as a leader may be said to have ceased, though he continued to publish not alone books, but controversial letters, always pungent and widely read. He never, it should be added, claimed to be a party leader or to act on any system; the formation of a party, he declared in 1870, being opposed to the principles of those with whom he labored. Unlike Newman, he found no difficulty in remaining in the Anglican Church, working and hoping for its reform from within, and emphatically combating the assertion that "Puseyism" was only a forerunner of Catholicism. In 1865 Dr. Pusey was found thanking God for the limitation of the Church's powers by the decision of the Privy Council in the Colenso case, and declaring his confidence in the "high-principled sagacity and far-sightedness" of Mr. Gladstone, upon whom war was being made in Oxford. In 1868 he endeavored to promote an alliance of the Methodists and Oxford Tories against the Coleridge scheme for throwing open the honors and emoluments of the University to men of all creeds and denominations. In a notable letter in 1874 he deprecated the legislative action he supposed to be intended by the bishops against the Ritualists, declaring that the classes censured were too numerous to be extirpated. In the Fall of 1878 he addressed an important pamphlet to Archbishop Tait, whose spirit was sufficiently indicated by its title: "Habitual Confession Not Discouraged by the Resolution Accepted by the Lambeth Conference." In November, 1880, and again in June of this year, he issued earnest protests against the prosecutions of the Ritualists, Messrs Dale and Green, whom he declared martyrs for conscience's sake, and unjustly convicted and sentenced.

One of his last letters was printed in the *Church Times*, a few days before his death, and contained a pointedly severe rebuke to an anonymous correspondent of the *London Times*, who had retailed a baseless and infamous scandal concerning the wife of the imprisoned Mr. Green.

Though Dr. Pusey did not accompany Newman to Rome, he always retained an affection for his early theological associate, and probably did not differ from him very seriously in doctrine. At all events, Dr. Pusey's chief literary activity consisted in the adaptation to the use of the Church of England of Roman Catholic books of devotion. He also published treatises on "Baptism," the "Eucharist," the "Royal Supremacy over the Church of England," and "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister." Among the numerous works of Dr. Pusey were "The Benefits of Cathedral Institutions" (1833), "The Royal Supremacy, Ancient Precedents" (1850), "The Doctrine of the Real Presence Vindicated" (1855), "The Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ" (1857), "The History of the Councils of the Church" (1857), "Nine Sermons Preached at the University of Oxford, in 1843-55" (1859), "A Commentary on the Minor Prophets" (1860-62), "Daniel the Prophet" (1864), "The Church of England a Portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church" (1865), and "An Eirenicon" (1870), being an appeal for the unity of the Churches, a hope which he cherished for many years, and did not abandon until after the Vatican Council of 1869-70, and "What is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?" (1880), a reply to and criticism of Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope." Of these the most imposing work was the "Commentary on Daniel," which enjoyed a considerable popularity, though advocating doctrines long since given up by the more advanced biblical critics, not only of Germany and France, but also of his own Church, in England. In 1878 Dr. Pusey reappeared momentarily before the public with a voluminous letter justifying himself for having habitually heard confessions for more than

forty years. His chief occupation during his later years was the continuation of his labors in commenting upon Hebrew Scriptures.

He married in 1828 Miss Maria Catherine Barker, who died in 1839, having borne him two daughters and a son, Philip Edward Pusey, an eminent theological scholar and the editor of Cyril's works on "The Prophets and St. John the Evangelist," who died in January, 1880. Dr. Pusey has been reported dead twice in the last ten years—in 1872 and again in 1878, but he buried many of the writers of his obituary, and retained his mental vigor to the last, having taken part in a correspondence concerning Keble's "Christian Year" only three weeks before he died.

#### THE STORY OF A FAMOUS SCULPTOR.

NEARLY a hundred and twenty years ago, in a little shop in New Street, Covent Garden, London, a little pale-faced solitary boy might have been seen sitting day after day, drawing and reading, reading and drawing, busy and absorbed as very few children who can run and play with others care to be.

This little boy, whose name was Johnny, was weakly in health, and slightly crippled besides, so that the games of other children did not amuse him, and he had to find occupation for himself in other ways. His father was a modeler, and kept this little shop for the sale of plaster figures. Here Johnny used to spend his days, in a little stuffed chair, raised so high that he could just see over the counter, with his books and pencils before him, sometimes reading about poets, heroes and ancient worthies, and burning to imitate their deeds; at others making drawings in black and white chalk, or modeling small figures in plaster-of-paris, clay, or wax.

His father and mother were constantly in and out of the shop, watching carefully over their patient little favorite; and the customers were many of them attracted by his doings, and questioned the boy about the pictures he drew, and the books he read. The people who came to the shop of the figure-dealer were not quite ordinary customers, for most of them had acquired some amount of taste and information. When Johnny's pale face lighted up as he described the books he loved most, and showed some of his own designs in illustration of parts of Homer, they in their turn, seeing the rapture of his looks, would talk to him of poets, sculptors and heroes. There was a certain Mr. Mathew who took great notice of the child in this way. He was a gentleman of much feeling and good taste, and this is how he afterward spoke of his acquaintance with the little student.

"I went," he says, "to the shop of old Flaxman to have a figure repaired, and whilst I was standing there, I heard a child cough behind the counter. I looked over, and there I saw a little boy, seated on a small chair, with a large chair before him, on which lay a book he was reading. His fine eyes and beautiful forehead interested me, and I said:

"What book is that?"

"He raised himself on his crutches, bowed, and said:

"Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it."

"Ay, indeed," I answered. "You are a fine boy; but this is not the right book. I'll bring you a proper one tomorrow." I did as I promised, and the acquaintance thus casually begun ripened into one of the best friendships of my life."

A few years after Johnny used to spend many evenings at the house of this Mr. Mathew; and he and his agreeable and gifted wife did much to encourage the

boy's love of study, as well as to introduce him to pleasant people.

While Johnny was still little and very delicate his father went to see the coronation of George III. Johnny had heard that medals would be thrown away amongst the crowd gathered on the occasion, and eagerly begged his father to bring him one home. Mr. Flaxman was not fortunate enough to get one of the medals, but he did not like to disappoint the poor little crippled boy who waited so anxiously for his coming. On his way home he happened to find a plated button, with the figure of a horse and a jockey stamped upon it. Johnny was only five years old then, and his father did not think he would know the difference between the button and a medal, so rather than disappoint him, he gave him the button. Johnny took it with grateful thanks, but said :

"Don't you think this is a very strange device for a coronation medal, father?"

At this time he used to be very fond of examining the seals which people carried on their watch-chains, and when the impression pleased him he would take it with a bit of soft wax he kept by him for the purpose.

When Johnny was ten years old he grew much stronger, and was able to put away his crutches altogether; a new spirit came to him—he grew strong, lively and active. What a change this must have been to the child, who had never run and leaped, laughing in green fields with other boys, who had never moved anywhere without crutches, and whose favorite studies even had been often interrupted by long fits of illness! He began to think of carrying out some of the knightly adventures he used to dream of.

A large copy of "Don Quixote" fell in his way, and after reading that he could no longer remain idle, and felt compelled to sally forth as the old knight did in search of adventures, to right wrongs and redress grievances. So one morning, very early, unknown to any one in his home, and armed with a little French sword, he actually set forth alone.

He wandered about in Hyde Park for a whole day, but no adventure came to him, no one appealed to the poor little knight for the aid he burned to give, and so he had to return home at last, feeling a little ashamed of his romantic excursion.

Health and strength did not tempt Johnny to give up his studies for play—on the contrary, he labored more assiduously. He drew and modeled constantly in his father's shop, copying the antique statues which it contained. One day, it is recorded, in a moment of confidence he showed a drawing of a human eye to an artist who was much given to jesting.

"What is it?" he asked; "an oyster?"

Johnny's sensitive nature was so wounded by this cruel joke, that he made up his mind to show no more of his attempts to others. But he was not to be shaken by any such idle banter from the great determination which as a lonely little boy he had formed when sitting with his crutches in his father's shop—to do something by which his name should be continued to the world.

Nobly did Johnny carry out this determination in after years. He grew to be one of the best men and finest sculptors the world ever knew, and to the last year of his life he lived impley and studied diligently, doing good to every one, and making many warm and faithful friends.

He lived to be seventy-one years of age, and was followed to his grave by the President and the Council of the Royal Academy, of which he was a member.

He earned many honors, but the greatest of all was in

the fully deserving words which were inscribed on his tomb:

"John Flaxman, R.A.P.S., whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality."

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#### THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

THREE wise heads o'er a paper bend,  
And each one tries to read the news—  
"Young Jack is staying with a friend."  
"Tom's father's going for a cruise."

So wag the little tongues, and we  
Might think such gossip of the town  
Scarce worthy print, did we not see  
They read the paper *upside down*.

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#### THE FOUNDLING.

DWELLERS in towns, while enjoying their lamb and mint-sauce during the Spring months of the year, too often fail to realize or altogether forget the labors and anxieties undergone by the breeders of these woolly quadrupeds. Of all domestic animals, the sheep is notoriously the most helpless and the most subject to various ailments; and the shepherd, whom we are wont to flout as a dull fellow who sits all day under the lee side of a hedge, munching bread-and-cheese, or blowing clouds of tobacco from a pastoral pipe, must be, in reality, if he fulfills his duties properly, a man of infinite skill and resource.

During the month of March, when the lambing season usually begins, his skill and attention are put to the severest test. In the human family, a monthly nurse considers it quite enough to attend to one mother at a time, and is wont to grumble when the expected baby turns out to be twins; whereas the shepherd has to act the part of Mrs. Gamp to a number of woolly mothers all at once. Sound sleep at night is at this time of the year not to be hoped for; he is obliged to be always on the watch, and this goes on, not only until the lambing is completed, but until the lambs are reared beyond danger. Then Spring weather is, in this climate, proverbially treacherous. The lambing may have been favorably accomplished under the influence of soft, southerly breezes, when suddenly the wind shifts to the northeast, and, unless shelter be provided in time, the ewes and their offspring may be exposed to a chilling snowstorm. At such a crisis the wisest lamb may easily lose sight of his mamma, and happy is he if he finds such a foster-mother as the girl depicted in Mrs. Staple's pretty picture

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THERE is a beautiful story told in Thucydides of the great Spartan Brasidas. When he complained that Sparta was a small state, his mother said to him, "Son, Sparta has fallen to your lot, and it is your duty to adorn it." I would only say to all workers—everywhere, in all positions of life—whatever be the lot in which you are cast, it is your duty to adorn it.

AS THE spark to the fire, as the bud to the leaf, as the blossom to the fruit, as the morning twilight to the day, so are desires in religion. As from the spark may come the fire, from the bud the leaf, from the blossom the fruit, from the twilight the noonday, so from desires may come forth the life, beauty, force, and usefulness of religion. If there is no spark, there can be no fire; no bud, no leaf; no blossom, no fruit; no twilight, no day; so if there is no desire, there can be no religion.





THE FOUNDLING.—SEE PAGE 655.

## THE DRIFT OF RELIGIOUS COMMENT.

Among the absurd pulpit announcements in certain sections, must be included the modern one of "no collection." Obviously, the design is to stimulate the attendance of the stingy. Even Cain presented an offering to the Lord, possessing a commercial value, at least, unsurpassed by that of Abel. Each act of public worship under the Mosaic dispensation involved a gift to the Lord of some sort—either doves, a kid, a lamb, flour, wine, oil, or some other prescribed contribution. Abraham gave tithes to Melchisedek, and Jacob, after his vision at Luz, devoted one-tenth of all his property to God. In fact, from the period of the erection of the first altar down the corridors of history to Pentecost, when they "had all things in common," the practice has been well-nigh uniform. Paul arranged collections for the poor saints at Jerusalem to be taken on the first day of the week at Corinth and Galatia, "as the Lord had prospered them." However, if this innovation is to prevail to any appreciable extent, other concessions must be made to the skeptical classes. Hence, future church notices may read, "No collection, no sermon, no prayer, no Bible, and no pronounced religious convictions of any description."—*The Methodist*.

THE efforts of the present administration in France to crush out religion is a movement which should receive the condemnation of the religious world. It is not against Romanism that this despotism under the name of Republic is directed; it is against religion, against reverence, against God. A woman recently applied for the post of headmistress of a communal school. The examiners found her qualifications satisfactory, but finally asked her: "Suppose that in reading a lesson to your class you meet with the word God, what word would you use in the place of it?" "I should read straight on as it was written," was her answer, and she was therefore rejected. A list of books suggested for a public library was subjected to an official censor, and he struck out "Robinson Crusoe," as being too religious in its tendency. Some of our Protestant exchanges seem to think they are doing a service to the cause of "pure religion" by applauding this movement. Let them take heed lest they be found with those who are fighting against God. France is preparing to enthrone atheism again. She is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.—*The Living Church*.

HARD TO BE A CHRISTIAN!—Hard to be a Christian! Of course it is. But whether you believe it or not, it is a great deal harder than to be one. That is to say, you have a harder time than if you were one. You have at least as many cares and trials as if you were a Christian, and as many temptations. Every sad and trying element of human life is manifested in your experience as often and as signally as it would be if you were one of Christ's followers; you thrust yourself inevitably upon many sharp points of evil habit which you might in that case escape; and you lack what a true Christian—however feeble and imperfect his success as yet may be—always possesses, the consciousness that his Creator and he are no longer working at cross-purposes; that he is in harmony with God's will and plan for him; that omniscience, omnipotence and infinite love are occupied in shaping his circumstances, so that, however painful they may be to-day, they are sure to prove full of blessing in the end. You may not think this consciousness a very solid advantage, but if you had it, in the sense that the Christian has it, you would.—*Congregationalist*.

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Now, we deny that there is such a thing as "The Baptist Church" in the world. There is a Baptist church on Walton Street, in Atlanta, and another on Washington Street, and there are also several others. We may speak of *the* Baptist church in Decatur, for there is only one there; and of *the* Baptist church at Bethesda, for there is only one there; but which is *the* Baptist church in Atlanta? There is no such church. And which is *the* Baptist church in the United States? or in the world? No such church exists. The word *denomination* is properly used by us to describe not a unified body, but merely a large number of bodies having the same faith, wholly independent of each other, each one an empire of itself, owning allegiance to none but God, and which may or may not be associated together for mutual pleasure and profit and co-operation, but which are not capable by such association, nor by any other means, either of increasing or diminishing their individual power.—*Christian Index and Southwestern Baptist*.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.—There are 190 churches of different denominations in Boston. Of these, thirty are Catholic churches. Yet these thirty furnish two-fifths of all the church-goers in the city. A similar proportion, or rather disproportion, would probably appear in most other cities. Are Catholics more faithful to their duties than Protestants? At all events, in this one duty they set other Christians an example which it would be well for the latter to profit by. There are few of our congregations in which there is not a lamentable disproportion between the number of members on the church-books and that of those to be found in their pews on Sundays. The stay-aways claim all the rights, privileges and blessings of living members. They do more of the complaining and faultfinding. They want more attention, more pastoral visits than do the rest. By what right? Let them attend to their duty first, then will others be more inclined to heed them when they complain of others not doing theirs. Why belong to a church if you don't attend its services? Mere "belonging" won't save you.—*Moravian*.

ANXIETY is rust to the wheels of life, causing them to run heavily and wear out speedily. Jeremy Taylor quaintly says, "No man carries his bed into his field to watch how his corn grows, but believes in the general order of Providence and nature, and at harvest finds himself not deceived." A wiser than Jeremy Taylor says, "Be anxious for nothing." Why, then, O troubled soul, dost thou fear? God careth for thee. Why needst thou add anxiety to thy burdens?—*Zion's Herald*.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.—There is no merely human organization, society or institution that exercises a more potent influence for good or evil in the world than the divine institution of home. Pure homes are the strength of the Christian religion; and pure homes are the bulwarks of our national existence. It is in recognition of this fact that our Brethren's Church ever paid so much attention to the home, and set apart a particular day in the year when the priest and priestess of home, the husbands and wives, should strengthen their hands in the Lord, solemnly reconsecrate themselves, and covenant together, to live up to the high and precious privileges and responsibilities which their sacred relation gives them. It is for them to make their home a foretaste and vestibule of heaven—or of hell. And on this coming festival day, it is for them, the husbands and wives of our Church, to come before the Lord as one flesh and blood, humbly to bring their

sins and failings before the mercy-seat, and boldly to draw from on high new streams of grace and strength, that they may together work and pray, together live a life of holiness in Christ, and together lead their children upward to Him in the straight and narrow path. There are too many divided homes—where one parent is an earnest follower of the Lamb, and the other indifferent or openly unbelieving; too many pious mothers and godless fathers.

There are too many homes where there is no united worship and service of God, if there is any at all. Pity the children of such a home. Pity the earnest husband of the worldly wife, the devout wife of the unbelieving husband. Pray, let the whole Church pray, for fewer homes thus divided against themselves, for fewer parents thus unequally yoked together, for a blessing on our homes and home life.—*Moravian*.

## PERSONAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A bust of Longfellow is to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. QUINCY A. SHAW, at an expense of \$25,000 a year, supports thirty-three kindergartens.

It is proposed to erect a monument at Norfolk to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Okeson, of St. Paul's Church, of that city.

THEODORE THOMAS is said to have declared that "a genuine lover of music does not exist in the United States, except at the East."

PROFESSOR KARL MERRZ, of Oxford, Ohio, Editor of *Brainard's Musical Review*, has accepted the Professorship of Music in the University of Wooster.

MISS JENNISON, a niece of the late John Weiss, is the "Owen Tunaley" known as the author of "Love Poems and Sonnets," a little book which was published a year ago.

THE REV. J. MACBRIDE STERRETT, of St. James's Church, Bedford, Pa., has been elected to the chair of Ethics and Apologetics in the Seabury Divinity School, Faribault, Minn.

THE REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE discovered in Europe this season that Catholics attend church, while Protestants neglect it, and that the number of freethinkers is increasing in France.

THE REV. JOSHUA YEAGER celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of his assumption of the pastorate of the Lutheran congregation at Friedensville, Lehigh County, Pa., on September 23d.

BISHOP CROWTHER, "England's black bishop," reports that the average Sunday attendance at his stations on the Niger is 3,472. Of this number 1,597 are nominal Christians, and 451 church members.

MR. GEORGE I. SENEY recently sent Miss Rutherford his check for \$1,000 to educate ten girls at the Lucy Cobb Institute in Athens, Ga., and she has made it cover fifteen scholarships for young girls from that town and other places.

THE REV. H. W. THOMAS, of Chicago, who was recently expelled from the Methodist Church, is conducting what he pleases to term a "People's Church," and, it is said, drawing large crowds to the theatre which he uses on Sunday.

THE HON. W. C. DEPAUW presented the Indiana Conference with \$1,000 for missionary purposes, and a similar amount for the Preachers' Aid Society, at its recent session. This custom has been practiced by him for thirteen consecutive years.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Bosworth Smith, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, was celebrated at St. Paul's Chapel, New York, on Sunday, October 29th. Bishop Smith was consecrated, October 31st, 1832.

GREAT preparations are being made to celebrate this Winter at Assisi the seven-hundredth anniversary of the birth of St. Francis. An interesting feature of the occasion will be a memorial address by the veteran historian, Cesare Cantù.

THE late Dr. Pusey was the first to introduce the surplice into the Channel Islands, where he passed some time during his suspension—1843 to 1846—from the University pulpit, and it is said that this very surplice is still kept as a relic at Sark.

PROFESSOR ASA GRAY says: Science offers no hindrance to our belief that God made heaven and earth. But no sensible person now believes what the most sensible people believed formerly. Settled scientific belief must control religious belief."

THROUGH the untiring efforts of the Rev. R. W. McAll, of Paris, about 1,600 children in that city have been gathered into Sunday-schools. Under the care of their teachers they recently took a steamboat trip to St. Cloud, where the day was spent in games, singing hymns, speeches, and the usual enjoyments of a Sunday-school picnic.

THE REV. DR. N. J. BURTON, pastor of the Park Church, Hartford, Conn., will deliver the Lyman Beecher course of lectures on preaching at the Yale Theological Seminary this year. This lectureship has been made famous by its past incumbents, among whom are the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. Phillips Brooks and the Rev. John Hall, of the City of New York.

It is said, on the authority of Sir Bernard Burke, the herald, that the children of Queen Victoria have no surname whatever, since their forefathers in the Saxe-Coburg line were Kings before surnames were known. This will be bad news for certain flippant and vulgar journals in this country, which air their cleverness by alluding to the Queen as "Mrs. Victoria Guelph."

THE REV. GEORGE C. CAPRON, of Boston, was recently ejected by the Congregational Council for erroneous views about probation after death. Not long ago he preached a sermon in the Congregational church at Wayland, Mass., in which he strongly asserted his belief in a probation after death, and supported his position by arguments from the Bible and Church history.

HARPER'S WEEKLY says: "It has been stated that the Rev. Dr. Morton, of St. James, Philadelphia, and the Rev. Dr. Shelton, of St. Paul's, Buffalo, were the only Episcopal clergymen in the United States who have been in charge of a single parish continuously for as long as fifty years. We learn that the Rev. Dr. Edson, of St. Ann's Church, Boston, has been in charge of that parish for over fifty-eight years, and is the only rector the parish ever had. Although nearly eighty-nine years of age, he is in excellent health, and in the regular and active discharge of the duties of his office."



THE REV. E. P. ROE, whose novel, "A Young Girl's Wooing," will soon be published, has reached such a point of literary distinction and popularity that a "Roe Birthday Book" is shortly to be published. Mr. Roe has had a great success in touching a chord of interesting commonplace; and wild stories are told concerning the pecuniary rewards which have crowned his labors.

THE REV. DR. HOPKINS was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Hempstead, L. I., on October 11th. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached the sermon. On Thursday evening, October 12th, the Rev. George H. Payson was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Newton by a committee of the Presbytery of Nassau. The Rev. W. W. Knox preached the sermon.

THE venerable Daniel Simpson, of Massachusetts, now ninety-two years of age, has presented to the Bostonian Society a drum, which he asserts was used at the battle of Bunker Hill by John Robbins, a drummer, whom he knew intimately. He desires that it may be placed in the Memorial Hall of the old State House, with an oil-painting of himself, painted by Mr. Darius Cobb.

THE memory of the Rev. Wm. J. Hoge, D.D., at one time collegiate pastor of the Brick Church, who died during the war, is warmly cherished in New York City. His many friends will be interested in learning that his son, Peyton Harrison Hoge, was ordained at Richmond, Va., on a recent Sunday, and installed pastor of the South Presbyterian Church, a new organization in that city.

THE present pope, Leo XIII., claims to be the two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter. When the college of cardinals is full, which it rarely is, it numbers seventy; at the present time there are sixty-five, of whom six are of the Order of bishops, forty-six priests, and thirteen deacons. Of the whole number, more than half, or thirty-three, have passed their three score and ten years.

THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD, who has returned to England after a visit of several months in America, expresses disappointment, on the whole, with the Sunday-school system in this country, but thinks that the teachers here are usually better educated, and therefore more likely to command respect, than the average of those in England. He was surprised to see the large number of elderly and middle-aged persons who habitually attend Sunday-school here.

DR. COPLESTONE, Bishop of Colombo, has recently brought himself into unenviable notice by dismissing a schoolmaster for engaging himself to marry the daughter of a Methodist. "I am deeply grieved," he wrote, "that you had not loyalty or courage enough to save you from the wretched fall you contemplate." "We are deeply grieved," adds the London *Echo*, which tells the story, "that the Bishop had not sense enough to save himself from this wretched exhibition of bigotry."

HOW ONE missionary of the American Sunday-school Union succeeded in his pioneer work where another worker failed, is told in this letter from the successful missionary. "I had a pleasant experience in one of these discouraging districts where, I am sometimes told, 'It's no use for you to go; you'll only get abused.' Only two weeks before, a preacher had been insulted by young men who played ball there on Sunday. He saw the bad in them, and told them of it. I saw the good and told them of that. I have never before seen so many young men in a country district; right heartily did they enter into my Sunday-school organization, and now they are in the Bible class of the Sunday-school."

TWO TABLETS have been placed in the chapel of the College of St. James, Hagerstown, Md., by Mr. Onderdonk, in memory of Bishop Whittingham, the founder of the college, and Bishop Kerfoot, its president. The following are the inscriptions:

"To the glory of God, and in memory of William Rollinsen Whittingham, D.D., LL.D., bishop of this diocese, and founder of this college."

"To the glory of God, and in memory of John Barrett Kerfoot, D.D., LL.D., the first president of this college."

THE REV. A. ZABRISKIE GRAY, who is about to assume his duties as President of Racine College, Wisconsin, is well known among church people here. He is a graduate of Harvard University and of the General Theological Seminary of New York City, and is now the rector of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church, Garrison's Landing, N. Y. He has been a contributor to many religious periodicals, and is considered to be one of the ablest among the younger clergy of the Episcopal Church. He is forty years of age, and unmarried. He is a son of John A. C. Gray, of New York City.

THE present Emperor of Brazil has been longer on the throne than any living monarch. Fifty-one years ago last April, Dom Pedro I., the father of the present Emperor, rather than yield what he believed to be his constitutional rights, abdicated in the following letter: "Availing myself of the right which the Constitution concedes to me, I declare that I have voluntarily abdicated in favor of my dearly beloved and esteemed son, Dom Pedro de Alcantara. (Dated) Boa Vista (Rio de Janeiro), April 7th, 1831, tenth year of the Independence of the Empire." The present Emperor was governed by regents for nine years, until his majority was declared in 1840. He has thus been governing monarch for forty-one years, but as his reign dates from the 7th of April, 1831, he has in reality been monarch six years longer than the Queen of England.

THE Rev. H. S. Hoffman has resigned his pastorate of Holy Trinity Moravian Church, Twelfth and Oxford Streets, Philadelphia, and has at the same time withdrawn from the ministry of the Moravian Church, in order that he might unite his fellowship with and share the work of the ministry in the Reformed Episcopal Church. Rev. Mr. Hoffman was the founder of two Moravian Churches in Philadelphia, and was directly instrumental in starting and establishing three other churches in that city in connection with the Moravian denomination. During his ministry of eighteen years in Philadelphia he personally added more than five hundred members to the church, who previously had no birth, family or other connection with the denomination. His congregation, hearing that he had decided to unite with the Reformed Episcopal Church, with great unanimity also decided to withdraw from the Moravian denomination. Arrangements were made for disbanding the congregation as a Moravian organization, by the Board of Elders giving letters of dismissal to the membership in order that they might unite with the Reformed Episcopal Church; except where persons desire to unite with other denominations or congregations, letters dismissory should be granted; and the board of trustees should settle all bills and close their books, making arrangements to reimburse whatever donations any one may have contributed toward the erection of a Moravian church in connection with this congregation; provided that the person who gave the contributions shall request the same. The congregation, the pastor and the church edifice were transferred to the Reformed Episcopal Church. The edifice was formally opened by Bishop William R. Nicholson, D.D., on Sunday, October 8th.

We are informed, officially, that the Rev. Renen Thomas, of Brookline, Boston, U. S., has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Tollington Park, Holloway, which was placed before him, as we announced, some three weeks ago, and will shortly enter upon his duties there. The decision to sever his connection with a church of so much importance as that of Brookline, and in association with which his ministry has been so highly influential and successful, must have cost Mr. Thomas a great deal of anxious consideration. He may be assured, however, that the announcement of his return to his own country will be hailed with very hearty and widespread satisfaction among Congregationalists. He will, we are confident, receive a most cordial welcome in London, and assuredly he will find here scope sufficient for all his gifts and all his energies. We offer our congratulations and good wishes, both to the congregation at Tollington Park and to the minister whom they have had the courage and good sense to invite, and the good fortune to secure.—*Christian World, London.*

THE REV. NEWMAN SMYTH, D.D., recently of Quincy, whose rejection as Professor-elect at Andover created wide discussion, was approved Wednesday, September 25th, by the council convened at New Haven, Conn., and duly installed as pastor of the Congregational church, of which the Rev. Dr. Leonard Baker for a long time was pastor. Besides about twenty churches, each represented by pastor and delegate, several eminent clergymen were present at the council, among them ex-President Woolsey, President Porter and Professor Barbour, of Yale College, and Professors Day, Harris, Fisher, Hoppin and Ladd, of Yale College, and Professor E. C. Smyth, D.D., of Andover, brother of Dr. Newman Smyth. The Rev. John E. Todd, D.D., of New Haven, was Moderator of the council. When the examination was opened Dr. Smyth read a paper, about half an hour in length, giving his doctrinal views, especially on the fundamental questions of revelation, man, the atonement and the future life. After the paper, the Moderator, the Rev. Dr. Todd, conducted the formal examination. The members of the council also joined in the inquiry. The written statement of the candidate, supplemented by his oral testimony, confirmed the council in the persuasion that Dr. Smyth was pre-eminently fitted to be an instructor of the people in doctrine, while his ministry in Bangor and in Quincy, Ill., attested his faithfulness as a pastor. Dr. Smyth reaffirmed substantially his well-known views on controverted points of

doctrine, and the council, with but one dissenting vote (that of a layman from Hartford, it is understood) recommended that the installation of the pastor-elect proceed. Persons in attendance competent to pass judgment declared the examination one of the clearest and most satisfactory to which they had ever listened. The installation exercises were participated in by the Rev. Drs. Duryea, McKenzie, Professor Samuel Harris, the Rev. T. R. Bacon, son of the late Dr. Bacon, and others.

DR. NELSON H. CARY moved to Durham, Me., about thirty-five years ago. Of his remarkable family, made famous the world over by Annie Louise, we will speak in detail. Joseph, his oldest child, was a fine bass singer. He married Flora Barry, a famous opera singer, who has visited Lewiston several times. He has been divorced from her within a few years. William, the next son, was also a good singer. Both the boys were grown up when they removed to Durham. The next younger child was Marcia, now Mrs. J. C. Merrill, of Portland. When the children went to singing-school together, and were instructed by Joe Tyler and his fiddle, Marcia was called the best singer in the town, and was supposed to possess a richer voice than her younger sister, Annie. The next daughter was Ellen. She was the only soprano singer in the family, and had an unusually good voice. She is now the wife of a Congregational minister. Then came Samuel, who was a good bass singer. He is now in the clothing business in New York. The next and youngest child by the first wife was Annie Louise. "I've slid down hill with her many a time," says the Durham historian. Annie Louise will always be remembered as a romp in her youth. While still young, she went to Boston, and her musical education was begun under the care of her brother. After Annie's mother died, Dr. Cary took a second wife, who presented him with Ada, the youngest of the family. She refused musical advantages and fell in love. The match proved an unhappy one. Her husband and she lived apart, and she is educating several young children. She recently has sung on numerous occasions in public. She has already become popular and bids fair to become a star. She now attempts nothing but songs and ballads. The natural quality of her voice is said to be equal to Annie's. Concerts by the Cary family were frequently given in Durham and were invariably attended by large audiences. When the Cary family first came to Durham, they created a great increase in the musical interest of the town. Durham was then at the pinnacle of musical fame.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### OUR NEW CAMPAIGN.

HAVING marshaled for this MAGAZINE the ablest pens of America, and having concentrated all the energies of body, mind and soul in the attempt to furnish healthful and entertaining literature for the people, we are ready to begin another year. We shall not only turn over a new leaf, but a good many new leaves. We widen out into a field five times larger than any we have heretofore occupied. Among other things in the twelve numbers of 1883 we propose to do full justice to all the denominations of religionists. Many of them have been misrepresented by their friends and foes. We shall, by the champions of each denomination, be told what is Methodism, Presbyterianism, Episcopacy, the Reformed (Dutch) Church, the Baptist Church, Congregationalism, Moravianism, Swedenborgianism, Roman Catholicism, Lutheranism, Reformed Episcopalianism, and the Church of the Disciples, or Campbellites.

We ask all the friends of that which is good to reinforce us with their best wishes, their prayers and their personal effort. Our ambition is to cheer and instruct and help a great multitude of people.

### JOEL EDSON ROCKWELL.

It is beyond my capacity to realize that the Rev. Dr. Rockwell is dead. He seemed built for an octogenarian. We cannot realize that that splendid physique that moved so long among our homes and our churches has disappeared for ever from all those earthly scenes. But it must be that his work was done, or the Lord would not have taken him. While we, his brethren of the ministry, were departing for our Summer vacation, he departed to the everlasting rest which remains for the people of God. We come back to our work, but he returns not. He has preached his last sermon, and pronounced the last benediction, and the weary is at rest. I saw much of him during his final sickness. He had no perturbation about the future. He said he was ready to stay or go. When I quoted to him a consoling Scriptural passage, he

would in reply quote three or four passages. It is a matter of congratulation that the particular disease which usually gives others such anguish to the last, seemed to relax its grip, so that in the closing weeks he had no pain, but only the weariness of falling strength. His stout arm, on which so many had leaned in their weakness and trouble, lost its vigor, and the son whom he had in boyhood often carried, in the last weeks carried him up and down the stairs of the dwelling. This man of God died amid all conjugal and filial ministries, at peace with man and at peace with God. But his work will never die. There are thousands on earth and in heaven who have already called him blessed. His pen as well as his tongue were consecrated to noble purposes. He was a model Christian gentleman, spent his life in trying to make others happy, harbored no grudges, and his disposition was a commingling of June and October. There was nothing saturnine in his nature, and in days of health he was in harmony with all innocent hilarities—as much a boy at fifty as at fifteen; and when Summer vacation came, turning his face toward the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, he said, like Simon Peter, "I go a-fishing," and the sportsmen of the Adirondaeks declared that, like Nimrod, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." But the one great joy of his life was to tell the world of Him who came to pardon all its sins, and carry all its burdens. The best sermon he ever preached was his own consistent life, and the fragrance of the box of alabaster that he broke at the feet of Christ will ever linger in the churches.

I loved him, and the more I saw of him the more I loved him. I thank God that I ever knew Dr. Rockwell. Grand and rounded nature as he was, it made one strong to have his sympathies. Precious soul, how we will miss him! But while ours is the grief, his is the joy of passing on and up to higher ministry and more glorious association. Through the rich grace of our Lord may we all be fitted for that same companionship.

#### ACCIDENTS.

We have the report made by the coroner's jury sworn to investigate the recent Hudson River Railroad tunnel disaster, by which valuable lives were lost and a large number of persons were wounded. "Criminal negligence" is no half-and-half verdict. It seems that the lives of a large number of passengers were hung upon the faithfulness of a water-boy and a boy in the telegraph office. We who have so often gone whirling through that black hole had no idea what little care was taken for the safety of the trains, or we would not have sat in such placidity. The only excuse is that the boys require less wages than men. Rather a poor plea for wealthy railroad corporations. There are enough accidents unavoidable to make accidents by recklessness fourfold inexcusable. There are so many ways of getting out of this life, it is not necessary to expedite wholesale departure. There needs to be promptness of arraignment in all such cases, to show that the people take negligence under such circumstances as manslaughter. But is it not a matter of gratitude, after all, that with such vast multitudes perpetually on the wing, there are so few casualties? While we condemn the unfaithfulness here and there evident, what a host of brakemen, of conductors, of engineers, of telegraph operators, must be vigilant! They receive no praise for doing well—only condemnation when they relax. What a grand thing if all railroad companies and all manufacturers and all employers once in a while tried the effect of commendation for faithful services rendered! How many men, weary of brain and weary of hand, and weary of foot and weary of eye, and weary of back and weary of soul, would pluck up new courage for their toil at one word of approving recognition! No, the world's way is to be oblivious if you do well, and to be thunderously irate if you come short.

#### UNHAPPY POLITICS.

WHAT a most unsatisfactory life the life of professional politicians must be! The vast majority of them go from disappointment to disappointment. For every position there are at least a hundred candidates; hence, of necessity, ninety-nine applicants are disappointed. I do not suppose that all the complaints made all up and down the land are founded in unadulterated patriotism. The simple fact is, the disappointment is more than they can bear. By an inexorable law, we cannot have more than six Presidents in a generation. What a discouraging thing to seek the Presidency, when out of the one thousand who think themselves fit for the office only five men can get it! There is more probability that any of them will be struck with lightning than that they will get to be President. If you, through love of city, or State, or nation, seek official position, go ahead; but if you seek it for a livelihood, or seek it for fun, you make a terrible mistake. Always vote.

Always attend the caucus. Always use your best influence for the betterment of the public interest. But he who enters politics as a profession, hoping from it to get famous and high places, is in all probability committing a fatal blunder. Through all the wards, through all the townships, through all the States at this time, either through failure to secure nominations, or through failure of election after being put on the ticket, there are people sore of head and sore of heart, cast down and misanthropic. The time was when men were so far from office-seeking that they had by penalties to be compelled to take office. The Court of Plymouth, in 1832, enacted that "whoever should refuse the office of Governor should pay twenty pounds sterling, unless he should be chosen two years successively; and whoever should refuse the office of councillor or magistrate should pay ten pounds." No more such compulsion is necessary, and the scramble is terrific, notwithstanding all the peril financial, social, moral and eternal. Macaulay wrote: "Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics." Thomas Corwin, the great orator of Ohio, said to a man who wanted him to get him official position at the White House who can kick me out, and the people by-and-by can kick him out, and so we go. But if you own one acre of land it is your kingdom, and your cabin is your castle. You are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throb of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you." But if you have a mission in public affairs, advance confidently. Whatever our hands findeth to do in any department of social, or civic, or religious duty, let us do it. The weeks go by, and swifter than the comet in our morning heavens we are speeding on into the great future. What we have to do for this world's improvement we must do quickly or never do it at all. Napoleon said that the Austrians failed at Rivoli because they did not know the value of minutes.

#### WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

ARABI PASHA demands a trial from Englishmen, and not from Egyptians; but our interest is not in that barbarian so much as in the meaning of this Egyptian war and its complications. It means the fulfillment of prophecies. This war of Egyptian against Egyptian was foretold ages ago. Egypt, from being the wisest and mightiest of nations, was to become the meanest and the least. Can it be that that desolate land was once the mother of arts and sciences and knowledge of all sorts? What a fearful precipitation! When God says a thing He means it. The ruin of Egypt to-day is only the echo of the prophecies of Ezekiel and Jeremiah. The Egyptian calamities also mean the driving back of the debasing and dreadful system of Mohammedanism. Its cruelties for this world are extreme, and its heaven is an everlasting debauch. This was considered by the Moslems a religious war. Their proclamations and their battle-cry was *Islamitic*. For years they have maltreated our Christian missionaries, and in this war they bid defiance to Christianity. What they could not accomplish with scorn they attempted to do with the bayonet. Mohammedanism is in disgrace, and Christianity will have its unhindered way. May we not hope for that land not only peace, but Gospelization? There is no need of hanging Arabi Pasha. Let him be banished. Open the window and let the poor wasp go. Now that our missionaries are to have full protection and the way is clear, let all Christendom contribute and pray for the fulfillment of the prophecy in Isaiah, which says, "and the Lord shall smite Egypt; He shall smite and heal it, and they shall return even to the Lord, and He shall be entreated of them and shall heal them." May Egypt be unburdened and her fearful taxes be lifted, and civilization show itself better than barbarism. How calm and beautiful this continent to-day as compared with other continents! What a compliment for this land and the superiority of our institutions that while in these days the Czar of Russia, with the affrighted Czarina, are the most pitiable prisoners in Russia because of the pursuit of plotting subjects, and they may not sleep without guard or go forth without military forces surrounding them, the President of our country, for his health's sake, went out fishing among the Thousand Islands of the River St. Lawrence in boat or forest unattended save by other sportsmen, and at the informal reception at the Crossman House taking the hand of great crowds of people, who came off their farms and out of their fishing huts to greet him. If anybody had a desire to assassinate him, there have been a hundred chances per day. Thank God that peace reigns in this land, and that the wall between ruler and people is not insurmountable.



## OUR NOTE-BOOK.

GEORGE MACDONALD's story, "Weighed and Wanting," was intended to be completed in this number, but owing to delay in receiving the installments, it will be continued for two months longer. The next number will be particularly devoted to the holiday season, and in February a new story of colonial life in New England, with especial reference to the persecution of the Quakers, will be begun.

In the January number will be begun a series of papers by representative clergymen of all denominations, under the general title of "Religious Denominations in the United States." The first of the series will be "Methodism—Its Character and its Attainments," by the Rev. Daniel Curry, D.D., LL.D.

It is expected that the SUNDAY MAGAZINE for 1883 will be more valuable and interesting than ever before. Both editor and publisher are sparing no pains nor expense to make this MAGAZINE absolutely first of its class. Among the writers already secured for the next volume are Dr. W. C. Gray, editor of the *Interior*, Chicago; Marlon Harland, the favorite novelist; the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D.D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va.; the Right Rev. Charles E. Cheney, Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church; the Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, of St. Ignatius's Church, N. Y.; the Rev. Dr. C. H. Hall, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn; the Rev. J. A. Chambliss, D.D., President of

Fauquier Institute, Warrenton, Va.; the Rev. Dr. Daniel Curry, N. Y.; the Rev. Dr. Isaac Errett, Cincinnati, Ohio; the Rev. Dr. Increase N. Tarbox, Boston, Mass.; the Rev. Dr. Chauncey Giles, Philadelphia, Pa.; the Rev. Dr. E. S. Porter, Brooklyn; the Rev. Dr. E. F. Hatfield, New York; and others, with whom arrangements are still pending.

The *Quarterly Review* of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, for October, has the following table of contents: "Attitudes of Atheism," "The Work of the Ministry," "Miley's Atonement in Christ," "The Genesis of Knowledge," "Art and Woman," "Macaulay's Essays," "The Rev. A. L. P. Green, D.D.," "Meteorite Visitations," "Local Preachers," "American Statesman—Alexander Hamilton," Literary Notices, and Views and Reviews.

Late publications of the Presbyterian Board include, "Progress of Christian Missions," a hand-book; "The Christian Sabbath," by Dr. R. L. Dabney; "The Desert a Delight," by Mary C. Miller; and several tracts.

Funk & Wagnalls have issued a neat edition of the "Conversation of Children," by the Rev. E. P. Hammond.

The "Choral Choir" is the title of a book of music, partly sacred and partly secular, compiled by W. O. Perkins and published by O. Ditson & Co. The selections are generally well made, but we notice one dreadful plagiarism. The compiler has put his name as composer to J. Lemmens's part song, "Drops of Rain," published by Novello, Ewer & Co., in the Part Song Book, No. 182.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

"For this God is our God, for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM xiviii. 14.

## PAUL MIGNARD, S. J.

THE REV. PAUL MIGNARD, S. J., who had been for over twenty years one of the assistant priests of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York City, died at St. Vincent's Hospital, October 8th. Father Mignard was born in Paris, in 1808, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1827. His religious training was begun at Avignon under the guidance of an uncle of the famous moralist, Father Gury. From 1836 to 1848 he labored successively at Grand Coteau, St. Louis and Cincinnati. In 1848 he went as a volunteer to help the sick of Montreal when that city was visited by typhus fever. Returning to the United States immediately after, he has been ever since either at Fordham or in the parish of St. Francis Xavier. He was director of the Beneficial Society and of the association known as the Apostolate of Prayer down to the time when his failing health forced him to relinquish all ministerial duties.

## RICHARD BIRD.

THE REV. RICHARD BIRD died of paralysis, at Princeton, Kan., September 1st, 1882. He was seriously ill only about seven hours, most of which time he seemed unconscious. He was born in Washington, Mason County, Ky., November 19th, 1804. He was converted before he was twenty, began his ministerial life three years later. He preached in Kentucky some seven years, and was transferred to the Illinois Conference in 1833. He labored in Illinois until about 1848 or 1850, when he labored one year in Missouri, and then four years as presiding elder in Arkansas. He then returned to Illinois, and in 1856 requested and received a location.

## DR. JOHN S. MITCHELL.

THE REV. DR. JOHN S. MITCHELL, who was for over half a century a prominent clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died, September 18th, at Newburgh, N. Y., at the age of eighty-three years. He was born on Block Island, R. I., and had been pastor of leading churches in New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and elsewhere. He had also been presiding elder and superintendent of missions in Virginia and North Carolina since the war closed. During his ministry he built fifteen or sixteen churches, including the Thirty-seventh Street and Beekman Hill Churches of New York City. At the time of his death he was a member of the New York East Conference.

## NICHOLAS A. OKESON, D.D.

THE REV. N. A. OKESON, rector of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church of Norfolk, Va., died in Port Royal, Pa., September 16th, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He had been the rector of St. Paul's for twenty-six years. He entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia in 1843, and was ordained in Georgia in 1845, by Bishop Elliott; remained there a short period; took charge of churches in Prince George County, Va.; was called to St. Paul's, Norfolk, on April 20th, 1856. He was a great favorite among all

classes in Norfolk, and his death called forth expressions of sorrow from every one, both of his own faith and of others.

## GEORGE C. MURPHY.

THE REV. GEORGE C. MURPHY, until recently assistant-pastor of St. Bernard's Church, in West Fourteenth Street, New York City, died, September 20th, at the residence of his father, Michael Murphy, at 418 West Twenty-ninth Street. Father Murphy was born in this city, and was thirty-eight years of age. He was graduated from St. Francis Xavier's College in 1862. He pursued a course of theological studies at the Grand Theological Seminary of Montreal, and was one of the first to be ordained from the Provincial Seminary at Troy. He had been assistant-pastor at St. Columbia's Church, and the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

## CHARLES H. THEBERATH.

THE REV. CHARLES H. THEBERATH died at his residence in Newark, N. J., on Sunday, October 8th, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a native of the Rhenish provinces, Prussia. He emigrated to this country in 1840, and soon after founded a Sunday-school in the Fifteenth Ward, from which sprung the Second German Presbyterian Church. He was the first pastor, and after several years he accepted a call to the German Presbyterian Church, Paterson, where he labored four years. He had charge of a mission school in Albany, N. Y., but his health becoming impaired he resigned and returned to Newark.

## OTHER DEATHS.

THE REV. T. H. PHILLIPS, a superannuated member of the Kansas Conference, died of consumption, in Pueblo, Col., September 1st. Phillips was for twenty years a member of the Ohio Conference. . . . THE REV. A. GAYLORD, pastor of Leeds, New Jersey Conference, died on Sunday, September 3d. . . . THE REV. JOSEPH S. BROWN, of the Ohio Conference, died at Delaware, Ohio, September 14th, in the ninetyeth year of his age. His closing remarks were "Almost home," and "Washed, washed in the blood of the Lamb." . . . THE REV. JAMES L. FISHER, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Portsmouth, Va., September 15th, aged sixty-nine. . . . THE REV. T. J. O. WOODMAN, of the Genesee Conference, died at Springwater, N. Y., September 15th, aged sixty-eight years. . . . THE REV. C. L. BROWNING, a superannuated member of the East Maine Conference, died at Hampden, Me., September 22d. . . . THE REV. JASON RODGERS, pastor of the Pencoder Presbyterian Church, at Glasgow, Del., died, September 25th. . . . THE REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR PIER, rector of All Saints' Church, Minneapolis, Minn., died on September 15th, at Christ Church rectory, Glendale, Ohio, in the thirty-third year of his age. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. David Pier. . . . THE REV. RICHARD N. MORGAN, D.D., died at Stamford, Conn., on October 9th, aged eighty-two.

# RECREATIONS FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"And searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so."—ACTS XVII. 11.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 351. WHICH of the Apostles speaks of David as a prophet?
- 352. What queen is mentioned by name in the New Testament?
- 353. Who is spoken of in the Bible as "the anointed cherub"?
- 354. Who is it speaks of our Blessed Lord as being "the Just One"?
- 355. In what place did the Israelites first partake of manna?
- 356. What was the name of King Ahab's steward, and what good deed is recorded of him?
- 357. What does King Solomon liken to a broken tooth and a foot out of joint?
- 358. Quote a passage showing the value of the human soul.
- 359. Where is it stated that David was a man after God's own heart?
- 360. What former "treatise" is supposed to be referred to in the opening verse of the Acts of the Apostles?

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 31.

### Single Acrostic.

The initials of the subjoined will give the name of one who was bitterly bereaved, yet even the natural solace of tears was denied him, and no outward manifestation of sorrow was permitted.

- 1. The mother of Timothy.
- 2. The destroyer of Jeroboam's beautiful palace.
- 3. The kind friend of a King of Judah who had been thirty-seven years in prison.
- 4. The Levites who had the care of the most sacred objects in the Tabernacle.
- 5. Words of the Lord Jesus, quoted by St. Paul, but not recorded by any of the evangelists.
- 6. A deep sleeper.
- 7. The beloved physician.

No. 32.

### Double Acrostic.

Two bodies of men who opposed Christ and one another.

- 1. That which the Apostles were not to take with them.
- 2. The King of Gerar.
- 3. Felix's wife.
- 4. A town left undisturbed by Manasseh.
- 5. The father Bezaleel.
- 6. The governor of Syria at the time of Christ's birth.
- 7. The daughter of Lois.
- 8. The first witness of a miraculous power of speech.
- 9. One whose household Paul baptized.

## SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

No. 20.

- 1. A relative of Jesus Christ.
- 2. A preacher of righteousness, and witness to the divinity of our Lord.
- 3. He showed his "meekness of wisdom" by preferring the just claims of another before his own, thus "rendering to God the things that were God's."
- 4. He was honored above all men by his Divine Master, causing him to comply with a request which he at first declined.
- 5. A reprover of wickedness in high places.
- 6. He was persecuted and imprisoned for righteousness sake.
- 7. He was prophesied of by a distinguished prophet in the Old Testament, and duly acknowledged as "more than a prophet" in the New.
- 8. The victim of a foul plot, hurried to its completion by a rash promise.

In whom do these characteristics unite?

## SCRIPTURE TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

No. 3.

Whom did God succor in his grief,  
When 'neath a tree he lay,  
Bestowing food, and comfort sweet,  
To cheer him on his way?

Whom did God help in bitter need  
Upon the desert laid,  
When earth's best love had turned away,  
Because it could not aid?

What prophet did the Lord reprove  
For wrath and wounded pride,  
When mercy for the helpless turned  
His prophecy aside?

These stories prove a text which shows  
Our Maker's love so great.  
We well may leave our life to Him,  
And on His mercy wait.

## ANSWERS TO RECREATIONS IN NOVEMBER.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 339. At the Book of Meribah (Numb. xx. 10, 11).
- 340. When an angel came to Philip the Deacon, bidding him go on the way to Gaza, where he baptized the Ethiopian eunuch (Acts viii. 26).
- 341. The people of Edom, against whom God would not allow the Israelites to fight (Numb. xx. 21; Deut. ii. 4, 5; and Judges xi. 15-17).
- 342. David at Gath, when he fled from the persecution of Saul (I. Sam. xxi. 18).
- 343. Because Talmi was Absalom's grandfather (II. Sam. iii. 8, and xiii. 37).
- 344. The angel Gabriel (Luke i. 19).
- 345. Yes. He reigned forty years only, but at his death Rehoboam, his son, was forty and one years old (I. Kings xi. 42, and xiv. 21).
- 346. Lazarus (John xi. 1, 14, and xii. 9-11).
- 347. Two—turning the water into wine, and healing the nobleman's son (John ii. 1-11, and iv. 46-55).
- 348. Elijah (I. Kings xviii.). Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego (Dan. iii. 16-18). Daniel (Dan. vi. 10). John the Baptist (Matt. xiv. 4). St. Peter and St. John (Acts iv. 5-20). St. Paul and St. Barnabas (Acts xiii. 46).
- 349. The conies (Prov. xxx. 26).
- 350. Jacob, who obtained the blessing instead of Esau, and Ephraim, who obtained the blessing instead of Manasseh (Gen. xxvii. 27, 36, and xviii. 14-19).

## SCRIPTURE ACROSTICS.

No. 29.—MATTHIAS.—Acts i. 26.

- |                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. M-inistry . . . . .    | Acts i. 17      |
| 2. A-postleship . . . . . | Acts i. 25.     |
| 3. T-welve . . . . .      | Matt. xxvi. 47. |
| 4. T-raitor . . . . .     | Luke vi. 16.    |
| 5. H-anging . . . . .     | Matt. xxvii. 5. |
| 6. I-dolater . . . . .    | Eph. v. 5.      |
| 7. A-celdama . . . . .    | Acts i. 19.     |
| 8. S-cripture . . . . .   | Acts i. 16.     |

No. 30.—BREAD—WATER.—Gen. xxi. 14.

- |                         |                 |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. B-o-u . . . . .      | Gen. ix. 13.    |
| 2. R-am-a . . . . .     | Matt. ii. 18.   |
| 3. E-as-t . . . . .     | Ex. xiv. 21.    |
| 4. A-ros-e . . . . .    | I. Sam. iii. 6. |
| 5. D-aughte-r . . . . . | Gen. xxiv. 24.  |

## SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

No. 19.—DEBORAH.

- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Judges iv. 4. | 4. Judges v.    |
| 2. Judges iv. 6. | 5. Judges v. 7. |
| 3. Judges iv. 8. |                 |

## SCRIPTURE CHARADE.

No. 4.—HEADSTONE.

- 1. HEAD: I. Sam. xvii. 54. Matt. xiv. 10-12. Rev. xii. 3; xiii. 1; xvii. 3.
- 2. STONE: Ezek. xi. 19. Zech. vii. 12. Acts vii. 58. Rev. xxi. 11-19.
- HEADSTONE: Psa. cxviii. 22. Zech. iv. 7. Acts iv. 11.

## BIBLE SCENE.

No. 8.

Nathan reproving David for the murder of Uriah (II. Sam. xii. 1-14).

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Words by LAURENTI, (1700).

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, (1853).

Music by BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;

The even - ing is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.

The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;

Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry.

2.

See that your lamps are burning,  
 Replenish them with oil;  
 Look now for your salvation,  
 The end of sin and toil.  
 The watcher on the mountain  
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
 Go meet Him as he cometh,  
 With Alleluias clear.

3.

O wise and holy Virgins!  
 Now raise your voices high'r;  
 Till in your jubilation,  
 Ye meet the angel choir.  
 The marriage feast is waiting,  
 The gates wide open stand;  
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory!  
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

4.

Our hope and expectation,  
 O Jesus, now appear;  
 Arise! thou Sun so longed for,  
 O'er this benighted sphere!  
 With hearts and hands uplifted,  
 We plead, O Lord, to see  
 The day of earth's redemption,  
 And ever be with Thee.

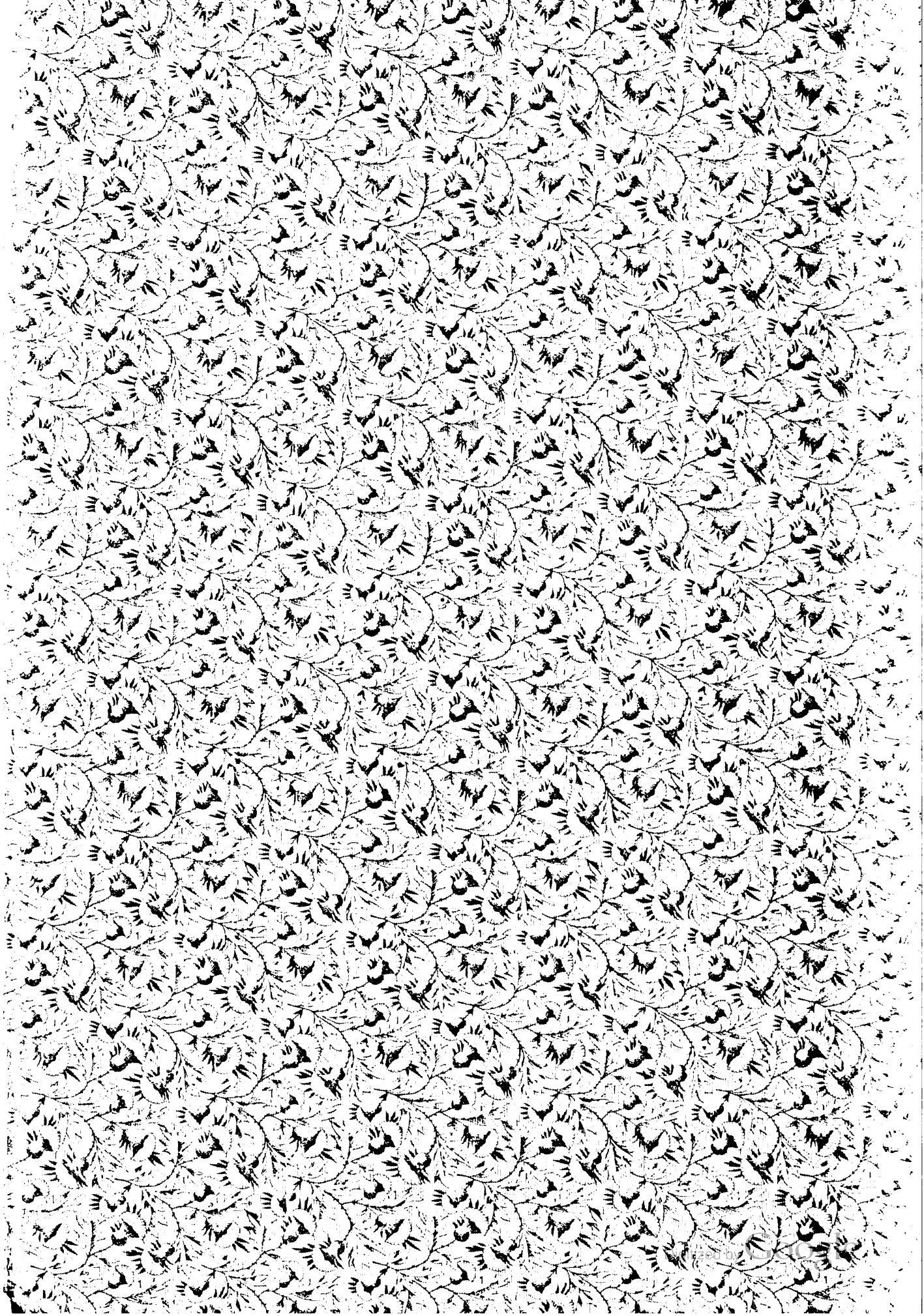














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